ing her head with much gravity. "Y see, aunty, dear, a wife must accommodate herself to her husband, and if Harry thinks this is the best way, you know—and he does think so, very strongly—and isn't it lucky that I think just as he does? You wouldn't have me fall in with those strong-minded Bloomer women, would you, and sail the ship on my own account, independent of my husband?"

Now, the merest allusion to modern strong-mindedness in woman was to Aunt Maria like a red rag to a bull; it aroused all her combativeness.

"No; I am sure I wouldn't," she said, with emphasis. "If there's anything, Eva, where I see the use of all my instructions to you, it is the good sense with which you resist all such new-fangled, abominable notions about the rights and sphere of women. No; I've always said that the head of the woman is the man; and it's a wife's duty to live to please her husband. She may try to influence him—she ought to do that—but she never ought to do it openly. I never used to oppose Mr. Wouvermans. I was always careful to let him suppose he was having his own way; but I generally managed to get mine," and Aunt Maria plumed herself and nodded archly, as an aged priestess who is communicating to a young neophyte secrets of wisdom.

In her own private mind, Eva thought this the most terrible sort of hypocrisy; but her aunt was so settled and contented in her own practical views, that there was not the least use in arguing the case. However, she couldn't help saying, innocently:

"But, aunty, I should be afraid sometimes he would have found me out, and then he'd be angry."

"Oh, no; trust me for that," said Aunt Maria, complacently. "I never managed so bunglingly as that. Somehow or other, he didn't exactly know how, he found things coming round my way; but I never opposed him openly—I never got his back up. You see, Eva, these men, if they *do* get their backs up, are terrible, bnt any of them can be led by the nose—so I'm glad to find that you begin the right way. Now, there's your mother—I've been telling her this morning that it's her duty to make your father retrieve his fortunes. He's got a good position, to be sure—a respectable salary; but there's no sort of reason why he shouldn't die worth his two or three millions as well as half the other men who fail, and are up again in two three years. But Nellie wants force. She is no manager. If I were your father's wife, I should set him on his feet again pretty soon. Nellie is such a little dependent body. She was saying this morning how would she ever have got along with her family without me! But there are some things that even I can't do—nobody but a wife could, and Nelly isn't up to it."

"Poor, dear, little mamma," said Eva. "But are you quite sure, Aunt Maria, that her ways are not better adapted to papa than any one's else would be? Papa is very positive, though so very quiet. He is devoted to mamma. Then, again, aunty, there is a good deal of risk in going into speculations and enterprises at papa's age. Of course, you know I don't know anything about business or that sort of thing; but it seems to me like a great sea where you are up on the wave to day and down to morrow. So if papa really won't go into these things, perhaps it's all for the best."

"But, Eva, it is so important now for the girls, poor things, just going into society—for you know they can't keep out of it, even if you do. It will affect all their chances of settlement in life—and that puts me in mind, Eva, something or other must be done about Alice and Jim Fellows. Everybody is saying if they're not engaged they ought to be."

"Oh, aunty, how exasperating the world is? Can't a man and woman have a plain, honest friendship? Jim has shown himself a true friend to our family. He came to us just in all the confusion of the failure, and helped us heart and hand in the manliest way—and we all like him. Alice likes him, and I don't wonder at it."

"Well, are they engaged?" said Aunt Maria, with an air of statistical accuracy.

"How should I know? I never thought of asking. I'm not a police detective, and I always think that if my friends have anything they want me to know, they'll tell me; and if they don't want me to know, why should I ask them?"

"But, Eva, one is responsible for one's relations. The fact is, such an intimacy stands right in the way of a girl's having good offers—it keeps other parties off. Now, I tell you, as a great secret, there is a very fine man, immensely rich, and every way desirable, who is evidently pleased with Alice."

"Dear me, aunty! how you excite my curiosity. Pray who is it?" said Eva.

"Well, I'm not at liberty to tell you more particularly; but I know he's thinking about her; and this report about her and Jim would operate very prejudicially. Now, shall I have a talk with Alice, or will you?"

"Oh, aunty dear, don't, for pity's sake, say a word to Alice. Young girls are so sensitive about such things. If it *must* be talked of, let me talk with Alice."

"I'm only thought, if I had a good chance, I'd say something to the young man himself," said Aunt Maria, reflectively.

"Oh, good heavens! aunty, don't think of it. You don't know Jim Fellows"

"Oh, you needn't be afraid of me," said Aunt Maria. "I am a great deal older and more experienced than you, and if I do do anything, you may rest assured it will be in the most discreet way. I've managed cases of this kind before you were born."

"But Jim is the most peculiar"—

"Oh, I know all about him. Do you suppose I've seen him in and out in the family all this time without understanding him perfectly."

