

A GENEROUS EMPLOYER.

When the Heart is Touched the Pocket Unlocks.

Sladicker was looking for work, and, hoping against hope, wandering into a dusty shop over in Covington, to make one more attempt to find something to do. He made his way to a melancholy-looking old fossil, with an appearance strongly suggestive of mildew, who had been pointed out as the boss.

"What's the prospect of getting a little work with you?" inquired Sladicker, in a tremulous voice, without the slightest idea that there was any chance whatever.

The old man straightened up from his bench, turned around, and gazed at Sladicker with watery eyes over his glasses, with a surprised, commiserating look, for several seconds, and then, as he mopped out his misty optics with the corner of his apron, he drew a sigh that seemed to start from away down the cellar somewhere, and said:

"Hch-h-h!"

"I'm looking for something to do, sir. I've been out of work since the middle of winter, and have a family at my back almost starving. If it wasn't for the little washing and cleaning my wife manages to pick up, soul and body couldn't have been kept together this long. I've walked the town over day after day, trying to find something to do, but all the shops are full, and nobody wants any body for anything. I'll work cheap, sir, and do my work well if you'll only give me a show; no matter if it's only for a few days. Can't you give me a lift with a little work?" and Sladicker scarcely breathed till the answer came.

The old man spread a mournful look over his face, fished out a few more signs of assorted sizes, took out his knife and began whittling at a stick, and then finally, with a twitching effort that seemed to hurt him somewhere, said:

"Ah-h—yes, I need help; but it just about breaks me to hire any body and keep things going. I discharged a couple of men last week, and had to sell a house and lot to pay 'em off. The longer I run the business the less profit I seem to have. I'd like to set you to work, but I don't see how I can afford it, or how I can manage to pay you. My wife has had bad luck getting her rent, and it does seem as though times was squeezing everybody to death. Perhaps you don't know how tight money is; it's monstrous hard to get. If you could kind o' bear with me, though, and take your pay as I could spare it, may be I could manage to give you a steady job—seems to me I could."

Sladicker jumped at the chance, and clinched the bargain at once.

He went home that night with a lighter heart than he carried for months, and brightened the eyes of his care-worn wife with the glad news that he had found work, and the children danced and clapped their hands when told they would soon taste meat again. Saturday night came but no money. During the next week he managed to secure fifty cents in three separate installments. The week following was barren of moneyed results. Sladicker began to feel desperate, but his importunities only brought forth the reminder of the terms of engagement. If he didn't like the situation, he could quit at any time. Sad experience had taught him that he could not well better himself, and he thought it wiser to retain the work until something better offered, feeling sure that he would secure the pay stipulated at some time. His employer was a man of much promise, and he trusted him, not wisely but perhaps, too well.

"If I could manage to get my board," Sladicker, "it wouldn't be so bad. It's hard enough for my wife to feed herself and the little ones, and I feel like a thief in sharing the little she brings in—it almost chokes me."

The employer brightened up and rubbed his hands, while something very like a smile struck an attitude between his nose and ears.

"Ah-h-um! Why, let me see," said he. "May be we can fix that. I get my flour and meat on credit—I guess I can board you. What's to hinder?"

And so it came about that Sladicker went to board with the hypocritical old fraud. A sorry day it was for him, too; for when he entered there the chance of other recompense was left behind. The old employer now had him completely in his web, and he would take good care to keep him there by seeing to it that he didn't so much as get the wherewithal to cross the river. It was a trick with him, and he never felt that he could depend upon his help as steady and permanent until he had brought matters to such a pass that they were glad to board with him.

About the second or third week Sladicker's little girl came over to see her father, with a most pitiable story, which she sobbed out to him. With raining tears and a choking voice, Sladicker went to the old fossil and entreated for money with which to relieve his suffering family.

"Mr. Bailey," said he, "I must have some money. My little girl has just come over and told me that my wife is down sick in bed; there ain't a bite of any thing in the house to eat, and I haven't even got so much as a bridge ticket to go over and see her," and the strong man broke completely down and wept like a child as he held out his hand for a part of his much-needed back pay.

The appeal was too much for the miserly employer, and could not be resisted. With the quickest movement he had ever made in his life, most likely, his hand was thrust into his pocket up to the elbow, and the next instant the trembling palm of Sladicker closed over a bridge ticket. Only that and nothing more.

We presume the reader will consider the above an idle exaggeration of fancy, but we have positive and reliable information that it was a real occurrence, and

happened in Covington, as stated—*Cincinnati Enquirer Table.*

How Victoria Became Engaged.

