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SITTING AROUND.

y are sitting around upon barrels and chairs,
essing their own and their neighbor's af fairs,
d the look of content that is seen on each face
ems to say, "I have found my appropriate place,"
Sitting around.

bar-rooms and groceries calmly they sit,
d serenely chew borrowed tobacco, and spit,
ile the stories they tell and the jokes that they crack,
ew their hearts have grown hard and undoubtedly black,
While sitting around.

"sitter around" is a man of no means,
d his face wouldn't pass for a quart of white beans,
he somehow or other contrives to exist,
d is frequently seen with a drink in his fist
While sitting around.

e loungers they toil not, nor yet do they spin,
hless it be yarns while enjoying their gin.
ey are people of leisure, yet often, 'tis true,
ey allude to the work they're intending to do
While sitting around.

ey're a habit of talking of other men's wives
they whittle up sticks with their horn-handled knives—
ey're a scaly old set, and wherever you go
'll find them in groups or strung out in a row,
Sitting around.

—*Detroit Free Press.*

OLD MONEYBAGS'S WILL.

A STORY TOLD OVER A COUNTER.

"What a time it is since you were here, Mrs. Marbury; and how fresh you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell, while shook hands with her over the counter one day in the early part of August. "Wherever have you been so long? I should say in the country, from your appearance."

I could not reciprocate the compliment, for I thought she looked fagged and jaded—but it might be with the heat so I simply answered her question.

"Well, I have been in the country, it's true, but not among green fields and mounted hedgerows. I have been in the Black Country;' black with coal, and smoke, and cinder-heaps, and smoke; and fiery-red at night with the glow from roaring furnaces. So you see I have not been picking up my fresh looks where children pick up daisies. No, I have been helping to right a great wrong; and perhaps my inward satisfaction may have smoothed away a few outward wrinkles."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Chappell, bending forward with a look of eager inquiry; "I hope it is not a secret!"

"No, just the reverse," I replied, sitting down on a shop-chair. "I have burdened myself of a secret which has weighed my mind for many years. I have not kept it willingly; but the time had not come for me to speak.

"It is about ten years ago, when I followed my calling in Willenhall and Walsall, I was sent for somewhat hastily to attend an old fellow—I can not call him a gentleman, though he was rich enough—who lived in a solitary square house away from the high-road, and was supposed to be dying.

"I had often seen old Weston, or 'owd Moneybags," as he was called, walking about and talking to the locksmiths and nail-makers, men and women both; and it was from one of the latter Amazons, whose head I was plastering up after a free fight with a rival of the hammer, that I had heard what little I knew of him.

"'Theer goes owd Moneybags after his rents. They say he's a mint of money in th' bank, an' lots o' houses; an' I'll a' fa' to his gran'child, a lad no bigger nor eawr Sam. Look at his goold watch, an' him nobbut a Willenha' lockmaith when oi wer wed; but theet's more nor 40 year sin!'

"She then went on to tell me that old Weston had invented a new kind of lock, and, taking out a patent for his invention, had thereby amassed a fortune, and it would all fall to a boy who would put other folks's noses out; though, to be sure, who had a better right than his own grandchild? Jim Weston had turned his back upon his daughter for marrying John Dudley, a Walsall spur-maker, without a penny, just as her father was beginning to make his way in the world, and thought his money and her pretty face together might procure her a gentleman for her husband.

"He set his face against the young people, and never relented till after she was a widow, or quite forgave her until he found little Jim sobbing beside his dead mother's coffin, in a miserable garret, in a grimy neighborhood. Then he buried her grandly, and put a fine monument over her—a sort of broken pillar—taking the boy home to his big house, and engaging masters to give him a good education, of which he had had the want.

"There were two people, however, who did not take kindly to this arrangement, and these were Keturah and Job Bromley, his elder sister's son and daughter, who had done their best to wriggle into his good graces; and though he had shown no other marks of favor than getting the latter into an attorney's office, and putting Keturah into a small shop in Walsall, these two looked upon themselves as the rightful heirs to their rich uncle's property, real and personal, and, as it was more than suspected, had kept open the breach between the father and daughter to make assurance doubly sure.

