The Eaton Weekly Democrat.

VOL. V.—NO. 44. EATON, OHIO, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1870. WHOLE NO. 252.

POETRY.

THE WHOLE STORY.

BY H. L. BOSTWICK.

Oh, yes—I'll tell you the story,
The very words that were said,
You see the supper was cooking,
And I was slicing some bread,
And Richard came into the pantry,
His face was exceedingly red.

And he opened his half-shut fingers,
And gave me a glimpse of a ring;
And then—oh, yes, I remember,
The kettle began to sing,
And Fanny came in with her baby,
The cunningest bunch of a thing.

And the biscuits were out in a minute,
Well, what came next? Let me see—
Oh! Fanny was there with her baby,
And we all sat down to tea,
And grandma looked over her glasses
So queer at Richard and me!

But it wasn't till after nutking
That he said what he had to say.
How was it? Oh! Fanny had taken
The baby and gone away,
The funniest rogue of a fellow—
He had a new cloth that day.

We were standing under the plum tree,
And Richard said something low,
But I was tired and flustered,
And trembled, I almost know;
For old Red is the hardest of milkers,
And Brindle so horribly slow.

And then—let me see—where was I?
Oh, the stars grew thick overhead,
And we two stood under the plum tree
Till the chickens flew up to bed,
Well, he loves me, and we're to be married,
And that is—about what he said!

—*Hearth and Home.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

A WOMAN'S WAY.

BY MRS. M. E. EDWARDS.

The sunshine shimmering through the summer air; a golden vapor resting dreamily on field and river; silvery ripples running through the ripe rye; the barley heads swinging heavy and yellow; the meadows emerald-green; the home lot white with daisies; the brown-gabled, red-roofed, old farm-house, mellow-tinted in the enchanted atmosphere; the wide river creeping lazily by; the glistening white beach shelving down to it—this was the scene on which Jessica Dale looked from her seat among the branches of the ancient ash that stood on the river-side. A little way down the river a schooner lay close up to the black wharf that stood tipsily on its half-rotten piles; and, on this wharf Jessica's eyes at last found a resting place. She looked long and earnestly at a group of men on it; a few sailors lazily transferring baskets of vegetables and firkins of butter from the wharf to the vessel; a few lank, seedy-looking men sitting on the wharf-posts and empty barrels, swinging their legs. On a pile of planks a man's figure was stretched at full length, and he was apparently placidly gazing up at the white clouds slowly forming and dissolving in the blue sky.

The apron that Jessica was making fell out of her hand and rustled down among the daisies, but her thoughts, as well as her eyes, were busy on the wharf. They were not pleasant thoughts it would seem, for she puckered up her pretty face into numerous wrinkles, and curled her red lips in a very contemptuous manner. Jessica was rightly considered a beautiful girl, brown as a berry from exposure to wind and sun, with sweet, thoughtful gray eyes, wavy brown hair, small, regular features, and the roseiest of lips and pearliest of teeth, and a trim, graceful figure. She even looked pretty when she was cross, as then, in the ash-tree.

The man on the planks soon turned his head in such a way that he probably caught a glimpse of her white dress among the leaves, for he instantly sprang lightly down from his resting place, and walked swiftly across the meadows towards her, vaulting the fences on his way. As he drew nearer it became evident that he was a young man of fine physique, with a well-shaped head, good, though irregular features, and great, sleepy, brown eyes. As he crossed the last meadow Jessica sprang down from her perch just in time to prevent the old gray-winged gander from snipping a piece out of her new apron. She met the young man at the stile by the pollard willows.

"I am so *very* glad to see you, Jessica," he said, fervently, as he helped her over the stile.

"For what reason, Bernard? You seem wonderfully in earnest."

"Why, no reason, except the pleasure of being with you."

"Not having seen me since nine o'clock last night?"

"But you are always a fresh and beautiful sight. I have been wondering what I could do with myself this afternoon, and behold! Fate sends me you."

"I wonder you are not sun-struck lying there on the wharf in this hot, broiling sun."

"I don't mind the hot sun. It never hurts me."

"And yet, the coldest day last winter, you worked out of doors all day, building that ice palace for me."

"I enjoy the cold, too, and take the seasons as they come. Heat and cold are alike to me."

"You don't mind storms, either, I should judge, from your walking fifteen miles in the worst one we had last spring, for no purpose, I believe, but just to show that you could do it."

"Yes, I can walk any reasonable distance in any weather," said Bernard, carelessly, but secretly much pleased that his companion remembered all this.

"Does *anything* make you sick, Bernard?"

"No; I have not had a day's sickness since I was ten years old."

