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Poetry.

A RECIPE FOR YEAST.

A HANDFUL small of fragrant hops deposit in a kettle;
Then add a pint of Adam's ale, and boil them till they settle;
Then if you wish to brew good yeast, lively and sweet, you'd *aughter*
Take four potatoes, medium sized, and wash them well with water;
Divest them of their jackets next—in common parlance, *skin* 'em—
Then make assurance doubly sure, and banish all pollution,
By subsequently giving them another grand ablution;
Then boil them—half an hour, perhaps; of course your judgment using,
Or steam them, if you like it best, the method's of your choosing.
But whether boiled or cooked by steam, the *process* should be rapid;
Potatoes *moderately* cooked are heavy, soggy, vapid.
Then mash them thoroughly, each lump with vigor pulverizing,
And put them in a vessel which leaves ample room for rising;
A cup half filled with sugar add; 'twill sweeten it enough;
It needs the same amount of salt; you'll find it *quantum suff.*
The hop infusion strain is next, a pint, you mind, by measure;
Then with two quarts of water warm dilute it at your pleasure;
And to gently keep it moving, from circumference to center,
Never fail to bid your *silver* spoon its hidden depth to enter;
Then add two brimming cups of yeast, and quickly take occasion
The fragrant mixture to subject to brisk manipulation;
And, when the entire ingredients are mingled well together,
Then give the opportunity to rise, according to the weather—
In winter set it near the stove, and oft renew the fire;
In summer, place it farther off; the temperature is higher.
Then patiently the issue wait, while Time his flight is winging,
Its status scanning now and then; and when you hear it singing,
And see upon its surface—now here, now there—a bubble,
You'll feel a thousand-fold repaid for all your toil and trouble.
Give to fret winds all idle fears; all doubts, all scruples banish;
And when the bubbles thicken fast, and crowd and break and vanish,
The yeast is prime, your toil is o'er, success has crowned persistence,
And loaves of tender, light, sweet bread are looming in the distance.

—*Oliver Optic's Magazine.*

Miscellany.

Is the World Round or Flat.

ABOUT a year ago an eccentric philosopher of London, England, named John Hampden, having convinced himself beyond all peradventure that the world was flat, not round, as commonly supposed, undertook the arduous missionary work of converting mankind to his way of belief. Not making much progress by following the ordinary methods of private preaching, he resorted to the expedient of offering a bet upon the subject. He made a public announcement, offering to stake $2,500 against $2,500, to be put up by any scientific man, that he could prove that the earth was flat, and not round, as everybody else believed.

No one appeared to have taken immediate notice of this absurd offer, whereupon Hampden came out with another announcement, in which he boldly declared that scientific men knew they were guilty of an imposition in propounding the round theory, and that, in consequence, they were afraid to take up his challenge, and stake $2,500 as he proposed.

But the challenge being come to the notice of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a gentleman of high reputation, and a member of several scientific societies, he accepted the conditions, and put up his $2,500. This amount, together with a similar amount put up by Hampden, was deposited subject to the order of the referee, Mr. Walsh, editor of the *Field* newspaper, who was to pay over the $5,000 to the winning man.

The mode adopted for settling the question was planned by Hampden, the advocate of the flat theory, and the experiment appears to have been conducted in all respects as he desired. The ground selected was a six mile level, on the Bedford Canal. Three long poles of equal length were provided, and planted at equal depths, and at distances of three miles apart. A telescope was then employed, through which it was clearly and unmistakeably perceived that the central pole was five feet above the level line of the telescope, which at once proved that the earth was not flat but round. Mr Hampden expressed himself satisfied that he had lost the bet, and the money was accordingly paid over by the referee to the winner, Mr. Wallace.

The experiment and the telescope were level, but not so the head of Hampden. He that's convinced against his will, is of the same opinion still. It was not long before Hampden woke up to the mortifying conclusion that he had made a blunder, or that in some way he had been befogged. His reason told him that the earth was still *flat*, not round, as that lying telescope and those fibbing poles had affirmed. He concluded also, that Wallace was a thimble rigger, a pickpocket, a liar, and a swindler, and went about proclaiming these libels in the most unblushing manner. This so annoyed Wallace that he brought suit for libel against Hampden, and the jury lately mulcted him in $3,000 damages, making a sum total of $5,500 cash paid out on account of his theory that the earth is flat. Poor Hampden is indeed a martyr to science.—*Scientific American.*

A Singular Custom.

The moment the breath leaves the body, it is hastily arrayed in the finest robe which the purse of the relative will permit, and hustled away by some official of government to a building in the cemetery prepared for its reception. Here the body is elevated on a sort of inclined plane, which is covered with flowers; the quality of the flowers, too, depends on the purse of the friends, whether they are natural, fragrant blossoms, or those manufactured of tin, paper or rags. The body is enveloped in these often tawdry imitations, and upon the thumbs are placed two small rings, which are attached to slender wires suspended from the center of the building, and which, of course, enter the room above. Here, at the end of the wires, bells are arranged, and the slightest movement of the body will cause a vibration in the wire and sound from the bell. Here sits a person ever in waiting for a summons from some one of the corpses below.

