

AN ODE TO AN

Infernal stuff, your... I look you do... I numbered... I go to bed... I go to bed... I go to bed...

PEN BRADSHAW.

"Yes, sir—yes, Mr. Olive Souldard, I've made up my mind. If you are bent on marrying a woman who doesn't care one fig for you, you are at liberty to do so."

"Very well, Pen." Mr. Olive Souldard spoke very quietly, and bent his handsome eyes on the girl with an expression of mingled nonchalance and amusement.

"I don't consider it very well, Mr. Souldard," she went on, nettled by his quietude. "It may be very well for you, who marry me for my money, and so get all you want. It's bad, and wicked, and cruel, and you know it."

"Ah! Indeed, Pen, I was not aware that the advantages of this arrangement were not mutual. I am sure I supposed it a purely business matter on both sides."

"To be sure, but you have everything else to gain, and I everything to lose."

The shadow of a flush arose in Olive Souldard's cheek, but it was gone before Penelope Bradshaw saw it, and he answered, in the light, careless tone he had used all along:

"If you mean by gain that I give up poverty for wealth, the miseries of bachelorhood for married blessedness, I don't know but what you're right as to that; but even then what do I gain that you don't? You can have the money without me more than I can have the money without you, and really, Pen, if you are as lovely as a Peri, I think I may lay claim to the good looks of Antinous—eh, Pen?"

running his slender white fingers through the halo of bronze brown curls that covered his handsome head, and sending a laughing glance into the mirror opposite that reflected a face beautiful almost as a woman's.

"Tush," said Pen, coloring with impatience. "I don't think that this is any time to talk nonsense and make fun."

"Perhaps not," he replied, with a hopelessly comical sigh; "but I can't help being jolly, dear. It isn't every day one gets a fortune and a wife in a breath, and without the trouble of asking for her either."

"You haven't got the wife yet, Olive Souldard; and if you were a man you wouldn't take her on such conditions."

"Conditions? I didn't know there were any. It's the money that is conditional, not the wife."

Pen was ready to reply with vexation. The handsome, provoking fellow only laughed at her whatever she said. She might protest as much as she liked against the match which her uncle had planned so arbitrarily, making the inheritance of his money conditional on these two marryings.

Penelope Bradshaw had been brought up as the adopted child and heiress of the uncle, Beese Bradshaw. A year before, this uncle had died, leaving a will, which was not to be opened till he had been dead twelve months.

That will, being read at the appointed time, proved to contain the somewhat arbitrary dictum that his beloved niece should not have his money without she married his beloved cousin, Olive Souldard, the said Olive being still single at the opening of the will.

Pen Bradshaw was an exceedingly pretty girl; but contrary, capricious and self-willed, as pretty girls are apt to be, and she frowned in the most decided manner upon the unexpected tenor of her uncle's will. If he had given Olive half the property she wouldn't have minded, but to force her to make her choice between poverty and Olive—to oblige a saucy little flirt like her to marry anybody—was abominable.

She forgot, even in her own mind, to add to the sum of her grievances on the subject the fact that the provoking will cut short the most delightful little flirtation Miss Pen had ever indulged in.

She had known Olive all her life; indeed, they were distant cousins, and Olive had spent a good share of his boyhood, and most of his vacations, during school and college days, at Uncle Bradshaw's house, where pretty Pen alternately petted and plucked the life out of him.

It was bad enough to be snubbed and coaxed by so pretty a girl as Pen while he was in jackets, and she in pinafores, but to have such a state of affairs continue—well, it was so highly unpleasant to Mr. Olive Souldard that he could not conceal his exultation at the turn which was necessarily given to affairs by the terms of Uncle Beese's will.

He at once stopped the suppliant air, and became nonchalant, careless, and at his ease—provokingly so one must allow, under the circumstances. Pen Bradshaw could hardly be blamed for not liking the tables turned upon her in this summary manner.

She persisted that she did not like Olive one bit, not in that way, but she could not give up her heirship and be a poor sewing-girl like Kitty Bryce, or a music-teacher like Ellen Stee, or in short, be poor at all, and so she told Olive that she would marry him for that reason and no other, if he had a mind to take her, knowing that she did not love him, and never expected to, and that she thought it a shameful piece of business altogether—a cruel conspiracy against a poor girl who couldn't help herself—while he could.

