

The Hancock Jeffersonian.

INDEPENDENT THOUGHT—UNDISGUISED PURPOSE—AND UNTRAMMELED ACTION.
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Select Poetry.

Baby Rhymes.
The littlest baby,
The littlest baby,
In her cheeks the deepest dimples,
In her smile the sweetest smiles,
Papa takes the "precious treasure,"
Just as it begins to ooze,
And in mamma's arms she sits,
"Love me, darling, say you do!"

Six months now has baby gladdened
All the household with her gleams,
"Wah" and "moo" she came among us,
"Type of angel" party.
Oh, you sweetest baby,
Wendell we compare you?
Then we ask her mother's question,
"Love me, darling, say you do!"

Uncle, auntie, and dear granny,
Each contend for baby's laugh—
While the fascinated stranger
Asks us for her photograph.
Mentally what says baby darning?
"Woo-woo-woo-woo!"
This she answers to the query,
"Love me, darling, say you do!"

All good angels wait on baby,
To her path with roses strewn,
Brightly all the sunbeams round her,
As she glows with womanhood.
May her cheeks retain their dimples,
And her eyes be ever so blue,
When some manly voice shall whisper,
"Love me, darling, say you do!"

Select Story.

From the True Flag.
The Snow-Whorl.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER Moulton.

"Oh, dear, there's so many to wash, and little Sally Nash served, with a useful glance, the long table full of dishes."

Two years ago her mother had died. Mrs. Nash was a tender, gentle woman, living only in the happiness of her beloved ones, and she had made the first years of her little daughter's life very bright. When she died the bitterest pang was in the thought of leaving this, her only child, to the tender mercies of a world which is no way disposed to be merciful. When the death agony was upon her, she called the little one to her bedside and kissed her long and fervently; brushing back her thick curls with her pale hand and looking into her eyes with a steadfast gaze of hopeless love and sorrow.

"Oh," she faltered, "I can give up everything else, but I wish I could take you with me. I cannot bear to leave you in this cold world motherless, my child, my child. Better for you if you could go to sleep here on my bosom and never wake up again. I wish we could be buried together."

Deacon Nash was a kind-hearted man. His sympathies were quick rather than deep. Perhaps this was he had never understood the woman who for ten years had slept in his bosom. Her nature was very different. Her feelings lay deep buried in her woman's heart. Sometimes, like diamonds in the winding ways of a gloomy mine, they would flash out for a moment, giving the beholder a sudden, startling glimpse of the richness hidden within. Her love was like the course of a subterranean stream, which you could only trace by the sweeter fragrance of the flowers; the richer verdure of the grass.

Her husband saw things from a different stand point, therefore her words seemed to him incomprehensible. He had been sitting at his dying wife's bedside, his face bowed upon his hands, and the tears trickling through his fingers, but he raised his head now.

"I don't like to hear you say that, Sarah. If you must die, it isn't right to wish the child dead too. I want something left for me. After you are gone I shall love her better than anything else in the world."

A faint, and smile crossed the dying woman's face. She knew her husband better than she knew herself.

"You will be comforted," she murmured, in her low tones, but she did not remove her steady, questioning, sorrowful gaze from her child's face. She died with her hand twined in the girl's thick curls.

Deacon Nash was loud in his lamentations over the dead, but Sally was very quiet. No one ever saw her weep; and some persons, even, remarked that it was strange the child didn't seem to care more about her mother. But there were others, shrewd observers, who noticed that for months afterward a smile never crossed her face; that she scarcely tasted food, and grew so thin and pale, one might almost have thought that her dead mother's last kisses had drawn half the life from her childish veins.

For awhile, the good deacon did indeed seem absorbed in his child and his grief, but a time passed on, his wife's words came true—he was comforted.

He needed a housekeeper sadly. The sister, who had come to him when his wife first died, could remain no longer. He must procure some one to take her place. It was with this view he first called upon the Widow Bennett. But she was not willing, she told him, to leave her own home in the capacity of a housekeeper, and it all ended in his asking her to come in that of a wife, and bring her own three children with her.

She was a dominant, artificial, some said a hard woman; very different from the first Mrs. Nash. Little Sally's life, under this new rule, seemed more weary and desolate than ever, though so long as her father lived, she was secure from positive ill-treatment. There were not wanting those who whispered that Adam Bennett's bosom widow did not make the deacon's life a very happy one. He certainly did seem to grow old very fast. So that as it might, he was under his wife's full control, and they had not been long married before he had made his will, bequeathing to her the use of all his property, during her life. She had managed well in securing this hold in good season, for she had not been Mrs. Nash for quite a year, when the deacon fell a victim to fever, and was laid in peace by his gentle first wife's side. I think he died willingly. He was glad of rest.