The ostensible reason given for this inhuman custom of tearing the dead from their homes, and having them thus exposed in a building open to every one who may choose to enter, is the possibility that life may not have become extinct, and yet, after faithful inquiries, we have not been able to learn of one instance where the watcher was roused by the ringing of the bell.

Rich and poor are alike laid here, though the same exclusiveness which separated them in life is maintained here by their friends. The building is divided into two compartments; the largest and most attractive room, with its subdued light, is, of course, occupied by the rich, while the simpler one is used by the poor. The decorations of the finest room are often on a grand scale. We noticed here one little infant not over a month old, dressed in a robe of white silk, covered with a tulle, and bordered with rich blonde lace; this child occupied a space long enough for an adult, and the arrangement of the robe gave it the appearance of a trail two yards long. On its head was a little cap, bordered with a wreath of flowers. A sad contrast was the innocent baby face, in the quiet sleep of death, to this disgusting, ostentations display about it.

It was not curiosity which led us to look upon such a scene, but a desire to satisfy ourselves of its existence, and by a moment's stay we were assured not only of that, but of its wickedness also; for while we glanced at two sweet little children lying side by side, a mother dressed in deep mourning came to take her last look at her little one. As she stood among a crowd of indifferent lookers on, hearing remarks as to which one was dressed beautifully and which was not, the great tears rolled slowly down her cheeks, and the sobs came deep and strong. Unable to restrain them, and unwilling thus to expose her sacred grief, she turned hurriedly away, and thus parted from her dead forever.—*Munich Cor. N. Y. Mail.*

THE following sign is posted in Fond Lac, Wis.: "Thiss houce fore scall."

TWENTY DOLLARS.

"WE'D rather not take that bill, if you please," said the clerk, handing me back the twenty-dollar note I had given him. "It may be all right, but the Detector says there are counterfeits on that issue. The bank will open in half an hour, and they will know there. If it is good, it will be all the same to you; and if it is bad, why, as you are a stranger on the island you might be gone before we could get it back to you."

"Very well," said I, "I'll leave the things and call for them when the bank opens and I get my bill changed."

This conversation took place in a small shop in the town of Nantucket, and "the things" were some South Sea carvings, whale's teeth with sailor drawings on them, and the like, which I had been buying. The bill was the only one I had in my possession, and I had no doubt of its goodness, supposing I could tell just where it came from. I did not have so many twenties in my hands then as to be at any loss as to where I had taken them.

So I strolled down the sandy Main street, and out on the silent and grass grown wharf, lined with decaying warehouses, looked at the solitary New York yacht lying at anchor in trim beauty, and then strolled up again just as the town clock on the South Church tower was striking nine, so as to enter punctually the bank, the only bank which the island now maintains. I handed the bill to the cashier and asked for change. He took it, smoothed it professionally with a wave of his hand, and was about to drop it in the drawer, when something in it caught his eye. He held it up to the light, eyed me, eyed the bill again, and then, with a shake of the head, pushed it back over the counter. "Bad," said he, laconically.

"Bad?" replied I, interrogatively.

"Counterfeit," he rejoined; and then, seeing by my blank look that I was really surprised, he kindly pointed out the marks by which to detect the cheat. I looked and listened, but was not much the wiser, for, to tell the truth, another train of thought was at work in my mind. What was I to do!

This was the situation which, as I pocketed the bill and walked away toward the Ocean House, came clearly before me. I was then a junior clerk in a Boston house, with a limited salary, and with but a trifle of income from other sources. I was an orphan, and had not many acquaintances and no relations near at hand. I had come to Nantucket on a fortnight's leave, and my time would be up the next day.

Now having been always careful about money matters, and feeling a horror of debt not always shared by young clerks of nineteen, when I left home I had taken with me just the little balance I had saved up for my summer vacation, and had been enjoying a well-earned leisure in various cheap and innocent dissipations. I had been sailing, fishing, and bathing, had driven out to Sconset and the South Shore, had passed two rainy days in the alcoves of the Athenæum, and had congratulated myself that I was keeping well within bounds. This twenty I had entered into the last. The night previous I had settled my hotel bill, expecting to leave that very morning in the boat, but she had started at six to go to a wreck, and her passengers had to choose between some extra hours of sailing or waiting over. I preferred the latter, especially as I could so well afford it, for even then I should get home with several dollars in my pocket. Now, instead of the comfortable capitalist I seemed, I was a wretched bankrupt. I went up to my room, pulled out my pocket memorandum of expenses, laid the unlucky bill upon the table, and sat down to think where I could have got it. There was just a chance that it might have been taken on the island; only I knew it wasn't. I remembered but too well that I had kept it in an inner pocket of my *porte monnaie*, resolved to go home as soon as it became necessary to break it. But where could I have got it? My money was always paid me by our book-keeper, and he would have almost as soon have taken the safe-key to wind up his watch with as a doubtful note.

