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The Old Man in the Palace Car.

BY JOHN H. YATES.

Well, Betsey, this beats everything our eyes have ever seen!
We're ridin' in a palace fit for any king or queen,
We didn't go as fast as this, nor on such cushions rush,
When we left New England years ago to seek a home out West

We rode through this same country, but not as we now ride—
You sat within a stage-coach, while I tugged by your side;
Instead of ridin' on a rail, I carried one, you know,
To pry the old coach from the mire through which we had to go.

Let's see, that's fifty years ago—just arter we were wed;
Your eyes were then like diamonds bright, your cheeks like roses red.
Now, Betsey, people call us old, and push us off one side,
Just as they have the old slow coach in which we used to ride.

I wonder if young married folks to-day would condescend
To take a wedding tour like ours, with log-house at the end?
Much of the sentimental love that sets young cheeks aglow
Would die to meet the hardships of fifty years ago.

Our love grew stronger as we toiled; though food and clothes were coarse,
None ever saw us in the courts a-hankin' a divorce.
Love leveled down the mountains and made low places high,
Love sang a song to clear up when clouds and storms were nigh.

I'm glad to see the world moves on, to hear the engine's roar,
And all about the cabin's creakin' now from shore to shore.
Our mission is accomplished; with toil we both are through;
The Lord just lets us live awhile to see how young folks do.

When, Betsey, how we're flyin' see the farms and towns go by,
It makes my gray hair stand on end; it dims my weak eyes
Until I'm through our journey, and in the house at rest
There stands within a dozen rods of where the log one stood.

How now—like old time weather—our youthful years went by?
Why, years when we were livin' 'neath a bright New England sky,
So the time passes over now fly our later years have flown,
Till now we journey hand in hand down to the grave alone.

I can hear the whistle blowin' on life's fast flyin' train;
Only a few more stations in the valley now remain.
Soon we'll reach the home eternal, with its glories all untold,
And step at the next station in the city built of gold.

"Hallowed Be Thy Name."

Whatever may be man's faith or creed,
There precious words comprise it still;
We name them on the blessing meed,
We hear them in the flowing rills,
We make them the chorus of our song,
Each raised breathing tells the same;
The strain may differ, but the burden
Is, Father, "Hallowed be thy name!"

—Alice Cary.

For the Free Press and Times.

THE THREE CONFESSIONS.

BY MRS. OLIVE PERCIVAL.

If all the world were of one mind, the game of life would soon be blocked; but there being great diversity in the tastes, opinions, and motives of human beings, the game goes on, and will be continued when we the present players are no more.

However, this is not a dissertation, but a story. Once upon a time—not a long time ago—there were three ladies, boarding at a very select boarding house in a very desirable locality in the mighty city of modern Gathena. Truly has it been said, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and these three ladies, very unlike in some respects, had been drawn together in bonds of a close, confiding friendship by two conditions common to each of the three: each was unmarried, and each was mistress of a fair and well-invested fortune.

Mrs. Wylie was a widow in the full zenith of her charms, without any symptom of decay or decline. From her appearance, especially when in the costume known as full dress, she might easily pass for twenty-five or even younger; and as for her heart—well, that was as young as ever it had been, and that is not saying much for its youthfulness, she having been from infancy of a calm, calculating, self-centred temperament. She was a stately blonde, a large, handsome woman, with a bearing that could, according to her will, be haughty, graciously patronizing or bland; nay, more, positively mellifluous, if one may use the word with reference to deportment.

Miss Major was a young lady of twenty-eight, with no relations nearer than aunts, uncles and cousins; the whole band of whom she eschewed, save one uncle, who was her guardian and her revered friend. She was of rather more than medium stature, but slight and lithe; hair dark, and features good, though the face was perhaps the least taking for its width. She had a very mobile mouth, and a peculiar, mocking, dark blue-gray eye—an eye the iris of which was all one hue, not shaded nor mottled like many; but it would, under strong feeling, seem to grow larger and darker, even while you looked upon it. She was highly educated, and had travelled, therefore she was easy in her manners; indeed these were so simple, so utterly void of pretension, that some people mistook her self-possessed simplicity for shallowness, and so on making with chuckling conceit an attempt to overreach her, they would find themselves defeated in a way that left them in doubt as to who might be the simpleton.

