

General Miscellany.

SHELLING PEAS.

Pink-sunbonnet heaving down (O'er a fair face half a frown) Basket tipped upon her knees— Basket busy shelling peas.

Looking o'er the garden wall, Youthful figure straight and tall, Lounges with a careless grace, Straw hat pushed off sunny face—

And a pair of lazy eyes Look with cool and calm surprise On the fingers plump and white— Shelling peas with all their might.

"Such a little busy bee! Prais to shame poor thriftless me!" And a yawn, half made, half real, To these words give sign and seal!

Pink-sunbonnet nods assent, Fingers give the pods a vent, As though saying, "Were these you, I'd soon show you what I'd do!"

"So you think I ought to be Quite ashamed of this 'poor me,' Who bewails his lazy life, And to better it tries now?"

Pink-sunbonnet gives a nod, Tracks a fresh new glistening pod, Which exploding seems to say, Answering for her, boldly, "Yes."

Lazy-eyes dart a quick look, Naught but silence will they brook; Bending closer they peer down, "Nearth the bonnet's clumsy crown."

"I would toil and strive each hour, Working with a will and power, Had I sought to work hard for— Some sweet bright reward in store."

Pink-sunbonnet laughs out now; And the face is all aglow, As she answers, pointing down To her basket, with a frown—

"Lots of shell and little peas! Words are well and sometimes please; But words are shell—its fruit we need; Talk is easy—prove by deed!"

Quick the lazy-eyes flash fire, And their owner bends down nigher, Till the color in his cheeks Fades and flickers as he speaks—

"Ah, but 'tis within the shells That the perfect fruit first dwells; All my words I'll prove right true, If my reward may be you!"

Pink-sunbonnet's still and dumb, Busy fingers quite o'ercome; Drop the basket off the knees, And down roll the half-shelled peas.

"See, you work in vain alone— Without help naught can be done; May I then through our lives be Hippamate to you joyally?"

Two brown hands clasp fingers white; Lazy-eyes grow clear and bright; Pink-sunbonnet, "gainsat her will, Looks up with cheeks pinker still.

And again it gives a nod— Then a noise— "Was it a pod? Something sounded. As you please, It all happened—shelling peas!" —Fornay's Weekly Press.

JOE GORTON'S PASSENGER.

The day was drawing to its close, chill and raw. Lake Village was almost always gusty, but just now the wind was having its own way more than usual, and any passer through the long, bleak street, happening to glance in at the window of the little water-side tavern, might well have been tempted by the bright fire and good company inside the bar.

They were the usual afternoon loafers, with the exception of one small, wiry-looking man, a stranger, who had stopped to take a glass of something hot, and who at the moment, was evidently the center of the general interest.

"But what is it you know, anyhow, stranger?" asked one of the group. "Come, now, among friends."

"Never you mind," answered the man addressed, "I know enough to shut up John Sawyer a pretty spell, if not to make him swing, and I know how to tell it when the right time comes, don't you be afraid for that. The day's getting on," he added, abruptly, rising and turning toward the window, "and your duck-pond there don't look over-agreeable just now. Who's a good boatman hereabouts? for, if I'm split, I can't swim."

"Joe Gorton's your man," was the answer; "he couldn't tip over if he tried, couldn't Joe."

"Why don't you wait till to-morrow, stranger, if you're afraid o' the weather? and them clouds over there do look kinder pesky," said the landlord of the Lakeside House, turning a practiced eye on the gray mingling outlines of lake and sky.

"Well, fact is," said the other, "I'm acquainted over in Milham, and, if it's all the same to you—with a wink— I'd rather be there than here; so, if you'll hunt up this Joe What's-his-name, I'll be obliged."

The landlord, resenting the wink and the implied insinuation, opened the door and called out, rather sulkily, to some one in the next room: "Marry, run down to the water and tell Joe there's a passenger here."

In another minute the house door closed, and a tall, slight girl's figure, with a shawl over its head, might have been seen hurrying down to the water-side.

Joe Gorton, busy about his boat, heard his name called, and, looking up, saw the girl Marry. The sharp wind had blown out stray locks of her crisp, black hair from under the red shawl, but the hectic in the cheeks, and the feverish brightness in the dilated eyes, were not all the wind's work. She came close to the young boatman, who raised himself up, leaning her.