So I took up the bill and stared at it, as people do, blankly trying to waken a dormant memory. Then it all came to me.

The day before I left home I had been sent up State Street to make a deposit. Before I started, seeing that the sum was in 10's and 20's, and as my own *porte monnaie* was unpleasantly stuffed with 1's which I had been saving up against vacation time, I had taken a 20 from the bank-book and put my own bills in its place.

How did I happen to have so many 1's? Young men, hope of the future commercial circles of the country, attend! Every week I paid my board bill, which was nine dollars (before the war, you know), and I earned every week fifteen, which I received Saturday night, in a 5 and a 10. The 5 went for various current expenses, the 10 went to my landlady, the 1 I received in change was sacredly laid by for vacation. Then I had my dividend which came in July untouched, and was free to go where I liked. This year, too, I had earned something extra by doing other fellows' work for them, so that I don't think an easier-minded guest had been at the Ocean House that summer. I had chosen Nantucket as a place where I could do as I wanted to, where I need not bargain and plan for cheapness, and should not be cheated. I had found just what I wanted; I had had the best boatman, good teams, and no young gentleman of great expectations could have got more enjoyment out of his money than I out of mine. It had been a splendid financial success up to this last disagreeable episode.

But what was to be done now? There would be another day's board at the Ocean House; there was the fare to Boston; things ordered at the "Curiosity Shop," which I felt I ought to take—and a counterfeit bill! Whether this bill was my loss or not, I could not quite tell.

I inclined to think that Penrose, our book-keeper would put it on to me, saying that if I had deposited the bills I was sent with, it would have been detected at the counter of the bank.

However, that was not the question. I could stand the loss of the 20—though before the war, to a junior clerk of nineteen, twenty dollars was not a trifle—but how to get home! True, I could walk on board the boat, but they might refuse to let me land at Hyannis, and the railroad conductor would assuredly put me off before I got even to Sandwich; so what better should I be then? Suppose I wrote to Boston, whom could I write to? I did not know a soul to whom I dared apply. Beside that, writing would do no good, for I must leave the island the next day. Mr. Ellis, the second partner in our house, was to sail for Europe on Saturday. I had been specially charged before I could get my leave, that Friday night at eight o'clock I was to be at his house to take charge of some papers of importance for the firm. I was sure that my situation would be gone if I failed.

Something must be done. I went down stairs and asked for the landlord. He had gone to New Bedford, and would not be back till next day. I took the clerk into my confidence, and tried to get a loan of him. He had no money of his own, and could not, in the absence of his "boss," take the funds of the hotel. Besides, he did not think my little valise adequate security. Neither did I for that matter. There was no telegraph nearer than the mainland.

I went back to my room feeling desperate, and all the while a craving propensity to strike out into the most expensive things I could do. It there had been a gaming-table on the island, I do believe (though I never went near anything of the kind in my life) I should have gone to it.

I drew out my watch to see what the hour was, and the thought of pawning it struck me. But Nantucket does not possess a "loan office." I made careful inquiry, but nothing of the sort was known. However, I went to a watchmaker's and laid my modest but serviceable silver timepiece before him. He quietly declined to consider the question.

"Does thee know," he said (he was a Quaker) "that I have in that chist more'n a dozen of the best London chronometers and I can't sell one of them for what it's worth? I should like to help thee, especially as thee wants to be honest and not put off bad money, but I do *not* see my way clear to do so."

"But," said I, "I am not going to leave the watch long. I shall send for it in a week, perhaps in less time."

"So thee says, and no doubt thee thinks so, but thee will be off the island, and then how can I get at thee?"

"Yes, but you can tell whether that watch is worth more than twice twenty dollars or not." (It cost sixty.) "If it is, can't you see that it is my interest to redeem it?"

"Well, thee knows best about that, but it wouldn't be worth that to me, for I might not sell it under a year, and thee'll be off the island, where I can't get at thee."

This was the key to the whole matter. The ideas of the old gentleman were of a date when the whaling business was good, and when his sailor customers were in the habit of disappearing at "Turkeywonner," "Hilo," "Sidney," and other Pacific ports, and also of reappearing after many days to claim long-forgotten deposits. Time being a commodity of which there was a superabundance in Nantucket, the market was not brisk. Time was not money.

I went home to dinner. There is that comfort in a hotel, that the *vacuus viator* can feed equally well with King Crœsus until the landlord says, "Go." At the table I took my accustomed seat, opposite Miss Minnie P——. We had made acquaintance but a fortnight before, through her brother Fred, whom I had "rescued from a watery grave"; I mean, pulled into the boat from which he had tumbled overboard on a blue-fishing excursion. She was somewhat older than I, and that did not interfere with our rapidly getting acquainted.