Miss Blossom, the youngest of the trio, was a somewhat gushing damsel, just turned of eighteen. She was short, plump, and would have been of a dumpy build, had she not contrived by means of stays and tight dresses to give herself the very questionable shapeliness of a figure resembling a pillow tied in the middle. This tight girdling, moreover, performed for her a second good office, inasmuch as aided and abetted by the candles which she consumed in almost unlimited quantities it had changed her naturally ruddy complexion to a tallow white, a color which, oddly enough, is coveted by many girls as being more lady-like and interesting than the redness pertaining to youth in robust health. She possessed an abundance of coarse, tawny hair, cunning little ears, and a small, rosebud mouth, from which not even the tight belts and the candles could chase the ruby current. Her eyes were of a greenish gray, except a circle or border of indigo blue around the outside of the iris, and they were innocent, sweet-looking eyes when she left them to themselves; but she had an affected trick of rolling them upward, partly to express an ecstacy of sentiment, and partly to display her long eyelashes. By the way, these eye-lashes, whether by nature or art, she knew best, were several shades darker than her hair.

Behold, then, the three ladies, who became intimate, confiding friends during the winter spent by them in Mrs. Perkins's very select boarding house. They often went in company to the opera and other places of amusement, and higher still in womanly companionship, they went shopping together, in the most amicable manner. About the first of May, they separated to go their several ways for the summer, having agreed to meet again on a specified day in the beginning of October, at a certain hotel of the city, then and there to make arrangements for the winter campaign, and faithfully to recount to each other any and all adventures, flirtations, in short everything relating to admirers, lovers, and heart-affairs of any possible kind.

The appointed day brought our trio punctually to the rendezvous. It must not be forgotten that by mutual consent they had not written to each other since parting, three months previously, this silence being intended to enhance the pleasure of reunion. The first greeting consisted, of course, of such reciprocal compliments as, "Oh, you dear! how charming you do look!" and, "You little darling, you! you grow sweeter and sweeter! you look good enough to eat!" and, "well, really, I never saw anybody so much improved; why, your arms are quite plump, and your eyes are like diamonds!" All of which encomiums, be it noted, were not flattering fibs, but very agreeable truths. The next thing was to ascertain if each had followed the route laid out in the spring, as they had agreed not to cross each other's paths, but to hold separate courses. Then they adjourned, to lay aside travelling robes and dress for dinner, after which they were to give a general account of themselves, finishing with a full and free confession of love affairs on the part of each.

Dinner being over and the three new costumes sufficiently admired and discussed, they proceeded to business. First, each in turn, commencing with Mrs. Wylie, stated the places she had visited, and length of sojourn at these, the noted individuals she had met, with other incidents, too numerous to mention. In comparing notes, it appeared that there had been no scarcity of admirers and mild flirtations, yet each admitted that she had met one man, and only one, worth a serious thought. So here was the point where the confession must come in. Now, to settle the order of these confessions, it was decided that they should be made according to order of time: that is, she who first met the hero of her dreams, should first take up the wondrous tale and bare her inmost heart. On further examination it was found that Miss Blossom had encountered her fate immediately after leaving the city, so the lot fell upon her to make a beginning.

"Well," said the little one, carefully disposing her ample skirts and manifold ruffles of finest organdie, as she sank gracefully into a low, velvet-cushioned rocking chair, "It doesn't seem just the thing for me, being the youngest to take the lead, and I'm sure I'm just dying to hear all about your affairs: but one thing I *am* glad of, I have no reason to be ashamed of the gentleman I'm going to tell you about; for he's the most splendid man, I *do believe*, on the face of the earth."

