DON'T RUN IN DEBT!

Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind
If your clothes are all faded and torn;
Fix 'em up, make them do; it is better by far
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
Who will love you the more for the set of your hat,
Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
The style of your boots or shade of cravat,
If they knew you're in debt for the new?

Good friends, let me beg of you, don't run in debt,
If the chairs and the sofa are old;
They'll fit your backs better than any new set,
Unless they are paid for—withgold.
If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
Keep it warm with a hearty good will;
A big one, unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
Will send to the warm heart a chill.

Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint,
If the fashions have changed since last season;
Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
And old Nature, methinks, has some reason
But just say to your friends, I cannot afford
To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
My purse is too tight and honor too bright
To be tarnished with such silly passion.

Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
Have fine houses and clothing and flowers,
But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man
Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
If you've money to spare I've nothing to say,
Spend your dollars and dimes as you please;
But, mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
Is the man who is never at ease.

Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more,
'Twill fill your wife's cup full of sorrow
To know that a neighbor may call at your door,
With a bill you must settle to-morrow.
Oh, take my advice—it is good, it is true!
(But lest you may, some of you doubt it,)
I'll whisper a secret, now, seeing 'tis you,
I've tried it and know all about it.

The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
It's links all corrosion and rust,
Gild it o'er as you will, it is never of gold,
Then spurn it aside with disgust—
"I've tried it, and know all about it."

ZOE'S FATHER.

[From the Overland for November.]

CHAPTER I.

Through the piles of Meiggs' Wharf, North San Francisco, one night quite a number of years ago the tide hurried in an ill-tempered, fretful way. His darling Lady Moon had just hung out a glittering signal-lamp in her window away to the east, and our tide had swum over the great green Hollespont of the Pacific like a young hero to keep his old love-tryst. The white favors of his white lady floating grandly about his head, got tangled in the wharf-timbers, and torn and scattered in a provoking way, if one but considers the elegance and neatness so desirable in a lover. And, most horrible!—from the wharf above a string of scavengers' carts shot down into the water their filth and rubbish, which three or four ragged, miserable-looking fellows were raking over and tossing about—some in the water, some on land—talking little, but that little strongly and strangely flavored with oaths of considerable length and ingenuity.

With a sputter of disgust our Tide rolled over and dived out far and deep leaving a great wave in his wake that rushed high on shore, and up to the lower coat button of Hamon Crowse, Negro; giving to that "colored" gentleman's swearing a marked tone of indignation and discomfort. Hamon was one of a motley group who, there in the clean white light of the moon, were engaged in turning over with rakes, hoes, and tools of that ilk, the dirty rubbish shot down at certain times on sea and shore at Meiggs' wharf. Now and then something glittered as the incoming water washed over the dirt raked down to its edge, and the muck miner would instantly stoop and pick up whatever it was—a spoon, knife, pair of scissors, and, not at all unfrequently, a small or large piece of coin or jewelry that had got into some family dust-bin by mistake—and such mistakes occurred often enough to make it worth the while of habitually lazy and inopulent persons of Hamon's character to search this rubbish as described.

Hamon worked farthest from shore on a big, rich, reeking heap, supported by an abnormal elevation of the beach from the too-quickly demolishing action of the waves; and he seemed to succeed well, judging by the frequency with which his hand left the handle of the scraper, went down into the rubbish he turned over, and, coming up again, entered the big pocket of his coat or the old bag stacked on the top of the heap by his side. Inshore from Hamon, in a position at once less uncomfortable and more advantageous apparently as to results, there scraped away among the muck, a tall, lean old man, whose trembling hands and bloated face bore witness of a drunkard's life and prophecy of a not far-off drunkard's death.

"What luck, boss?" said the younger, after some time, and as he, apparently routed by the rising water, came inland, passing the old man.

"Good enough—good enough, you son of a——," replied the affectionate elder, using a term which, if it were not a title habitually conferred meaningless on each other among even the closest friends by the more vulgarly speaking population of the great West, might have been decisive in settling the young man's descent—at least from the mother's side. "Good enough."

"Then come along, Daddy, d—n it; the water's risin' too high to do anything, an' I'm cold as h—l."