She expressed great pleasure at finding me still on the island, and that we should be fellow-travelers the next day. "In fact, Mr. Woodbridge, I think, if I may take so great a liberty, I will put myself under your care, and let Fred stay another week." I acquiesced, though sorely doubtful whether I should have the pleasure. However, thought I, she will hand me her purse to get the tickets and things, and then I can pay for two, and return it when I get to Boston. I blushed as I thought it, but I would have given much for the privilege of waiting on Miss P——, a noted Boston beauty; and, moreover, I was madly in love with her, of course, though very much in doubt whether it would be prudent to tell her so. Then she went on: "I have never been to the South Shore in all the three weeks' stay I have made." My impulse was, of course, to invite her to drive thither with me; but that bill in my pocket! She went on in the most aggravating way, "After yesterday's blow, they say the surf will be splendid, the finest this season." I was on the point of proposing that we should *walk* there, when she said, "Would it be too great a favor, if you are not otherwise engaged, for you to drive me out there? Fred has gone shark-fishing, but he promised to order a buggy before he left."

Of course I joyfully accepted, and I inwardly blushed as I thought what might not turn up. If, after all, I should find favor in the eyes of the daughter of a millionaire, all would be well; and if not, let me have what comfort I can. They let the fellows that are to be hanged call for what they like for their last breakfast, I believe! So I thought; and when Miss P—— went up to put on her things, I went to the front of the Ocean House to await the team. It came, but the stable help in charge seemed to have something on his mind. He looked uneasy, and then said, as I approached to look at the horse and inspect the harness, "Who shall this be put down to? Mr. P—— was over this morning and paid his bill, and said he was going off the island to-morrow, and didn't say nothing about his sister's having any team. She sent over about an hour ago, an' the boss says he s'poses it 's all right, but wimmen is forgetful, and I mustn't let them go without knowing who was to have it." I gave my name; but my dealings having been with the other stable, it made less impression than it should have done. "Perhaps," said he, "you wouldn't mind settling now in advance; 'n fact, it 's charged to me anyhow; and for the afternoon it'll be three dollars. And then you can stay at the Shore 's long 's you like."

I saw Miss P—— at the top of the stairs, and felt I must act quickly. "Can you change this?" said I, taking out the twenty. "No, I see you can't. Very well, don't keep the lady waiting, but they 'll pay you at the office." And, before he had time to accept the situation, I had put Miss P—— into the buggy and was driving away.

It is not exciting to drive in Nantucket unless over the trotting-course. The roads are a trifle sandy and are deeply rutted, so that your horse travels in a groove, and your wheels do the same. Dexter himself could hardly run away, and you are as fast tied to the track as if in a city street-car.

But once out on the broad, breezy downs, and it is very enjoyable. The air is fragrant with the warm and aromatic smell of the bayberry-bushes and the balsamic breath of the pine trees, the tallest of which tower full seven feet in air. Behind is the clean quiet town, and before a dark blue line on which here and there glitters the sunshine, while a white flash of surf springs up ever and anon above the low sand-drifts on which grow the sparse tufts of beach-grass.

Nobody can long feel blue on those plains of Nantucket; beside that, I had a project which was to put me all right.

So I chatted with Miss Minnie, and never had enjoyed myself so much. It might have been fancy, but I thought she was a little *distrait*. Could it be that I had made an impression? If so all will be well, thought I; and then I wished the Shore thirty miles off, instead of three. As it was, we reached the end of our drive before I felt quite certain enough to commit myself. It would be awkward to be refused and have to drive her home afterward.

A solitary stroll on the beach might—but it was *not* solitary. There was some one there. A man, a wretch with a long-handled white umbrella, like a huge mushroom, stuck up in the sand, and under it he was sitting, sketching.

A little way from where my horse was to be tied was his horse and buggy. Somehow, he seemed to expect Miss P——, for he rose up and came to meet her as soon as I had helped her to alight; and before I could secure my steed Miss P—— and the stranger seemed to have got wondrously well acquainted. I did not remember to have seen him on the island, and he certainly did not come in the boat while I was there, for the event of the day was to see the passengers land; and beside that, where would he go but to the Ocean House?

Miss Minnie introduced me to her friend as I came up to them. It was Mr. C——, the artist. He *was* handsome, there was no denying that, with his broad wideawake and velvet coat and silky mustache; but I should have much preferred to see his beauty in the distance, say picturesquely half a mile off; but he was so pleasant and gentlemanly, that I couldn't quarrel with him.

Presently Miss P—— begged him to go on with his work; and then she said, as she looked over his shoulder, that he ought to put in a figure or two; and how it came about I don't know, but I found myself standing at the edge of the surf (in imminent peril of wet feet) and pretending to throw a bluefish-line into the breakers.

It was hardly a consolation to think of being part of a famous picture, when that required one to stand with one's back to all that was of *immediate* interest. But it was much worse to be roused by a shout from the wretch, and to see my own horse walking leisurely away toward the town. I know I fastened him securely.

I hurried up the beach, and the ruffian met me with a look of pretended sympathy on his features.