"This was the gist of broken-headed Bet's communications, Mrs. Chappell, but I had ample opportunity to confirm their truth afterwards, when I came into daily intercourse with them all.

"He had keen eyes, this old Moneybags—eyes, Mrs. Chappell, that seemed to search one through. I know I used to think so when after a time he began to stop me and ask me how my patients were getting on; and many a time—for he was not a bad sort, you must know—he has slipped a couple of half-crowns, or even half-a-sovereign, into my hand, and told me those were the pills he perscribed when he took to the healing art. Then he would chuckle, and ask his grandson how he would like to be a doctor of the same sort when he grew a man, and prescribe silver pills and golden ointment; and when the boy laughed at the conceit he would press the small hand, and go on his way rejoicing.

"'If I were to fall sick, Mary' (nobody called me 'Mrs. Marbury' near Willenhall), 'would you mind coming to nurse me, and see I was not choked off before my time for the sake of my money-bags?' he asked me one of these times.

"Of course I said I should be glad to do my best on such an occasion, but I hoped there would be no need of me yet awhile.

"Then the youth, who was between eleven and twelve, and had evidently been pondering his grandfather's question, looked up with a vague trouble in his innocent eyes, and inquired, in a sort of perplexity, 'But who would choke you off for your money-bags, grandfather? You don't think any of the people would hurt *you*, do you, grandfather?'

"'Can't tell, my lad; gold's a great temptation. But so long as they don't choke thee off too, all's right.'

"'But who are THEY?' persisted James Dudley, taking the jest in sober earnest, and creeping closer as he spoke. 'You're not afraid of robbers, are you, grandfather?'

"I did not hear the end of the conversation, for I went on my way; but I heard old Weston's sly chuckle as I turned the corner.

"That was in March, Mrs. Chappell, and, sure enough, the last week in May James Dudley came running to my poor lodgings, white-faced and breathless. Mr. Weston had fallen in a fit; would I go back with him?

"I hold it the duty of a nurse to keep herself in readiness night or day; so no more time was lost than would carry us over the mile or so of dusty road. A few hawthorns scented the air as we approached the house; and a doctor's brougham, from Walsall, stood at the gate.

"We found the whole house in confusion, and the old man lying on a sofa, breathing heavily, and speechless; the Doctor feeling his pulse.

"Before Dr. Hill went away Mr. Weston had recovered so far as to justify removal to his own bed and undressing, though he still remained in a critical state.

"This bed was a heavy and peculiar piece of furniture, evidently built to fit into a recess in the wall of the room opposite to the windows. The door opened on to a square landing, and was one of five, two rooms being on each side, the fifth door opening to a sort of dressing-room, which had a second door to the chamber.

"The next day he was better; and it was quite touching to see how he stroked the head of his attentive grandson, and called him a 'good boy,' and bade him take care to become a good man also.

"That night brought into the house his two other relatives, lugubrious in their emotional manifestations.

"Having once got foothold in their uncle's house, they never left it. Keturah, the most obsequious and attentive of nieces, took the household reins in her hands at once, and had it been politic would, I think, have got rid of me.

"Job, though long out of his articles, was still a clerk, and tied to the solicitor's office; but he obtained frequent leave of absence, and gave his dear good uncle the full benefit of it, not much to the sick man's solace.

"Gradually I perceived they endeavored to warp the invalid's mind against his grandson, and not finding that avail, kept the boy out of the room, saying grandfather wished it; telling the old man the youth was playing, or idling, or reading—any thing but caring for a loving relative near death.

"At last I became sensible that the old man was sinking fast, and daily grew more submissive to his nephew and niece, who were urging upon him the necessity of making his will. His speech was imperfect, but at last he seemed to yield, and from my room, where they thought me asleep, I overheard them suggest a form of will, and saw him nod assent. This puzzled me, for the terms were all in favor of the orphan grandchild.