Mrs. Nash kept Sally with her,

course. She had too high a regard for public opinion to do otherwise, but she made the orphan pay, many times over, in hard toil, for her morsel of food—her bed in the attic. Was an errand to be done, Sally was summoned. Sally made the beds, washed the dishes, and then, at night, Sally sobbed herself to sleep from off that dead child's face. Your voice cannot waken her, be it tones ever so tender, now. The sun may rise, and care and sorrow and toil go on, weaving the web of life as before—she shall toil no more.—The weary hands are folded. They can no longer be raised. The aching feet shall have a long rest.

On earth she had few friends, but God pitied her—He called her home, the angels waited for her—they will teach her their new song to-day; the snow was merciful—it has woven her a whiter shroud than mortal hands could fashion. Father, mother, child, stand together before the eternal throne—walk together the streets where the snow-fall never comes, and no voice shall ever say, "I am weary." Sally is gone home.—*Peterson's Mag.*

"SARAH NASH,

WIFE OF DEACON MOSES NASH,
Aged 31."

The second was but a few weeks after her father brought his wife home, and on this, the third, he too was gone and she was alone on the desolate earth.

She had worked all day—she was very tired—but now she must clear off the long table which had groaned under a weight of good cheer; round which Mrs. Nash had gathered her relations. Sally must not go to bed till the last dish was washed—she knew that. She got a high chair and set it before the closed door leading into the parlor. Then climbing upon it, she looked through the glass, over the door, into the cheerful room. Oh, how warm and bright it was. Her step mother sat, with her friends, before the fire.—Her gaily-dressed children were grouped around her. There was warmth and light and mirth for the living, but there was no one to speak a loving word to her—could the dead see her from under the grave mounds? She came back and looked again at the table. She sighed and said once more, in her low, sad voice, "Oh, dear, there are so many."

That was all. Then she began her task, and did not pause until it was done—the last dish laid in its place and the tables pushed back against the wall. It was only nine o'clock, but she did not go into the parlor. They had nothing for her to do—she had nothing for them. She took her candle and climbed wearily up stairs to bed.

Soon sleep closed her eyelids and brought with it dreams. At first they were pleasant ones. Her mother seemed with her again, and life was bright and hopeful. But, even in her sleep, trouble followed after the joy. She lived over again her wrongs, her oppression, her long sorrow. Then a voice seemed to speak to her. It roused her from her slumber. She thought those were her mother's tones. They seemed calling her to the churchyard. They told her that the heart underneath the grave-sod was troubled—that the dead was stirring in her grave. If she went there, she thought her mother could hear her moan—her mother, who seemed calling her again to her bosom.

"Come, come," called the far-off voice. The child started up wildly. She rose from her bed—she hurried noiselessly down stairs. She opened the outside door, just as the clock struck the hour of midnight.—The house was still. No one heard the light footsteps. She closed the door behind her and hurried on. The winds swept through and through her thin night gown—the hard earth out and gazed her bare, tender feet. But she was insensible to cold or pain. She hurried on. Only one thought was in her heart—her mother had called—she was going to her.

Across the fields she sped—into the church-yard gate—on, to those two graves beneath the willows—on, until she pressed fevered brow upon the bare sod above her mother's head.

And then the merciful snow began to fall. It covered up the letters on the head-stone, which the poor child had been tracing blindly with her fingers. It folded over the graves its white mantle of peace— it lay like a snowy veil upon that young virgin's brow. It clothed, like a garment, her limbs. It was more merciful to her than the world, but she heeded not its ministry.

All her senses were locked save one. She listened—eagerly—breathlessly—wildly. She listened for her mother's voice. Oh, was it fancy? Out of that grave sweet, low tones seemed to rise. She thought—it may have been only the snow-fakes—but she thought a soft hand rested upon her hair; she felt a spirit kiss upon her forehead. She lay on the cold, bare earth no longer—her head was lifted to a soft, loving bosom. She had found rest at least, and she murmured, as she had so many times done at her mother's knee,

"God keep little Sally, and take her to heaven when she dies."