For her part, she should be afraid to marry anybody that fell toward her as she did toward Olive Souldard, etc., striving to say whatever she judged was best calculated to provoke her prospective

spouse out of that sorry nonchalance he had only so lately assumed. But Olive was not to be provoked. He assured Pen that it made no sort of difference her not loving him—the money was the main object—which assurance, strangely enough, did not comfort Pen a particle, or make her one whit more resigned to her fate. He utterly declined withdrawing his claim either to the money or Pen.

The possession of the former being conditional upon taking the latter how could he be gravely questioned. Pen thought if he were not utterly selfish, instead of forcing her into marrying a man she didn't like, he would refuse to fulfill the condition of the will himself, and so generously bestow upon her the property and freedom at the same time.

But Olive disclaimed all pretensions to unselfishness, and candidly told her if she had such an invincible repugnance to him she had better give up the property and secure her freedom at the same time.

He thought it would be a pity to marry a man she disliked so much as she seemed to do. Now, with him it was different. He didn't dislike Pen, by any means; he was rather thankful, on the whole, that dear old Uncle Beese hadn't thrown Ann Thompson in his way instead of Pen Bradshaw; he could think of plenty of worse incumbents to a fine property like that than Pen.

Vastly consoling this style of talk, was it not? Was he laughing at her, or was he in earnest? Had he only been playing with her all that past time, when he seemed to live on her smiles—when a frown, or a petulant word, would make him apparently the most wretched of men? Or, had he (oh, most heart-rending supposition!) the money in view all the time, and only sought her to secure that?

It looked like it, certainly—this sudden assumption of indifference to her pleasure, this open exultation to the terms of her uncle's will. Pen, the beautiful, the bewitching, the tantalizing was quite nonplussed. If she really thought, if she were positively certain, that he wasn't doing this to plague her, that he didn't care for anything but the money, she wouldn't have him to save his life; she'd go off and be a governess, or take in sewing for a living before she would marry him.

No, she wouldn't either; in this case she'd have him out of spite. In short, besides having a natural shrinking from sewing for a living, Pen conscientiously or otherwise, did not dislike her future spouse quite to the extent she pretended.

Somewhere in her capricious heart there was a soft place for Olive Souldard all the time.

He was so handsome, so graceful, all the other girls were in love with him if she was not.

And so the weeks wore away until the wedding day; Olive, light-hearted, careless, laughing, banteringly sympathetic, ten times as handsome and agreeable as he had ever been, but not in the least lover-like—anything but that; Pen, sulky and saucy by turns, but really miserable, and secretly, for a reason she could not confess to herself, but much less so to Mr. Olive Souldard.

Pen, the imbecile, was in love at last, and, of all men, with Olive Souldard. If Olive suspected it he kept his suspicions to himself, and never, by any chance, dropped word or look that could be construed as symptomatic of the tender passion.

The change in Pen Bradshaw since the reading of her uncle's will was too marked not to be apparent. People commented variously upon it. Some pitied her for being compelled to a marriage so distasteful; others thought, with Olive Souldard, that if it was distasteful she alone was to blame if she did not choose the uttermost poverty in preference to it.

Pen, meanwhile, meditating and speculating constantly on Olive's changed demeanor, concluded at last that he was as indifferent to her as he pretended to be; and she resolved, if nothing occurred before the wedding-day, to refuse then to marry him, whether or no.

She had made all the usual preparations. Her dressing-room was strewn with snowy lace, silk and muslins; the bridesmaids for the occasion were being drilled and otherwise got ready for their part in the approaching ceremony.

The wedding morning came. Forth from her chamber floated the bride, clad in flowing snow, and surrounded by her bridesmaids, like the Queen rose in a garden of blossoms; forth stepped the bridegroom, handsome, graceful, light of heart, and exultant. Penelope let him take her hand, and lead her forward, without lifting her eyes till they stood at the assembled guests, and, drawing her hand from him, she said, with slow, deliberate enunciation:

"I cannot do it. Better poverty, better wretchedness, better anything, than such a marriage as this. I have changed my mind. Good friends, it is a pity to disappoint you, but there will be no wedding to-day."