"I should think, Bernard, you might be as much as six feet high," she said, measuring him with her eye.

"Very near the mark; I am five feet eleven."

"Well," said Jessica, stopping underneath the pollard willows, and surveying her companion from head to foot, "here is a young man, five feet eleven, broad shouldered, never sick, who minds neither summer's heat nor winter's cold, nor terrible storms, and yet who can find nothing in all this wide world to do on this long summer day but lie on a pile of planks, or lounge up and down the river bank with a girl."

The young man's brown face flushed crimson. "But what can I do, Jessica?"

"Help those sailors down there on the wharf, and perhaps you will put a little energy into them."

"And what would be the use of my doing that?"

"Just for the sake of doing something. Are you going to live this lazy, useless life all your days?"

"You know very well my uncle won't help me to get into any business, or rather, he can't, for he never has ready money."

"Help yourself, then."

"How can I, without money? I must have a little to start with."

"Put yourself in as capital, and use your muscles. They are big and strong enough, I am sure. Such weights as they tell me you balance at the gymnasium—go and break stones!"

"You talk just like a woman! They think men can do everything. What do you suppose I could earn breaking stones?"

"Your self-respect, if nothing more. You are of no use to anybody now. Your uncle and aunt don't need you; they have their own children. I have no doubt they like to have you with them, and will give you what you need; but you should be ashamed to dawdle through life dependent on a rich man's bounty."

"I don't feel that it is a dependence. I am one of the family, and we all live happily together, and have everything in the world we want. And, more than all that, uncle wants you to come and live there, too. There is plenty for all, he says. It is a large house, and there are so many servants they can't find enough to do, and a great deal coming in all the time that would be wasted if we were not there."

"And you think I would let you take me to such a home as that?"

"Why, not? It will be a happy and luxurious home, and they all want you; and you know how I want you, my dearest."

"I will never go there with you, Bernard, never! I would rather die!"

"You use strong language, Jessica."

"And I feel strongly. I would rather live in a log cabin, on bread and milk, than with a husband who would be willing to lead such a life as you do. I should be so ashamed of him."

The sleepy look went out of Bernard's eyes in a moment, and a bright light flashed into them. "Is that the reason you would never consent to make me happy, Jessica? Oh, why did you not tell me this before?"

"I have not told it now. You dragged me into the discussion, and I was only carrying out your supposition."

"I will go to work to-morrow, if you will only promise to love me."

"I thought you could not do it without money."

"Just give me as an incentive the hope of one day, calling you mine. I can do anything for the sake of your love."

"First, you could not do it without money; and now, you cannot do it without love. Do it for the sake of your *manhood*, Bernard. If you are true to yourself and work your way to a manly independence, you will win the heart of some good woman; but it may not be mine—somebody better, perhaps. Oh, you need not say anything; there *are* better women than I am in the world. I may be married to somebody else by that time, for we cannot say what may happen. Indeed, I think it is quite likely."

"Jessica, you will not be so cruel as to make me do this thing without the least hope of reward?"

"I don't make you do it; it is your awakened self-respect. And you will find your reward in the work, and in the independence it will give you."

"And you will let me go away without a shadow of hope. I can do nothing without your love."

"Let it alone, then," said Jessica, contemptuously. "It is nothing to me; I have only spoken for your own good, and I have but one thing more to say: never, from this moment, say to me one word of love until you can offer me something of *your own*. The log cabin is enough, but it must be your own. Mind, I don't say I will listen to you then; it is probable I will not. But, in the meantime, love must not be named between you and me."

"It is clear she does not love me, and she might as well have said so without insulting me with all that talk." Such were Bernard's thoughts after Jessica had left him, and he stood idly kicking pebbles into the river. "She said some pretty stinging things. That is the way she thinks of me, is it? I would be a fool to give up all I have and work like a common laborer. She is always as busy as a bee herself, and I have thought how nice it would be to take her from her home, where she does so much, to a place where she would have to do nothing at all. And her ladyship does not like it; she gives herself too many airs."

II.

Three miles below the old farm-house stood the busy town of Perkinsville. The sluggish waters of the rivers crept into it and formed a basin around which there was constant activity from morning till night. Among the towering warehouses, a little one-roomed, wooden building had impudently thrust itself and, flaunted a rusty-red stove-pipe into the air, winter and summer. It was whispered about town that there was more business done in this disagreeable office than in two or three of the big warehouses.

