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POETRY.

THE BONNY BROWN HAND.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

Oh, drearily, how drearily, the sombre eve comes down!
And wearily, how wearily, the seaward breezes blow!
But place your little hand in mine—so dainty, yet so brown!
For household toil hath worn away its rosy-tinted snow;
But I fold it, wife, the nearer,
And I feel, my love, 'tis dearer
Than all dear things of earth,
As I watch the pensive gloaming,
And my wild thoughts cease from roaming,
And bird-like furl their pinions close beside our peaceful hearth;
Then rest your little hand in mine, while twilight shimmers down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown—
The hand that holds an honest heart, and rules a happy hearth.

II.

Oh, merrily, how merrily, our children's voices rise!
And cheerily, how cheerily, their tiny footsteps fall!
But, hand, you must not stir awhile, for there our nestling lies,
Snug in the cradle at your side, the loveliest far of all;
And she looks so arch and airy,
So softly pure a fairy—
She scarce seems bound to earth;
And her dimpled mouth keeps smiling,
As at some child-fay's beguiling,
Who flies from Ariel realms to light her slumbers on the hearth.
Ha, little hand, you yearn to move, and smooth the bright locks down!
But, little hand—but, trembling hand—but, hand of bonny brown,
Stay, stay with me!—she will not flee, our birdling on the hearth.

III.

Oh, flittingly, how flittingly, the parlor-shadows thrill,
As wittingly, half wittingly, they seem to pulse and pass!
And solemn sounds are on the wind that sweeps the haunted hill,
And murmurs of a ghostly breath from out the grave-yard grass.
Let me feel your glowing fingers
In a clasp that warms and lingers
With the full, fond love of earth,
Till the joy of love's completeness
In this flush of fireside sweetness
Shall brim our hearts with spirit-wine, outpoured beside the hearth.
So steal your little hand in mine, while twilight falters down—
That little hand, that fervent hand, that hand of bonny brown—
The hand which points the path to heaven, yet makes a heaven of earth.

—Appletons' Journal.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SERVED OUT.

In the year 183—there lived at Bordeaux, the last—or one of the last—of a long line of scoundrels who had made that part of France infamous (to our ideas) by a succession of cold-blooded murders, committed under the sanction of what people were pleased to call *the Code of Honor*. This was a certain Comte de V——, a man of great physical strength, imperturbable *sangfroid*, and relentless cruelty. Not a bad sort of companion, as some said, when the fit—the dueling fit—was not on him; but this came on once in about every six months, and then he must have blood, it mattered little whose. He had killed and maimed boys of sixteen, fathers of families, military officers, journalists, advocates, peaceful country gentlemen. The cause of a quarrel was of no importance; if one did not present itself readily, he made one; always contriving that, according to the *code* aforesaid, he should be the insulted party, thus having the choice of weapons; and he was deadly with the small-sword. It is difficult for us to realize a state of society in which such a wild beast could be permitted to go at large; but we know it to be historically true that such creatures were endured in France; just as we are assured that there were at one time wolves in Yorkshire, only the less noisome vermin had a harder time of it as civilization progressed than was dealt out to the human brute.

The latest exploit of the Comte de V—— previous to the story I am about to tell, was to goad a poor young student into a challenge; and when it was represented to him that the boy had never held a sword in his life, so that it would be fairer to use pistols, he replied that "fools sometimes made mistakes with pistols," and the next morning ran him through the lungs. The evil fit was on him; but the blood thus shed quieted him for another half year, and rather more, for public opinion was unfavorable, and the air of Bordeaux became too warm for him.

But the scandal blew over after a time, and he came back to his old haunts, one of which was a cafe by the river side, where many used to spend their Sunday. Into the little garden of this establishment our wolf swaggered one fine summer afternoon, with the heavy dark look and nervous twitching of the hands which those who were acquainted with him knew well meant mischief. The evil fit was on him; consequently he found himself the center of a circle which expanded as he went on. This did not displease him. He liked to be feared. He knew he could make a quarrel when he chose, so he looked around for a victim.

At a table almost in the middle of the garden sat a man of about thirty years of age, of middle height, and an expression of countenance which at first struck one as mild and good humored. He was engaged reading a journal which seemed to interest him, and eating strawberries, an occupation which does not call forth any latent strength of character. Above all, he was profoundly unconscious of the presence of M. le Comte de V——, and continued eating his strawberries and reading his paper as though no wolf were in that pleasant fold.

As the Count approached this table, it become sufficiently well known whom he was about to honor with his insolence; and the circle narrowed again to see the play. It is not bad sport, with some of us, to see a fellow-creature baited—especially when we are out of danger ourselves.

The strawberry-eaters' costume was not such as was ordinarily worn in France at that time, and he had a curious hat, which—the weather being warm—he had placed on the table by his side. "He is a foreigner," whispered some in the dress-circle. "Perhaps he does not know Monsieur le Comte."

Monsieur le Comte seated himself at the table opposite the unconscious stranger, and called loudly, "Garcon."