"But I don't really think that there is the least anything serious between him and Alice."

"Very likely. He would not be at all the desirable match for Alice. He has very little property, and is rather a wild, rattling fellow; and I don't like newspaper men generally."

"Oh, aunty, that's severe now. You forget Harry."

"Oh, well, your husband is an exception; but, as a general rule, I don't like 'em—unprincipled lot *I* believe," said Aunt Maria, with a decisive nod of her head. "At any rate, Alice can do better, and she ought to."

"The ringing of the lunch bell interrupted the conversation, much to the relief of Eva, who discovered with real alarm the course her respected relative's thoughts were taking.

Old she had learned that the only result of arguing a point with her was to make her more set in her own way, and she therefore bent all her forces of agreeableness to produce a diversion of mind to other topics. On the principle that doctors apply mustard to the feet, to divert the too abundant blood from the head, started a brisk controversy with Aunt Maria on another topic, in hopes, by exhausting her energies there, to put this out of her mind. With what success her strategy was crowned, it will remain to be seen.

(*Continued next week.*)

A Grecian Legend.

When Bacchus was a boy, he journeyed through Hellas to go to Naxia; and as the way was very long he sat down upon a stone to rest. As he sat there, with his eyes on the ground, he saw a little plant spring up between his feet, and was so much pleased with it that he determined to take it with him and plant it in Naxia. He took it up and carried it away with him; but as the sun was very hot, he feared it might wither before he reached his destination. He found a bird's skeleton, into which he thrust it and went on. But in his hand the plant sprouted so fast that it started out of the bones above and below. This gave him fresh fear of its withering, and he cast about for a remedy. He found a lion's bone, which was thicker than the bird skeleton, and he stuck the skeleton with the plant in it into the bone of the lion. Ere long, however, the plant grew out of the bone likewise. Then he found the bone of an ass, larger still than that of the lion; so he put it into the ass's bone, and thus he made his way to Naxia. When about to set the plant, he found that the roots had entwined themselves around the bird's skeleton, and the lion's bone, and the ass's bone, and, as he could not take it out without damaging the roots, he planted it as it was, and it came up speedily and bore, to his great joy, the most delicious grapes, from which he made the first wine and gave it to man to drink. But behold a miracle! When men first drank of it, they sang like birds; next, after drinking a little more, they became gallant like lions; but when they drank more still, they began to behave like asses.

Deputy U. S. Collector Jennings seized about 20,000 cigars last week under recent instructions from the Commissioner of Internal Revenue. They were stamped, but the law was not properly regarded in cancelling the stamps and in branding the boxes. They were picked up in lots of from 100 to 5,000, and in the hands of half a dozen or more dealers. The loss will ultimately fall on the manufacturers, though just now the seizure makes it decidedly unpleasant for the dealers, who need their stock.

Gen. Grant has mortaged his Long Branch property for a loan of $20,000, for one year, at 7 per cent interest. In the mortgage the president describes himself as Ulysses S. Grant, of Galena, Jo. Davis county, Ill. The mortages are dated Jan. 1, 1874, and it is evident that the loan was then made, but they were not recorded till Oct. 15, 1875, nine and a half months after the debts became due according to the terms of the mortage, which is peculiar.

At the Waco (Texas) fair on the 23d, R. A. Ford rode 60 miles in two hours and 49 minutes, the fastest time on record by five minutes, after dismounting 42 horses. He made his last mile in two minutes and seven seconds. He rode common Texas horses

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The diamond pin and watch presented to ex-Supt. J. H. Sullivan by "the boys" cost $700. So fine a present could not have been bestowed more worthly.

The Popular Creed.

Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!
If a man's down, give him a thrust—
Trample the beggar into the dust!
Presumptuous poverty's quite appalling—
Knock him over! kick him for falling!
If a man's up, oh! lift him higher!
Your soul's for sale, and he's the buyer—
Dimes and dollars dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a poor but worthy youth,
Whose hopes are built on a maiden's truth,
But a maiden will break her vow with ease,
For a wooer cometh whose claims are these:
A hollow heart and an empty head,
A face well tinged with brandy red,
A soul well trained in villainy's school—
And cash, sweet cash—he knows the rule;
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

I know a bold and honest man,
Who strives to live on the Christian's plan,
But poor he is, and poor will be,
A scorned, a hated wretch is he;
At home he meeteth a starving wife,
Abroad he leadeth the leper's life—
They struggle against a fearful odds
Who will not bow to the people's gods!
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

Soget ye wealth, no matter how!
"No questions asked" of the rich, I trow!
Steal by night and steal by day
(Doing it all in a legal way),
Join the church, and never forsake her,
Learn to cant and insult your Maker,
Be hypocrite, liar, knave and fool,
But don't be poor, remember the rule:
Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes!
An empty pocket's the worst of crimes!