"Joe," she said, "there's a passenger waiting up to the house;" she laid her hand on his arm, and glanced cautiously round before adding, in a whisper: "Joe, if once that man reaches the other side, it's all up with father."

"What's that, Marry?" said the boatman, looking wonderingly at her. "I tell you I heard it; he'll bring it home to him, he says so, he's come a-purpose. It's father's chance clean gone if you take him across."

"Do you mean I should refuse to take him, Marry?" said Joe, slowly.

"What good would that do?" said the girl, impatiently. "Kelley or some of 'em would take him fast enough; what's father's life against a fare? No, it's you must take him, Joe, and then, if anything happens, sinking her voice to a meaning whisper, "nobody but you and me's the wiser."

Joe started back. "Marry, what's that you're thinking?"

"I can't help it!" cried the girl passionately, twisting her fingers in the shawl-

fringe so that it snapped; "he's my father, and never was a better but for the drink—you know yourself, everybody says so—and, if you could hear that man up there laughing and boasting he'll hang him! Joe, you'd find it hard to keep your hands off of him; but I don't ask you to do so much as touch a finger to him, only, if the boat turns over, he can't swim. I heard him say so, and then father's saved, an' nobody the wiser, for the best boatman that ever was might have an accident on a squally evening like this."

"There, there, Marry, be still, poor girl, you don't know what you're saying," interposed Joe.

"Yes I do," said she passionately; "never you think that, Joe Gorton. I tell you it lays with you to save father or kill him; yes, and me too, for if they hang him I'll never live over the day, and that I swear, so you choose between us. Hark!" she turned to listen. "I can't stay." She pressed her hand hard on his shoulder, looking up piteously in his face. "Joe, if ever you cared for me, save that poor old man!" And before he could answer she was gone, leaving him looking after her like one in a dream.

The clouds were getting lower and heavier as the boatman set off with his passenger.

"Looks as if we should have a spell of weather," said the latter, glancing from the leaden sky to the leaden water. "Hope you're what they cracked you up to be, for if I got a ducking here I shouldn't find myself again in a hurry."

"Well, I'm as good as they'll average, I reckon, mister—I didn't hear your name," said Joe, looking up inquiringly.

"Peter Groom is my name, and one I ain't ashamed of; it'll be pretty well known in these parts by this day week, I'm thinking," and the man smiled a smile not pleasant to see.

"How's that?" said Joe, anxious to betray no previous knowledge.

"I've come to give evidence in a trial that's coming off in your county town," answered Groom, motioning toward the Milham shore. "I've traveled nigh five hundred miles on purpose to do it, and I'd travel five hundred more if 'twas needed."

"Is it the Sawyer trial you mean?" asked Joe, carelessly. "People have been saying there ain't evidence enough to make a case, but I 'spose then there's something new turned up?"

"I should rather think so; something that'll make a case'll hold John Sawyer as tight as his coffin."

Joe clinched his hand on his oar. He was beginning to understand Marry's hatred for this man, with his open exultation in the ruin he was going to work.

"I'm sorry for the old man," he said, after a pause, "and so are the folks about here. Wilson was known for a bully, and, if Sawyer really done it, 'twas that—that and drink, for when he's himself he wouldn't hurt a worm."

"You've no need to tell me what John Sawyer is," said the other, shortly. "I knew him before you was born, before he ever came to these parts."

"Well," said the boatman, "you've a queer notion of old acquaintance' sake then, that's all."

"I'll give him a swing for old acquaintance' sake, if I can," replied Groom, with a scowl.

Joe drew a quick breath. "Can you do that?" he said.

"That or a lifer. I tell you, my man, I saw it done."

"You saw Sawyer kill Wilson?" exclaimed Joe, stopping short on his oars.

"I saw him strike the blow that killed him, and that comes to pretty near the same thing, I take it."

"But how is it you've kept back all along?"