"During that very day I was startled on entering the room to find the feeble old man out of the bed, and making superhuman efforts to pull it from the recess. I thought his brain was touched, for his keen eyes looked into mine, and I heard him say, 'Will, will.' I got him back into bed, and tried to soothe him. Keturah came up, and he was still moaning, 'Will, will.'

"'Dear uncle, Job will have it ready this evening,' said she, with affected tenderness; but he looked from her to me, and still said, 'Will.'

"It was plain James Weston would not be old Moneybags much longer, and Dr. Hill bade us prepare for the final change.

"Job Bromley had prepared. That evening I had gone down stairs to get my supper, leaving Keturah in the room, when the lawyer's clerk came home with a seedy-looking companion.

"The two went up into the sick chamber, and something impelled me to follow. My list slippers were noiseless; I crept into the little dressing-room, the door of which was ajar. I saw a parchment produced, and a pen, and the old man raised to sign. I thought also I heard a distinct 'No, no,' and then he fell back—dead.

"'It's no use, Job; he's gone, and his money-bags with him; you've left it too late—just like you,' cried Keturah, in a temper.

"There was a blue-bottle-fly buzzing in the window—it was in the middle of August.

"'Stop,' said the stranger, 'let me catch that blue-bottle,' and after some dodging he caught it, and for what do you suppose, Mrs. Chappell? He *put the fly in the mouth* of the dead man, and held it shut, saying as he did so, 'Now put the pen in his hand and guide it, and we can swear he signed it *while there was life in him*.'

"I shrank with horror as I saw this villainy perpetrated, and the other man's signature affixed, whilst the fly, released, went buzzing over the room, and then bells rang, and a great wail went through the house; but the young one who fled to me for comfort, and sobbed upon my shoulder, was the only true mourner.

"The funeral came and the will was read. James Dudley had not been wholly excluded; they had been too cunning for that; but the will set forth that his mother had offended in her marriage, and that he, James Weston, had taken an oath to disinherit her offspring. The testator, however, left a charge upon his heirs and executors, his beloved nephew and niece, to educate his grandson James, and article him to a solicitor, as he himself had been articled, with a small sum for maintenance till the youth was twenty-one, when he was to have £50 and no more.

"I told Dr. Hill that I was sure the pen was put in a dead man's hand, but he said it was preposterous, and bade me hold my tongue. I was dismissed, and being myself afraid of any publicity of my own name, I weakly let the matter drop, stifling conscience with the thought that it was no business of mine.

"Then my own cares drove all others out of my mind. I came to London, where I soon got a good connection, and I began to save money. At last it came to my ears that the Bromley's were purse-proud and arrogant, and had not even fulfilled the provisions of the sham will for poor James Dudley. My conscience stung me; I felt as if I had been a partner in the fraud to rob the orphan of his patrimony, and I went to a magistrate for advice.

"He gave me a hearing, and then referred me to a respectable solicitor, who took the matter in hand.

"To make a long story short, James Dudley was looked up, criminal proceedings were threatened against the Bromleys, a search-warrant obtained, and in the recess behind the bed another will was found, properly drawn up and attested, in which old Moneybags left to his nephew only the money he had already defrauded him of—as witness several forged checks inclosed with the will. Of course the latter will would have set this aside had it been genuine. That it was not was proved by the abrupt flight of the Bromleys, and the confession of their fellow-conspirator, who was brought to book.

"James Dudley is now a rich man, and if he does not make good use of his wealth, Mrs. Chappell, never trust the discernment of MARY MARBURY."

SPONGE CAKE.—Take of powdered lump sugar the weight of 6 eggs in their shells, and take half that weight of potato flour, separate the whites from the yelks of the eggs, beat up the latter with the sugar, adding the grated rind of 1 lemon. Whisk the whites to a stiff froth, mix the two together, and incorporate the potato flour with the mixture, quickly and effectually, beating it all the time with the egg-whisk. Pour the mixture in a buttered mold and bake it in the oven until done. When cold, turn it out and trim it, to make it stand even.