COURSE OF TRUE LOVE.

I.—ACQUAINTANCE.

May is fair;
Sunshine gilds the balmy air;
Promises most rich and rare
Whisper round us everywhere.
Has she frowns? Ah, yes; we know them.
But she has her blossoms too;
And the sly coquette will show them,
Wishing what she dare not do.

II.—FRIENDSHIP.

June is dear;
But the promise of the year
Yields no ripe fruition here;
Flowers are less than they appear.
Has she roses? More and sweeter
Than the fairies ever grew;
Yet I wait a joy completer
Than these June days ever knew.

III.—BROTHER-AND SISTER-HOOD.

Bland July!
'Neath this warmer, brighter sky,
All her graces multiply.
Shall my soul be glad, or sigh?
Hopes for fruit and fears of blighting
Work, within my anxious heart,
Strange mosaics, most delighting
When most innocent of art.

IV.—LOVE.

August heart!
Life in love is here complete;
Fruits are ripening rare and sweet;
Hence I would not find retreat
This is love; so closely blended
With July's prophetic sun,
Who can tell me where it ended,
And these perfect joys begun?

Our Dakota Neighbors.

Dakota was organized as a Territory March 2, 1861, with a western boundary on the Rocky Mountains, which was restricted in 1863 to longitude 104 degrees. Its first settlers were from Minnesota—as resolute and enterprising a class of men as ever laid the foundation of a State:—but they have been pursued by a remarkable succession of discouragements. First, came the catastrophe of the Sioux war, which, however, was temporary and attended by compensations; but the subsequent Indian policy of the Government, excluding exploration and settlement from the Black Hills, and consummated in the notorious Sioux treaty of 1868, has fallen like a blight upon the Territory, retarding immigration, and postponing indefinitely the prospect of recognition as a State. With the first organization of Dakota, the United States located a wagon road from Fort Ridgeley to the Missouri river, and projected its extension from Fort Pierre, by the valley of the Sheyenne river and the north slope of the Black Hills, through the Yellowstone valley, to a connection with Mullen's road from Fort Benton to Wallawalla, in Oregon—a route which had its advantages as the most eligible line of the Northern Pacific railroad. These schemes proved abortive, when the Indian Bureau hermetically sealed the country from latitude 43 to 46 deg., and from the Missouri river to the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains against civilized settlement.

But even this oppressive measure might have been outgrown if the railroad land grant policy of the Federal Government had been extended to Dakota. Not so, however. It was the irony of fate that States like Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota, enjoying the great natural channels of the lakes and the Mississippi, were further endowed by Congress with a basis of credit which has secured thousands of miles of railroads, where only hundreds would otherwise have been possible, while our interior Territories, in all respects less advantageously situated, are denied similar legislation—left to struggle with their isolation.

In the case of Dakota, the land endowment of the Northern Pacific has connected the Red river with the Missouri; a Minnesota grant has extended the track of the Winona and St. Peter road thirty miles beyond the eastern border to Lake Kampeska; and the pressure westward of the Iowa lines has constructed sixty-one miles in Dakota to Yankton; but the pioneers on the Missouri had reason to expect a far more comprehensive system, including a trunk line by the valleys of the James and Red rivers north to the international frontier. We cannot believe that the existing discrimination against the communities of the interior plains and mountains, in favor of the Mississippi states, will be continued indefinitely.

For the present, our Dakota neighbors will accept our congratulations upon the prospect of relief from the Black Hills grievance. The removal of the blockade against civilization in the Western moiety of their Territory will doubtless be effected, if we can rely on the repeated assurances of a treaty which reach us from Washington. With its announcement and the immigration which seems imminent, we shall anticipate that Dakota will soon occupy the position of a State of the Union.—*Pioneer.*

Douglas Jerrold says, in his "Hedgehog Letters," that "respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready money; but to be obliged to run in debt for it is enough to break the heart of an angel."

STONEWALL JACKSON AT WEST POINT.

An old friend and comrade of Stonewall Jackson writes to the Richmond Whig: In June, 1842 A. P. Hill, Geo. E Pickett, B. D. Fry, and the writer, having passed our first week at the millitary academy, were standing together on the south side of the old South barracks at West Point, when a cadet-sergeant came by us conducting a newly arrived cadet to his quarters. He was apparently about 20 years of age, and was well grown; his figure was angular and clumsy; his gait was awkward. He was clad in old-fashioned Virginia homespun woolen cloth; he bore across his shoulders a pair of weather-stained saddle-bags, and his hat was one of those heavy, low-crowned, broad-brimmed, wool hats usually worn in those days by overseers, county constables, wagoners &c. He tramped along by the side of the sergeant with an air of resolution, and his stolid look added to the inflexible determination of his whole aspect, so that one of us remarked, "That fellow has come here to stay." His name was Thomas J. Jackson.