On a hot summer afternoon, two days after the talk under the pollard willows, a man sat in this room on a wooden arm-chair, tilted back at a comfortable angle, while his feet rested on the battered stove, apparently doing nothing, but really absorbed in laying plans for the success of an enterprise in which he had lately embarked. He was an elderly, gentlemanly-looking man, with a careless manner, but a wonderfully keen look in his blue eyes. He had just brought his calculations to a satisfactory conclusion when a shadow fell across the open doorway, which shadow was immediately followed by the appearance of Bernard Leyburn.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Darryl."

"Good day, Leyburn. I should as soon have thought of seeing the Prince of Wales here as you. But come in and take a seat. Not very elegant quarters."

"I know your time is valuable, Mr. Darryl," said Bernard, "and in order to trespass upon it as little as possible, I will state my business at once, for there is nobody in Perkinsville can tell me what I want to know as well as you."

"All right."

"I want work. Can you tell me where to find it?"

"Any money to invest?"

"Not a cent."

"Then you have not the ghost of a chance. Dozens of young gentlemen now in town wanting work."

"I told her so," thought Bernard. "It's of no use."

"Old man hasn't gone up, has he?" asked Darryl.

"Who? My uncle? Oh, no; but I cannot live forever dependent on his bounty. I am getting ashamed of it. He would give me money to start some genteel business, if he could, but he can't do that, and now I am in for any sort of work. Uncle don't approve of it, but I feel I am doing right."

Darryl looked keenly at the young man. "Sorry I can't help you, Leyburn," he said, more cordially, "but, indeed, every place is full and overflowing."

"I do not care particularly for a gentlemanly situation; I had no expectation of that kind. I will do any kind of work."

"Humph! That is a different thing. What kind, for instance?"

"Driving a wagon, porterage, anything."

"A company of us have started the lumber business high up the river, at Maple Bend. Got a saw-mill going tolerably lively already, and it will move faster soon. It is going to be a big affair, I think. If you want hard work there is a chance for you, but it won't be dainty work. Can you help pile lumber, or take it to the mills, or cut down a tree, if necessary?"

"Certainly I can, and will be glad to do it."

"I don't say but what you may work your way to something better, but that is the way you will have to begin. I am afraid it won't suit you."

"Yes, it will," said Bernard, eagerly. "I wish I could prove to you how anxious I am to go to work."

"Do you see that row of flour barrels ranged out there, ready to be shipped?"

"Yes, sir."

"That sloop has come in sooner than was expected, but those barrels ought to go on board of her this afternoon, and all the hands are busy."

"I'll do it!" said Bernard, smiling.

He went out in high spirits and began rolling the barrels up the gang-plank, eager to show Darryl that he was not afraid of work. He was accustomed to handling heavy weights at the gymnasium, for his amusement. But, before his present job was half done, he found out the difference between work and play. When it was three-fourths done he wished he had let it alone. When the last barrel was on the sloop, and Bernard went back to the office, Darryl noticed that the brightness had died out of his eyes, and the old, sleepy look had come back to them.

"That was well done, Leyburn, said Darryl. "You will make a splendid workman. When will you be ready for up the river?"

"I have not *quite* decided to go. I must think it over."

"This is Wednesday. I must know your decision by Saturday."

III.

"What has come over young Leyburn?" asked Darryl of Jessica, when he paid a visit to the old farm-house that evening. "He came to me to-day to ask for work. And then he related, with a good deal of humor the adventure of the barrels. It was well they were out on the porch with no light but the stars, or he would have seen how Jessica's eyes were sparkling with pleasure.

"I told him if he would go up to Maple Bend he would find plenty of rough work to do, getting out lumber. He was all eagerness, before his tussle with the barrels, but very cool afterwards. He is to decide on Saturday, but I feel so sure he will not go I shall say nothing to anybody."

"But I will!" thought Jessica. "I would not encourage him by any hope of my loving him. But I will give a little push—just to start him off. I will tell everybody in town!"

And she did. That is, she told half a dozen carefully selected individuals, and they told all the rest, that Bernard Leyburn was going up to Maple Bend to learn the lumber business. It was not until Friday that this report obtained general circulation. Thursday evening, Bernard visited Jessica, but not a word did he say of either love or lumber. The next day he was congratulated everywhere, and everybody he met wished him good luck.

"I had half determined not to go," he thought, with vexation. "But Darryl has spread the report about, and now I'll have to go up and give it a trial. I shall find it a horrible business, I know."

IV.