"Garcon," he said, when that functionary appeared, take away that nasty thing!" pointing to the hat aforesaid.

Now the stranger's elbow, as he read his journal, was on the brim of the "nasty thing," which was a very good hat, but of British form and make. The garcon was embarrassed.

"Do you hear me?" thundered the Count. "Take me that thing away! No one has a right to place his hat on the table."

"I beg your pardon," said the strawberry-eater, politely, placing the offending article on his head, and drawing his chair a little aside; "I will make room for Monsieur."

The garcon was about to retire well satisfied, when the bully called after him—

"Have I not commanded you to take that thing which annoys me away?"

"But Monsieur le Comte, the gentleman has covered himself."

"What does that matter to me?"

"But, Monsieur le Comte, it is impossible."

"What is impossible?"

"That I should take the gentleman's hat."

"By no means," observed the stranger, uncovering again. "Be so good as to carry my hat to the lady at the counter, and ask her, on my behalf, to do me the favor to accept charge of it for the present."

"You speak French passably well for a foreigner," said the bully, stretching his arms over the table, and looking his neighbor full in the face—a titter of contempt going round the circle.

"I am not a foreigner, Monsieur."

"I am sorry for that."

"So am I."

"May one, without indiscretion, inquire why?"

"Certainly. Because, if I were a foreigner, I should be spared the pain of seeing a compatriot behave himself very rudely."

"Meaning me?"

"Meaning precisely you."

"Do you know who I am?" asked the Count, half turning his back upon him, and facing the lookers-on, as much as to say, "Now observe how I will crush this poor creature."

"Monsieur," replied the strawberry-eater, with perfect politeness in his tone, "I have the honor not to know you."

"Death of my life! I am the Comte de V——."

The strawberry-eater looked up, and the easy, good-natured face was gone. In its place was one with two gray eyes which flashed like fire, and a mouth that set itself very firmly.

"The Comte de V——," he repeated in a low voice.

"Yes, Monsieur. And what have you to say against him?"

"I? O nothing."

"That may be well for you."

"But there are those who say he is a coward."

"That is enough," said the bully, starting to his feet. "Monsieur will find me in two hours at this address," flinging him a card.

"I shall not trouble myself to seek Monsieur le Comte," replied the strawberry-eater, calmly tearing the card in two.

"Then I shall say of Monsieur what he, permitting himself to lie, said just now of me."

"And that is?"

"That he is a coward."

"You may say what you please, Monsieur le Comte. Those who know me would not believe you, and those who do not—my faith! what care I what they think?"

"And thou—thou art a Frenchman!"

No one *but* a Frenchman could have thrown so much disdain as he did into the "*thou*."

The strawberry-eater made no reply, but turned his head and called "Garcon!" The poor trembling creature came up again, wondering what new dilemma was prepared for him, and stood quaking some ten yards off.

"Garcon," said the stranger, "is there a room vacant in the hotel?"

"Without doubt, Monsieur."

"A large one?"

"But certainly. They are all large—own apartments."

"Then engage the largest for me for to-day, and another—no matter what—for Monsieur le Comte."

"Monsieur, I give my own orders when necessary," said the Count, loftily.

"I thought to spare you the trouble. Go, if you please," (this to the waiter,) "and prepare my rooms."

Then the strawberry-eater returned to his strawberries. The bully gnawed his lip. He could not make head or tail of this phlegmatic opponent. The circle grew a little wider, for a horrid idea got abroad that the Count had not found one who was likely to suit him, and that he would have to seek elsewhere what he wanted.

The murmur that went round roused the bully.

"Monsieur," he hissed, "has presumed to make use of a word which among men of honor—"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Which among men of honor—"

"But what can Monsieur le Comte possibly know what is felt among men of honor?" asked the other, with a shrug of incredulity.

"Will you fight yourself with me, or will you not," roared the Count, goaded to fury.

If Monsieur le Comte will give himself the trouble to accompany me to the apartment which, no doubt, is now prepared for me," replied the stranger, rising, "I will satisfy him."

"Good," said the other, kicking down his chair; "I am with you. I waive the usual preliminaries. I only beg to observe that I am without arms; but if you—"

"O, don't trouble yourself on that score," said the stranger, with a grim smile. "If you are not afraid, follow me."

This he said in a voice sufficiently loud for the nearest to hear, and the circle parted right and left, like startled sheep as the two walked towards the house.

Was there no one to call "police," no one to try and prevent what to all seemed imminent? Not a soul! The dreaded duelist had his evil fit on, and every one breathed freely now that he knew the victim was selected. Moreover, no one supposed it would end there.

The count and his friend (?) were ushered into the apartment prepared for the latter, who, as soon as the garcon had left, took off his coat and waistcoat, and proceeded to move the furniture so as to leave the room free for what was to follow—the count standing with folded arms, glaring at him the while. The decks being cleared for action, the stranger locked the door, placed the key on the mantel-piece behind him, and said:

"I think you might have helped a little; but never mind. Will you give me your attention for five minutes?"