And God, gently fell the snow; over the two graves; over the sleeping child; stop of the snow-fakes world.

They called in vain to little Sally, in the morning. She was not in the kitchen, she was not in the barn; she was not in her little bed in the attic. The clothes she had worn the day before hung across her bed's foot. Her shawl and hood hung in

Runaway Slaves Taken in Cleveland.

We learn that two colored boys, some eighteen or twenty years of age who had escaped from their master, a Mr. Jewett, of Tennessee, were taken at Cleveland on Monday, where they had been quietly at work in a hotel for sometime, and delivered to their master by process of Court.—On their way to Cincinnati, to be shipped by the river to their former home, one of them got off the cars at Carlisle Station, near Dayton, and when the train was ready to start, he refused to get on again.—The person having the boys in charge endeavored to force him upon the platform but the fugitive turned upon him, struck one of the conductors, and then made good speed for the country.

The cars could not be stopped for one negro, and the owner of the slave, was obliged to come on to Middletown with his remaining cargo, where he procured assistance and returned to Carlisle yesterday afternoon, in pursuit of the fugitive. The other boy was brought on to this city last evening, and is probably already beyond the reach of any other than slave law.

The escape of the boy at Carlisle, we understand, created quite an excitement on the cars, and served to greatly relieve the monotony of a fatiguing trip. The chase was rather animated for a minute or two. If the master followed the runaway, he stood the risk of losing his property remaining in the cars; so he wisely concluded to secure the bird in hand, and then beat the bush for his mate.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

A Tattler of Youth.

A pleasant, cheerful, generous, charity-minded woman, is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy, as it was at eighteen or twenty; and those who are old at sixty or seventy, are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passions, and feelings of which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits, and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by suspicions, by uncharitable feelings; by slander, by scandalizing, ill-bred habits, which, if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scripture says, a hundred years old.—There are many old women who pride themselves on being eighteen or twenty. Pride is an old passion, and vanity is as gray as the mountain; they are dry, heartless, dull, cold, indifferent; they want the wellspring of youthful affection, which is always cheerful, always active, always engaged in some labor of love that is calculated to promote and distribute enjoyment. There is an old age of the heart that is possessed by many who have no suspicion that there is anything old about them; and there is a youth which never grows old, a lover who is ever a boy, a Psyche who is ever a girl.

Miscellaneous.

The Moon's Influence.

The London Athenaeum says:—The belief in the lunar influence is of all countries and of all times. It extends beyond the belief in monthly periods. We will recall a circumstance connected with our own columns as far back as 1849.

Our readers will remember, that in December, 1848, Dr. Forester, of Bruges, announced to the Astronomical Society, that in weather journals kept by his grandfather, his father, and himself, from 1767, downwards, whenever the new moon fell on a Saturday, the following twenty days were wet and windy. The Society published this; and we expressed our approbation of their having done so, not having any idea that the statement had ever been made before.—Our correspondent, soon let us know that the Saturday moon had this character even in popular rhymes, that it is widely believed in among seamen, English, French, Spanish, and even Chinese. We referred the question to the Saturday moon moon of March, 1849, which was then coming; and this moon rather favored the theory; for after dry weather a little snow fell on the Saturday, and the following days were lower and rather wet. Now here is a curious circumstance: the whole world has the notion widely scattered, that a Saturday moon brings wet weather, and science has hardly the means of being positive in the negative. And this is only one such case; curious effects of the moon are in the popular belief by scores, and there is no refutation, except a priori, that is, no refutation at all.

Every 29 1/2 days is divided into two periods, one of which has many times as much moonlight as the other.—That the moonlight must have a great deal of heat when it leaves the moon is highly probable; that it has none when it reaches the surface of the earth is certain. What then becomes of all the heat which it seems almost certain the moonlight brings with it? Sir John Herschel thinks that it is absorbed in the upper regions of our atmosphere; and that some probability is given to this supposition by the tendency to disappearance of clouds under the full moon; a fact observed by himself without knowledge of his having been noticed by any one else, and which Humboldt, he afterwards found, speaks of as well known to the pilots and seamen of Spanish America.—If this theory be correct, there is a cause of weather cycles which must produce some effect; an enormous quantity of heat poured into the atmosphere during one half of the lunar month, and a very small quantity during the other half. In truth, it has been ascertained that the qualities of the rain which fall in the four quarters of the moon are not quite the same in the long run.