Here she paused to take breath and heave a little sigh, her desultory opening speech having been rather long and exhaustive; but presently, clasping her chubby little hands, elevating her small nose, and rolling up her eyes in St. Cecilia, then bringing them down again so that the beautiful, long lashes dropped over them like a veil, she resumed: "You remember I told you that Grandma believes in going to Saratoga early in the season and staying there late; in fact, she considers Saratoga necessary to her existence, and of course I go with her. I knew we should be among the earliest arrivals, and lonely enough it was for two or three days; but then several people came to our hotel, and among the rest this gentleman. Oh, he was such a distinguished looking man, very pale though, and rather middle-aged, which made him look interesting, not the middle-age, only the paleness. He is a great traveller, has been all over the world, and he has his property, and he came to Saratoga to drink the water and see if it would make him better, and so it did. Oh, you should see what a lovely dark face and whiskers he has, and he recites Horatius at the bridge—p-i-e-ndidly. And he told me all about the Turks and the Italians; and he said I make him think of a beautiful Italian girl he knew; only my hair is light and her's was dark and my eyes are not like hers. And he played the guitar, too, and sang perfectly lovely. He gave me several lessons, and he said he thought I had a decided talent for the guitar; but I declare it made me quite melancholy to hear him, and such sad looks as he used to give me when he was singing. I could have cried, his countenance was so pensive and heart broken."

"Fair play, now, fair play, Bertha Major," said Mrs. Wylie, laughing and raising a plump but shapely and well-jewelled hand. "Tell us if you are engaged."

"O, yes," cried Miss Blossom "you must tell us if you are engaged."

"Well, then, *I am not*," replied Miss Major with some emphasis; but suddenly assuming an air of affected modesty, she put up her hands before her face and said in a prim voice, "You see I am so dreadfully sensitive. I couldn't bring myself to marry a stranger, who does not like to come up like a good boy, and be examined and inspected by all his future wife's relations. Rather an unsentimental position for two such ardent lovers; ex-cru-iating, isn't it?"

Now, the little reservation which Miss Major didn't mention, was this. She had a notion that the gentleman in question might have discovered that she had a goodly bank deposit, notwithstanding his talk about her sharing his modest home; and so she bethought herself to try the effect of giving him to understand that her uncle's consent was necessary before she could marry. She had moreover invited him to come and make the acquaintance of this foster-father, previous to any further correspondence, but had as yet received no response to her invitation.

Mrs. Wylie was now called upon to give her experience, which she did with all the ease and decorum that might be expected in her case. She said: "Ladies, my story is a short one, and has very little romance about it. You know I do not care for little romantic passages. I like gas-light, dancing and suppers, diamonds, handsome establishments and distinguished acquaintances; in fact everything that goes to make up the *beau monde*, fine-looking men of high-bred manners among the rest. About the first of August a gentleman made his entrance among us at Long Branch, whose prepossessing appearance, aristocratic bearing and wonderful powers of conversation, made him at once the admired of all beholders; and the ladies were quite distracted about him. He could converse in French, Italian and Spanish, and his bow was a specimen of courtly grace. He did not dance the round dances, but he would move through a quadrille with such a stately mien, that suddenly all the girls were seized with a passionate liking for square dances. To be handed to supper on his arm, was a triumph for the evening; still nobody could find out who he was, though there was a report going, that he had letters to some of the highest officials at Washington. Before a week had passed I knew that his eye was upon me; but, though we very soon came to something like an understanding, he had so much tact, and I flatter myself on having no less, that we escaped observation, and carried on a courtship under the very noses of those women and girls, quite unperceived. He told me that he had spent most of his life abroad, although he was a native American; that he had been envoy to several foreign cities, chiefly in the south of Europe. He told me frankly that he was not rich; but nobody need know that unless I chose, and he offered to bring me satisfactory proof that he is not and never has been married. This proof he is to forward or bring to me within six weeks and I shall then give him my final answer. *That is all.*"

Not quite all, however; for here is mental reservation the third. Mrs. Wylie did not confess that she strongly suspected the truth, viz: That this all-conquering-man had turned the corner of fifty years, that he thought he was catching a rich, unencumbered widow; one who had her money quite at her own disposal, without reference to guardians or trustees. She had not informed him of one little fact; that she had children; a son twelve years of age, in a quiet boarding school, a daughter of ten in another; that she could not dispose of any property, and that all the wealth in which she now revelled, would go to these children when they came of age; or in case of their death to their father's relatives, leaving her a pittance of one thousand dollars a year for life. She did not confess that she thought such an altogether presentable man, who could speak so many languages, would enhance her position in society, and would be a very desirable companion in the trip she proposed to Europe; then, as she said to herself, they could have eight or nine years of expensive pleasures and luxurious living, by which time she fancied she might be content to live quietly on their united means; for she reasoned thus concerning the gentleman's income. He must have something rather handsome, or he could not keep up appearances, as he does, and he promises to show that he is no gambler, in fact, that he is safe.