"This is too bad," he said. "I am afraid you will have to leave Miss P—— to my care. I will stay with her while you bring your horse back. If you shouldn't overtake him," added the ogre, "I will see that she gets home; but really I can't leave just yet, I have got such a splendid chance which I have been waiting for all summer; such a surf and such a light on it!"

It did not occur to me then, though it did afterward, that the miscreant might have offered to his team. Instead of that he hurried me off, bidding me run, which I did. So did my horse, just quickening his pace till he got far enough away to graze, and then starting on as I got near him. I had to foot it the whole way to town. The beast went safely enough till he reached the stable; but there he pushed right into it, and, catching the buggy against the lintel, smashed the top completely. Twenty dollars would not make good the damage, the stable folks said. I told them to send up to the hotel at half past nine and get their pay, after the loss had been properly estimated.

One thing seemed a little odd. I had unbuckled the check rein to use as a hitching-strap. It was found buckled all right, but not checked, which makes me think that the horse had learned to unharness himself. They are knowing animals, the Nantucket horses.

Then I went to the clerk of the hotel. I told him I thought I would give a public reading that evening. Could I have the use of the dining-room? I would put the tickets at twenty-five cents, and at that rate would probably secure an audiance. I had heard that one of the Harvard fellows had done the same thing in one of the rural districts, and netted one hundred dollars. The clerk said the dining-room could not be well spared and would not hold enough, but the Athenæum Hall was the place where such things usually were given. Would he engage it for me? He would send and get it right away, and would send the town-crier to announce the reading, as there was no time to print bills, and that was the usual custom, moreover.

Then I went to my room to prepare a programme. It did not seem ten minutes before I heard the voice of the herald proclaiming in vocal small caps that "There will be a Dramatic Reading this evening at Athenæum Hall. Doors open at seven. Performance t' c'mence 't eight o'clock. Admittance twenty-five cents." Then the ding-dong of a bell came away up one street and was heard coming down the next. It was evident the town wou'd be thoroughly canvassed. Could I read? Well, I had tried it in private circles. *Militavi non sine gloria*, and at the public Latin School where I graduated had won the Hancock medal. The first thing was to get books. I asked the clerk, but he was a book-keeper, not a book-lender. However, he thought I might obtain the loan at the Athenæum, on depositing their valuation. As I only wanted them to go from the library-room to the hall up-stairs I ventured on this, depositing with a bold front but beating heart my twenty dollar bill, and receiving a Shakespeare, a Byron, and three volumes of Mrs. Browning. Also a copy of Handy Andy. This last, being doubtful of my skill in rendering the Irish tongue, I took to my room, unluckily. The others I thought I could manage at sight, especially as I meant to keep to the pieces I knew by heart, and wanted the books more for form than for use. By this time the tea-gong sounded, and I went to the table with an anxious breast and a sense of being the observed of all observers. Miss P—— was already there, but in my seat was the *fiend*, I mean the artist, in human shape. I expected to see Miss Minnie look embarrassed, but she only looked radiantly happy, and smiled sweetly upon me as I passed by to take my place at the foot of the table.

I could not eat; in fact I had a doubt whether it would be well to attempt it before a public reading; so after bearing in silent torture the spectacle of the vampire helping Miss P—— to blue-fish and blackberries, I retired to dress. That operation was limited to the putting on of a cloth coat in place of a tweed, my last clean collar, and taking my last ditto handkerchief, and at seven I started for the hall.

The streets were not inconveniently thronged, but "it is early yet," I said, mentally. I had left Handy Andy in my room, not feeling quite up to the comic, but in a mood to which I was sure Othello would come in great force. I found the town-crier, who was also to be the money-taker and stage manager, at the door, but no one else. He suggested that, as it was still daylight, it wasn't worth while to light up yet, to which I agreed, and retired to the dressing-room with my volumes, a solitary candle and a glass of water. I shut the door, so as not to be disturbed by the noise of the assembling throngs, and gave myself up to study. I had heroically determined *not* to look at my watch lest I should get nervous, and when eight o'clock struck from the South Church tower, I confess I started with surprise. Seizing my books and giving myself no time for stage fright, I walked dignifiedly on to the platform, found my first place, and raised my eyes to survey my audience. There were two people in the hall, a ghoul and his victim, I mean the artist and Miss P——. The crier, that is, the ticket-taker, stood by the entrance, his hands in his pockets. My audience preserved a respectful silence, though there was a queer look on the face of the female portion, while the monster, I mean the male part, made a motion of the hands suggestive of applause. I sank back into a seat. The crier walked up the hall, putting out the lights as he went, and saying in a voice startlingly loud in the stillness: "'S no use waiting any longer t'night, and the sooner I shet up the less gas will be wasted. I'll jest hand them folks their money back and you can settle with me." Then, as the company dispersed, one of whom, by the way, declined to receive his quarters, saying *sotto voce*, "I've had a delightful entertainment, and really I feel conscientious scruples at taking anything back." The crier proceeded to sum up, "The hall, well, we can't charge more'n half-price under the circumstances—the hall'll be ten; lights, well, say two 'n' half. My cryin' two 'n' half, ought to be five; 's jest as much work 's if the whole island come. Sta'din' at the door" (he could *not* say taking tickets), "dollars; sixteen dollars jest. Then, there's the books, Miss Coffin said I was to see 'em returned, here they be, no, there was six, and here's only five."