"There you're wrong, Hamon; there you're clean wrong. Hell's warm—warm as——" but here the old gentleman felt his favorite term of comparison to be tautological and a truism, so he stopped, and he went on after a puzzled, semi-drunken pause—"as warm as your mammy Babylonia's temper."

At mention of this name, Hamon's black countenance took an uncomfortable expression, and he looked anxiously into the old man's face. "Daddy," he said, "I want to tell ye somethin' private afore we go home to-night—if I was ony sure ye warn't drunk as a owl. Let's go, anyway."

The two shouldered their wet bags—the old man grumbling and staggering, and turning round at intervals to curse bitterly and shake his trembling fist at another of the rubbish searchers who had struck him on the cheek with a rotten orange; and the negro wallowed along up the beach, using his long ungainly legs and great flat feet like a man in much haste. A volley of oaths thrown after him by "Daddy," however, brought him to a halt; he waited uneasily. Then they passed on together, crushing cinders, filth, and decaying abominations of all kinds under their dripping boots; the effluvium from which was enough to asphyxiate anyone but a scavenger.

"Daddy, Thaddeus Herrick, sit down here," said the negro, when they came to the steps opposite the low shed where the bears, monkeys and other animals belonging to the saloon keeper at the corner were sleeping; sit down and tell me if yer sober enuf to heah somefin'—somefin' about yer own daughter—about Zoe Herrick; do ye heah? I'm nuffin' to you, if I does call ye daddy in short, an' I ain't very pertickler, n' more'n you 'bout most things 'at my mammy does; but Daddy, Thaddeus Herrick, if yer sober enuf to git yer own daughter Zoe out o' mammy's house, git her out right away—to-night; or, I tell ye, Daddy, yer daughter 'll be—gone to h—l, like my mammy—like the other women on that street—like——"

Unusual a thing as it was for San Francisco the heavens had been lit up at intervals by lightning during that evening, and the negro's speech was broken off by a crash as if half the city were in ruin, while a vivid, long enduring sheet of flame lit up both sky and earth until the moon was hidden by the light as at noonday. That light also showed old Herrick striking down Hamon, who fell as if he had been smitten by the paw of the great grizzly then roaring with fright and tearing at his bars in the shed. The thunder rolled again until every beast in the menagerie crouched and howled with terror; but through all the voice of Thaddeus Herrick pierced distinctly into the ear of the prostrate Hamon Crowse: "Speak of my own Zoe again like that, and I'll rake your black heart out and give it to the bears!"

"Let me speak; take yer hand off my throat," gasped poor Hamon. "Mr. Herrick—Daddy—massa," he added, as the grasp relaxed a little, I'm tellin' ye on'y the gospel truth; and may God strike me dead with that lightnin' if I'm not. Listen, Massa. Mammy Babylonia's been givin' ye more an' more whisky all this week jist to make ye good for nuffin when the time comes, an' she forced me to git ye out here a rakin' to-night to keep ye out o' the way besides. Listen, massa."

The old man, with his white hair falling over his cheeks—still filthy with the pieces of rotten orange that had struck him—knelt on Hamon's breast, his two hands on his throat, and his white hair touching the black face; and the Negro talked on earnestly in an almost inaudible whisper, made still more inaudible at intervals by the throttling through which it had to pass up and out.

CHAPTER II.

Down a low, narrow alley off Dupont street, there flared a dirty oil-lamp inside a dirty box whose front and sides were of semi-transparent canvas, painted over with certain coarse letters, which read thus:

MADAME BABYLONIA.
Black Fortune-teller from Bagdad, Obi and Spirit Medium.