The first day of summer. The brown gables of the old farm-house lifted themselves out of a sea of flowering peach-trees, and red and white apple blossoms. The waters of the river crept stealthily up the white beach, and murmured low and softly. Jessica, on the bench under the ash-tree, leaned forward and listened, as if she would catch from the rippling waves some whisper of the life up there at Maple Bend. They had flowed down from that unknown, blissful land, and yet they would not give to Jessica one word. Those vessels floating past with the sluggish tide were, no doubt, freighted with the precious lumber of that region, but they paused not on their slow course, and Jessica's mind was filled with discontented thoughts.

Bernard had not returned since first he went up, now nearly a year ago, and he had not written her a letter, or sent her a message. His uncle's family had told her that he wrote to them in good spirits, apparently, but that he said nothing about his business, and they believed and hoped he was fast getting cured of his folly, for they understood that he worked like a common day-laborer. She sometimes questioned Mr. Darryl, but he would merely reply: "The young man is doing pretty fairly," which was certainly not very enthusiastic praise. Mr. Darryl had good reason for his reticence, for he remembered how she had spread the report of Bernard's going to Maple Bend through all Perkinsville, while the matter was still undecided, and after he, Darryl, had told her he should tell no one.

"It's strange," thought Jessica that afternoon for the hundredth time, "that Bernard never writes to me! I am afraid he is not doing well. I wonder if he was foolish enough to literally believe that I did not love him, and never would love him! Or it may be he has learned to love work so much he don't care for anything else. A pretty result of my advice! But, I am not sorry I aroused him from his lethargy, even if I never see him more!"

Here the gray eyes filled with tears, which might perhaps have fallen but for a sound that now struck upon her ears—the quick tramping of footsteps through the long grass and daisies. Her heart beat fast, but she would not turn her head.

"I knew I would find you under the ash-tree."

"Bernard!" And now the head turned, and she held out both hands. He squeezed them in a very uncivilized manner, that he surely must have learned in the lumber region.

"How you are changed!" she exclaimed. She saw at a glance that the great brown eyes were alight with active thought; that the mouth was firmer, and the whole bearing of the man resolute and manly.

"If he has not succeeded, he has not given up!" was her mental comment. She made room for him on the bench.

"And you, not at all! You are the same Jessica I left! I do believe this is the very dress you wore when I last saw you!"

"How can you be expected to know one white dress from another!"

"It is not your wedding-dress, I hope. You are not married, Jessica?"

"No, I am not married," she said, demurely.

"Thank Heaven for that! What have you been doing this long time?"

"The same old round of duties. Sewing and helping mother with the housekeeping, the children with their lessons. There is no end to woman's work, you know. Only, I don't believe you know anything about it."

"I know you were always as busy as a bee, and I used to think you must consequently be unhappy, but I have learned better than *that*, now."

"Indeed! And pray what have *you* been doing that you were ashamed to write to your old friends?"

"Did you expect me to write to you?"

"We generally look for common courtesy from those who pretend to be our friends, and neither letter nor message have you sent me."

"I was waiting for 'something of my own.'"

"You see I have not forgotten a certain conversation, under the pollard willows yonder."

Jessica turned away her head. "I did not say you were not to treat me with the ordinary politeness of an acquaintance."

"I know. I resolved to see you no more, to speak to you no more, until I should have retrieved my manhood. I went to see Darryl who told me of his lumber business at Maple Bend, where I could get work as a common laboring hand. It was rather a staggering offer, and I took a couple of days to consider it. I was at first somewhat inclined to back out of the scrape, but at last I summoned up the necessary fortitude, and went."

Jessica thought of the report she had purposely spread around him to force him to go, but, like a discreet woman, she held her peace.

"Hard work it was," continued Bernard, after a pause, "and dreary and disagreeable, helping to get the lumber to the rafts, and down to the vessels. This labor lasted for three months, and if it had not been for my positive determination that nothing should force me back to the old life—and for one other thing—I think my endurance would have given way. At the end of three months, the business increased so rapidly, and so many hands came up, that I was promoted to a part of the business I liked very well—filling out the orders, that came in pretty fast, by selecting the proper wood, and measuring the lengths, etc. But, I need not tell you all that, and how one thing led to another, until now I hold quite an important position, with a fair salary, a good knowledge of the business, and the prospect of doing better still. And, besides these, I have the finniest nibs of a house that looks as if the wind had blown it together, and might, at any time, blow it apart, and yet it is snug and tight for all."

"You have, indeed, done wonders, Bernard. I knew you could do anything you wanted to do."

"If I had got nothing from my work but the consciousness of independence and manliness, I would consider myself fully repaid."

"Of course you would!"

"But then you see I got something more than this, and I still expect something worth more than all."

"Oh, you do! A mill of your own, I suppose!"