But the popular mind gets hold of the question in a different way. It seizes upon the geometrical phenomena of the moon, nothingness, halfness, fullness, and makes the moments of these appearances the times at or very near which change of weather is to take place. According to the recognized old notions, it is enough if a change of weather takes place within three days every month in which a change is set down to the moon. No wonder this theory is often confirmed. The whole question of moonlight—not position of the moon—both as to its effects on the weather and its asserted effects on vegetable and animal life, is in the earliest infancy, so far as systematic observation is concerned.

An Old Coin.

A wealthy Israelite living near Selma, Arkansas, has in his possession a silver shekel struck in the mint of Judea, 1750 years ago. It is about the size of a half dollar, but the silver is so impure that its intrinsic value is but fifteen cents. The owner would hardly part with the relic for as many hundred dollars. It has been in the family 560 years.

Why is a person propping a candle like a man getting off his horse?

Because he is a going to a light.

The Hands.

Nothing contributes more to the elegance and refinement of a lady's appearance, than a beautiful hand. A well-formed hand, white and soft, with tapering, rosy-tinted fingers, and polished nails is a rare gift; but where nature has denied symmetry of form and outline, it is easy, by proper care and attention, to obtain a delicacy of color and a grace of movement which will place it sufficiently near the standard of beauty to render it attractive. Gloves should be worn at every opportunity, and these should invariably be of kid or soft leather. Silk gloves or mittens, although a pretty contrivance, are not fulfilling the desired object. Night gloves are considered best from the unobtrusive substances with which they are prepared, to make the hands white and soft, but they are attended with inconvenience, besides being very unwholesome. A moderately warm bran poultice, laid upon the hands about once during a week, is a very excellent application. It must be remembered that the color of the skin of the hands, in common with that of the whole body, is dependent, in a great measure, on the general state of the health. The hands should be washed in tepid water, as cold hardens them, and predisposes to roughness and chaps, while water, beyond a certain heat, makes them shriveled and wrinkled. In drying them, they ought to be well rubbed with a moderately coarse towel, as friction always promotes a soft and polished surface. Stains from ink or other causes, should be immediately removed with salt and lemon juice—a bottle of this mixture should stand ready for use on every toilet. The soaps to be preferred are such as are free from all alkaline impurities. The palm of the hand and the tips of the fingers should be of a pale pink color. The growth and preservation of the nails depend in a great degree, upon the treatment they receive; they ought to be frequently cut in a circular form, neither too flat, nor too pointed. The root, which is sometimes called the half moon, from its crescent shape, should be always visible. It is whiter than the rest of the nail, and is connected with the vessels which supply the nail with nutriment for its growth and preservation. When the nails are disposed to break, some simple pomade should be frequently applied, and salt freely partaken of in the daily diet. A piece of sponge dipped in oil of roses and fine emery powder, gently rubbed on the nails, gives them a polish, and removes all inequalities.

Truthfulness.

Of all happy households, there is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when it happens that there is a liar in the house. All comfort has gone when suspicion has once entered.—When there must be a reserve in the talk and reservation in belief. Anxious parents, who are aware of the pains of suspicion, will place general confidence in their children; and receive what they say freely, unless there is strong reason to distrust the truth of any. If such an occasion should unhappily arise, they must keep the suspicion from spreading as long as possible, and avoid disagreeing the poor child while there is a chance of its cure by their confidential assistance. He should have their pity and assiduous help, as if he were suffering under some disgusting bodily disorder. If he can be cured he will become truly grateful for the treatment. If the endeavor fails, means must of course be taken to prevent his example from doing harm, and then, as I said, the family confidence is gone.

An Adventure in New Zealand.

The scene is Auckland, in New Zealand, and the dramatic personae, are the cannibal New Zealanders.—One day, having been led by curiosity to visit the market, and in consequence of the heat having suffered my shawl to slip from my shoulders, I met with the following adventure: A Maori drew near, and with sparkling eyes and fascinating smile took my arm between his arm and forehead, he said distinctly pronounced the word *maki*, which was recognized by the surrounding crowd, conchoked by evident symptoms of approbation. The man appeared to be some sort of a chief; he wore, besides his scanty and dangling fringes, an old regimental cap, a stiff-leather collar, and spurs upon his stickle heels. He was accompanied by a kind of aid-de-camp, who was attired in a European coat sleeve which reached from the waist to the elbow of one arm. Perceiving my hearers laugh heartily at the compliment which had been paid me, I inquired the meaning of the word *maki*. "Very good," was the reply. "But how can they tell whether I am good or otherwise?" "Oh, very easily. The man of the cap, collar, and spurs means his compliment to be taken *au pihanga*, not *au moral*, as with us." "I understand; he means to insinuate that my appearance pleases him." "Not exactly that either—the fellow wishes to imply that you are young, plump and tender—in a word just fit to be eaten!" I must own that a cold shiver seized me from head to foot, and that I no longer sought to prolong this hazardous promenade along the cannibal Maori.—*Ed. Mowbray's Journal.*

When that Note Was Due.