So saying, she glided through the astonished groups and left them staring breathlessly after her.

The luckless bridegroom knew not what to say, or to do, or where to look. He was taken at a disadvantage; wounded full sore at a point where, being tender but unsuspecting, he had not sufficiently guarded himself.

Was it the mortification, the slight, the being so publicly rejected by so lovely a girl as Pen Bradshaw?

Or did his very inmost heart quail with fear at the thought of losing, after all, a woman who, with all her coquettish frivolousness, was worth more to him than all the other women put together—than twenty fortunes like the one she forfeited to him by refusing to become his wife?

Certainly Olive Souldard's handsome face had suddenly taken the hue of death, and his voice was unsteady as he tried to murmur something that sounded like a confused apology or explanation of this strange contretemps.

The guests fell into little whispering knots, the clergyman who was to have officiated looked confounded, and the bridal attendants stole half-frightened, curious glances at Olive Souldard, who, with his eyes downcast, his whole appearance expressive of the agitated con-

dict going on within him, stood struggling vainly to recall his self-possession. Presently he drew nearer, the clergyman, said something inaudible to others, and with a half-deprecatory glance left the room.

In a stupefaction scarcely less than his, Penelope had managed somehow to reach her own chamber again, and was sitting amid the chaotic array of bridal gear that strewed the room, when a timid knock sounded at the door.

All her energies rallied at the sound. Pausing deliberately to rouge her white cheeks, she waited for a second knock, and opened the door.

It was Souldard himself who stood there, pale, yet resolute—agitated, but determined.

Fire seemed to flash from his handsome eyes as they met hers; his nostrils quivered and dilated.

He looked his true self—manly—not easily baffled this time.

It was on Pen's lips to say, in the assurance of the triumph she felt to be hers, "Oh, it is you, is it?" But, instead, she caught at the door unsteadily, and said:

"Oh, Olive—Olive!" "Do you love me, Pen? That is what I came for—what I will know."

"You haven't any right to ask me, Olive, after—after all you've said and done to make me think you didn't care a straw for me, or anything but the money," said Pen, falteringly.

"I was foolish, trying to pay off old scores, that's all. I love you better than my life, Pen. If you are not going to share it with me, I'll make a bonfire of Uncle Beese's fortune and shoot myself afterward. Will you come now?"

Perhaps that particular bevy of wedding guests waiting below never experienced a profounder sensation than when the drawing-room door opened again, and Mr. Olive Souldard marched in with the look of a conquering hero, conducting Pen Bradshaw, blushing, smiling and tearful, but evidently glad and willing.

They walked straight to the old place, the minister managed to keep his senses under the most trying circumstances, the words were said—the twain made one; and if one might judge from the expression of the eye and countenance, two happier people than these never wore matrimonial chains.

A Horse on a Railroad Trestle. The freaks of drunken man take turns that surprise everybody, themselves included. The newspapers chronicle many of the insane freaks, but none more sensational than the performance of James Streden, an employe of the Bay View rolling mills, James had been up at West Bend attending a gathering of friends, and in driving his one-horse buggy through this city toward Bay View switched off from Kinickinnick avenue, in the Twelfth ward, and took the St. Paul railroad track to cross the Kinickinnick river on the railroad bridge. The bridge has for a bottom only ties placed about twenty-two inches apart, and the task of walking across on a dark night like it was quite a ticklish one, even for a sober man. For a horse, and especially for a horse controlled by a drunken driver, the task is well-nigh impossible. Streden, however, was not sober enough to take in a greater fact than that a bridge lay before him and must be crossed. Therefore, when his horse hesitated for a moment, he applied the whip, and the noble animal commenced his perilous trip across on the bridge ties. Cautiously and very slowly the horse felt its way, step by step, till he had nearly completed one-half the distance across, when the drunken man became impatient and struck the animal with his whip. A false step, a stagger and a final plunge told the story of the horse's drop of fifteen feet into the water below. The wretch and snapping of the harness and thills threw Streden out, and he, happily, followed the horse into the chill waters of the muddy river. Officer Weiser and Mr. Davidson heard the double splash, and ran to the river in time to see the horse swim out and clamber up an incline to the dock, while Streden, now nearly sober, was making efforts to keep his head above water. To draw the man to the shore was but the work of a moment, when it was found that he had suffered some scratches and bruises, but, with the inexplicable luck of a drunken man, he had no bones broken and had suffered no internal injury. The buggy, which remained lodged between ties on the bridge, was the most used-up member of the trio, and was removed before the next train was due.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Had a Shock. "Yes," Mr. Messenger replied, in answer to the young lady's remark, "he was rather fond of bathing, very fond of it, in fact, but he received a terrible shock a few summers ago while in the water, and he has never recovered from it."