Madame Babylonia was in her room. She was generally in, for her huge, bloated, shapeless black body was an inconvenient thing to carry out, and her evil, hideous face attracted too much unpleasant notice in public. Besides, the interests of her transcendental profession were much furthered by the mystery and secrecy that seclusion gave. The incessant blinding lightning rendered the one dim candle almost a superfluity in her apartment. By this candle at a low table near the solitary window sat a girl, not more than 15 years of age, with a beautiful, though sad and worn face. She looked as if she had been reading, and had stopped to think or to watch the storm outside. At the opposite end of the long, narrow room, almost in darkness, as far as the feeble rays of the candle were concerned, there crouched on her hams, by a ruinous old stove, Madame Babylonia herself, the great negro trance-medium, obi-woman, fortune-teller, etc. As from time to time the storm lit up the place, a curious sight might have been seen; though the girl, Zoe Herrick, from her place at the window, paid no attention to it, perhaps from long familiarity with such things. A large box, the top and one side being of wire-netting, stood beside the stove, in which box a dozen or so of rattlesnakes writhed over each other and hissed as the Negress stirred up the charcoal in the stove, or teased them with a short stick, or laughed horribly as she succeeded in throwing a bit of hot charcoal into the cage of a miserable and blasphemous parrot, set on a kind of devil's altar against the opposite wall, amid a perfect thicket of ugly wooden fetiches, old bladders painted over with hideous faces, stuffed skins dusky and distorted, and the whole other paraphernalia of bones, herbs, and old metal that go to set up an obi-woman and fortune-teller. At last a prolonged and furious screaming by the parrot of its favorite sentence, "Git up and git, d—n yer soul," and a crackling and smell of fire, drew Zoe's attention to the spot where the half-drunken woman had been pitching live coals, and the girl saw that some of the trumpery had taken fire. There was no alarm or fuss; she simply took a bucket of water, put the thing out, and returned to her seat, looking very pale and resolute as the momently brightening lightning showed her face.

The old harridan by the stove seemed struck by something she had seen, and she let the snakes and the profane parrot alone for a spell, to get on her feet with more agility than was usual with her. She walked up to the window and laid her flabby hand heavily on Zoe's shoulder. "Look a-heah, gal, what fur ye dressed an' got that bundle beside ye?"

"Because—because, Babylonia, whenever my father comes home to-night, I'll take him away; I'm going to leave you,"

Babylonia staggered back as if the lightning had struck her. "Leave heah to-night?" Then recovering herself, she howled out: "An' who may you be that's goin' to leave afore you pays yer just dues? Hev I kep' up you an' yer drunken old daddy ever since the war driv us out ov Virginy, and ain't goin' to get nuffin' for it?"

"Get nothing for it!" said the girl, shivering a little, and using wonderfully lady-like language for one who had been reared by a nurse like Babylonia Crowse and a father like Thaddeus Herrick, with Hamon for a kind of big brother—"get nothing for it! Have I not worked for you ever since father left his old plantation home in the beautiful South—I, only a child, too? And my father, has not he worked—is he not working now for you—where he gets such lots of things that you sell and use? And—and—but there's something wrong about all this. I know there is. I have been told so at school, and the tall teacher has asked me to come and live with her. She will teach me many things I ought to know, and teach me to forget many things I never ought to have known. All this she tells me. It is true. God's lightning to-night, in this strange city, reminds me of the old storms on the plantation—and my own mother's face was so beautiful then, as she told me of the great God who holds us all in the hollow of His hand, and loves good children. I go from this house, this street; the curse of God is on it all. The mistress told me so, and I know it. O, I have seen—I am going when father comes home."

A loud knocking at the outer door here interrupted the girl. She cried out, "Father at last!" and turned toward the door. But the obi-woman planted herself heavily in the way. "Git into yer room," she thundered, "an' stay dar till I send for ye heah! 'Taint yer dad. Can ye heah the strange voices, ye——? It's visitahs, *for me*," she added, with a villainous smile.

The girl picked up her bundle with a weary sigh, and, opening what seemed to be, and was, a mere closet, that served at once for her own and her father's room, passed in. The negress drew a heavy screen across the closet door, and then, passing out into the passage, let in her visitors. They were two women, almost as fat and ugly as herself, but attended by a carriage, and arrayed in costly and gorgeously vulgar apparel.