However, to return to our three ladies; they found, on comparing notes, one or two circumstances common to all of their admirers; each of whom was either a foreigner or what amounted to the same thing had foreign manners; each was handsome and neither of them wealthy. In minor particulars the gentlemen were evidently unlike; but the points of resemblance were enough to ensure a comfortable state of sympathy, and they all concurred in the opinion that the foreign manners was a decided advantage. One item of this compact has not been mentioned, they had agreed that no names should be given until all the confessions had been made; and then it should be settled among themselves whether or not the names should be divulged. The matter having now reached that question, it was discussed and answered in the affirmative, the *modus operandi* to be this: Each lady was to write the name of her gentleman on a sheet of note-paper, fold it, write her own name on the outside and lay it upon the table, then the three were to draw lots to decide who should read out the names. The lot fell on Mrs. Wylie. She advanced to the table took up one of the notes read the outside, opened it, and was about pronouncing the inside name when suddenly her eyes dilated, she made an effort, "Wi——, Wi——" then dashing down that note, she pulled open the others, then looked up exclaiming, "Girls, what's this?"

Miss Blossom sprang to the table, and stood for a moment as if petrified, while Miss Major leisurely walked over and reading the open notes, said "All three the same name. Quite a coincidence, isn't it?"

"But," said little Blossom, her very lips blanching, "it's such an uncommon name."

"Yes," replied Miss Major, "William Earle Hambledon don't turn up every day. If it had only been John Smith, now."

"But still it *might* happen," returned the poor little Blossom stooping and examining the written names as if hoping to find some flaw in the evidence.

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Wylie, who had quite recovered from her slight perturbation, "I can soon settle the question of identity, as I have a photograph in my pocket;" so saying she drew forth an envelope, from which she took a picture and placed it beside the notes, looking on with the utmost coolness, while the other two earnestly scanned the unconscious tell-tale.

"That's my Scotch missionary, traveller and lecturer, and no mistake. Charming fellow, you are. How do you find yourself, my precious? All serene doubtless," cried Miss Major, then turned and looked at Miss Blossom with an interrogation point in her eyes. The little one said nothing; but it was easy to see that words were needless and that she had not yet gathered up the shattered fragments of her castle-in-air. For a few minutes silence reigned; then there was a rap at the door and a waiter entered, extending to Miss Major his tray, whereon was a card.

"Gentleman waiting in drawing-room No. 1," said the man, in a piping voice.

What at the blood mantling to the very roots of the lady's hair we replied with visible agitation, "Tell the gentleman I am coming." The next moment she recovered herself; but seeing anxious glances directed by her companions towards the card in her hand, she held it up, saying in her old, mocking tone, "Not William Earle Hambledon, but an earnest, honest man; one who could afford to wipe his shoes on a mountebank," and she swept out of the room, form erect and nostrils quivering, a personification of lofty disdain.

Miss Blossom looked after her for an instant, then, as if she too had found her pride, she rose with a sudden jerk, tossed up her head, and muttered, "Mean old scamp! Tom Hackett wouldn't do such mean things, if he is soft. Poor Tom! I'll make up friends with him, right off," and with this soliloquy, she retired, leaving Mrs. Wylie in possession of the field.

This lady in spite of a stolid determination stamped on her face, looked very much like a large wilted cabbage, as she stood tearing up those sheets of note-paper, with the name written on them, and saying mentally, "What do I care, I shall marry him, if he furnishes the proofs I required." As for Miss Major, if the truth must be told; before she reached the drawing-room No. 3, all her fire had vanished, the proud mien had changed into a strange weakness, and she entered the room with her knees literally smiting each other. A man of medium size, rather sallow, not handsome, at least not at first sight, and looking what might be defined as old of his years, rose to meet her, and said, with a smile that suggested stifled emotion, "Miss Major, you were not expecting me to-night?"