"Perfectly."

"Thank you. I am, as I have told you, a Frenchman, but I was educated in England, at one of her famous public schools. Had I been sent to one of our own Lycees, I should, perhaps, have gained more book knowledge, but, as it is, I have learned some things which we do not teach, and one of them is, not to take a mean advantage of any man, but to keep my own head with my own hands. Do you understand me, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I cannot flatter myself that I do."

"Ha! Then I must be more explicit. I learned, then, that one who takes advantage of mere brute strength against the weak, or who, practiced in any art, compels one unpracticed in it to contend with him, is a coward and a knave. Do you follow me now, Monsieur le Comte?"

"I came here, Monsieur—"

"Never mind for what you came, be content with what you will get. For example—to follow what I was observing—if a man skilled with the small-sword, for the mere vicious love of quarreling, goads to madness a boy who has never fenced in his life, and kills him, that man is a murderer; and more—a cowardly murderer, and a knavish."

"I think I catch your meaning; but if you have pistols here—" foamed the bully.

"I do not come to eat strawberries with pistols in my pocket," replied the other, in the same calm tone he had used throughout. "Allow me to continue. At that school of which I have spoken, and in the society of men who have grown out of it, and others where the same habit of thought prevails, it would be considered that a man who had been guilty of such cowardice and knavery as I have mentioned, would be justly punished if, some day, he should be paid in his own coin by meeting some one who would take him at the same disadvantage as he placed that poor boy at."

"Our seconds shall fix your own weapons, Monsieur," said the Count; "let this farce end."

"Presently. Those gentlemen whose opinions I now venture to express, not having that craze for blood which distinguishes some—who have not had a similar enlightened education—would probably think that such a coward and knave as we have been considering would best meet his deserts by receiving a humiliating castigation befitting his knavery and his cowardice."

"Ah! I see; I have a lawyer to deal with," sneered the Count.

"Yes. I have studied a little law, but I regret to say I am about to break one of its provisions."

"You will fight me then?"

"Yes. At the school we have been speaking of, I learned, among other things, the use of my hands; and if I mistake not, I am about to give you as sound a thrashing as any bully ever got."

"You would take advantage of your skill in the box?" said the Count, getting a little pale.

"Exactly. Just as you took advantage of your skill in the small-sword with poor young B——."

"But it is degrading—brutal!"

"My dear Monsieur, just consder. You are four inches taller and some thirty to forty kilogrammes heavier than I am. I have seldom seen so fine an outside. If you were to hit me a good swinging blow, it would go hard with me. In the same way, if poor young B—— *had* got over your guard, it would have gone hard with you. But, then, I shall only black both your eyes, and perhaps deprive you of a tooth or so, unhappily in front; whereas you killed *him*."

"I will not accept this barbarous encounter."

"You must; I have done talking. Would you like a little brandy before we begin? No? Place yourself on guard, then, if you please. When I have done with you, and you are fit to appear, *then* you shall have your revenge—even with the small-sword, if you please. At present, bully—coward—knave, take that, and that, and that!"

And the wiry little Anglo-Frank was as good as his word. In less time than it takes to write it the great braggart was rendered unpresentable for many a long day. *That* number one caused him to see fifty suns beaming in the firmament with his right eye; *that* number two produced a similar phenomenon with his left; *that* number three obliged him to swallow a front tooth, and to observe the ceiling more attentively than he had hitherto done. And when one or two other *thats* had completely cowed him, and he threw open the window and called for help, the strawberry-eater took him by the neck and breeches and flung him out of it on to the flower-bed below.

The strawberry eater remained a month at Bordeaux to fulfill his promise of giving the Count his revenge. But then, again, the bully met with more than his match. The strawberry-eater had had Angelo for a master as well as Owen Swift, and after a few passes the Count, who was too eager to kill his man, felt an unpleasant sensation in his right shoulder. The seconds interposed, and there was an end of the affair. It was his last duel. Some one produced a sketch of him as he appeared being thrown out of the hotel window, and ridicule—so awful to a Frenchman—rid the country of him. The strawberry-eater was alive when the Battle of the Alma was fought, and is the only man to whom the above facts are known who never talks about them.—*Temple Bar.*

Two Sides to a Story.

I.—OUR SIDE.

"Why, you naughty, ugly, vicious thing!" screamed nurse; "you've pulled the dishes all off the table. What will your mummer say? There—take that! [a shake]; and that! [a slap]. Now, go away! You are always up to some mischief, and not as high as the table yet. I'll teach you how to meddle. But come—come. Don't cry so. Hush up or I'll tell your mummer. Here she comes. Sh—"

"Susan! what's the matter? Charlie, dear, what have you done? Come to me. There, don't cry; its all over now. Susan, how did he do it?"