"My," she exclaimed, "did a snake bite him? Oh, dreadful!" "No," Mr. Messenger said, "it wasn't that." "Did he come near drowning, then?" she wanted to know. "No," he said, "it wasn't that exactly, but just as he was about ready to come out of the river, he saw a tramp going up over the hill, about a quarter of a mile away, with his hat, his pocketbook, his vest, his watch, his handkerchief, his stockings, his cigar-case, his shoes, his shirt-stud and collar-buttons, his s-s-suspenders, his cane, and well, in fact, his trousers. And there was a Sunday-school picnic only half a mile down the river, gradually coming nearer, and he lounged around among the willows all that day, and walked home alone in the starlight. And the fact was, he had never been able to enjoy a swim very much since that time."—Burlington Hawk-Eye.

Why Mr. Ratz Changed His Name. The Hartford County Superior Court has granted the petition of Henry Ratz, of Thompsonville, praying that his name be changed to Henry Raites. It was shown by the petitioner that his peculiar name was the cause of a great deal of annoyance to himself and members of his family. Mischievous neighbors spoke of him and his wife as the "old rats," and the children as "little rats," some going further and teasing them by calling them "mice." The neighborhood will now have a chance to tax its ingenuity upon the new name, which, fortunately for Mr. Raites and the children, appears to be one not easily played upon.—Hartford Courant.

RELIC OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE.

How Lieut. Crittenden's Watch Was Found in Canada and Restored to His Friends.

A most interesting and curious incident has occurred in connection with the terrible story of the massacre of Custer's command on the Little Big Horn, on the 25th of June, 1876. Among the officers who fell on that dark day, it will be remembered, was a son of Gen. Crittenden, of the United States army. No traces were ever found by his sorrowing friends of the personal effects of the gallant and unfortunate young Lieut. Crittenden. He had returned from a trip to Europe not long before he went West upon the service in which he was destined to fall, and among other things brought home by him from the Old World was a handsome and valuable gold watch of English make by which he set great store and which he was known to have worn on the day when he met his death.

A short time ago the Adjutant General of the army received a letter from a resident in the Winnipeg country in Canada asking whether any officer bearing the name of Crittenden had taken part in the luckless expedition of Custer. The writer gave as his reason for making the inquiry that he had purchased some time ago from a half-breed a gold watch which the half-breed told him he had obtained from one of the Sioux warriors who sought refuge in Canada after the massacre of the Little Big Horn. The watch bore no owner's name. The works had been trifled and tampered with after the manner of the savages by the Sioux from whom it was procured, and who assured the half-breed that he had slain the white brave to whom it belonged in the battle with Custer's men. The writer of the letter finally purchased the watch for \$3.

On examining it he found engraved in the case the name of the Liverpool maker and the number of the watch. Upon this he wrote a letter to the watchmaker asking him if he could in any way identify the purchaser of the watch. The watchmaker promptly replied that he had sold more than four years ago a watch bearing the number cited by his Canadian correspondent to an American gentleman named Crittenden, who, as his books showed, had at the same time bought a lady's watch as well. The kind and intelligent resident of Canada who had taken all these pains to trace the ownership of the watch so strangely brought to his doors was rewarded by a prompt assurance that the watch undoubtedly belonged to Lieut. Crittenden, and it was thereupon immediately forwarded so the War Department, to be handed over to the representatives of that officer.