Death of a Texas Hero.

Says the Galveston *News*: Col. Ed. Burleson, of Hayes County, whose death was announced in the *News* of Sunday, was the son of Gen. Edward Burleson, a pioneer to Texas in 1831, and a leading spirit in the perilous days which ended in the annexation of Texas to the United States. The younger Burleson, just deceased, grew up amid perilous scenes and times, and was a hero by habit as well as instinct. Though warm-hearted, kind and hospitable in the extreme, the race seems to have been incapable of fear, and loving rather than avoiding the dangers of life in Texas during the early days of the white race in the country. A single incident, recorded in the Brownsville *Sentinel* many years ago, will serve to show the character of the desperate conflicts between the white men and Indians of that period, of whom it may be truly said:

Though few the numbers, theirs the strife,
Which neither gives nor asks for life.

In January, 1851, young Ed. Burleson, as he was called, was a lieutenant in the Texas Rangers, and was returning from San Antonio to Camp los Ojuelos. Just beyond the Nueces he saw three mounted Indians. Taking a detachment of eight men he followed them, directing the remainder of his party to pursue their way. After pursuing them for two or three miles, the Indians halted and prepared for battle. In addition to the three mounted there were eleven on foot. The Rangers promptly opened the fight, moving up to within fifty or sixty feet of the Comanche line. The men dismounted. The Indians charged them immediately, and a terrible hand-to-hand fight ensued. Shots were delivered at a distance of a foot or two. They fought under the bellies of the horses, over the saddles—there was a general melee of red men and white. Colt's six-shooting carbines and bows and arrows — repeating pistols and lances—were blent in a confused and struggling mass. There was no time for shouting—for maneuver—each man fought for life, and taxed his energies to the utmost. The field was an open prairie, devoid of even bushes. There could be no cover. It was a trial of skill, strength and courage. A few minutes decided it. Victory trembled in the balance. Baker Barton, a gallant soldier, received three mortal wounds and died on his feet, holding to the horn of his saddle. William Lackey received two or three wounds—one of them mortal. Jem Carr received three or four severe wounds. He said: "It was like clock-work; every time I raised my Colt's carbine they stuck an arrow in me." A warrior singled him out, charged at him with bow and lance. Jem sent a ball through him—then another. The brave still advanced, discharging arrows; they came with less and less force, until at last they scarcely left the bow. Jem, however, had ceased to fire at him, knowing there were others demanding his attention. Jem's last wound was inflicted when he had his carbine at his face and ready to fire; an arrow past through the last joint of his right forefinger, and penetrated the breech of his gun; luckily the wood splintered and his hand was released. William Lackey lived eight or ten days. The other wounded recovered. The fight summed up: Comanches, four killed, eight wounded; Rangers, two killed, eight wounded. Thirty days after the battle visitors found the ground literally covered with arrows, of which more than 200 were picked up on a space of less than a quarter acre. When the fight ended in the withdrawal of the surviving Indians both parties were exhausted and the Rangers unable to pursue. Burleson had a hand to hand conflict with a stalwart savage, and received an arrow wound in the head before he was able to kill his adversary, which he finally succeeded in doing. The savages left four dead and eight wounded on the field. The Texans were wounded, exhausted, and without water, but one of the number, who had not been in the fight, soon came up, and was sent twenty miles to the nearest water for a supply for the men, which came late in the day.

A Unique Swindle.

There is a man now residing in Eureka whose ambition and boast is that he can beat any body's little game. Some years ago, when the small-pox scare was agitating the citizens of Pioche, our hero, who was in an impecunious condition, seedy, and broke, conceived and put into execution a stratagem that succeeded admirably in filling his pockets and adorning his back. Letting a confederate into his confidence—another of the same ilk—he procured a vial of croten oil, retired to his room, and, by repeated applications, brought out a first-class eruption on his face and body. The confederates reported the case, and he was immediately removed to the pest-house, and his chum, who kindly volunteered, appointed nurse at a salary of $10 per day. They were the only occupants of the institution, and managed to while away 30 days of enforced seclusion, with the aid of Sunday delicacies and a nourishing diet. At the expiration of 30 days the nurse reported a complete cure of the sick man, and boasted that under and by reason of the strict attention paid by him to the patient, not a pit or scar marred his features. A new suit of clothes was provided for both, the $300 paid for attendance, and they left town on the next stage, boasting, when at a safe distance, of their smartness and talent in "beating the pest-house game."—*Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.*

How to Live Long.