"Well, it's like this," said Groom, who appeared to be in a more communicative mood than a while before. "The day of the murder—to begin at the beginning—I happened to be passing through Milham, and stopped over a train there to see a man I had dealings with. He lived a little out of the town, a lonesome road, part of the way across some fields. I did my business, and started back again alone, as I had come. Half-way, or thereabout, I heard a kind of cussing and quarreling in the next field—tight close to my ear it seemed, only I couldn't see anything for the high hedge. 'What's up?' thinks I, 'might as well take a peep.' 'Twas an uncommon fine evening; moonlight you could almost see to read by, and I knew Sawyer as soon as I set eyes on him. His face was turned exactly to me, and ugly enough it looked then. The next minute I saw him strike out, and the other man went down like a log."

"And you let him lay?" interrupted Joe, in excitement. "You never called for help, nor nothing?"

"What for?" said Groom, carelessly. "I thought 'twas just a drunken quarrel—I knew what Sawyer was—and I left 'em to settle it between themselves. I had to look sharp for the next train, so I hurried back to the hotel, and none too soon either. I never thought again about the matter, till the other day I happened to hear that John Sawyer was going to be tried for murder, and, talking this way and that, I found the time and the general circumstances agreed with that evening—so, then, I knew I had seen the thing done."

Groom paused a moment, and when he resumed it was in an abstracted tone.

"'Twasn't particularly convenient for me to leave my business just then; if it'd been anybody else, I'd likely have left the poor devil to sink or swim as might be, but John Sawyer! I tell you," he continued, through his set teeth, as, catching the boatman's eye, he appeared suddenly conscious of a listener, "I'd let all I've got go to rack and ruin for the pleasure of seeing John Sawyer stand there, a disgraced and convicted man, and saying to him, 'Twas me that did it!'"

There was something in Joe Gorton's breast on which the fierce words and manner jarred painfully. He was no preacher, this poor untalented boatman; he did not know how to tell the man before him that his promised revenge was cruel and cowardly; but yet he felt that, even setting aside Marry's interests, there was something in it which roused all his instincts of resistance. He shook his head as he thought about it.

"That's a feeling I can't make out," he said, half aloud.

"Can't you?" said Groom, shortly, suppressing the remark addressed to himself. "Have you got a sweetheart young man?" he added, abruptly, after a short pause.

"A sweetheart?" repeated Joe, starting at the associations connected with the question, and the man who put it.

"Well, you have no cause to be shy of owning it," said Groom, who had noticed the movement. "A sweetheart, when she's the right sort, is what no man need be ashamed of. I had one myself when I was your age—" he stopped a moment—"I don't 'spose you'd often see her like, I never did. There was a girl up at that place, that tavern there, had a kind of look of her about the eyes and forehead, but nothing to compare—I had a friend, too—well, it ain't much of a story, Groom broke off with a dry laugh, "and I don't hardly know why I tell it at all, only, maybe, it'll help you to make out what seems to puzzle you. The lung and the short of it is, that my friend—mind that, youngster! my friend cheated me out of my sweetheart. I ain't much to look at, I know, never was, but I could care for a woman just as much as if I'd been six foot high, and fresh as a rose, and I'd take my oath she cared for me too, till he come between us with a false tongue enough to turn any girl's head. Well, he come off first best; she left me and went away with him. I swore then, boy," said Groom, looking darkly in his listener's earnest face, "that, if ever my day come, I'd be even with John Sawyer; I never thought 'twould, but it has, and do you think I'll let my chance slip now? No!" and the man brought down his fist with a force that shook the boat-side.

"That was hard lines, sure enough," said Joe, thoughtfully, "but, Mr. Groom, you was speaking just now of a girl up at the tavern there? She's my sweetheart, and," added the boatman slowly, "she's Sawyer's girl, his only child."

"No!" exclaimed Groom, evidently moved by the intelligence. "Hetty's child," he muttered to himself, "Hetty's child!"

"Yes," said Joe, eagerly, "don't forget whose child she is, and that you'll make her suffer along with the old man."

"Ah," said Groom, "that's all very well, but I don't forget neither whose child she is on the other side. No! I'm sorry for the girl, and for you, youngster, since you've an interest in her, but I'd have my pay out of John Sawyer now, if I was to die for it."

Joe's grasp tightened convulsively on his oar. Was the man crazy, thus to make a boast of the misery he would cause before one whose advantage and opportunity it alike was to insure his silence? who had him almost as completely at his mercy here on this unfamiliar element as if they two had been alone all the earth? If he were to die for it! Every plunge of the dark water seemed to be repeating those words. The boatman roused himself with a start at the sound of his passenger's voice.