A man in Boston (of course) was sorely prosecuted by an avaricious business acquaintance, to pacify whom he was obliged to "settle," and not wishing to pay over a few hundred in cash, he drew up a note obligating himself to discharge the account after a specified date of time. The creditor, who was poked for his "sticking principle," was not, in justice, really entitled to the money; but when thirty days after date expired, he anxiously presented the note for payment, the debtor, instead of meeting it, replied,

"The note is not yet due, sir."

"But it is, though. It reads 'Thirty days after date. I promise to pay so and so, and thirty one day have elapsed since the date thereof; and so—"

"I don't care if thirty-one years have elapsed since the date of the note, I shall contend for its immaturity," answered the debtor, interrupting the not very good humored note-holder, who soon made his exit, slamming the street door after him, muttering incoherently about law, judgments, executions, etc.

In a few days both parties were before a magistrate, who, on concluding the investigation, proclaimed that he must certainly award judgment against the debtor for the full amount of the note, and the cost of the prosecution besides.

"And what then?" inquired the defendant of the judge.

"I shall issue an 'execution,' if the plaintiff desires," returned his honor.

"To be sure—I want one immediately," bawled the plaintiff, whose countenance revealed his determination to allow no mercy, as he urged his way as near the judge as possible.

"You are resolved upon a judgment and execution?" demanded the defendant.

"I am," replied the judge, taking up his pen to record the same.

"To be sure we are," coincided the plaintiff with a chuckle.

"I presume your honor can spell correctly?" said the defendant, as he picked up his hat, and set it further upon the table before him.

"Insolet!" exclaimed the judge, choking with rage.

"Will you oblige me by carefully spelling and reading the first line in that valuable document?" urged the defendant, disregarding the anger of the magistrate, and directing his attention to the note that lay before him.

The judge looked at the note and then at the defendant, but probably thinking it best to take it coolly, proceeded to do as requested, and read aloud, in a very loud style:

"Thirty days after date, I promise to—"

"Stop!" shouted the defendant, "you don't read it right."

"I do," was the judge's response.

"You don't!" returned the defendant; "I thought you couldn't spell!"

The judge was now boiling over with rage, and smote the desk before him so violently with his clenched hand, as to cause those who stood about him, including the expectant plaintiff, to retreat a few paces in double-quick time.

"Keep your temper, judge, or we shall be obliged to have the case transferred to another court, where the magistrate understands the art and mystery of spelling words of one syllable, and doesn't make a fool of himself by kicking up a row and smashing office furniture. There, you may keep your seat, and tell those present what the first line of that note says," said the defendant, with a coolness that surprised the audience and puzzled the judge.

Having again glanced at the document, and appearing to detect something that had, until that moment, escaped his perception, the judge proceeded to read:

"Thirty days after death, I promise to pay—"

"Right!" exclaimed the defendant, "you can spell, I see."

"That note is not due, gentlemen, until thirty days after death," proclaimed the magistrate, the case is accordingly dismissed, and the court adjourned until to-morrow morning.

"What!" exclaimed the plaintiff, "am I thus fooled? Villain!"

The unexpected and ludicrous conclusion of the suit threw the whole assembly, save the unlucky plaintiff, into an uproarous fit of merriment, which having subsided, they separated and dispersed. The note is not due yet.

Meeting of the Unemployed in New York.—The Battle of the Leaves.

The unemployed of New York city, continue to hold meetings. On Tuesday one of these gatherings was addressed by an old lady over fifty, who proposed to give concerts during the winter for the benefit of the poor. Her name is Madame Teresina G. Rank.—She also states that she appeared among them by the advice of Mayor Wood. The following is a fair sample of the speeches made by the men:

McGuire championed the Mayor, and closed:

"We never will see while there's a man in the land that made employment an 'noo, let us, with a vier voce voice give three cheers for the Mayor that said in the board of Councilmen to sign the bill."