He had a rough time in the academy at first, for his want of previous training placed him at a disadvantage, and it was all he could do to pass his first examination. We were studying algebra, and may be analytical geometry, that winter, and Jackson was very low in his class standing. All lights were put out at "taps;" just before the signal he would pile up his grate with anthracite coal, and, lying prone before it on the floor, would work away at his lessons by the glare of the fire, which scorched his very brain, till a late hour in the night. This evident determination to succeed not only aided his own efforts directly, but impressed his instructors in his favor, and he rose steadily year by year till we used to say, "If we had to stay here another year 'Old Jack' would be at the head of tne class."

By the fourth year he attained a possition in the first section, but his lower standing during the early years in the course, and in drawing, French, and some other studdies of a lighter and more ornamental character, brought his average below the point to which he had actuly attained by the end of the course.

In the riding hall I think his suffering must have been great. He had a very rough horse, and when the order came to "cross stirrups" and "trot," "old Jack" swayed about and struggled hard to keep his horse. When we had advanced to riding at the heads, leaping the bars, &c., his equitation was truly fearful; but he persevered through the most perilous trials, and no man in the riding-house would take more risks than he, and certainly no one had our good wishes for success and safety more than he.

I believe he went through the very trying ordeal of 4 years at West Point without having a hard word or a hard feeling for or from cadet or professor. And while there were many who seemed to surpass him in the graces of intellect, in geniality and in good fellowship, there was no one of our class who more absolutely possessed the respect and confidence of all than he did.

THE FATE OF A PAYMASTER.

Major John S. Walker was a native of Fryerburg, Me., where he fitted for college, pursued the study of law, and was married to his first wife. During the late war he was appointed paymasters clerk, subsequently paymaster, and at the close of the war was transferred to the regular army. For a short time he was stationed at the South, but finally ordered to Portland, Oregon, the place of his residence at the time of his decease. On his return from Alaska, where he had been sent to pay off the troops, he embarked in company with his wife (a Southern woman) on board the steamer George S. Wright, bound tor Portland. January, 1873. Nothing has ever been heard of the steamer, and although many reports for a time in circulation, the fate of the passengers, as death drew nearer, she requested her father to sing, "Rock of ages, cleft for me," and seemed to be soothed by those grand old words.—*St. Paul Pioneer*

A BUST OF A ROMAN EMPEROR.

A writer says: One of the most interesting discoveries ever made in Rome is that of the bust of the Emperor Commodus, represented with all the attributes of the god Hercules. One of the most important uses of archaeology is to confirm history and no more striking example of this is offered than the discovery of this bust. History has not been silent on this weakness of Commodus, nor was he the first emperor who had aspired to divine honors; but never before had the Senate sunk so low as to sanction this insanity and to decree statues to commemorate it. One of his desires was to attribute to this Hercules—the title of founder of Rome, and to this end the Senate decreed that the name should be changed to that of Colonia Commodian. Various coins of the period have also been found, in which he is seen guiding the plow to mark the limits of the city in imitation of Romulus, and history mentions of a statue of gold of 1,000 pounds, representing him as a builder of a city. This bust is remarkable as decending much lower in the person than is common, and for having the two arms and hands. In the right hand is the club of Hercules; in the left the apples of Hesperides, in allusion to the last fatigues imposed upon Hurcles, and a sign of his right to be admitted among the gods. The bust rests upon a shield, thought to be that of the Amazons, chosen by Commodus on occount of an attachment to one of these warlike women. Supporting this shield are two cornucopias, referring to the peace and abundance of the time, for maintaining which Commodus is frequently lauded inscriptions and money. Below the shield and between the two horns of the cornucopias is the celestial globe, emblem of eternity. On this are sculptured three signs of the zodiac referring to the dates of important events in the life of Commodus. The base is completed by two Amazons, one on each side of the globe facing each other, and with one knee bent to the ground. The whole is put upon an elegant pedestal of rare alabaster. The beauty and severity of the style and the remarkable preservation of this bust render it very valuable.

—"Yes, purty tough times," replied a Detroit bootblack the other day, "and Bill says they is to be still tuffer afore spring. I'd go on the stage this winter, but I hain't no good clothes. I'd like to git to be cashier in a bank, but I hain't high enough. I've thought some of being a lawyer, but they say that lawyers lie so. I guess if the weather holds bad, I'll go to holdin' an office of some kind at the City Hall."