"You're a pretty feller, ain't you, now," said the latter, resuming the subject in a lighter tone, "wanting to per-suade me to cheat justice after that fashion?"

"As for that," answered Joe, "you said, yourself, if it had been anybody but Sawyer you wouldn't have troubled to hunt him down, and I can't see as that's any better notion of justice than mine. Besides," he added, gravely, "the old man's got his death sentence a'ready, if that's what you want; what with the drink, he ain't the man he used to be, and the night of the quarrel he got a cough that's tearing him all to pieces; the doctors say he can't live long, nohow."

"He'll live long enough to make the acquaintance of a rope's end, I reckon," said Groom with a coarse laugh, "and that's all I care about."

The brutal words and manner roused the lurking devil in Joe Gorton's heart. He stammered out a curse, inarticulate for passion.

"Eh?" said Groom, catching the sound, but not the words, "what's that you say?"

The boatman stopped rowing, and leaned forward till he almost touched Groom where he sat.

"Just put yourself in the old man's place for a minute," he began, with an effort, speaking quietly. "S'pose there was somebody'd got the chance and the will to get shut o' you, just as you have of old Sawyer—"

"What are you driving at now?" interrupted Groom. "There ain't nobody, as I know of, has got either—more look for me!" he ended, with a laugh.

"Ain't there?" said the boatman slowly. "You talk about justice, Mr. Groom," he resumed, "but it ain't justice you've set out to do—it's murder. You've got the law on your side, as it happens, but all the same, as far as you're concerned, it's murder—as bad, for what I can see, as if somebody—as it might be me—said Joe, looking fixedly in the other's face through the growing dusk, "somebody with a motive, no matter what, for wanting to be rid of you, getting you all alone—as it might be here—out of sight or help, should just put you quietly out of the way—"

"Hey! d'ye mean to threaten me?" cried Groom, springing up. Just then the breaking gust struck sharp on the boat's side that, left to her own guidance, had drifted round; she gave a lurch and a bound that sent Groom, who, in starting back, had lost his balance, overboard like a shot.

Joe stared for an instant at the empty place opposite, hardly comprehending what had happened so quickly, then, sudden as the lightning darting through the black sky above him, it flashed into his mind that here were silence and safety, and that through no act of his. "Why not profit by the accident? Why not, in the man's own spirit, in his very words, 'leave him to sink or swim, as might be?' But Joe could no more be deceived by his own, than by others' sophistries; a voice within him cried: "If you leave this man to die, you are his murderer!" A great surge of horror and remorse for the thought that had been in his heart seemed to sweep him away, and before the second lightning-bolt could tear the clouds he had thrown himself after Groom.

When the two rose together, the boat was nowhere in sight. There was nothing now for it but to strike out for the shore. Luckily, the Milham side was not now very distant; still, it was a hard stretch through the numbing water, encumbered, as he was, with his heavy clothing and the weight of Groom, who, moreover, himself completely helpless, held him with a nervous clutch that half strangled him. By the time they neared the shore, his strength was pretty well spent, but growing lights gave him heart again; he rested an instant for the final

pull, and just then it was that the gust seized him, unprepared, and whirled him away from the inlet he was making for, to the rock-ledge jutting into it, that caught and battered him—poor Joe.

He was conscious when they took him up, but there was a look in his face that foretold the end, even before the doctors did. As for Groom, he had been shielded by Joe's body, and, tough and wiry as he was, was scarcely the worse for the whole adventure. When he heard what they were saying about Joe, he burst out with an oath, and hurried to where he lay.

"Well, Gorton, and how is it with you?" he said, affecting to speak cheerfully, though struck at once by that look of death in the face.

"About as bad as it can be, Mr. Groom," answered Joe, feebly. "The old boat and I'll go down together, I reckon."

"Now, never you talk that stuff, my man," said Groom, in almost a blustering way, perhaps to conceal a certain unsteadiness of voice. "I owe you a life, and I ain't one to rest till I've paid it, if it takes all the doctors from here to Jericho. I've got means, I tell ye."