"No, you little, demure witch, you don't suppose anything of the kind. Would I have come down here in our busiest season for that? No, I came to look for a jewel without which my life will be nothing—my Jessica's love. Will you refuse to listen to me now, darling?"

There was no need for words; Jessica turned her blushing, happy face to Bernard, and he clasped her in his arms.

"At last!" he said, rapturously. "Oh, my dearest, I have waited long for this. If I were not so happy I would reproach you for having been so cold and cruel to me. But, you love me at last!"

"I will make a confession to you now, Bernard: I loved you all the time."

"My darling! And you let me think you did not care for me. Why did you send me away without the least glimpse of hope for your love? Why did you tell me you despised me?"

"No, no, Bernard, I never said that!"

"What you did say amounted to the same thing, and you would not even soften it by saying that you would try to love me."

"What security would I have had, that, after you had won me, you would not relapse into your old self? I loved you, but I wanted you to be worthy of my love."

"You are mine now, at all events." And he held her more tightly.

"But," he said, thoughtfully, "what will you do up there in that rough region, away from your old friends, and you will not have the comforts you have now in the old farm house?"

"I would a thousand times rather be up there than in your uncle's fine house. But we have plenty of time to consider all that."

"Not so much time! I can only stay four days, for we are very busy just now; and we ought, by all means, to be married by the end of the month."

The head was quickly raised from the shoulder. "Why, Bernard! Are you crazy?"

"By no means. What in the world is the use of our waiting? We have known each other all our lives, and how do you suppose I can take the time to come philandering down here every week? In fact, I ought not to be here now, but I made a confidant of Darryl, and he took compassion on me. At the end of this month he thinks they can do without me for a week, and then we must be married. It is not so bad up there after all. It is a beautiful country, and we have a little society. The superintendent's wife, and the wife of the engineer live there in funny little houses, just like mine; and they are both ladies. And there are a good many cabins dotted here and there in the woods, and the laborers' wives are nice, kindly women."

Jessica laughed. "You will make it out a sort of Paradise, I expect, if I let you go on. But may I ask if you had that house built because you felt so sure of me?"

"I did not feel at all sure of you, but I could not help a little feeling of hope. I did not believe you would care so much about the life I led if you did not love me the least little bit. However, the house was already built. One of the members of the company used to live in it. Everything seems to have happened just right for us."

"You take too much for granted, Mr. Bernard, I have not yet consented to your arrangement."

"But, you will, darling? Just consider how much you will make me do when you get up there!"

"That is a consideration, certainly."

"Oh! I well know I shall have a hard task-mistress. But you will make a happy home for me as a compensation."

Perhaps Jessica felt she had been arbitrary enough. At all events her lover had his own way, and the wedding-day was fixed to suit him; the bride elect reflecting that her simple *trousseau* would not require much time for preparation. Ruffled dresses and trailing silks would be entirely out of place in the lumber region. They were so happy, sitting there under the drooping branches of the ash, with the silvery sands at their feet, and the river gliding gently by, that they forgot to go up to the house to tell the wonderful news to the family until the dusk of evening stole upon them.—*Wood's Household Magazine.*

Jeremiah, the Rogue.

We were lying in Calcutta, with our cargo on board, ready to sail as soon as her majesty's health officer should see fit to issue our certificate. Her Majesty's health officer, however, was in no hurry, and I saw with chagrin the prospect of being detained perhaps a week for our clearance.

I had nothing definite to do; my manifest and papers were completed, and it was with real exultation that I received a brief letter from Charlie Napier, a genial British officer who held a comfortable government post, inviting me to join a hunt after a tiresome rogue elephant, which for some time had been annoying the people in the neighborhood of my friend's estate.

Captain Drucutt readily granted me two days' leave of absence, and early one sultry morning I was rowed ashore by a native Hindu, and started for Charlie's residence, which was some thirty-seven miles inland. The Calcutta Railway conveyed me twenty-eight miles of my journey, and at Runjeet, the terminus, I found one of my friend's servants waiting with a horse. It was midday, and scorching hot, so I deferred continuing my journey until afternoon.

Toward four o'clock we again started, and though the heat had moderated, it was still very oppressive. Our road lay through a rich tropical forest, with cultivated grounds at long intervals. The jungle was wild, and I almost instinctively cocked my rifle as my eye distrustfully endeavored to pierce its thick depths and dismal shadows.

My guide, a sedate native, spoke English plainly. He said the wood through which we were traveling had been almost freed of wild beasts; but that the old rogue Jeremiah had last been seen in this vicinity.