"Yes, mum, he did it; he's always up to some mischief; and it isn't my fault the best china is broke and the silver coffee pot banged in just like a bandbox that has been set on; and the coffee all over the floor, with the salt and sugar too. See, mum, what he's done, and I a watchin' of him all the time, and never took my eyes off him, and then the minute my back was turned, up he goes and kitches the table-cloth, and off it comes, and all your nice set with it, and six pieces broke, and all done a purpose; and he's always a making of trouble when we don't know what he's about, nor can't guess, for he's as sly as a fox, and I knew he would, for I just took him away from there, and back he scrabbles again as fast as he could go, for he don't know no better, and he ought to be whipped and *give* him something to cry for, for I've told him not to touch the tables a hundred times, and I'm glad of it, and I don't care if he is hurt, and—"

"Why, Susan! Susan!"

"And I *don't*, mum; and he might have been burned to death a minute ago, for I just took the chafing-dish off, and then what would have become of your new carpet? He *will* have his hand in every thing that's a going, and if there's nothing a going he'll set it a going, and he can't let it alone for the life of him, and he's just like his father, always trying experiments, and wondering how things would be if they was a little different from what they is, and trying of it on, and making a muss like his father has in the laboratory, what I don't like to see nor smell of nor any body else, and nothing but mischief comes of it, and I a picking up after him all day long like a chip of the old block as he is; and it's a great pity, too, for thems as buys the furniture and clothes and things, only it's none of my business, and I don't care, only my new dress is all greased with the cream; but never mind me while he's a crying, for he did it right afore my very face and eyes, quick as a flash the minute I told him to come away."

"There, my dear—Charlie, my dear—hush: don't cry, my boy, any more. Wipe your tears. Let me wipe them, and let me look into your eyes and see how it was."

"Look into his eyes, mum—fiddle-sticks!—look into your coffee-pot and your china and my dress and your carpet. Look into his eyes! He did it a purpose, I know he did. Look the other way, and give him a spanking, say I!"

"Susan, be quiet. You are angry. Go down stairs."

Exit Susan, purple with rage.

II.—THEIR SIDE.

"Now, Charlie, look up. You have done some mischief."

So Charlie's eyes looked up, half tearful, half funny—inquisitive, but shy and sorrowful—and this is what his mother read in them:

Yes, mamma, I did it. But *did* I do it? *I didn't know I could do such things.* What a terrible crash! I stood up by the chair, and I walked as straight as I could over to that great, high table. I didn't tumble down once. The table was covered with bright things shining in my eyes like stars. I could not see what was on it because it is so high. Once I sat way upon top of a chair, and saw things and had some of them in my mouth with papa and you. And papa took my finger and wet it in my mouth, and touched it to something, and put my finger in my mouth again, and I ate my finger and it was sweet and good. So I wanted to see something; but my eyes only come up to the edge of the table. I stood on tip-toe, and I took hold of the dress of the table, just as I take hold of your dress when I want my dear mamma to take me up in her arms; but the table didn't take me up. So I pulled, just as I pull on yours when you don't attend; and the dress of the table began to grow longer, and come off. I thought that was funny, so I pulled again, and it came off some more; and then I saw the things all began to come toward me and look at me over the edge of the table. They did not fly away as the pigeons do when we go near them, but they came right toward me. This is such a queer world. I don't understand it. So I pulled again, and the knives and forks came tumbling down on the floor, just as you showed me how to make my blocks tumble down with a crash. Then Susan said, "There now—you do that again, if you dare" So I pulled again, and down! came the cups and saucers, and then Susan gave a great scream and frightened me, and the dress of the table came all off, and all the smell came out of the coffee-pot, and I sat down backward into the butter dish.

What makes things do so?

Moral.—To hear both sides is essential to justice. But when children are the culprits we never hear "the other side," unless Sympathy searches for it and interprets it; and even then the half is not told.

Walking Erectly.

Walking erectly not only adds to manliness of appearance, but develops the chest and promotes the general health in a high degree, because the lungs, being relieved of the pressure made by having the head downward and bending the chest in, admit the air freely and fully down to their very bottom.

If an effort of the mind is made to throw the shoulders back, a feeling of tiredness and awkwardness is soon experienced, or is forgotten. The use of braces to hold up the body is necessarily pernicious, for there can be no brace which does not press upon some part of the person more than is natural, hence cannot fail to impede injuriously the circulation of that part. But were there none of these objections, the brace would adapt itself to the bodily position, like a hat or a shoe, or new garment, and would cease to be a brace.

To seek to maintain an erect position or to recover it when lost, in a manner which is at once natural, easy and efficient, it is only necessary to walk habitually with the eyes fixed on an object ahead, a little higher than your own, the eave of a house, the top of a man's hat, or simply keep your chin a little above a horizontal line, or, it will answer to walk with your hands behind you; if either of these things is done, the necessary, easy and legitimate effect is to relieve the chest from pressure, the air gets in more easily, develops it more fully, causing a more perfect purification of the blood, imparting higher health, more color to the cheek, and compelling a throwing out of the toes. To derive the highest benefit from walking, hold up the head, keep the mouth closed, and move briskly.—*Journal of Commerce.*

Josh Billings Papers.