"Up to no good, that's sure, them uns here at this time o' night!" murmured the passing gray-coated policeman (special officer horseleech); and he joined the party. But he walked on immediately; having had an explanatory interview with the three ladies, terminating in a manner apparently quite satisfactory to him. Then the two fat visitors, ordering their ill-looking coachman to wait, followed their black hostess into her black house, grumbling a little as they closed their purses with a vicious and simultaneous snap. Their faces brightened somewhat, however, as they heard the officer's departing step, and the cheerful notes of the "Ten Thousand Miles Away" that he whistled as he turned the corner, walking northward at a brisk pace.

CHAPTER III.

Yes, a very cheerful and well-satisfied officer was Mr. Special Horseleech as he passed up Dupont street; and the accursed woman-soul of that San Francisco *Rue des Enfers* long remembered the night of the great thunder-storm as an occasion on which he was especially gallant, frolicsome, and lenient. Yet he was just for a moment a little bit put out when two wretched-looking men, turning into the street in a tremendous pace, ran against and nearly overturned him; besides making him drop one of two gold coins which he was tossing from one hand to another. He had not been too anxious to pick up his coin from the mud immediately, lest it might be lost, and had it not taken him some time to find it, he would have stopped and perhaps have arrested the men—one of them certainly walked as if he were drunk! "Well, well, we are in a good humor. Let them go to-night! I've found it."

Swiftly, swiftly, under the rolling thunder music, passed the two ragged looking men down the street; and, from their lattices some of the hardened woman souls, even out of the depths of their own hell of shame, pitied the awful haggard face of one of the two men, and wondered, for a moment, what cunning torture could be devouring his soul—he being a man—to account for that look. As for the wretch himself—and it was Daddy Herrick—every rouged face that shone on him as the lightning gleamed seemed to stir anew the already seven-times-heated furnace that blazed in his brain. "On, on! Hamon," he yelled in perfect madness, as they turned into the alley at last and saw the coach. And the ill looking coachman was waked from a sleep that came near to being his last, for he was dashed down half senseless across his box by a blow from the heavy hoe held by Hamon while the horses started off, dragging carriage and driver down the alley and round the corner so quickly as to produce the impression in the locality that an earthquake had been added to the other physical phenomena of the evening.

Hamon turned and rushed in, meeting and being trampeled down by the two fat lady visitors of Madame Babylonia, now taking their leave of her mansion with an alacrity wholly without parallel in their previous history. He struck, kicked, bit and butted with his head as only a negro can; the visitors continued their outward flight *sans* many portions of their apparel; Hamon rushed in—to prevent murder.

His mother and old Herrick were rolling on the floor in deadly conflict. She had an ax and he had a knife; but neither could use a weapon. Zoe lay, as in a swoon, across the dashed-down screen opposite the closet door, and a slight smell of chloroform filled the room, strongest over a thick cloth which the poor child had evidently torn from about her head as she gave way to the influence of the drug. "Save *her*, Hamon!" shouted Herrick; "carry her to that school-mistress' house she used to talk of; wake up all the city, if you must—save her—take her away, and I'll spare your mother; if you don't, I'll kill her! See!"—and the right hand of the old Virginian planter cleared itself from the clutch of the negress by sheer maniacal strength, and flashed the knife high in the air.

"Massa! see here; I lift yer own Zoe, I take her away, I swear to save her! but spare Babylonia—she is yer old servant—she is my mother!" and the stout negro was gone with his precious burden—gone to do all he promised—for he loved and pitied the poor child more than he loved his hideous mother.

His voice was heard outsite to a gathering crowd: "A chile fainted—the nearest drug store—a doctor!" and the voice died away, seeking the assistance and protection the girl needed.

A great silence fell on the two faces that glared murderously into each other's eyes inside. The woman's look was only rage—rage at the uprising in one whom she had thought almost beyond the sting of insult and incapable of revolt—rage of baffled villainy, rage of cheated avarice; then something of fear was added to all this. For though the man had thrown aside the knife and torn away the ax from her, there came more into his face than rage; it was madness, that worst of madness—the drunkard's. The light of the storm showed Babylonia this, though the solitary candle had been dashed down. She rose with a cry and ran toward the stove, on which the ax had struck when torn from her and thrown away by Herrick. He leaped after her with a low, brute-like growl. She stooped; but he was upon her—his two hands were around her throat from behind; she could not breathe—not a cry. He tried to thrust her head into the stove. Suddenly something scintillated under his glaring eyes—