A rogue elephant, I may say, is the outlaw of his herd—a fellow who, for certain reasons, scorns the peaceful, inoffensive existence of other elephants, and carries on a guerilla warfare with men. He is marvelously cunning, a marauder, a source of perpetual mischief; and as every man's hand is against him, he is against every man.

We had accomplished but seven miles when a craunching sound attracted my attention. The horses pricked their ears, and seemed to be alert for danger. I turned to look at my companion, who was leaning forward until his face almost touched his steed's neck. The noise of the breaking of branches and undergrowth continued, and the tread seemed that of some animal of heavy weight. All at once the Indian screamed, "Jeremiah! Jeremiah!" and spurring his horse, dashed away like lightning.

A gigantic elephant quickly came from the thicket. My first impulse was to follow my companion; but fortunately I had often heard of the craft of these elephants, so I decided to make a bold stand, and take my chance. Levelling my gun, I took aim, and fired. The bullet missed his eye, and struck his forehead. With a kind of shrill snort he rushed toward me. Freeing my feet from the stirrups and grasping at a projecting branch, I dexterously swung myself into a tree, as Jeremiah, bristling with rage, charged beneath me.

The horse flew ahead. My foe, recovering from his miscalculated dash, again came hastily towards the tree to which I clung. He paused, and apparently debated for a few minutes as to his best course. My rifle lay on the ground, and seeing it, he deliberately crushed it with his great feet. Then throwing his trunk up, he found that I was out of his reach, and again he seemed to cogitate.

I was in a sore predicament. A rogue's cunning is boundless, and it is seldom he will give up his pursuit of any object, when it seems within his reach. My only hope was that his schemes might be foiled until assistance arrived from Charlie's house, whither I hoped my attendant had flown.

After going around the tree, and surveying my position, the beast wound his trunk about the bottom, and strove with all his power to tear it from the ground. I felt it bend and crack. My heart sank within me. The roots were relaxing their hold upon the earth. Climbing among the branches, endeavoring to get to the next tree, I missed my footing, and fell. Just then the roots gave way, and the tree toppled over.

My time had come. The mammoth beast, avoiding the falling branches, with surprising agility, strided towards me. Crack! crack! Two shots were fired. My adversary paused in bewilderment, raised his trunk, gave a shriek of rage, and dropped to the ground with a deep moan.

"Well, well, old boy! You were as near death that time as ever you were. Had we been a moment later, that old villian would have trampled you into a jelly."

It was Charley who spoke, and I, in meek submission, listened to his comic reproaches for keeping all the "sport," as he called my adventure, to myself.—*Youth's Companion.*

Good Humor a Duty.

Can any one define good humor? We all know what it is. We can feel and enjoy it, but it is hard to pin the thing down to any formal definition. The good-humored man is at all events a happy man, a man to be envied, a man on whom troubles sit lightly, and a man who confers as much happiness as he enjoys. He radiates it, as it were, and his good humor becomes an atmosphere in which other people's good humor, latent or pined half to death, comes out, revives and flourishes. Good humor can scarcely be called a moral virtue. It depends perhaps as much on disposition and the perfect action of the liver as on anything else. A good humored man must be *ipso facto* a cupeptic man, a man that enjoys a good dinner. Now, a quality which depends upon the action of a man's liver can scarcely be a high moral quality. And yet has any man a right to be dyspeptic. Is it not a moral duty not to be? Setting aside the rare cases of inevitable misfortune, is not dyspepsia a man's own fault, generally—the result of his gluttony, his laziness, his stupidity, his carelessness or his ignorance? And are these things moral virtues? Has a man any right to make himself wretched, to people the world with horrors, to be a nuisance to himself and everybody about him, because he lacks the sense to control his appetite or the energy to take sufficient exercise to keep his liver healthy? One of these days we shall come to the conclusion that the snarling, fretful, ill-tempered or complaining and depressed victim is not merely to be pitied, but deserves to be punished as he is. He may be very devotional, in his way. He may make high pretensions to piety and religious feeling, but he is none the less a nuisance; and on the whole, dyspeptic piety is as unhealthy as any other dyspeptic thing.—*Exchange.*

Dr. Dio Lewis on Meats, etc.

In his recent work touching food, on the subject of meats Dr. Lewis has the following suggestive paragraphs, which will answer for other latitudes as well as that of Boston:

Meats are very high in the Boston market. The other day I devoted an hour or two to inquiries of the leading market men about the prices of different parts of the animal. They generally agree upon these figures; that in an ox, which, when dressed, weighs 800 pounds—

60 pounds bring 30 to 40 cents a pound.
140 pounds bring 20 to 20 cents a pound.
400 pounds bring 10 to 12 cents a pound.
30 pounds bring 30 to 10 cents a pound.
40 pounds bring 30 to 6 cents a pound.
90 pounds bring 3 cents a pound.
40 pounds bring 1 cent a pound.