There have been published several newspaper accounts of how the Princess Victoria brought Prince Albert to the popping point. The following is the latest sketch of that delicate affair. It is not at all like the others, but reads pretty withal. It is by "Ignatius," a writer for the *London Figaro*:

Certainly the young queen thought less of England than of marriage. The ministers would fain have made her marriage a sort of international treaty. Beyond all doubt, Victoria was the finest match in the world. The queen, however, was full of a host of little projects, ever shifting and changing like the little heaps of sand the children raise in the garden of the Luxembourg. She told her mother she would wed with no one whom she did not love. The Duchess of Kent reported the speech to the ministers, who thought it revolutionary in the extreme. Coronation day came, and the next day the ball at Windsor. Among the dancers was a tall, handsome, slender student, from the University of Bonn—her cousin, a Coburg, like herself. The queen noticed him, and Prince Albert did not return to Bonn. Even had he not loved her would have stayed; and he loved. But his cousin was the queen! Here the woman had to make the advance. Victoria, deeply touched as she was by this love, (which was never more to leave her,) could not easily conquer the maiden timidity due to her severe education. Nevertheless the morning came. I assure you I invent nothing. Although the queen has not consented to relate these delightful incidents, Prince Albert has told them to his friends.

Nevertheless, then, a morning came. They were riding together, he and she, down the great avenue of oaks at Windsor. These oaks were younger then, but old enough already. After a gallop they found themselves alone. We know how dangerous it is for man and woman to ride together. Suddenly the queen took a sprig of honeysuckle from her bosom, and, stopping, offered it to Prince Albert. Bending to reach it, his lips touched the tips of his cousin's gloves, perhaps 'twas the fault of the horses. The woods of England and France know well how many loves the noble brutes have been the cause. A silence followed, more sweet than anything ever sung in the heart of Mozart.

Next morning Prince Albert still wore the honeysuckle in his button hole. He kept it even when it had faded. A fortnight after that ride the plenipotentiary minister handed King Leopold of Belgium a tiny letter, closed by an enormous red seal, as though it had a mighty secret of state. It began "My Dear Uncle," and was signed "Victoria."

A month later the queen mentioned her intention to marry Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Goth to her ministers. She asked their counsel, but with a pretty air of decision which caused them to reply with a "unanimous yes." The wedding took place on the 10th of February, 1840. The Queen of England married for love—Lord Melbourne was right when he told England that the queen's marriage was the queen's romance.

Art and Religion.

Bear us witness, ye poets and actors, ye painters and sculptors, ye singers and players upon instruments, that your arts have not saved the most of you from becoming petty and selfish men and women. You are jealous of one another. You are greedy of praise and the gold it brings. You know that there is nothing in your art that enlarges and liberates you, that restrains you from drunkenness and vices that shall not be named, that gives you sobriety and solidity of character, that enlarges your social sympathies, that naturally leads you to organizations for helping others outside of your own circle. Bear us witness, that you are not the men and women who are relied on for performing the duties of society. If we were all like you,—if all were controlled by the ideas that dominate you,—if all shared the duties of social and civil life like you,—if all were as much unfitted by their ideas and their employments as you are for carrying the great burdens of society, what do you suppose would become of the country, and what would become of the world?

Now if there is anything in art that can take the place of religion, we should like to see it. If there is anything in culture that can take the place of religion, it has not yet revealed itself. Culture is centered in self. Self is the god and self is the model of all culture. Why should it not ultimate in selfishness? Culture assumes that what is present in a man needs only to be developed and harmonized to lift character to its highest point, and life to its highest issues. It carries no idea of self-surrender, which is the first fact in practical religion of any valuable sort, and the first fact in all good development. Greece and Rome had plenty of culture, and are still our teachers in art, but the beauty that looked upon them from every hill and gate and temple could not save them from their vices. By and by, culture will learn how powerless it is to make a man that shall be worth the making, and what poor instruments science and art are for uprooting the selfishness that rules the world. It is slowly learning this, and men who have bowed low to her have been touched with that divine discontent which nothing but religion can allay.—*Dr. J. G. Holland; Scribner for July.*

Where? Stutterers cannot take time by the forelock. Two were at work at a forge. The iron was red-hot, and placed on the anvil, when the first one said, "John, s-s-struck it hard." The other

answered, "Jim wh-wh-where shall I hit?" "No m-m-matter now, it's got co-co-cold," was the reply, and the bar was put into the forge again.

A TEXAS VENDETTA.

A Tragic History of Neighborhood Quarrels in the Lone Star State.

[Galveston Correspondence Chicago Times.]