Take her!—and he forced the sodden, swollen countenance of the obi-woman again and again against the wire netting on the box; it burst in—a terrible whirr—hiss—and, quick as the lightning that bit the water and the earth outside, a dozen deadly, gleaming, flat heads were dashed again and again against the struggle-bared breasts of Babylonia Crowse—and against the hands of the maniac, who felt nothing and knew nothing except the fury of his hatred of the devil-woman that had plotted to sell and destroy the innermost, last, only darling of his heart, of his sinful wasted life—his own, own Zoe. He dashed the wooly head down, he trod it into the box, he stamped upon it, he caught snakes by the heads and plowed their fangs through the black flesh long after it lay senseless below his feet.

He tried to stagger toward the door, but he fell. There was silence for a long time. The parrot commenced to pick up confidence at last, to feel lonely; it began to scream its old refrain. The words awoke Herrick a little. "Yes, Polly, I'm going; my soul's all right. That's all right. This is more than D. T.'s and I savey. Tremens—tremendous snakes up there in heaven—white—somebody, up there's got snakes bad, bad—so've I. and so Mme. Babylon-ia, Ya-a-ah!" he laughed huskily. "But my own Zoe's safe—safe." The cry of the parrot caught his ear again, and his head fell, as he murmured apologetically: "I'm going—soul's all right, I tell you—own Zoe been saved. If—if I only had the fellow that chucked that orange, by ——"

Next morning, special officer Horseleech had special business to attend to in a certain house described by the newspaper reporters as that of "Madame Babylonia, Black Fortune Teller," etc.; and they removed her advertisement from their respective journals.

"Drunk—accident with snakes"—was the way Mr. Special Horseleech, for special reasons of his own, put the case to the coroner's jury; who found accordingly.

A Brave Woman's Exploit.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The recent escape of Marshal Bazaine from the fortress of St. Marguerite, with the assistance of his wife, recalls an act of womanly devotion, carried out in defiance of seemingly insuperable obstacles.

William, fifth earl of Nithsdale, was one of the unfortunate participants in the Stuart uprising of 1715. He was made prisoner, taken to London, put on trial in February, 1716, and condemned to execution on Tower Hill on the 25th of that month. His devoted wife, Lady Winnifred Herbert, daughter of the marquis of Powis, hastened from the northern country to see her afflicted lord. The roads in those days were almost impassible in winter, and the fatigue of her long journey threw her into a fit of sickness on her bed for several days. She did not wait for recovery before petitioning admittance to her husband's prison. Permission was at last granted, though under various restrictions. She was still hoping that a petition to the king, through the house of lords, might obtain a commution of the earl's sentence. Only two days before the fatal 24th she became convinced that such expectation was in vain.

Lord Nithsdale was confined in the house of the lieutenant-deputy of the tower, his room being sixty feet from the ground, and exit from it lying through the council chamber and the passages and stairs of the deputy's house. The door of the room was guarded by one sentinel. Two others were stationed on the same floor. Several stood about the passages and stairs, and two more by the outer gate. In the face of all these difficultios, Lady Nithsdale determined to make one desperate attempt to save her lord. The moment she learned that nothing was to be expected from the house of lords, she went to the tower and told each guard she met that she brought good news. "No more fears for the prisoners," she said, "since now their petition has passed," giving proof of her apparent joy by handing the soldiers money to drink the health of the king and peers. To her husband she said never a word of her design.