I remembered that I had left Handy Andy at my room, and as that would give me a little more delay, I asked him to call at the hotel for the other volume, and strode away. I was tempted to turn toward the wharf and to keep straight on *from* the end of the pier, but for the sight of a couple slowly walking up the street. One was my solitary female auditor, and the other a demon in a velvet coat and wideawake.

When I reached my room again, the volume was gone, and must be paid for if not recovered; it was one of a set, but that was a trifle compared with the fact that my bill, my counterfeit, was a deposit.

My friend the crier was good-natured, however, and agreed to call in the morning. Moreover, it served me as an excuse for not settling that night, that I must return the book or know what it would cost me. Besides, he was secure that I could no more leave this island than Robinson Crusoe could leave his.

I sat down on the hotel balcony, in utter despair. From the parlor came a murmur of low-voiced conversation, and I fancied that the tones were those of a woman and a serpent, that is, a painter, but I cared not. What was I to do? My bill at the hotel; my afternoon's bad luck, twenty-three dollars; my evening's failure, say twenty more; my fare to Boston, where I must be by the next evening. It may seem a light matter, but to an inexperienced lad of nineteen it was no joke.

While I sat there, absorbed in my trouble, a hand was laid upon my shoulder which made me look up. It was Fred. P——. "See here, my boy, I've been looking for you all the evening. Here's Minnie says she must go to-morrow, and—I don't like to trouble you, but she wants enough for her fare to Boston, and I've lost my wallet to-day, I believe; I can't find it anywhere. Let me have that twenty I paid for the boat last week. I did not mean to ask you for it, as I supposed it might not be convenient till you got home, but I can't help myself." Here was a new complication. We had gone on a fishing party together, and Fred had paid the bill; but I had undertaken to get the other fellows' shares, and had done so. I had handed it all to Fred's room-mate and college chum, who had since left the island. It was evident that Cunningham had forgotten to pay Fred. They were of course intimate friends, and I was comparatively a stranger, who had been kindly taken up by them. I felt awfully, for I hardly knew how to make the truth appear. Suppose Cunningham, a rich and careless young fellow, had forgotten all about it. Fred was out of sorts too over something, for he was usually very even tempered. When I said, "I must have paid it," I could not for the moment remember that I *had* done so. He said roughly, "O bother, no; I could not have had the money; besides, Cunningham would have told me, and he never said a word, only that I'd better get it before you spent all your money."

"Mr. P——," said I, "I will go up to your room and arrange with you; we will not dispute here on the steps."

Fred led the way, muttering something about "snobs picked up at water-places," which made me furious. When we got to his chamber I was so angry that I forgot all about my bill deposited at the library, and pulled out my *porte monnaie;* and by the time he got the gas lit I was opening it, and feeling in the secret pocket. There was the bill, twenty dollars, and I slapped it down on the table, saying, "As I am to pay this twice over, I'll trouble you to leave a receipt at the office for me to-morrow morning. I don't wish to pay the *third* time! And then I went off to my room raging. When I cooled off a little, it came to me that I had passed off a bad bill on Fred P——, but to that I answered my conscience that it was for an unjust claim. At any rate I was quite ready to go to jail or anywhere else, and went to sleep thinking of an odd story I had heard, in consequence of which I dreamed that I was sent to the Nantucket prison for passing counterfeit money, and that every night I was in the habit of slipping out of my cell and prowling round the streets. Then I was giving a reading to a crowded house, but the books were all wrong. Whatever I took up turned to a dictionary or a spelling-book. Then I woke up and thought over two plans, one of which was to go off to sea in a whaler from New Bedford, the other was to get Fred to have me arrested for passing the counterfeit bill on him and sent to Boston for trial. Once there, I could get some one to help me. In the midst of working out these plans to a grand and triumphant tableau I got to sleep again, and this time dreamed that I was being marched up State street in chains, and that I was stopped at each corner and rearrested on a new charge, when I was really awakened by a strange man in my room, who was shaking me by the shoulder. My first thought was, "It has come now, and I'm glad of it." It was the watchmaker. "I've come round to see thee," he began, "to look at thy watch once more. I've thought thee might be wanting money a good deal, and I don't mind letting thee have twenty dollars, if thee thinks thee can pay me in a week or so. I guess thee's pretty honest as folks go."

I was just putting the watch into his hands, when the door opened again, and in came Apollyon, I mean the artist.