You must have meat every day of the year. Your children should have some animal food during the autumn, winter and spring. But meat is very high. A sirloin steak costs in our market from thirty-five to forty cents a pound. And even this is not the most expensive part of the animal.

But do you know that in an ox, which, dressed, weighs 800 pounds, only a very small part brings this high price? And do you know that that small part is neither the most nourishing nor the most palatable? While certain portions of the animal sell for thirty to forty cents a pound, there are portions, not one whit less palatable than the tenderloin (when properly cooked), that can be bought for a very small price. Take, for example, what is called the shank; the very best can be bought for three cents a pound, and a single pound cooked in a stew, with dry bits of bread, will make a meal for yourself and your entire family. The French soldier understands better than anybody else the secret of getting much of little.

When you go to market for meat, don't buy tenderloin, but buy what are called coarse meats. Purchase for your dinner five or eight cents' worth, say ten cents' worth, of the cheap, coarse bits. Among our foolish people the competition is so slight over these coarse meats, that the butchers have to put all the price on the small part which is in active demand, and sell all the rest for a mere nothing. I cannot go on to tell you just what pieces you should buy, but buy just such pieces as are sold in this Boston market—the highest market in the United States—for three, four, five or six cents a pound.

Good solid meat is sold for these figures, and only needs to be steamed or to be made into a stew to be as tender and delicious as the expensive parts of the creature. The neck of the chicken is the most delicious part of the animal. The neck of a beef, when made tender, comes near being the most delicious part of that animal.

Leaving the meats, let us speak of the vegetable food. Oat meal, in the form of porridge or in the form of cakes, is one of the most nutritious of vegetable foods. A pound of oat meal is worth, as nutriment, six pounds of superfine white flour, and pound for pound costs less than wheat flour. It is most substantial and nutritious food.

Cracked wheat, or whole wheat, when properly cooked, is really one of the most delicious articles of food ever eaten by man. One pound of cracked wheat will give as much strength of muscle and nerve as seven or eight pounds of common bakers' bread. Hominy, samp and hulled corn are among the most substantial and lasting of human foods, and are very cheap compared even with wheat.

One pound of cheap meat boiled to rags, with a quart of white beans, and eaten with brown bread, will make a dinner that a king might luxuriate upon. Your family of seven persons would not be able to consume such a dinner.

Butter, poultry and potatoes are most expensive articles of food. A single bushel of beans, properly cooked, with condiments, will furnish not only more palatable food, but will furnish more nutriment than ten bushels of potatoes.

Look Sharp.

A funny affair occurred the other day illustrating the importance of business men looking on both sides of scrap paper upon which they may write orders, receipts or messages. A well known merchant having a small lot of damaged and almost unsalable goods remaining from a large consignment, at last succeeded in "working them off," and sitting down to his desk wrote a note to the consignor, announcing the gratifying intelligence in these words:

"I have at length succeeded in closing out those, by selling the whole lot to old Scroogins for a hundred dollars, and glad to get rid of them at any price. I'm so afraid, even now, the sharp old codger will back out, that I won't let him have the goods till he pays the money."

At this point the merchant was interrupted, and turning the note sheet face downward in his portfolio, went out into his warehouse to attend to a customer. An hour or two afterward, as he returned, having forgotten the note entirely, Scroogins' clerk enters, hands a hundred dollar bill, and asks for a receipt. The merchant seizes the first piece of paper before him, dashes off the receipt, and hands it to the clerk.

What was his consternation half an hour afterwards, when the grinning clerk returned with the message from his master, "Mr. Scroogins wants to know if you won't give him another receipt on a clean piece of paper," to find that he had inscribed the acknowledgment on the back of the very letter announcing the sale to his correspondent.

Scroogins got an amount of private information with the first receipt that he didn't count upon.

Remedy for Felon.—The following is pronounced an infallible cure for a felon: Blue flag root and wild turnip root, a handful of each, stewed in a half a pint of hog's lard—strain it off, add to it four tablespoonfuls of tar, simmer them together; apply this ointment to the felon till it breaks. Add beeswax and rosin to the ointment for a salve to dress it after it is broken.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

A Rising Man—The balloonist.

This "Dark Ages"—Ladies' ages.

The cobbler has a sole purpose in life.

A sure way to make an impression—Fall down in the mud.

A doctor's motto is supposed to be "patients and long suffering."