It was lucky for her that there were no reports of the parliamentary debates in the papers, for she could not complete her plan until the next day, the 23d. She persuaded her landlady, Mrs. Mills, and Mrs. Morgan, a friend of her confidential servant, the latter being not unlike Lord Nithsdale, in shape and stature, to go with her to the tower to pass for him. Mrs. Morgan, by Lady N.'s direction, put under her riding-hood another of the same kind. On arriving, Lady Nithsdale was, as usual, allowed to take only one person in with her at a time. She took Mrs. Morgan, and when they had reached the prisoner's room made her leave the riding-hood and conducted her out, saying aloud: "Pray do me the kindness to send my maid to me that I may be dressed, else I should be too late with my petition," having previously remarked audibly that she was going to present a separate petition of her own to the king. Mrs. Mills was then brought in, the countess bidding her hold her handkerchief to her face as though in tears, desiring that the earl should go out in the same manner, thus concealing his countenance. She next disguised her husband, doubting over with white paint his long beard, which there was not time enough to shave, tinting his cheeks red and his eyebrows yellow, to resemble those of Mrs. Mills, and putting blonde tresses on his head, Mrs. Mills then put on the riding-hood which Mrs. Morgan had brought, and one of Lady Nithsdale's petticoats furnished concealment for the lower port of the prisoner's person. These proparations having been completed, Lady Nithsdale led out the real Mrs. Mills, wearing the Morgan hood, saying aloud, "Dear Miss Catherine go in all haste and look for my woman Evans, for she certainly does not know what o'clock it is, and has forgotten the petition I am to give." The ante-room was full of the wives and daughters of the guards, who, pitying the countess, made way for her companion. The sentinel at the outer door opened it promptly, and Mrs. Mills went out. Lady Nithsdale waited until it was nearly dark, and the time for lighting candles had about arrived, when she went out of the room, holding by the hand the pretended Mrs. Mills, who seemed to be weeping, while her lady bewailed the non-arrival of her maid.

"Go, dear Mrs. Betty," she said, "run and bring her with you; you know my lodgings, and if ever you made haste in your life, do it now." The guards who were no doubt gentle-minded over the presents of the day before, opened the doors without the least suspicion, and both went out; the countess keeping carefully behind her husband, so that his awkward gait might not be observed. She continually cried out to him to make all possible haste in sending Evans, whom they found waiting outside. When they reached the open space outside the tower, the earl was so nervous that all would have been lost but for Evans, who conducted him to his hiding-place.

On delivering her casket into safe hands, Lady Nithsdale returned to the tower, and, entering her husband's room, pretended to converse with him, talking loud and occasionally imitating his voice. This she did until she thought him safe from pursuit, when, with the door half open, she affected to bid him good-night. Before shutting it she drew to the inside a little string which fastened it so that it could not be easily opened from the ante-room. This being accomplished she told the earl's valet, who was not in the secret, that his master would call for candles when he wanted them, which would be be immediately, and left the tower.

It does not lie within our design to recapitulate how Lord Nithsdale was concealed in a friendly house for some days, and finally made his escape from the kingdom disguised as a liveried servant of the Venetian ambassador, who was returning home. Lady Nithsdale, who was arrested, followed him in a few days, and met him in France. They both survived this daring and skillfully conducted adventure many years, the earl dying at Rome in 1744, and his devoted wife living until 1751. It was noticed by some writers that the escape of Count Lavalette from the conciergerie at Paris in 1815 was not unlike that of Lord Nithsdale as he walked out of prison leaning on his daughter's arm and clad in his wife's dress, holding a handkerchief to his face. The plan was more clumsy, however, than Lady Nithsdale's, for the Countess Lavalette remained in her husband's cell and was kept in the closest captivity for six weeks by the enraged authorities. Certainly the annals of history do not contain the record of a sharper or better played trick than that of the Jacobite countess.

Scene on the Stage of a Public Theatre in New York.

[From the Sun of Oct. 31.]

They had a spectacle on the Bowery stage last night. A play called "Life in New York" had been advertised for the occasion of "Billy" Edward's benefit, with a sparring match between Edwards and "Fiddler" Neary. On Thursday Neary said that he would not attend, and "Patsey" Hogan was substituted in his stead. The theatre was packed from pit to dome. On the stage were Arthur Chambers, Mike Coburn, Jonnny Aarons, George Siler, Bill Clark, Harry Hill and a crowd of others of the "profession." Edwards stepped to the footlights and said that as Neary was not in the house he would put on the gloves with Hogan. At this Neary jumped from his seat in the gallery and shouted that he was "on hand" and was not afraid of Edwards.

"Come down, then," said Edwards, "and let's see."