On Wednesday they went again to Tompkins square, and this time made demonstrations on the German and Irish women, who had been exciting them.—The crowd succeeded in occupying with

no more serious damage than the banging up of their hats. They next upset a German baker's handcart, which had in it about fifty loaves of bread, robbed him of every loaf, and then ran into the square, pelting every person they met with the loaves. The poor German was utterly astonished at this, and after pouring forth a torrent of German imprecations, he too, ran for his life.

Another German baker named Steinhardt, attempted to cross the southern end of the park with a basket of bread on his back. A rush was made for him as soon as he entered the park; he was knocked off his feet, and the basket tumbling over, scattered all his bread, which the mob seized and pelled him with it.

One German who was attacked and taken about for some time, and then left, being asked what he had done, replied, "Nichts, nichts, es ist ein Schauspiel!"

The mob was principally Irish. They then marched to the City Hall, and in the afternoon a committee of workingmen waited on Controller Flagg to know what he intended to do in the matter of the Central Park appropriation. The Controller assured them that he would do everything in his power to facilitate their benefit. The bonds to raise \$250,000 could not be taken until they had been advertised a week, but, under such circumstances, he would feel justified in advancing money from the public treasury, at the rate of \$6,000 per week, which would at \$1 a day, employ 1,000 laborers, and each man would receive his pay at the end of each week. With this arrangement the committee were highly elated, and returned their warm thanks to the Controller. The Commissioners will probably commence in a day or two.

In the afternoon there was nothing done in the Park but to look on. Every body was a spectator. The slightest incident caused great excitement and great movements of the crowd during the morning; even the arrival of a carriage would set them all running. Toward 4 o'clock the assembling diminished rapidly, and before dusk there was nothing unusual to be seen.

Do Animals Reason?

One pleasant day, last summer, a small party embarked in a wherry to Rugs Island, lying just below the railroad bridge, which crosses Squam River, Gloucester. In the boat was a Newfoundland dog. As soon as we had disembarked, we observed, at a short distance, about a dozen cows, and an old lame horse feeding. The dog also espied them, and accordingly rushed toward them, barking at the top of his voice. This attack started the cows, and they began to retreat with considerable speed. The horse was selected as the main object of his assault, and limped away as well as he could.—The cows huddled together in a

A Sprited Bride.

A couple was going to be married, and had proceeded as far as the church door. The gentleman then stopped his intended bride, and thus unexpectedly addressed her:

"My dear Eliza, during our courtship I have told you much of my mind; but I have not told you the whole. When we are married I shall insist upon three things."

"What are they?" asked the lady.

"In the first place," said the bridegroom, "I shall sleep alone, I shall eat alone, and find fault where there is no occasion. Can you submit to these conditions?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very easily," was the reply; for if you sleep alone, I shall not, if you eat alone, I shall eat first, and as to your finding fault with me, I will not be prevented, for I will take care that you shall not want occasion."

The conditions being thus adjusted, they proceeded to the altar, and the ceremony was performed.

For the Boys to Read.

Johnny Wilson was sitting on the stairway, crying as though his young heart would break. I took him by my lap, and told him to tell me why he was crying.

"Billy Johnson was just above me in the spelling class, and because I turned him down, he got angry. At noon I was flying my kite on the plain; he came up and asked me to let him fly it. Thinking it would make us good friends I let him; but on purpose he let it go into a tree, and tore it. I'll be revenged, yes, I'll be revenged!"

"Do good for evil," said I.

"I will try," came sweetly from Johnny's lips.

That evening, as Johnny was engaged in a famous game of ball, Billy came up and wished to play, but could not, as he was odd.

"Here, Billy, you may take my place," said Johnny.

Billy looked at Johnny a moment in silence, and then said, "Johnny, I tore your kite; I am sorry; mine is behind that tree, it is yours; and after this we shall be good friends."

That night as Johnny knelt and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," he felt he had forgiven one who had trespassed against him.

Neatly Done.