PUDDIN AND MILK.

Love is sed to be blind, but I know lots of phellows in love who kan see twice as much in their galls as I kan.

The miser is a riddle. What he possesses he haint got, and what he leaves behind him he never had.

Good phisick is like a fiddle—it furnishes the tune, while nature cuts the pigeon-wing and cures the patient.

Caution, though very often wasted, is a good risk to take.

Pity iz about the meanest wash that one man can offer another. I had rather have a ten dollar greenback that had been torn in two twice and pasted together, than to have all the pity thare iz on the upper side of the earth—pity iz nothing more than a quiet satisfacshun that I am a great deel better oph than you am, and that I intend to keep so.

Fortune iz like a coquette, if you don't run after her she will run after you.

Did you ever hear a very rich man sing?

If I was going to paint a picktur of Faith, Affection and Honesty, I would paint mi dog looking up in my face and waggen his tail.

The devil iz a mean kuss; he never keeps his own promises, but alwus makes us keep ours.

Truth iz az artless az a child and az pursuasive.

There iznothing in this life that men pay so hi a price for az they do for repentance.

Laws are made, customs grow—laws hav tew be executed, customs execute themselfs—laws begin where customs end.

Men who have a good deal to say use the fewest words.

The road tew wealth iz a highway, but the road to knowledge iz a byeway.

Shame iz the dieing embers of virtue.

I don't know ov a better kure for sorrow than to pity somebody else.

Experience is a grindstun, and it iz lucky for us if we kan get brightened by it, not ground.

We shouldn't forgit one thing, that there is not a single foe simple on this futstool; even the best tooth in our head may fall to aking before sun set and have to be jerked out.

Ignorance is the wet nuss of prejudice.

Anticipation is constantly nibbling expekted pleasure until it consumes it; jiss so the skoolboy who visits his basket during the forenoon too often has already diskounted his dinner.

I never knu a man troubled with melankolly who had plenty to dew, and did it.

Good breeding, az I understand it, iz giving every man his dew, without robbing yourself.

Natur iz jist az honest as a cow.

Talk little, but listen out loud, young man, is the way to make the company suspekt you of knowing a grate deal more than you aktually do.

If you should reduce the wants of the people ov Nu York city down tew aktual necessitys, and plain comforts, yu wood have to double the perlice force tew keep them from committing suicide.

People, when they find fault with their-selfs, are generally more anxious to be consoled than forgiven, and, therefore, when a man begins to confess hiz sins to me, and sez, "there ain't no hope for him," I tell him he ought tew know awl about it, and I guess he is more than half right.

What the world wants iz good examples, not so much advice; advice may be wrong, but examples prove themselfs.

Pride iz bogus. Adam at one time had a right tew be proud, but he let sin beat him out of hiz birthright.

A crowing hen and a cackling ruester are very misfortunate poultry in a family.

Az a ginral thing, a man who marrys a woman ov more uppercrust than himself will find the woman more anxious tew preserve the distance between them than tew bring him up tew her grade or go down to his level.

Titles are valuable; they make us acquainted with menny persons who otherwise would be lost amung the rubbish.

Peace iz the soft and holy shadder that virtew casts.

Habits are like the wrinkles on a man's brow, if you will smoothe out the one i will smoothe out the other.

It is a darned sight easier tew find six men who kan tell exactly how a thing ought to be did than tew find one who will do it.

Marrying for money is a meaner way tew git it than counterfitting.

Dispatch is taking time bi the ears. Hurry iz taking it by the end ov the tail.

The miser who heaps up gains tew gloat over iz like a hog in a pen fatted for a show.—*New York Weekly.*

A New Theory of the Aurora Borealis.

Dr. A. W. Hall read a paper before the Polytechnic branch of the American institute, at the Cooper institute, on the cause of auroral lights, in which he took issue with Professor Loomis and other scientists, who attribute these phenomena to electrical action. Dr. Hall's theory is that the boreal display is produced by the rays of the sun, which are reflected from clouds surrounding the pole to the ice and snow of the arctic regions, and thence again reflected to the clouds, and so back and forth, until it comes within our range of vision. The glancing and flashing of the columns of light, he holds, are caused by the motion of the clouds, an exact correspondence being traceable, the doctor contends, between the movements of the light and those of the clouds. In confirmation of his theory the speaker cited the cases of similar displays of auroral light in the east just before sunrise, and in the west just after sunset, when there are banks of clouds visible, from which the sun's rays are evidently reflected. The arches or bows often seen in the north are also easily explained according to this hypothesis, while by the electrical theory they are inexplicable. The deflection of the needle and other magnetic effects, sometimes observed during an auroral display, are attributed by Dr. Hall to the fact that the state of the atmosphere most favorable for these successive reflections of sunlight from the pole, is also favorable for the action of the electrical forces which produces the magnetic disturbances.

A Rash Promise.