The desire for length of days seems to have been far greater in times past than it is now. With a view of bestowing some timely hints on our active business men, who are rushing on in pursuit of riches regardless of the exhaustion of their physical and mental faculties, our contemporary the New York *Sun* publishes a lengthy article, from which we condense the following:

Nearly all the principal writers on longevity are agreed that human beings may, under the most favorable conditions, live to a hundred, and several have recorded instances of persons reaching a much greater age; but the instances given do not in any case satisfactorily bear rigid examination. Hufeland, public lecturer at Jena, who published a work on longevity in the last century, thus describes the sort of man who has the best prospect of long life: He has a well proportioned stature, without, however, being too tall. He is rather of the middle size, and somewhat thick-set. His complexion is not too florid—at any rate, too much ruddiness in youth is seldom a sign of longevity. Hair approaches rather to the fair than to the black; his skin is strong, but not rough. His head is not too big. He has large veins at the extremities, and his shoulders are rather round than flat; his neck is not too long; his belly does not project, and his hands are large but not too deeply cleft. His foot is rather thick than long, and his legs are firm and round. He has also a broad chest and strong voice, and the faculty of retaining his breath for a long time without difficulty. In general there is complete harmony in all his parts. His senses are good, but not too delicate; his pulse is slow and regular. His appetite is good, and his digestion easy. He has not too much thirst, which is always a sign of rapid self-consumption. His passions never become too violent or destructive. If he gives way to anger, he experiences a glow of warmth without an overflowing of the gall. He likes employment, particularly calm meditation and agreeable speculations—is an optimist, a friend to Nature and domestic felicity—has no thirst after either honors or riches, and banishes all thought of to-morrow. This power of banishing anxiety has an immense deal to do with longevity. It is, in fact, that "management of the mind" which Dr. Johnson so justly told Boswell was "a great art," adding that a man when miserable should not go to his chamber and try to think his trouble down, but should seek every possible means to divert it. Dwelling on misery at once affects, and most seriously, the digestive organs.

There are not a few people the very fineness of whose constitution proves their ruin. They draw so extravagantly upon their powers that they are dust and ashes 40 years before the creaky wheels who started in the race with them have done running. In this country we discount our future more heavily, perhaps, than in any other; not by dissipation, but by overtaxing our energies. A very large proportion of men who die rich here die 20 years before they ought if they had properly husbanded their vital resources. Mr. Macy, the well known fancy dealer, was, we believe, only 56 or 58, and had been slaving his whole life; in fact, his complete break-up was explained by his intense toil. Such a career seems like getting very little out of life. A still more striking instance of the kind was that of Mr. Augustus Hemingway, of Boston, who worked himself into a lunatic asylum, whence he came worth some $15,000,000, only to get into his grave a few months later. We doubt whether the history of the world could show a more reckless disregard of life than is shown by commercial men in this country. The science of combining intense application with those habits which conduce to longevity is one that they have not acquired. That it may be acquired can not be doubted. Newton lived to a great age; and great lawyers have been famous for long life. There seems to be a lack of wisdom in commercial men as to the real value of life. They put a wholly inordinate estimate upon the power of getting and spending.

Rest assured that there is, in brief, only one golden rule to be followed by all who seek longevity—moderation in all things, and management of the mind.

TEA CAKES.—1 quart flour, 1 pint milk, 2 eggs, ½ cupful sugar, 2 spoonfuls cream-tartar, 1 of soda, piece of butter size of an egg.