"My dear young friend," he began, "what is all this about a broken buggy? I've just seen the stable fellow hanging round here, and of course you are not to pay a sixpence for the team or for the damage. I am afraid I was a little careless in letting your horse get away—in fact, I—well—I wanted—it was of the utmost importance for me to have an uninterrupted talk with Miss—with Miss P——. Two years ago we were engaged. It was broken off by a most unlucky chance, and I have never had it in my power to explain matters till yesterday. So the stable bill, which I shall cut down considerably, is my business. For the other matter, I owe you an apology, which I tender now."

I was too bewildered to answer at once, but the artist, noticing my Quaker friend for the first time, drew himself up with mock solemnity, and added, "If you demand further satisfaction, there will be coffee for two down stairs in about ten minutes, and a friend of mine will be glad to see you." And out he went.

I had just exchanged my watch for the good Quaker's bill, and he had departed, when Fred bounced in, blushing up to his eyes.

"I say, old fellow," was his greeting, "I behaved abominably last night. This morning I found my money, you know; left it in my pantaloons pocket when I changed to go sharking. There was more than I cared to lose; and then I was awfully mad about Minnie, seeing that artist fellow with her; but he came up to my room last night and it is all right—tell you some day. And I found a letter on my table from Cunningham, which I ought to have had three days ago, telling me about that boat money; you *did* pay twice, and here it is back, the bill you gave me. And I beg your pardon, heaps."

I don't know what I *said* as we shook hands, but I certainly *felt* on good terms with all creation, and all the more as Fred added, "Here's a book, by the way, I found in your room when I went to look for you—where were you, by the way, all the evening?—and took up to my room to read. I luckily saw it this morning, and suppose you'd like to carry it back to the Athenæum." Then I remembered my bill which I had deposited, and rather astonished Fred by tearing out of bed and flinging on my clothes, and starting down the street on the run.

I must have started the amiable librarian by my breathless and somewhat dishevelled appearance; but like a true Nantucket woman, she was perfectly self-possessed and polite, and accepted my confused statement with entire composure, put Handy Andy on its shelf, and handed me my twenty in the envelop in which she had placed it, expressing a kind wish to meet me again another summer.

It is a religious belief with the islanders, that whosoever visits Nantucket once will surely return again, and I must say it is a well-founded belief. There is a spell in that balmy air, like that of the sweet waters of the fountain of Trevi at Rome, to lure back the traveler, and whosoever eats of the chowder of Siasconset will long to eat it again.

When I got back to the hotel the clerk met me. "The crier's been after you," said he; "come to say that the Athenæum won't charge anything for room and lights, as there was no exhibition; and I told him that he mustn't charge but a dollar for his work; so if you'll leave it with me, he'll be satisfied."

I think I enjoyed my last breakfast at the Ocean House even more than any previous one, and that is saying a good deal. I had time, too, to stop and redeem my watch, with thanks to the good watchmaker, on my way to the boat. The bill I got back from Fred was unquestioned; it was one of our Boston bank notes, and certainly came out of my pocket-book, however it got there. The counterfeit was safe in the envelope, just as I received it.

As I stepped aboard the steamer I saw Miss Minnie and at her side Molock, that is, Mr. C——, who lost no time in making the *amende*. "I leave Miss P——," he said, "in your care. I did think of going across with her, but a stern sense of justice, which is the prevailing trait of my character, compels me to leave the field wholly to you. I owe you a *tete-a-tete* in place of that which I stole yesterday."

"Don't believe one word he says," was Minnie's, I mean Miss P——'s retort; "he is dying to be off to Sancoty Head sketching, and only came down to see me off, because I made him come and apologize to you for his trick."

"She put me up to it," the victim began, when the last bell sounded, and he was obliged to hurry ashore in the midst of his audacious fib, and I was left to enjoy one of the pleasantest journeys I ever made.

Of course Miss P—— asked me what put it into my head to give a reading, and I told her the whole story, and got sympathy enough and fun enough out of it to pay me twice over. When it was all finished she said, "One thing I don't understand, how you had *two* twenties, when you only thought you had one."

"I am sure I don't either. It is clear that the one I gave Fred last night was the same I laid away for reserve fund; where the other came from I cannot imagine."

"Let me look at it," said she, and I took it out of the envelope and gave it to her. She turned it over once or twice, and presently showed me a mark on one corner. "This is a lesson to me not to be so careless again. I might have injured you very seriously for life," she said. "Do you remember the day it rained, and you went over to the shell-shop to get me the basket I bought there; you paid two dollars for it, and I handed you the money then you returned. I remember thinking how polite it was of you that you took the bill without even looking at it, and put it in your *porte monnaie* at once. This is the bill. I just noticed the 'two,' and not the cipher. I got it at Benton's in Washington Street the day before I left; was told it was bad at Hovey's, and then I marked it, so as not to pass it away, meaning to ask father to return it. I forgot all about it, and having only fives in my purse, except this, gave it for a two."