The Portland *Argus* tells the following story of a young lady who is a pupil at one of the schools in that city, and who has already, it seems, beaten her father at mathematics:

She modestly proposed that if her father would give her only one cent on one day, and double the amount on each successive day for just one month, she would pledge herself never to ask of him another cent of money as long as she lived. Paterfamilias, not stopping to run over the figures in his head, and not supposing it would amount to a large sum, was glad to accept the offer at once, thinking it also a favorable opportunity to include a possible marriage dowry in the future. At the twenty-fifth day he became greatly alarmed, lest if he complied with his own acceptance he might be obliged to be "declared a bankrupt on his own petition."

But at the thirtieth day the young girl demanded only the pretty sum of $5,368,709.12! The astonished merchant was only too happy to cancel the claim by advancing a handsome cash payment for his folly in allowing himself to give a bond—or his word he considered as good as a bond—without noticing the consideration therein expressed, and by promising to return to the old custom of advancing smaller sums daily until otherwise ordered.

Our arithmetic reporter has been "figuring on to it," and says that if the old gentleman had fulfilled his promise, his gushing daughter would have had, upon the receipt of the thirtieth payment, the snug little sum of $10,737,418.23.

The Squire and His Wife.

The Squire had a friend to visit him on business, and was very much annoyed to be interrupted by his wife, who came to ask him what he wanted for dinner.

"Go away! let us alone!" impatiently said the Squire.

Business detained the friend until after dinner time, and the Squire urged him to remain. The Squire was a generous provider, proud of his table, and he complacently escorted his friend to a seat. A little to the surprise of both, they saw nothing on the board but a huge dish of salad, which the good wife began quietly to dish up.

"My dear," said the Squire, "where are the meats?"

"There are none to-day," said his lady.

"No meats! What in the name of poverty! The vegetables then. Why don't you have them brought in?"

"You didn't order any."

"Order! I didn't order anything," said the amazed Squire.

"You forget," coolly answered the housewife. "I asked what we should have, and you said, '*lettuce alone.*' Here it is."

The friend burst into a laugh, and the Squire, after looking lugubrious a moment, joined him.

"Wife, I give it up. I owe you one. Here is the fifty dollars you wanted for that carpet which I denied you." The Squire forked over. "Now let us have peace, and some dinner."

The good woman pocketed the paper, rang the bell, and a sumptuous repast of fish, poultry, and vegetables, was brought in.

A few days afterward the Squire remained working in his garden sometime after the usual tea hour. His wife grew impatient of delay, and went to find him. His excuse, when asked what he was waiting for, threw her into a flutter of excitement.

"Some one's to come to supper," she exclaimed. "Why didn't you tell me? I declare you are the provokingest man!"

And without asking which of his friends was expected, she hastened to change her dress and slick up her hair for the occasion. This done, she came out and found the Squire seated at the table reading his newspaper.

"Where's your company?"

"My company! I haven't any company."

"But you said you expected somebody to supper," exclaimed the indignant wife.

"My dear, I said no such thing. You asked me what I was waiting for, and I said *summons* to come to supper—that's what I was waiting for, my dear, and I came at once.

"And you have made me go and change my dress. Oh, I'll pay you for this."

"No matter about it, my dear, I owed you, you remember, for that lettuce."

Faults in Building.

The American Builder enumerates these faults in planning and erecting houses:

1. Cramping a house down to the smallest possible space, so as to make more "yard room," which will never be used.

2. Making no calculations as to the size of rooms or location of furniture.

3. Building chimneys by guess, so that one has to have a dozen lengths of useless stovepipe, or else place his stoves in the most inconvenient localities.

4. Arranging windows and doors so that one opens against the other, or in the very spot to be occupied by a piece of furniture, or so placing them that no fresh air can get through the house, even though the whole should be open.

5. Providing no means of ventilating rooms, save by open doors or windows; hence all the impure air which is generated by breathing, cooking and fermentation, as it is rarified, rises to the top of the room, and there remains to breed discomfort, disease and death.

6. Nailing sheathing to the outside of the studding and clapboards (or siding) close to the outside of that, leaving small or no air chambers between them; and, as in nine cases out of ten, green materials for each covering have been used, they shrink and rot, soon making a honey-comb of the shell, though plastered with paint and cement.

7. Laying the lower floor directly on joists, or at best lining it with culls full of knots and shakes, which are little better than nothing, and, as a consequence, the floor is always cold and uncomfortable.

8. In finishing, first laying the bases, pilasters and casings (perhaps of green lumber) and then lathing and plastering up to them, so that when they dry large orifices are left to let in cold and moisture.

9. Letting his work out, as a whole, trusting to the honesty of the contractor to do it, without having plans or specifications properly drawn, and without any one to oversee, criticise or direct it.

Timely Hints on the Use of Coal.