Col. Witte, of New Orleans, heard somebody knocking about the hall, upon which the door of the bedroom opened. Suspecting a thief was in the house, and wishing to do the villain a damage, he arose, threw open the door, cocked a brace of pistols, and sat down to await the invader, and fell asleep. The invader, seeing two pairs of pantaloons, and a vest, pocketed the gold and fifty cents in money, stole a valuable gold watch, took the gold studs out of the shirt of the slumberer, and reluctantly departed. The laurels of Jack Sheppard must wither before this predatory exploit. Thieves are very daring sometimes. One entered a gentleman's room in the Carlton House, several years ago, for the express purpose of getting a splendid diamond pin worn by the aforementioned gentleman. He hid from the present in his shirt front, and lay in such a position that the coveted jewel could not be taken without awakening him. The thief sat at the bedside three hours, waiting for the gentleman to do what is done to fried eggs—turn over; but he remained quiet and saved his pin. The thief confessed to this affair, after having been imprisoned on a sure thing, perpetrated elsewhere.

A Curious Sketch.

An odd anecdote is being told of Meissonier, the great forest artist. He was lately dining at Brussels, and among the company was Baron de Knyff, who exhibited lately some charming landscapes at Palais d'Industrie. Smoking was the order of the day, and Meissonier, while lighting his cigar, took it into his head to make a sketch on the table cloth with the burnt end of the match. The Baron kept lighting matches, and as soon as a valuable carbonized, placed them close to the French painter, and by the time he finished his second cigar, he had finished a charming sketch of an old renter, beautifully executed. When the evening was over M. de Knyff took the table cloth, folded it up, and going down to the mistress of the establishment, said: "Maitre, be good enough to lock up this table cloth with great care. To-morrow I will call for it and pay you the value of it." "But, sir," was the answer, "I must at least get it washed."

"Nothing of the sort," said the Baron. "I wish to have it just as it is, with all its spots and marks." The next day, accordingly, he came and took away the precious table cloth, which he has since had framed in a curious style, with a double frame, the sketch being placed in the smaller one, and the rest of the linen carefully arranged in the space between the frames. It is said that an amateur has already offered M. de Knyff \$5,000, for it.

Nobody can stand in awe of himself too much.

Neither believe rashly, nor reject obstinately.

The world makes us talkers, but solitude makes us thinkers.

Next to my friends, I love my enemies, for from them I first hear my faults.

Weep for love, but never weep; old rain will wash it away.

group, and passed around among each other for a few moments, apparently consulting on what was best to be done. Finally they came forward in a body, covered the breast of the old horse, and took the head themselves. They then moved deliberately toward the ground, and having presented to the dog, and drove him back to his part, they continued to rap him, till he at length ceased his attacks, and then retired to a grassy spot to graze as before. These cows actually protected their lame associate from the assaults of their noisy invader.

Johnny Wilson was sitting on the stairway, crying as though his young heart would break. I took him by my lap, and told him to tell me why he was crying.

"Billy Johnson was just above me in the spelling class, and because I turned him down, he got angry. At noon I was flying my kite on the plain; he came up and asked me to let him fly it. Thinking it would make us good friends I let him; but on purpose he let it go into a tree, and tore it. I'll be revenged, yes, I'll be revenged!"

"Do good for evil," said I.

"I will try," came sweetly from Johnny's lips.

That evening, as Johnny was engaged in a famous game of ball, Billy came up and wished to play, but could not, as he was odd.

"Here, Billy, you may take my place," said Johnny.

Billy looked at Johnny a moment in silence, and then said, "Johnny, I tore your kite; I am sorry; mine is behind that tree, it is yours; and after this we shall be good friends."

That night as Johnny knelt and said, "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," he felt he had forgiven one who had trespassed against him.

Col. Witte, of New Orleans, heard somebody knocking about the hall, upon which the door of the bedroom opened. Suspecting a thief was in the house, and wishing to do the villain a damage, he arose, threw open the door, cocked a brace of pistols, and sat down to await the invader, and fell asleep.

The invader, seeing two pairs of pantaloons, and a vest, pocketed the gold and fifty cents in money, stole a valuable gold watch, took the gold studs out of the shirt of the slumberer, and reluctantly departed. The laurels of Jack Sheppard must wither before this predatory exploit. Thieves are very daring sometimes. One entered a gentleman's room in the Carlton House, several years ago, for the express purpose of getting a splendid diamond pin worn by the aforementioned gentleman.

He hid from the present in his shirt front, and lay in such a position that the coveted jewel could not be taken without awakening him. The thief sat at the bedside three hours, waiting for the gentleman to do what is done to fried eggs—turn over; but he remained quiet and saved his pin. The thief confessed to this affair, after having been imprisoned on a sure thing, perpetrated elsewhere.

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