Neary descended to the stage amid a deafening shout, and stripped for a fight. Both men were excited, and it was evident that they "meant business." The stage was surrounded by policemen, and others were stationed in different parts of the house. A riot seemed imminent. Old "Bill" Tovce stepped forward and tried to pacify the excited crowd, and called for fair play. At length the combatants stepped toward the footlights and shook hands, smiling grimly.

At the word "time" the herculean "Fiddler" aimed a blow with a fist like a sledge hammer. Edward stepped aside and struck Neary a fearful blow on the side of the face. The men then closed, and a terrific round ended with the fall of both, with Edwards uppermost. Six rounds followed, both pugilists fighting in earnest. The "Fiddler" finding his antagonist more skillful than himself, stopped sparring after the second round, and sought only to throw Edwards, depending upon his own superior physique. At length he grew desperate and laid himself open to the fierce assaults of his adversary, who kept cool, waiting for his chance. Every round ended with a fall, and six times out of the seven the "Fiddler" was under.

When the men fell they struggled desperately, rolling over and over, striking savagely, until the "sports" on the stage had to disengage them. The contestants allowed each other hardly any time, but almost as soon as separated renewed the fight. The diminishing crowd arose from their seats en masse and shouted themselves hoarse. Before the end of the fifth round the "Fiddler's" face was battered almost past recognition, and the blood, which flowed freely from his nose, was spattered over Edwards. At the end of the seventh round Neary "threw up the sponge," and the spectators on the stage lifted Edwards to their shoulders and carried him to the "flies." He was loudly called for. For several minutes the uproar was so great that he could not make himself heard. When it ended he walked to the front and, panting for breath, said: "Gentlemen, I hope this will be a lesson to Mr. 'Fiddler' Neary; and the next time he promises to put on the gloves with me I guess he will keep his word."

Double Holiday in London.

LONDON, Nov. 9.—Lorn Mayor's Day is being observed in the usual manner. The crowd that gathered to witness the procession was immense and very enthusiastic. A number of houses along the route wore decorated. The day is also the anniversary of the birthday of the Prince of Wales, and is further celebrated on that account by the firing of salutes and ringing of bells.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD

FANCY WORK WITH AUTUMN LEAVES.

The bright tints of autumn leaves are very lovely for ornamenting our parlors, boudoirs, and dining tables. Brackets and picture-frames can also be adorned with them, and they greatly add to the beauty of one's surroundings.

Collect a large quantity, combining every hue, from crimson to scarlet, to yellow, and from yellow to green. The red beech and the beautifully variegated sumach are very desirable, as also are the oaks and ferns, but the maple exceeds them all in the great variety of its tints and the various sizes of its leaves. Smooth every leaf on the wrong side with a moderately warm iron, holding it upon the leaf only a minute. Then take a camel's hail pencil and a little olive oil and carefully brush over every part of the leaf. Place them on a flat surface to dry, and let them remain until the next day.

For wiring these leaves into garlands, etc., or for preparing them for boquets, take the fine green-covered reel wire, such as is always used in manufacturing wax flowers, and attach it around the stem, first laying it so that it will extend the entire length of the leaf to support it. Afterwards wind around each stem to conceal the wire, either narrow strips of green tissue paper or brown Berlin worsted, and join the leaves together in sprays: of course the individual leaves on each spray must be of the same species. Prepare a large number of these sprays mounted on wires, and then arrange them in vases, about picture frames, over mirrors, and as ornaments to lace curtains, and your apartments will present a festive appearance, although the dreary winter weather has browned the face of nature. Oak leaves, acorns and brightly-colored beans, gummed upon a card-board frame, will make handsome corner brackets, or wall pockets and vases, to hold your beautiful leaves. The acorns and beans ought first to be cut in half, when used for this purpose.

Household Hints.

One way *not* to keep warm is to drink freely of hot drinks; to keep the pores of the skin closed; to eat more than can be digested; to sit over a hot air furnace; to lace tightly; wear tight garters, tight shoes, tight gloves, and bundle up with "heaps" of warm clothing; wear mufflers around the neck, and avoid a breath of cool, fresh air; take wine or bitters before meals, and pills to aid digestion after eating. Do this daily, a month or more, and you will be as tender as a tropical house-plant, and will take "dreadful colds" on the slightest exposure. Hot drinks just before going out are especially favorable to induce chills; and this is about the way many are now trying to cheat nature and to prolong a miserable existence.