A common fault is to use too coarse wood for kindling, and too much of it. This, while it generally succeds in lighting the coal, leaves a bed of ashes below the coal which interferes with the draft unless raked out; an operation which always retards the combustion of partially ignited coal. The wood should be of some rapidly burning variety which gives a quick and high heat, and should be split fine. It should be so placed that the coal will remain on the top of it and not fall through to the grate, leaving the kindling on the top of any part of the coal. A common mistake is to use too large sized coal. A good rule, where stoves or furnaces have a good draft, is to use coal as small as can be used without inconvenience from its sifting too freely through the grate.

Grates should have their bars closely set for stoves that are cleaned out daily, and have fires lighted in them each morning, while those which are intended to have fire kept in them continuously for days or weeks will not admit of fine grates, on account of the accumulation of ashes and small "clinkers." There is much difference in coal in regard to the formation of clinkers. These are nothing but vitrified, or partially vitrified earthy matters, and only can form when a high heat is maintained; they are apt to be troublesome when there is too great draft. A coal stove or furnace should therefore be so constructed that its draft can be perfectly controlled. The bottom draft should admit of being closed air-tight, as nearly as is possible to make it, and there ought always to be provision made for a top draft. If, however, the draft of a chimney should be so strong that air in too great quantities is drawn in at the bottom when the dampers are closed, a damper in the pipe which will close it partially must be employed, though in sluggish chimneys such a damper is apt to force the gases of combustion into the room, and therefore it ought always to be avoided when possible.

The practice of putting ashes on the top of a fire to keep it is very productive of clinkers, although it answers very well in other respects. Damp coal screenings are better, and may be economically burned in this manner. If a coal fire gets very low, the quickest way to extinguish it is to rake it at the bottom. To preserve a fire under such circumstances, a little coal should be placed on the fire, and when it has caught more may be added, and the raking deferred until it has got well ignited. When the fire bricks have become burdened with clinkers which have fused and adhered, they may be cleaned by throwing oyster or clam shells into the fire box when the fire is very hot, and allowing the fire to go out. The clinkers will generally cleave off without the use of much force the next morning. From two quarts to one-half a peck will be sufficient for most stoves, and the operation can be repeated if some of the clinkers still adhere.—*Scientific American.*

Mark Twain's Idea of a Good Letter.

The most useful and interesting letters we get here from home are from children seven or eight years old. This is a petrified truth. Happily they have got nothing else to talk about but home, and neighbors and family—things their betters think unworthy of transmission thousands of miles. They write simply and naturally, and without strain for effect. They tell all they know, and then stop. They seldom deal in abstractions or homilies. Consequently their epistles are brief; but, treating as they do of familiar scenes and persons, always entertaining. Now, therefore, if you would learn the art of letter-writing, let a child teach you. I have preserved a letter from a little girl eight years of age—preserved it as a curiosity, because it was the only letter I ever got from the States that had any information in it. It ran thus:

"St. Louis, 1865.

"Uncle Mark, if you was here I could tell you about Moses in the bulrushes again. I know it better now. Mr. Sowberry has got his leg broke off a horse. He was riding it on Sunday. Margaret—that's the maid—Margaret has taken all the spittoons, and slop buckets and old jugs out of your room, because she says she don't think you are coming back any more, you have been gone too long. Sissy McElroy's mother has got another little baby. She has them all the time. It has got little blue eyes, like Mr. Swimley that boards there, and looks just like him. I have got a new doll, but Johnny Anderson pulled one of the legs out. Miss Dusenberry was here yesterday; I gave her your picture, but she said she didn't want it. My cat has got more kittens—oh! you can't think—twice as many as Lottie Belden's. And there's one—such a sweet little buff one with a short tail—and I named it for you.

"All of them's got names now—General Grant, and Halleck, and Moses, and Margaret, and Deuteronomy, and Captain Semmes, and Exodus, and Leviticus, and Horace Greeley—all named but one, and I am saving it because the one I named for you's been sick all the time since, and I reckon it'll die. [It appears to be mighty rough on the short-tailed kitten for naming it for me. I wonder how the reserved victim will stand it.] Uncle Mark, I do believe Hattie Caldwell likes you, and I know she thinks you are pretty, because I heard her say nothing could hurt your good looks—nothing at all—she said, even if you were to have the small-pox ever so bad, you would be just as good-looking as you were before. And ma says she's ever so smart. [Very.] So no more this time, because General Grant and Moses are fighting. Annie."

This child treads on my toes in every other sentence, with perfect looseness, but in the simplicity of her time of life she doesn't know it.

I consider that a model letter—an eminently readable and entertaining letter, and, as I said before, it contains more matter of interest and real information than any letter I ever received from the East. I had rather hear about cats at home and their truly remarkable names, than listen to a lot of stuff about people I am not acquainted with, or read "The Evil Effects of the Intoxicating Bowl," illustrated on the back with the picture of a ragged scallawag pelting away right and left in the midst of his family circle with a junk bottle.

Feeding Children.