"No, Mr. Coulson, I was not, "replied the lady striving to keep hand and voice steady, "why——when did you come? that is—I—I thought you were in California."

Strange inconsistency of humanity; the woman's tremor seemed to reassure the man; for he laid his fingers firmly over the trembling hand, as he said, "I reached your uncle's house at noon to-day, and learned that you were here. After eight years of absence, I am come to say that I am not a needy adventurer, seeking some woman's purse, in order to save myself from work. My worldly goods now equal your own, and you may throw your self in the Pacific Ocean or endow an institution with it, for aught I care; if only you can tell me that your that your heart is open to me, and you did not, or do not now mean to insult—to despise me."

She would have liked to tell him then, that during all these years of his absence, she had thought he scorned both her and her money, that her soul had long been filled with bitterness because she fancied that he saw her preference for him and rejected it, thinking she would fain buy him with her gold. So under the influence of that impression, and in accordance with the vehemence of her nature, she had flung out some defiant expression, and he had gone off without word or sign. But while she longed thus to unburden her mind, her recreant body baffled her will; and shaking in every limb, she could only gasp out, "Hush,—we——we misunderstood one another." It was enough, the next moment strong arms encircled her, and the cold, sarcastic, hard headed girl was sobbing like a baby, on the weather-beaten stranger's breast.

Six weeks later, the journals that take note of such events, recorded two marriages among the *beaux*. One of them, which by the way, came off with great eclat, was that of the gay and fascinating Mrs. Wylie to a gallant and distinguished foreigner, &c., &c. The other with no flourish of trumpets, *stillborn-ish* was that of our friend Miss Major and the man of her heart, the true and brave Californian.

At the last mentioned wedding, little Blossom, who looked very sweet as bridesmaid, whispered to the bride that she and that darling good Tom Sackett were engaged. Then clasping her small hands with eyes rolling up toward the ceiling she said "Wasn't it a mercy I escaped that horrid man, and isn't Grandmama happy?"

GLEANINGS.

They seem to have very careless ways of conducting Court in Cambridge, Mass. The case of a liquor seller was recently called in the Superior Court, and as the District Attorney said that the prisoner had "virtually admitted" his guilt, and as no one appeared for him, sentence was pronounced. At the time a man was standing near the dock who was supposed to be the liquor seller. Soon afterward it was found that he had no connection with the case, and that the liquor seller had not been in Court at all. The Judge, of course, ordered the sentence to be erased.

One night last week a Louisville gentleman, who had retired to rest after a light supper of soft-crabs and cucumbers, awoke in the night with certain pains which excited his fears of an attack of cholera. No time was to be lost in warding off the fell destroyer. He sprang from his spring mattress, and seizing a bottle of camphor, took a swallow and then vigorously rubbed the afflicted portion of his person with the restorative, continuing the application after he had returned to bed. He experienced prompt relief, but, as his fright left him, it occurred to him that his camphor had lost its customary odor. Again he rose, and this time turned on the gas. A single glance at his night-shirt told the tale. Instead of camphor he had used a bottle of superior writing fluid. Another discovery of the virtues of ink was made at Washington during the recent heavy thunder storm. An elderly lady, a devout Catholic, became so alarmed at the severity of the electric discharges that she closed the windows and curtains of her bedroom, and having made the room as dark as possible, procured from the cupboard a bottle of holy water, with which in one hand and prayer book in the other, she sprinkled the room thoroughly. As was to be expected the storm soon ceased, and with a feeling of relief the curtains were raised, the shutters were thrown open, and the good lady discovered the carpet, and furniture, and counterpane, and walls sprinkled with violent ink of delicate hue. Every effort was made to remove the spots and prevent the joke from leaking out, but in vain—the printer heard of it, and the good old lady is now visiting a friend in the country.