"No use, Mr. Groom," said Joe, "there ain't no doctor could patch up what's smashed inside of me. But look here," and he instinctively lowered his voice, with a glance at the attendant, though there was little fear of that broken whisper reaching any ears but those close to it. "It's what I wanted to speak to you about—you owe me a life, you say; mine ain't yours to give—but old Sawyer's is—"

Groom's face darkened. "I swear I'd a most rather you asked for my own," he muttered.

"But you'll promise, Mr. Groom?" said Joe, in his eagerness managing to half raise himself, "you'll promise?"

"Well—I 's'pose I ain't got no choice," answered Groom, still reluctantly; "yes, I do promise, there's my hand on it."

A gleam of intense delight for the moment almost drove the death-lok from Joe's face. "It's all right, Marry," he whispered softly to himself, and laid his head back again.

Yes, it was all right, as Heaven sees right. When John Sawyer had been discharged for want of evidence, when the Lake Village go-sips, wondering over the stranger's disappearance, concluded that his boasts had been mere idle talk to make a sensation, Marry could have told them better. She knew how it was Joe had died, she knew that a life had been paid for her father's; and in a heart softened by pain she acknowledged that her prayer had been answered in God's own way.—Kate Putnam Osgood, in Appleton's Journal.

A Marriage—With Spare-Ribs.

Two young people of the province of languedoc loved each other tenderly; but money—the eternal enemy of love—opposed itself to their happiness.

The father of Mademoiselle Victorine refused to give her to the youthful Paul, whose affection was his sole property.

Despairing of softening the old man, the two lovers, who were in no humor to wait, resolved to fly. But the young lady was only seventeen years of age; and to avoid an accusation of abduction, Paul arranged with witnesses, who were apprised of the time and place where the meeting of the lovers and their flight would occur.

However, in spite of all her exertions, the young lady was not able to attend at the appointed time; the witnesses grew impatient, and went off, and when the two arrived out of breath upon the scene, they found the place deserted.

What should be done? M. Paul conducted his well-beloved to a farm house at a little distance, and then ran off in search of fresh witnesses.

It was just day-break when the lover reached the suburbs of Paris.

By good fortune an individual came along, and Paul advanced towards him.

"Sir," said he, "so you like aloyaux (spare-ribs) a la sauce piquante?"

"Yes, sir," answered the gentleman, very much astonished.

"Will you come and eat some with me?" "I don't know you."

"We will make acquaintance." "You will pay?"

"That is perfectly understood, and I shall be infinitely obliged to you." "All right; let us go," answered the unknown, laughing; "I agree to perform this service for you."

"Give me your name and your address, if you please."

The two friends marched off gaily together, when Paul perceived a gentleman a few paces distant.

"Would it be repugnant to you," said Paul, "if this gentleman coming towards us was invited to eat some of the spare-ribs?"

"By no means, provided he does not carry off any part of my share." "Fear nothing of that sort."

"But still to what end do you ask this of me?"

"You shall know it soon," said Paul, hastening forward to the new arrival, and making his proposition anew in regard to the feast of spare-ribs a la sauce piquante. The invitation was again accepted.

So laughing and joking together, they soon came near the farm.

The two unknown beheld with surprise a young lady coming toward them, and throwing herself upon the neck of their conductor. And their astonishment was greatly increased when the young people cried out:

"Messieurs, be ye witness that we are carrying each other off;" and they jumped into a carriage which was driven away at a rapid rate.

Bred and Butter.

He who dont keep his sekret iz unwjz, but he who trusts his happiness to another iz a downright phool.

This haz always bin the rule, and always will be—no man iz grats unless he iz good.

There iz more weak men in this world than there iz wicked ones.

I luv tew see a little dash ov coquetry in a woman; it iz kind ov natral tew them, and then it makes a man less afrade of them, and at the same more polite.

The man who knows how and when tew aekt knows enuff.

Manner iz more powerful than matter—especially in a monkey.

Gravity iz a kind ov mysterious wisdom.

Fine writing konsists in gitting the most thought into the shortest and simplest form.

There is only a phew men in this world whose opinjuns I venerate, and yu, my friend, are one of them.

There are pholks who had rather be hated than loved, and I for one don't believe in trying tew convince sutch pholks of their mistake.