A New Story of Lincoln. Gen. Steel, being the oldest member in continuous service of the Indiana Legislature, was appointed Chairman of the committee delegated by the Legislature to meet President Lincoln at the State line and escort him to Indianapolis. At Lafayette there was an immense gathering of people to greet the President, and an earnest call by them for a speech, a wish which he seemed very reluctant to comply with. Finding, however, that he must say something to quiet the multitude, he related the following: He said his situation reminded him of a man out in Illinois, who was a candidate for nomination for an office. The convention at which the nomination was to be made was held at a town some miles distant from where the candidate resided. On the morning of the day on which the nomination was to be made, the candidate hired a team to take him to the scene of his hopes. The horse proved very slow. The man pounded and swore, and swore and pounded, but with his best efforts he did not get through till after the convention had adjourned and his hopes were blasted. He returned home in a frame of mind which you can imagine. The horse had been hired of the foreman of the livery stable, and was returned to him.

Our candidate did not waste much of his powder on the foreman, but, on his way home, meeting the owner, he denounced him in the strongest terms for letting him have such a horse. The owner said there must be some mistake about it; that his horses were all good travelers, and finally persuaded him to return to the stable to find out the trouble. When they got to the stable, the owner asked the man in charge what horse he had given the man. "I gave him the horse horse," "Hearse horse! I hearse horse!" exclaimed the man. "Why, if a man should start to a funeral with such a horse as that, he would not reach the grave till two weeks after the resurrection," and, said Mr. Lincoln, if I make a speech in every town I pass through, I shall not reach Washington till two weeks after the inauguration.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Too Thin, but Too Short. A tramp just arrived in the Island City attracted attention by the fact that all his raiment was in tatters except his pants, which were a foot too short, but perfectly new. They did not fit anywhere.

"I believe you stole those pants from some store. They don't look like they belong to you," said a policeman, looking at the garments.

"You darned fool, if I had stolen them I would have picked out a pair to fit me. Ain't that the way you do when you—buy your pants?"

"I believe I'll arrest you, anyhow," and he was marching him off, when the tramp laughed, and said: "Galveston is the funniest town I've struck yet."

"What do you mean by that?" "Well, everywhere else the police arrest you if they see fit, but here they arrest you if they don't see fit, and he glanced down at his abbreviated unmentionables, which struck him just below the knee, and laughed some more.—Galveston News.

Hints for Window Gardens. Pretty window gardens may be made by taking the tin boxes in which mackerel is put up; paint them green or scarlet, and put in such plants as grow well together. When watering them do not use more water than will be absorbed during the day. A few experiments will then enable one to judge correctly in regard to the amount, and it is surprising to see how the plants will thrive in utter defiance of all the wise things that are said about drainage. The tin or zinc cases in which thread is packed will also, when painted and placed in a stand,

make very good window gardens. Water in which the gridiron and frying-pan have been washed is an excellent fertilizer.

Singular Climatic Effects.

Says the Denver (Col.) Great West: It is a singular fact that almost every body loses flesh on coming here from the East. The average loss in weight sustained is about one-eighth. For instance, in the course of two or three months a 200-pound man loses twenty-five pounds and becomes a 175-pounder. This is due to the high altitude of Denver—a mile above the sea to the dry and light atmosphere, to the scarcity of vegetation and the comparative abundance of oxygen, which consumes the tissues and taxes the vital functions to a greater extent than on lower altitudes. Higher up it is much worse than here. At Leadville, for instance, which is two miles above the sea level, the diminution in weight does not generally fall short of a sixth or seventh, and it takes place much more rapidly than here. In that high altitude, too, lung diseases, such as pneumonia, very frequently set in, and they prove fatal in about 30 per cent. of the cases attacked. But very few dogs, except hounds, can live in Leadville, and no cats survive there. In Denver, however, we have a multitude of both dogs and cats, and they appear to experience no special difficulty about living and getting fat. Yet it is a noticeable fact that animals and men lose a share of their strength after coming here. After being here two or three months their muscular power is not near so great as in the East. Eight hours of continuous labor does more to exhaust and prostrate a man here than ten hours in Illinois or Wisconsin. And when worn out and prostrated a feeling of lassitude and drowsiness that it is very difficult to dispel comes over one. In such instances many hours of rest are requisite to repair and rebuild the wasted energies. Mental labor is even more exhausting than physical. A healthy man may do manual labor for eight or ten hours a day and experience therefrom no special evil effects; but let mental labor be pursued with like assiduity and the nervous system becomes weakened and irritable. In time the physical powers become disordered and weakened by sympathy and by the strain upon them to supply the brain waste. These facts are more predicable of new-comers than of those who have resided for a year or more at high altitudes. Persons and animals thoroughly acclimated do not experience these drawbacks. Indeed, these could not look better anywhere than they appear here. The great difficulty is in getting acclimated.