Two young men, one of them from Cincinnati, went out in a boat below the lower falls of the Genesee at Rochester the other day, and concluded to take a bath. The Rochester *Union* tells the story of their adventures thus:

Selecting a point where the water was twenty or thirty feet deep, they undressed in the boat. The first one stepped upon the edge of the boat and plunged in. The boat tipped, throwing out his companion and the clothing, of both. They made a grab for their clothing, but only one vest was secured, and in the pocket of that was a valuable gold watch and a roll of bills. The watch was good, but all of the money with the exception of two dollars was lost. The clothing sank to the bottom, boots and all. A man who was trolling in the vicinity was hired by the two unfortunates to fish for their clothing, but he succeeded in bringing up only the pan taloons of each. The effort to recover the vest was finally abandoned,

In a Kansas town recently, a fine looking young woman, Miss Alice Johnson, opened a barber's shop, and gave her personal attention to the shaving. The effect was exceedingly peculiar. Moved by a common impulse all the wives of the town were animated by a desire to present to their husbands some small tokens of affection, and these, singular to relate, took the form of razors and brushes and beautiful shaving mugs, while not a few were converted to the mustache movement, and declared full boards to be the only wear.

From the N. Y. Sun.

What They Drink in Texas.

A MEDICAL MAN MAKES AN INVESTIGATION INTO THE COMPARATIVE MERITS OF THE MOST POPULAR TEXAS BEVERAGES.

P. H., Esq.

MY DEAR SIR: Yours of the 10th was duley received Contents Noted.

In your Letter you ask me which is the most dangerous Beverage that man is Are to, That is in the common axceptation of the Term, the common whiskey, as 'Now Manufactured, Say from Aslecohol, Stricknine, Tea, tobaco, Burnt Apples, & co, or the Lager Beer as now manufactured, in Texas, from the Ingredients Now used by Brewers here (Texas) Dear Sir Allow me to say to you, All that I Know & can Say, is from Personall Knowledge & Experiance.

I went to work some three months since to Test the matter for myself, and this is the result that I have came to.

Three months since I commenced, Taking what we call Rotgut, say 20, or 10, slugs per day, say 3 fingers at a time, for 2 weeks. By that time I had the cramps by Night and by day, in almost every Lim in my bodey, in fact the cramps were Pressing my Lims from my head to the smallest Lim in my bodey, Even to the ends of my Pedal members. I could not take food as usual, could not sleep, altho my mind was more acute & smarter then without the rot Gut. But I had a desire for fight & wanted to fight all the time & every bodly, when under the influence, as aforesaid. I felt Rully, all the time.

But I found in a very short Time that I should Go under, if I did not stop. I stopped, and in about 3 weeks I took to Lagger. *Great God!* what a time I had for the Next 3 weeks that followed, and I only drank about 14 Laggers per day & in one week I my Dear Sir, will pledge you my word that I was not fit for anything at all, and when I came home at about 10 or 11 o'ck at Night, my wife thought that I was some one that was not myself & kicked me and by Jove in the morning, when I awoke and took a Good Look at myself, I thought so two. My head was mudled & I could not think of anythin that happened, the Night before so you see, Cramps, Snakes, Lizards, Babboons, and all the other Venomous animals in the country is air to is upon me—in the case Inebriation Inflexibility and Parlisation of the whole Frame and Limbs, and the Devil knows what all is upon me. So my Dear Sir you have the whole S-olution, and my advice is to you as a Doctor if you have any of these Symptoms to stop while you can and take the prescription I enclose.

Yours Truly WM DOCTOR M D.

BRENHAM TEXAS June 11 1873.

Jim Nye's Humanity.