The reader can skip the sequel if desirous to do so. I think it worth telling. I was kindly asked by Miss P—— to call upon her while she remained Miss P——, and on her return from her summer travels was reminded of my promise by a note specifying the evening. Somebody was there with a velvet coat and a mustache that was finer than ever; but really, as Miss Ellen P——, younger sister to Miss Minnie, was so good as to entertain me, I did not find the artist in the way. As we walked down Park Street together at the close of the evening he asked me to come to his studio the next day at twelve.

I managed to get off from the store; it was a dull time, and I did so. I met some ladies at the studio, Mrs. P——, Miss P——, *and* Miss Ellen. They had come to see a picture which was upon the easel, just finished. It was a view of the South Shore at Nantucket. There was one figure in it, a young man in a graceful attitude gazing upon the surf. I think the figure was a little flattered, though Miss P—— said not; but she saw things through a very rosy atmosphere that day. What struck me most was, that a note addressed to me lay on top of the frame, and this I was desired by the ladies to read aloud. It was as follows:

"Mr. Woodbridge will confer a real favor upon the artist by accepting this little memento of one of the happiest days in the life of the donors, which is offered as a slight reparation for the inconveniences brought upon Mr. Woodbridge by sitting for his portrait. With the best wishes of his friends,

"J. C——.
"MINNIE P——."

"I never had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Woodbridge read aloud before," said Miss P——, very demurely. "I have understood that he is quite an amateur."

I have heard the picture highly praised by competent judges. I hope to see it hanging on my parlor wall some day, and I may add that my chances of having a parlor and of calling Mrs. C——, *nee* P——, sister-in-law, have considerably increased since I became a junior partner in the house of P—— Brothers & Co., Boston, Mass.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

The Fly on the Ceiling.

How the fly supports itself in opposition to the laws of gravitation is one of the first questions that the juvenile philosopher undertakes to solve. As his small stock of science is not sufficient to enable him to master the mystery, he consults a book or questions a friend. From one or the other of these he learns that the insect supports itself by means of tubular-shaped vessels which enable it to exhaust the air from beneath its feet when they are pressed against a surface. This being done the upward pressure of the atmosphere holds the insect in its place. The simple little piece of apparatus known as the "sucker," is designed to illustrate how a fly supports itself from a ceiling.

Recent investigation, however, seem to clearly show that a viscid fluid and not an atmosphere pressure is the means whereby a fly can walk on a ceiling. The following would seem to be convincing proofs of this theory: An insect was chloroformed to prevent its relinquishing its hold, and being in a receiver the air was exhausted but it still kept its place. Every foot-step leaves a mark on the surface of a clean piece of glass that can be distinguished with a microscope. The existence and secretions of this fluid being thus clearly proven, it is plain that it would interfere with any attempt at suction; and it seems certain that exhaustion of air and the secretion of this fluid could not go on at one and the same time, through one set of vessels. This fluid is very tenacious, and nearly insoluble. In all probability it is the material that so often holds flies and other insects so securely to the place where they spent the night that they can not in the morning leave the spot without leaving a portion of their limbs behind.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—Thirty bushels of pears were gathered from one tree near Ashland, Ky.

Youths' Department.

DON'T LET MOTHER DO IT.

BY CARRIE ALTON.

DAUGHTER, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her slave and toil
While you sit, a useless idler,
Fearing your soft hands to soil.
Don't you see the heavy burthens
Daily she is wont to bear
Bring the lines upon her forehead—
Sprinkle silver in her hair?

Daughter, don't let mother do it!
Do not let her bake and broil
Through the long, bright summer hours,
Share with her the heavy toil;
See, her eye has lost its brightness,
Faded from her cheek the glow,
And the step that once was buoyant
Now is feeble, weak and slow.

Daughters, don't let mother do it!
She has cared for you so long,
Is it right the weak and feeble
Should be toiling for the strong?
Waken from your listless languor,
Seek her side to cheer and bless;
And your grief will be less bitter
When the sods above her press.

Daughters, don't let mother do it!
You will never, never know
What were home without a mother,
Till that mother lieth low—
Low beneath the budding daisies,
Free from earthly care or pain—
To the home, so sad without her,
Never to return again.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

THE LESSON OF THE BRIARS.

"Charley! Charley!" called Ella to her younger brother; "*don't* go near those briars; come over here in the garden!"

"Ho! stay in the garden! who wants to stay in the garden," answered master Charley with great contempt. "I guess you think I 'm a girl to want to play where it's all smooth and everything. Ho!"

"That's not it, Charley, but you know we both have on our good clothes, and we must be ready to run quick when we hear the carriage drive up to the gate with Aunt May and cousin Harry and Alice."

"I know that as well as you do," said Charley, pushing his way through the hedge as he spoke. "Girls aint good for anything but to sit and sew. I mean to have some fun. I mean to cl—"

Ella felt like giving some angry answer, but she checked herself and went on with her sewing as she sat under the big tree, wondering what made Charley break off his sentence so suddenly.

"El-la, El-la!" cried a pitiful voice at last, "come help me! I'm getting all torn. O—o!"

Sure