A young lady of Boston counted among her wedding presents, recently, eleven pie knives.

My first is equality, my second is inferiority, and my whole is superiority, Peerless.

Nearly every considerable city in Europe has a charitable "Home for Consumptives."

A Thanksgiving turkey in Syracuse got away and made an ugly hole through a $150 pane of glass.

Some wit has discovered that the members of the dying year" are September, November and December.

Death is the great persuader, and works more successfully than all the other agents of the Washington Life.

At Altoona, Pennsylvania, the police furnish the liquor dealers with lists of persons to whom it is unsafe to sell intoxicating drinks.

"Ma," said Fred, "I should rather be a wild turkey, and live my life out on the prairies, than be a tame turkey and be killed every year."

A New Haven couple, recently celebrating their golden wedding, exhibited a piece of cake reserved from their marriage ceremony fifty years ago.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a contract made and carried into effect on Sunday cannot be repudiated by either party.

A Kansas City artist committed suicide the other day because he could not pay his tailor. The tailor wants to know how that helped matters.

The anatomist who has discovered a new muscle in the human body has taken out a patent, and no one can use the muscle without paying royalty.

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of Chicago is a favorite with the insuring public. It is one of the few companies which show a good increase during the past year.

A raptured writer inquires: "What is there under heaven more humanizing, or if we may use the term, more angelizing, than a fine black eye in a lovely woman?" Two black eyes, is the ready answer.

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, answered, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant."

Thompson is not going to do anything more in conundrums. He recently asked his wife the difference between his head and a hogshead, and she said there was none. He says that is not the right answer.

Two men have been sentenced to four months' imprisonment and hard labor for obtaining money from weak-minded persons in London toward paying off the national debt of England.

"John," said a father to his son one day when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving-water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

"What is the difference between sixty minutes and my youngest sister?" asked a precocious boy of his grave uncle. "I don't know; what is it?" was the uncle's reply. "Why, one's an hour, and the other's our Ann," was the stunning explanation.

Nurse—"I cannot allow butter and jam, too, on your bread, Master Alfred. It is very extravagant." Master Alfred—"It can't be extravagant, Mary, if the same piece of bread does for both."

A gentleman having a pony that started and broke his wife's neck, a neighbor told him that he wished to purchase it for his wife to ride upon. "No," says the other, "I will not sell the little fellow, because I intend to marry again."

Some idea of the enormous facilities afforded for locomotion by the railways entering London is given by a statement which shows an average of about fifty-four trains per hour, or nearly one per minute, during the whole twenty-four hours of the day.

A new ticket printing machine, which has just been patented in England and Prussia, prints railway tickets on both sides, perforates them, and numbers them consecutively by one process, and does all this at the rate of 200 and 300 a minute.

The American Tract Society, of Boston, Mass., have made a grant of 5,000 copies of their magazine, the *Sabbath at Home*, to be distributed among the United States troops at the forts and stations of the army in the far West, for winter reading.

One Maine editor has sued another Maine editor for defamation of character, and the defense is understood to be that, in the first place, the plaintiff had no character to speak of, and that, even if he had, nothing the defendant could say would injure anybody.

A four hundred dollar doll is a novelty in the New York market, whereupon the *Express*, of that city, asks: "Can we wonder that a genuine, flesh-and-blood belle's outfit for an evening may be made to reach the value of a small fortune, when human ingenuity and extravagance have united to dress a doll to the actual value of $400?"

Drouth and Potatoes.—*Hearth and Home* points to a lesson from the drouth in the fact that potatoes which were planted on or near the top of the ground in sections where the drouth has been excessive, were hardly worth digging, while those in adjoining fields which were put at the bottom of a deep furrow and never hilled at all, yielded well.

A rogue lately gave a waiter at a well-known cafe in Brussels a ten-franc piece. The waiter very correctly pronounced it bad. "Let me see it again," said the fellow; then examining it carefully, he exclaimed in a loud voice, as he put it back in the waiter's hand, "Observe the date, 1813; do you really suppose that if it was bad they wouldn't have found it out by this time?" and promptly departed, leaving the astonished *garcon* piece in hand.

The Chinese division of human life is interesting. The age of 10 is called the opening degree; 20, youth expired; 30, strength and marriage; 40, officially apt; 50, error knowing; 60, cycle closing; 70, rare bird of age; 80, rusty visage; 90, delayed; 100 age's extremity. Flourens division is more scientific; 1-10 years, infancy; 10-20, adolescence; 20-30, first youth; 30-40, second youth; 40-55, first manhood; 55-70, second manhood; 70-85, first old age; 85-100 second and last old age.