When James W. Nye was a very young man, not more than thirty years old, he was appointed one of the Common Pleas Judges for his native county of Madison, New York, and gave great satisfaction by his popular manners, personal courage, and large humanities. Nye was always a favorite with the old Democratic leaders of the Empire state, especially with Martin Van Buren and William L. Marcy; although an extreme Democratic partisan, his ready humor and instinctive generosity made him the centre of a considerable following. Few men surpassed him in private conversation or public speaking, as those who enjoyed his society and heard his speeches during the war need not be reminded. But to the incident I intended to relate. When he became Judge of the Madison courts, he one day visited the county prison in the character of an inspector, and was surprised to find among the inmates a lad of twelve or thirteen years of age, sent there to await his trial on a charge of theft. Struck by his youthful appearance, he asked him whether he was guilty of the charge laid against him, to which the boy at once replied in the affirmative. He said his father and mother were miserably poor, and that in desperation he had broken into a corn-crib and supplied the family with corn. Believing from the lad's manner that he was worthy of being reclaimed, he called on a neighbor and had him bailed out to make his appearance at court. At the opening of the sessions the lad and his surety were on hand, and the young Judge appealed to the District Attorney to enter a *nol. pros.*, which that officer sternly declined on the ground that the accused had confessed his guilt, and that the ends of justice must be vindicated. "Well, then," said Judge Nye, "I will state the facts to the jury and take the responsibility." The jury was empanelled, and the case came on, and the District Attorney presented the facts with much feeling, after which the Judge said that he would simply state what he knew of the case, without calling counsel for the defence. After relating what he had heard in the jail from the lips of the boy (and you may be sure he did his best to correct the emphatic presentation of the law) he turned to the jury box and de clared that he did not believe there was a man of the twelve that would coolly vote to send this young creature with a blasted reputation out upon a cold and heartless world. It is needless to say that an instantaneous acquittal followed. After the adjournment of the court, the Judge sent for the boy and found that he and his parents were very destitute, but that he was naturally bright and intelligent, ambitious to learn, in good health, and had previously borne an excellent character. Gov. Marcy was at that time Secretary of War under President James K. Polk. To him, therefore, as one of his closest friends, whose lead he had followed in the Democratic party from his first vote, Judge Nye wrote a letter relating the story as I have tried to tell it, and asking him to secure for the lad the appointment of cadet at the Military Academy. In reply Mr. Marcy said that he regretted his inability to comply with this request; that the possible vacancies at West Point had been filled in advance both by the Congressmen and the President from his list at large, but that he had it in his power to send him to the Naval Academy at Annapolis. The lad was accordingly entered among the neophytes of that admirable institution, and by good conduct and close application rose rapidly in the service. During the war he was one of the ablest of Admiral Farragut's captains, and it was always very agreable to sir by and hear Nye, who himself grew rapidly in the esteem and confidence of his country, relate this simple story, and especially the success which had crowned his efforts to save his protege from a life of shame and set him forward in the path of honorable distinction. The rescued boy became in after years a brave and brilliant seaman, and Nye grew from a County Judge to be Governor of Nevada in 1861, and then a Senator in Congress when the territory became a state, beginning his term in 1865, and closing it in 1873. So that it may be said in his case at least that the best way to help oneself is to help our fellow creatures.—*John W. Forney.*

THE EMPEROR OF RICHMOND.—Richmond, the great "Confederate city," no longer the seat of "national government" or the bone of contention between two immense armies, is quietly enjoying the reposes and blessings of peace, and is devoting her energies and aims to industries and commerce, and thus has become the most prosperous city in the south Atlantic States. You do not find here that dashing enterprise and stirring life that is characteristic of Western cities, but there is a steady progress and air of thrift that is quite encouraging. Petersburg, Fredericksburg and Norfolk look dead, though not so really, but here numerous houses going up, the crowded streets and the hum of human voices, and the whistle of steam engines from a hundred manufactories indicate that there are business activity, increasing wealth and fast returning prosperity. The situation is a delightful one, commanding fine views of the river winding down to the sea, of green fields, of beautiful hills, each with a history of his own, and a landscape generally that is especially inviting and attractive, because the season has been exceedingly propitious, and nature smiles her blandest in this splendid climate. One can have pointed out to him numberless places and things that acquired celebrity during the late great struggle. From the Capitol windows a line of breastworks on the Chesterfield side of the river may be seen, newly overgrown with grass; far off in the distance southwardly, the faintest outlines of Fort Darling and Drury's Bluff may be described; at the eastern end of the city on an elevated hill called Chimborazo, where was located the great army hospitals, capable of accommodating fifteen thousand wounded, are now long rows of negro huts; from Belle Isle, the prison and, the grave of thousands of Union soldiers, the smoke from the furnaces of a large nail factory arises. The residence of Jefferson Davis is now occupied by a group of ten or twelve public schools. General R. E. Lee's own residence is in possession of the mayor of the city, Hon. A. M. Kelley. The place whereon the Confederate war department stood until it was destroyed by the fire of the evacuation is occupied by a public hall and a newspaper office. Libby prison is in the hands of the Southern Fertilizing Company, and their various compounds are prepared there and sent all over the State to restore to fertility the poor, worn-out lands. Castle Thunder, used during the war to confine political prisoners and deserters from the southern armies, has again become a tobacco factory, and two or three hundred happy, contented negroes are profitably engaged within its walls, which like those of the Libby, have known of incalculable human suffering and witnessed the most atrocious cruelties. There are few traces of the great fire, which, lighted in the tobacco warehouses by the Confederates when retreating to Petersburg, raged over a great area, consumed eight hundred houses, and would have destroyed the entire city had it not been for the timely entrance of the Union troops. For the most part the new houses are better than those burned. But the losses by that fire wrecked the fortunes of nearly all the old merchants, and the business men of to-day mean a new generation.—*Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.*