Allen's ranch is situated two miles below Harrisburg, on the railroad between Galveston and Houston, and is a very neat ranch, thoroughly American in constitution, and devoid of all the dirt, gear, and peculiarities of a Greaser ranch. It is owned by a prominent stock man named S. E. Allen, who has been figuring in a protracted and noted murder trial in this and a neighboring county, and in the supreme court, for the past six years. From the desperate scenes that were enacted there on the night of the 1st it will be seen that the ranch and neighborhood is to become the theater of one of those deadly and secret vendettas that mark the wilderness country, Illinois, so dreaded a few years ago, and ended in the death on the scaffold of Marshal Grain, and the imprisonment of Bulliner and others active in that feud.

Last Monday night at 10 o'clock, Jeff Black, while sick in bed at the ranch, was shot by unknown men. Allen was sitting on the side of the bed attending to Black's wants, when one of the window-shutters was turned up. Allen, thinking the stiff breeze from the prairie had caused the movement of the shutter, turned it down. Immediately the one on the other side was roughly thrust open and a double-barrelled gun covered both Allen and Black, and an effective shot followed its appearance, ten buckshot grazing Black's right cheek and four going through the skin of his neck. Black rolled out of bed, and Allen, pluck to the core, seized a gun and fired back at the men in the dark, who replied with a volley through the same window. One bullet passed through both sides of two houses. Three men are suspected as the firing party, and it is believed that one of them was wounded.

The reason why this is believed to be the commencement of a vendetta will be explained in the following tragic history: About six years ago, on Galveston Island, after dark, two men on horseback rode up to the gate of Green Butler's residence, and asked for refreshments and quarters for the night. Butler requested them to dismount and enjoy the hospitalities of his comfortable home, the door of which was never shut against mortal man. After a short conversation, the visitors drew pistols and shot Green down in his gateway, putting enough lead in him to insure work for the undertaker, and then rode away in the darkness. Although the shots were well delivered, Green lived just long enough to say that the assassins were Jeff Black and Andrew Walker, cow-boys employed by Allen. The dying declaration of Green Butler caused the arrest of the accused men, and they were tried in Galveston, and Walker was sentenced to death and Black to the penitentiary for life. Allen stood by the accused during the trial and spent considerable money in their behalf. After their trial Allen lost no time in making his appeals to the supreme court, and after a protracted trial by that august body the case was remanded for a new trial. The trial that followed elicited great interest, and resulted in a verdict similar to the first. Allen, true to his trust, bestowed the usual amount of attention on the supreme court, and it again set aside the action of the lower court. A change of venue to a neighboring county did not alter the affairs of Black and Walker in the least, and the death and life penalties were again fastened on them. Allen was in on time again before the supreme court, and Walker and Black were again prepared for a siege of law and lawyers, and went back to jail with a high opinion of the supreme court and Allen. These trials occupied six years, and rumor goes a good share in Allen's fortune, and the people were becoming tired of the fight between the courts. It was discovered that nearly all the most important witnesses had died—some hurriedly, and it was deemed advisable to let the prisoners out on bond. Allen, never faltering, was right up to the mark when the bond was called for, and Black, owing his friend Allen a debt of gratitude, concluded to go to the ranch and make it his home. Walker, it has been said, declined to leave the jail, fearing assassination at the hands of Green Butler's friends, and from the occurrences of last Monday night it will be seen that Walker is a man of more than ordinary judgment.

Recently Allen was on his way home on the afternoon train. A rough looking man, when the train was near a station, walked into the car, Allen was in, and asked, "Where is Allen?" That gentleman was pointed out to him. He stepped up to Allen, tapped him on the shoulder, remarking, "I am here to kill you," and drew a six-shooter. Before he could shoot, the passengers interfered, and the train just then reaching a station, the dangerous man stepped on the platform, and was joined by other rough fellows. When the train left, they mounted horses and rode away. A report came to Galveston from some secret source that six men drew lots to kill Allen, and the choice fell to the bungler who thought it an act of courtesy due to Allen to tell him that the proper time had come for him to step down and out; and, before making his important statement to Allen, he indulged in some of Watterston's elixir of life, and that accounts for Allen being yet alive.

From the above it will be seen that a bloody vendetta has commenced, and will not end until many of the interested parties in the evening tragedy down the island close their days in violence. —*Galveston News and Advertiser.*

Words of Wisdom.

Insult not misery, neither deride infirmity, nor ridicule deformity; the first is inhuman, the second shows folly, and the third pride.

The true pleasure of temperance, and the many benefits that follow sobriety, cannot be imagined by those who live dissipated lives.