Children, who, while growing, must form more tissue than they waste, consume more food in proportion to their weight, and possess more active digestions than adults. They should have their meals with shorter intervals, and care should be taken to avoid the influences that may disturb digestion. Prominent among these is a deficiency of clothing. The human body, like any other thing of greater warmth than the surrounding air, has a constant tendency to part with its excess of heat by radiation, and to check this cooling process we envelop ourselves in non-conducting fabrics. It stands to reason that the greater the surface exposed the more rapidly will radiation occur; and yet we frequently see children with chest, arms and legs bared by fashion in the coldest weather, without regard to the general depression of temperature, which must also involve that of the digestive organs.

The diet of children should be regulated by a consideration of their functional capacities. In infancy, nature furnishes in the mother's milk all requisite elements in a condition requiring no mechanical treatment, but merely simple chemical action. A little later, as the first teeth begin to make their appearance, food easily separable may be allowed, and as the masticating apparatus advances towards perfection, articles requiring more tearing and grinding may be gradually added to the catalogue. The activity of the digestion secretions increases in proportion to dental development, so that many substances (such as potatoes) which are easy to masticate are not digestible in early childhood.

The milks of different animals vary in constitution as regards the proportion of their constituents, human milk containing more water and sugar than that of the cow. For this reason, when an infant is "brought up by hand," or in the process of weaning, it is usual to dilute and sweeten cow's milk in order to bring it nearer the human standard. Goat's milk for the same purpose would require more dilution, but no sweetening—its percentage of sugar exceeding even that of the cow. It is extremely doubtful, however, whether the addition of water to cow's milk serves any good purpose; and it is certain that far too much is usually added. Human milk contains about 89 parts of water in 100; cow's milk about 86—or three parts less in 100; yet to compensate for this slight difference, the latter is commonly diluted with double its bulk of water before giving it to a hungry baby. Be it always remembered that an infant's properest food is its own mother's milk, and that she who can suckle her child and does it not, is guilty of a serious offense against God's law.—*A. L. Carroll, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

FACTS AND FIGURES.

Dexter is 11 years old.

The coal fields of Alabama cover an area of 1,000 miles.

There are 609,365 children in Indiana, between the ages of 6 and 21.

The population of Rochester, N. Y., is 69,208. The gain in four years is 18,268.

A writer in the *London Society* asserts that the wearing of corsets produces corpulence.

At the late Mecca pilgrimage, 110,000 pilgrims assembled at Mount Ararat, an increase of 25,000 over 1868.

The total value of all the horses in twenty-one Northern States in 1865 was over $300,000,000.

There are 430 species of humming birds, and they are found only on the Western continent.

The number of letters distributed at Indianapolis, in October, were 154,488—13,136 being drop letters.

A writer in *Harpers'* figures that only two Americans out of twelve carry watches, and only one woman out of forty.

The Rev. Chas. Beecher, of Georgetown, Mass., is the possessor and skilled player of a violin over 200 years old; and Hayden Brown, of West Newberry, owns one 199 years old.

A year ago a resident of Greenland, N. H., was worth $2,000,000. He put it into copper and silver mining stocks and lost it all.

A man and his wife at Washington, who kept each a fruit and refreshment stand in the neighborhood of two or three of the departments, cleared $50,000 during the war.

A bell boy at a Cincinnati hotel found a wallet in the hall containing $6,000. He gave it to the clerk, who returned it to the owner. The man coolly put it in his pocket without saying a word, or even kicking the boy.

An American official at Paris has found among the old book-stores a copy of Elliot's Indian Bible. It will be remembered that the last copy sold for $1,300, and it is probable that this newly-discovered one will bring at least $2,000.

In Great Britain, with a population of 24,363,000, there are 36,300 ministers, and 34,700 churches and chapels, or one for every 700 persons, and a minister to every 672 inhabitants. In this country, in 1860, there were 54,009 churches, being an average of one church for every 582 persons of all ages.

A female medical school for natives has recently been established at Bareilly, India, under the charge of Dr. Corbyn and Baboo Gunga Pershad. The female students, it is asserted, have shown great quickness and aptitude for the art of medicine, and have made surprising progress. The founders of the school have made application for aid from the government, in order to carry on the institution on a larger scale.

The *Watchman and Reflector* mentions the following long pastorates of Baptist ministers in Boston: "Dr. Stillman was pastor of one church in Boston 42 years; Dr. Baldwin, of one church, nearly 36 years; Dr. Stowe, of two churches, nearly 36 years; Dr. Neale has been pastor of two churches in Boston more than 32 years; Dr. Hague, of four churches, 21 years. The united pastorate of these five men amounted to 167 years."

A New Orleans baker having lost a mule, advertised for the recovery of his animal, which he described as "a gentle mule, valued at $150, and answering to the name of Fanny," offering at the same time a "heavy" reward to the finder. The animal was discovered on the levee, in the possession of a suspicious person, and taken to its owner, when the latter fulfilled his promise by counting out fifty old-fashioned copper pennies.

A specimen of the wonderful plant "the flower of the Holy Ghost," has been successfully raised in Norwich, Ct. The flower is a cream