What the Hall Boy Says. That cheap boarders give the most trouble. That the pompous boarder is almost always very impetuous. That running up and down stairs materially shortens their lives. That he who breaks pays is a rule more rigidly enforced than ever. That bachelors give much more trouble than married men in hotels. That travelers who give away clothes are now few and far between. That the best clerks are those who have the least to say of themselves. That the average hotel detective is not worth his salt, much less his wages. That the fellow to be watched is he who wants a big check cashed immediately upon arrival. That Boston people always want a room where the carpets harmonize with the furniture. That very few hotels keep up the reading-rooms in the style which patrons have reason to expect. That female boarders who laugh and chat with the servants are the kind who churn soap and towels. That hall boys come into possession of a great many secrets in the course of their varied hotel experience. There is a hall-boy up town worth \$3,000, all of which he had accumulated by the labor of a dozen years. That there isn't that lavish distribution of ice water that there used to be before the price of ice advanced. That country people's amusement is ringing the electric bell and asking a variety of ridiculous questions. That, as a rule, the toothpick stealers are not boarders, but men who enter the hotel ostensibly to inquire for friends.—Hotel Mail.

The Panning Lovers. While taking a stroll we came upon a young couple of lovers. We listened and the following conversation took place between the lovers: "Come, pet, and sit on my lap," said he, "tis an uneasy seat." "Thigh seat's like calf a seat," she replied. "Half a seat?" he said; "upon my conscience, it is over two feet." "Keep on ankle me, if you wish," said she. "If a man kills you heel do wrong," he replied. "Upon my soul, you are right," said she.

We ought to nail such puns, my darling," said he, and the conversation ceased and there was a sweet little cracking noise as if the pair were engaged in nailing the puns.—Whitehall Times.

Why a Woman Cannot Shoot Straight. A tramp gave a woman living in the suburbs of Galveston some impudence. So she rushed in and came out with a shot-gun. She did not see the tramp at first, but he rushed out into the street in plain view, and told her to shoot, which she did, and missed him, of course. He went up the street smiling, and remarked to his confederate: "That was a close call. If she had fired without seeing where I was, she would have plugged me certain, but as soon as she drew down on me I felt that my time hadn't come yet. I've been there five times before."

It is singular that it is impossible for a woman to fire off a gun without shutting her eyes and turning her head away.—Galveston News.

By the State Comptroller's report of 1879, it appears that the colored people of Georgia own 541,199 acres of land, which is equal to six and one-tenth acres per poll. This is an increase in holding by colored people from 333,769 acres in 1873, and shows a rapid growth in their wealth.

USEFUL HINTS.

To Restore Velvets.—Hold over a basin of boiling water, back down. It takes a long time, but the nap will rise.

To Clean Black Cassimere.—Wash in hot suds with a little borax in the water, rinse in very blue water, and iron while damp on the wrong side.

To Remove Stains from Linen.—Peel and slice two onions, extract the juice by pounding and squeezing; cut up half an ounce of fine white soap and add to the juice; two ounces of fuller's earth and half a pint of vinegar; boil all together; when cool, spread over the soiled linen and let dry on; then wash and boil out the linen, and the spots will disappear.

To Restore Faded Upholstery.—The following directions were recently given to a correspondent of the London Furniture Gazette: Beat the dust out of them thoroughly, and afterward brush them; then apply to them a strong lather of castile soap by means of a hard brush; wash the lather off with clear water, and afterward wash them with alum water. When dry the colors will be restored to their original freshness. When the colors have faded beyond recovery they may be touched with a pencil dipped in water colors of a suitable shade, mixed with gum water.