In the moral as in the physical world, the violent is never the lasting; the tree forced the unnatural luxuriance of bloom bears it and dies.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

No species of falsehood is more frequent than flattery; to which the coward is betrayed by fear, the dependent by interest, and the friend by tenderness.

The great art of conversation consists in not wounding or humiliating any one, in speaking only of things that we know, in conversing with others only on subjects which may interest them.

No great man or woman has ever been reared to great usefulness and lasting distinction who was unschooled by adversity. Noble deeds are never done in the calm sunshine of summer's light.

Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains and make something grow, than that there should be

flashing and resounding in the heaven, and that the oak should be crushed to pieces which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow men.

Twenty Impolite Things.

Reading when others are talking.
Talking while others are reading.
Cutting finger nails in company.
Joking others in company.
Gazing rudely at strangers.
Leaving a stranger without a seat.
Making yourself the hero of your own story.

Reading aloud in company without being asked.
Spitting about the house while smoking or chewing.
Leaving church before worship is closed.

Whispering or laughing in the house of worship.
A want of respect and reverence for seniors.

Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.

Not listening to what one is saying in company.
Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.

Answering questions that have been put to others.
Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.

Laughing at the mistakes of others.
Fooling the Wrong Passenger.

When Whacker, "the magician," last visited our land, he found no greater admirer than Job Pennypacker.

Job himself had dabbled, in an amateur manner, in legerdemain; had made many shillings disappear through tables and reappear at the cry, "Presto, change!" could make six balls fly about in the air with the ease of an Indian juggler, and, even while bobbing about, vanish, to be found in the pockets of innocent bystanders.

And Mr. Whacker's mysterious performances were viewed by him with the sympathizing pleasure of a brother artist.

The "egg trick," which was, in brief, a seemingly inexplicable power of taking eggs out of anything, in any number and under any circumstances, particularly charmed him; and, seeking audience with Mr. Whacker he persuaded him to teach him the wonderful art, and soon found himself capable of delighting and astonishing his acquaintances.

He took eggs out of his grandfather's hat and his mother's workbasket, accused the postman of having brought him a dozen in a letter, and proved it on the spot.

And once or twice he played the old stock trick of the magician upon some market-woman by buying eggs of her, which he broke in her presence, taking from the shell not a yolk but a half-crown, and so setting her to smashing her whole stock, believing it to be the production of the veritable fairy hen who laid the golden eggs.

But even a wonder trick loses its charm when it has been played on one a hundred times.

Therefore, that the time and money which he had spent on the acquisition of the trick might not be wasted, Mr. Pennypacker turned his attention to the public, and upon the occasion of a journey practiced upon guards, porters and fellow-passengers to an astonishing extent.

It was upon a certain railroad that he last came upon as tempting an opportunity as he had ever offered him.

Opposite him rode an elderly woman, with a basket full of provisions, radishes, turnips, lettuce and new-laid eggs, and near her sat a stupid-looking young man, with his mouth wide open, his eyes almost shut, and both hands plunged into the pockets of a coat several sizes too large for him.

Mr. Job Pennypacker chuckled. Now he would play magician on a larger scale than ever before.

He would begin mildly, and then the "plot" should "thicken" as he went on.

Accordingly he stooped, apparently picked up an egg from the floor, which he handed to the old lady, with an indifferent "Here, ma'am, you've dropped this out of your basket."

"Thank ye, I'm sure," said the woman, and settled the egg comfortably amongst its fellows.

In a moment more, however, Mr. Pennypacker stooped again.

"I must say, madame," he said a little sharply, "that you are very careless with such brittle things as eggs. Here are three more on the floor."

"I can't understand!" cried the old lady. Why, there must be a hole in the basket. Why, thank you. I wonder they aren't smashed."

But there was no hole in the basket, and finally the old lady decided that there was "no accounting for them eggs getting out," and thrust them carefully under the lettuce and radishes.

By this time the attention of all the other passengers was aroused, and now was the moment for the final effort.

"The most singular thing I ever heard of," said Job. "Ah, ah! I understand it now; Don't you feel ashamed of yourself, sir?" and he frowned and nodded at the stupid young man with the big coat, who scowled at him in return.

"I ashamed? I haven't done nothin'," cried the young man indignantly.

"Do you call it nothing to rob this old lady of her eggs?" cried Job, with an air of virtuous disgust. "You have done nothing else since you entered the carriage; and you have a dozen in your pocket at this moment!"

"You're telling lies!" cried the young man. What do I want with raw eggs?

You'd better search me, and see whether I've got any eggs on me or no.