Every bed in daily use should be subjected to the purifying rays of the sun at least once a week, and should be left open for the reception of air and light some time before being made up. Beds not frequently used are often found very musty and disagreeable to guests. The parlor beds, that swallow their own contents by a magic touch, are fair without, but in time, for the lack of proper airing, they become foul within.

Uses of Basswood Bark.

A great variety of articles, including grain bags, wagon covers, floor covers, ropes, sails, &c., is made in Russia, from the inner bark of the basswood or linden tree, a million of trees being destroyed annually in the manufacture, and the value of the articles produced amounting to $2,400,000. The bark is collected by the peasants in May and June, when the ascent of the sap renders peeling easy. That of the lower part of the trunk, generally employed for roofing, is obtained in pieces about 5 1-4 by 3 1-4 feet, and is warmed and pressed to prevent its circling. That of the upper part of the trunk and of the branches is tied in bundles and rotted under water until September, when it is dried by aid of heat, and separated into thin, delicate strips, suitable for weaving into matting, and varying in weight, according to the use to be made of it. The heaviest is sold at the Nijnii Novgorod Fair, at about $24 per hundred weight.

The Back and Loins of a Horse.

When a horse's back is short the loins will be found to be broad and strong—what is called good; a circumstance arising from the circularity of the chest and the breadth of the hips—these four formations, viz., shortness of back, circularity of chest, breadth of hips, and strength of loins, generally being found in combination. It is a great matter that a horse should have good loins, and when these are associated with a long back, and the requisite length and substance of hind quarters, we may take it for granted that the animal possesses both speed and endurance. Look at the hares and rabbits, greyhounds, deer, and such-like animals and note what thickness of loins and length and muscularity of hind limbs they all exhibit; while their fore parts amount to hardly any thing in comparitive substance. It is impossible that a horse with thin narrow, loins can last; the moment his feet stick in the dirt, that moment he will fail. It is the good loin that can—and the only point that can—compensate for hollowness of back. When the loins are good, not length, not even the hollowness of back, are to be accounted objectionable points.

It is nonsense to pretend to prescribe that the back should be long or short, of this length or that; although we may, in a general way, fall in with the common description of what a back ought to be, and say, "that to be a good one, it should sink a little below (behind) the withers, and then run straight." The back will be too large or too short, or (though, to the observer, of unusual longitude or shortness, still) of the proper length, depending upon the formation and dimensions of other parts with which, in structure and action, it is associated.

Pawing Horses.

To break a horse of pawing in the stable, a correspondent of the *Farmer's Union* says: Take a piece of trace-chain two feet long, fasten it to the leg that he paws with, just above the knee with a hame strap and let the chain hang at the side of the leg. He will soon be glad to keep it still.

—The Franklin telegraph company of Boston has leased its lines for ninety-nine years to the Atlantic & Pacific company,

Refusing a Large Fee and Taking a Smaller One.

[From the New York Medical Record.]

Velpeau, the French surgeon, had successfully performed, on a little child five years old, a most perilous operation. The mother came to him and said:

"Monsieur, my son is saved, and I really know not how to express my gratitude. Allow me, however, to present you this pocketbook, embroidered by my own hands."

"Oh, madame," replied Velpeau, sharply, "my art is not merely a question of feeling. My life has its requirements like yours. Dress, even, which is a luxury to you, is necessary for me. Allow me, therefore, to refuse your charming little present in exchange for a more substantial remuneration."

"But, Monsieur, what remuneration do you desire? Fix the fee yourself."

"Five thousand francs, madame."

The lady very quietly opened the pocketpook, which contained ten thousand francs in notes, counted out five, and after politely handing them over to Velpeau, retired. Imagine his feelings!

THE farmers in the vicinity of Perham have decided to hold their wheat till spring.

THE NE PLUS ULTRA—COMMENDATORY OPINION.

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