Lemonade.—Few persons understand properly the art of making lemonade. The lemon should first be rolled between the hands until it is quite soft, the skin removed with a sharp knife, and every pip extracted, the lemon being held over a tumbler that no juice may be lost in the operation. The pulp should then be divided into small pieces, and the sugar thoroughly mixed with it. Last of all, the requisite amount of water should be added. (Lemonade may be made in the same way as lemonade, using less sugar. They both should be iced. Imperial drink is made by adding a small teaspoonful of cream of tartar dissolved in boiling water to each pint of lemonade.)

Petroleum for Rustic Work.—"We see on every hand," says an exchange, "handsome rustic work falling to decay and becoming distorted by age. It is commonly made of a kind of wood which does not last long. Soak it thoroughly with crude petroleum when new, and it will remain unchanged indefinitely. A rustic summer-house on a shaded part of our grounds would have been unusually exposed to dampness and decay had not this been prevented a dozen years ago by petroleum. The peculiar brown color imparted by a mixture of the heavy oil remains unchanged; and a lattice-work of pine lath a fourth of an inch thick, fully exposed to dampness and weather, is as sound and unwarped as ever. The oil is now so cheap that there is no excuse for omitting its application, and it may be rapidly and easily brushed over the surface, and sunk into the pores with a wirebrush. Apply it heavily."

Dirty Old Pipes. Yes, it is true, as you remark, that Mr. Carlyle has been a diligent smoker of clay pipes for sixty years, and has done, notwithstanding, a vast amount of excellent work. It would ill become me to speak of him or his writings, except with profound respect. But, my dear editor, is he a cheerful man? Has he been generally a happy man? Do his later works show a better hope, a more buoyant spirit, greater faith in man and in his destiny, than those of his early manhood? His friends tell us that he has been a prey to indigestion all his days, and that he is the farthest possible from being gay or jocular. His last notable utterance, entitled "Niagara and After," sounded to me like the cry of despair, and as to his comments upon the late war of secession, was there anything ever written by a great man more perverse?

I am glad you approve of good dinners. I have the honor myself of eating 365 of them per annum, and leap years 366. I believe in a generously nourished and totally unstimulated life. At the same time I have never been quite a teetotaler, not being able to live up to my best conception. It is the coming man who will not drink wine. I am not he, as you know.

Goethe drank freely of the light wines of his country, as all the Germans do, but he was free from the taint of tobacco. He had a particular dislike of it. Voltaire, temperate in all else (except work), was a snuff taker, and had one of the prettiest snuff boxes in Europe. Both of them, I think, would have been better and happier if they had managed their bodily affairs a little better. Allow me, then, still to advise students, journalists, and all who labor with the brain, to throw away their dirty old pipes, put their cigars into the stove, never buy any more, become absolute teetotalers (or as near as they can), take a good dinner in the middle of the day, and rest as many days in seven as they can afford, but always one.—James Parton's letter to the Boston Herald.

Not Up on Goats. The goat is an every-day sight, and the man who does not study him and learn his ways and habits has only himself to blame. Saturday forenoon a "William" was quietly feeding on Columbia street when a load of household goods went past. The owner kept pace with the wagon, carrying under his arm a fine mirror about five feet long. As he came opposite the goat he met a friend, and of course he had to stop and tell why he was changing locations and how much he expected to be benefited. The glass was heavy, and the mirror dropped one end to the wall to rest his arm.

Had this man been a close server he would have seen the goat wished he had a brickbat. Had he the goat nature a study he would have known better than to lower the glass, but he was a man who despised the trifles of life, and he was telling how many of coal the new house would save this winter, when the goat, who had been getting mad for two long minutes, sight of a rival in the mirror, went through the glass like a thunderbolt, and jumped into the street with the clinging to his shaggy sides. All clapping, and raving, and cursing, and opening of front doors—all the day was an excited crowd, could have saved had the citizen but beckoned a small-est boy on the street and let him change away a few points of his wealth.