"I will then, sir," said Job, "and I call on my fellow passengers to be my witness. Ah! I thought so! Two eggs in your vest pocket. Here, madam. What! two more in the pockets of your trousers! Take them, madam, take them; and—bless me! his coat pockets are full of them! "Here, hand them over to the lady, some one. One—two—three—six—ten a dozen!"

"He ought to be ashamed of himself!" cried one of the passengers.

"It's perfectly dreadful!" exclaimed another—a woman.

"I feel the cold chills all over me when I think of it," sobbed the old lady. "Put him out!" yelled a chorus. "We don't want thieves here!"

"I haven't taken a solitary egg," said the young man, evidently trembling. "This here fellow is a devil—that's what he is. Well, find more eggs in my pocket, will you?"

"No more in your pockets," friend," said Mr. Pennypacker; "but in your hat. Ah, ah! I thought so!"

He snatched off the soft hat and looked into it with a stern eye, began to take from it one egg after another, while the old lady's astonishment and the indignation of the other passengers grew greater and greater.

Just at this instant the whistle shrieked, and the train slowly came to a stand still at Barkinton.

"I ain't goin' to stand this no more!" yelled Pennypacker's victim. "Let me go!" and wrenching himself from the amateur magician's grasp he rushed from the car, sprang to the ground, and was seen to dart up the road at a tremendous rate only pausing on the platform for a moment to pick up his hat, which his tormentor threw out of the window after him.

"It becomes my duty to explain," said Pennypacker, rubbing his hands and looking conceitedly about him. "That young man is as honest as any of us. I've only been teasing him a little. You've all heard of Whacker, the magician? Ah I see you have; and of his famous egg trick. Well, ladies and gentlemen, I learned the trick of Mr. Whacker while he was performing in New York, and I think you've seen enough to know I learned it tolerably—very tolerably, for an amateur."

"Astonishing!" cried one. "Astonishing!" echoed the rest of the passengers. But now the guard, a large man, slow of speech and sarcastic of smile, put in his word as he took Job's ticket.

"Well I suspected something of the sort," he said, "but I wasn't sure. You see, that fellow you tackled is a well-known pickpocket, and he is capable of stealing eggs or anything else. Perhaps you'd better examine your own pockets. He's very adroit, and if you've got off without losing anything, after being so near that fellow, you are a magician."

With a pale face Job Pennypacker began to dive first into one pocket and then into the other. With a paler one he sat down, leaving them all turned inside out and empty. His handkerchief was gone, his cigar case, pocket-book, containing one hundred and thirty pounds. Each of these caused him a new pang. He put his hand to his throat to unfasten his cravat, for Job Pennypacker was of an apoplectic habit, and easily lost his breath under the influence of agitation. Alas! a diamond pin of value had disappeared also. So, in a moment more he discovered, had the amethyst ring which he always wore on his little finger.

The passengers looked grim. The old woman with the basket looked quite a moral.

Job did not enjoy the joke. He got down at the next station and telegraphed the robbery to proper quarters. But he has never recovered his property, and the "egg trick" has forever lost its charm for him.

Saying and Doing.

His first battle tells the courage of the soldier. Many think before the battle that nothing can frighten them. When it begins they are panic-stricken, and disgrace themselves by cowardice. Col. Chester, of Connecticut, who commanded a company of his townsmen at Bunker Hill, used to tell a good story of two of his soldiers in that battle. A large and powerful man, standing by the side of a pale-faced youth of slender figure, said to his comrade:

"Man, you had better retire before the fight begins; you will faint away when the bullets begin to whizz around your head."

The pale stripling replied—

"I don't know but I shall, as I never heard one; but I will stay and see."

He did stay, and was seen by Col. Chester during the battle, calm and firm, loading and firing with good coolness. But the burly giant by his side was missing, and at the retreat was found alive and unharmed, secreted under a haystack. Boastful words and moral courage to face any danger rarely go together.

"Schouvaloff," said the czar the other evening, as the two sat smoking ten cent cigars on the steps of the ducal palace, "what sort of a snide rooster is that Beaconsfield, anyhow?" "Sire," returned Schouvaloff, as he struck a match on the sole of his patent-leather boot, "I could pull the wool over the home secretary, I could close up the eye of the new secretary for India, and I might even get Salisbury where the hair is short, but Beaconsfield is a man who won't have any taffy." "Did you try him with sugar?" inquired the czar, as he smashed a spring-style potato bug that was straddling into the parlor. "I had not thought of that," said Schouvaloff. "Then try him," said the czar, "and if that won't do, I guess we'll have to buy a few more American ships and sound the loud tocsin of war."