When a kunning man gits kaught he iz like a fox in a trap, he haint got no friends.

Old age haz but phew friends, and iz liable tew lose them at enny time.

Nusepaper kriticks never made enny reputashun for a man yet, nor robbed him of enny.

He who dont luv himself vents his spleen by hating everybody else.

If we listen tew the diktak-ak ov our conscience and reason, it iz almost impossible for us tew be rong.

It iz the little things ov this life that stir us up so much; there iz 10 chances ov being stung by a hornet where there aint one ov being stung on by an elephant.

When fear takes the place ov hope in a man he needn't expect tew be enny more miserable in this life.

We often meet people whom we think are richer than we are, and even more intelligent, but we seldom meet those whom we think are happier—this iz nice, aint it?

I hav seen men who waz too lazy tew set in a boat and fish; they had'n't presence ov mind enuff tew bate a hook.

I would like tew be a boy agin on one condishun, that I could forgit what little I kno now.—Josh Billings.

How the Ladies of Pompeii Dressed.

The fair Pompeiians loved her body in warm, scented baths of asses' or goat's milk, lying in luxuriansess for an hour or nay, an hour was the merest point ov time with her when so employed; often a bath occupied the entire morning.

In consequence, her flesh was as delicately-tinted white as the inner leaf of a newly opened tea-rose, of satin-like texture as the petals of a calla lily. Venus Aphrodite, coming in all her lovely perfectness from the sea-foam, was her essential type. These same Pompeian beauties, by the way, dressed, walked, talked and strove to be enchanting after the Greek styles as thoroughly as any of our own fair ones strive, to-day, to emulate the seductive grace of the Parisienne.

Next to the skin, the belles of that buried age, and their Greek models also, wore a garment of cambric; then a band called strophium, which supported the bosom without confining it, since nothing would have been considered more shocking than straightening up the figure in corsets, binding it up in whalebone splints—the softly natural curves, the undulating swell, being thought the true line of beauty in all sorts of artistic forms, in life as well as stone. The maker of the strophium was as much prized as the corset-maker in our day. Over this band was always worn a jacket, with sleeves made of the finest wool. Then came the graceful tunics, the length of which was evidence of the character of the dame it adorned. This form of dress was equally the costume among the Roman fair, as among the Greek and Pompeian. A mantle (the artistic grace in the arrangement of which the most celebrated French modist of to-day cannot equal), the manner of wearing which, under the right breast, over the left, and thrown across the shoulder, was as unvarying as the color, which was always white, and which one of their poets called "woven wind-clouds," was the invariable dress for walking.

Dampened Energies.

A Mabon correspondent writes us, says the Halifax Chronicle, that "recently, as a number of men were engaged in constructing a pier of breakwaters for the new channel in this harbor, August McLellan, of Broad Cove, fell off the works into the water, a depth of eighteen feet, and having no experience in water, he of course immediately sank. His muscular strength, though prodigious, would not avail him, but his extraordinary presence of mind did. There he lay on the bottom for some seconds, pondering how he should go to the surface. Suddenly he bethought him he had a small piece of cork-work in his pocket to which he tied a string, and let it up to the surface. This string he pulled at short intervals, until the floating and sinking of the corkwood attracted the attention of some of the men, who instantly divined that a man was below. A smart swimmer dived and found McLellan all but drowned. When brought to land he was wholly exhausted. All that human skill could do to resuscitate him was speedily done, and the half-drowned man was soon able to move his limbs. He has now so far recovered as to be able to walk about, and will soon resume work." It gives us great pleasure to record this miraculous escape. We hope Mr. McLellan will not think it imprudent in us to suggest that he might make a good engagement with Mr. Barnum. A man who can lie under water, eighteen feet below the surface, and deliberately ponder how to get up, coolly take from his pocket a piece of cork, and calmly tie a string to it and send it up as a notice that he is below, would be a fitting companion for the "man-fish," and would make a fortune for a showman.

—Sustentation was recently before the Vermont Association of Congregational ministers. A committee was appointed, of which Rev. J. Gilson Johnson is chairman, to urge the matter forward. It was ascertained that it would require about twenty thousand dollars to bring the deficient salaries up to \$1,000 each.