CATCHING THE EARLY TRAIN.—One of the greatest delights of boarding in the country for the summer is the pleasure a man derives from his efforts to catch the early morning train by which he must reach the city for business. When he gets out of bed he looks at his watch, and finds he has plenty of time; so he dresses leisurely, and sits down to breakfast in a calm and serene state of mind. Just as he cracks his first egg, he hears the up-train. He starts, jerks out his watch, compares it with the clock, and finds that it is eleven minutes slow, and that he has only four minutes left in which to get to the depot. In a fearful hurry he tries to scoop the egg out of the shell, but it burns his fingers, the skin is tough, and after fooling with it for a moment it mashes into a hopeless mass, and he gets his fingers smeared. He drops the whole concern in disgust, grabs a hot roll, and scalds his tongue with a quick mouthful of coffee; then he stuffs the roll in his mouth, while his wife hands him his satchel, and tells him she thinks she hears the whistle. He plunges madly around the room looking for his umbrella; then kisses his wife as well as he can with all that unswallowed bread distending his cheeks, says good-bye to the children in a lump, and makes a dash for the door. Just as he goes to the gate he finds that he has forgotten his duster, and he charges back after it, snatches it up, and tears down the gravel walk in a frenzy. He does not like to run through the village, because that would be undignified; but he walks furiously. He goes faster and faster. Half way down he does hear the whistle for certain. He wants to run, but he knows that he will start up the yellow dog there by the sidewalk if he does. Then he actually sees the train coming in at the depot, and he feels that he *must* make a rush. He does. The yellow dog becomes excited, and tears after him. Six other dogs join the chase, one after the other, and bark furiously, and frolic around his legs. Small boys contribute to the excitement as he goes past, by whistling on their fingers, and the men at work on the new meeting house knock off to look at him and laugh. He feels ridiculous, but he must catch the train. He gets desperate when he has to slacken up until two or three women, who are on the sidewalk discussing the servant-girl question and the price of butter, scatter to let him pass. He arrives within one hundred yards of the depot with duster flying in the wind, coat-tail horizontal, and the yellow dog nipping his heels, just as the train begins to move. He puts on extra pressure, and resolves to make that train or perish. He reaches it as the last car is going past. He seizes the hand-rail, is violently jerked around once or twice, but finally lands on the step on his knees, and is hauled in by his coat-collar by the brakeman, hot, mad, dusty, with his trousers torn across the knees, his shins bruised, and three ribs in his umbrella broken. Just as he gets comfortably into the car the train stops, backs up on the siding, and lies there for half an hour, while the engineer fixes a broken valve.

TESTING THE SPIRITS.—THE KENTUCKY HORSEMAN, MCGRATH, AND FOSTER THE MEDIUM.—Some years ago it was reported that McGrath got quite interested in Spiritualism. There wasn't much trotting going on, so he could give the subject his undivided attention. He invited a friend to go with him and see Foster—or some other circulating medium, and my friend went. But he told me that it surprised him very much to see Mr. McGrath slip a full deck of cards in his coat pocket before starting. It scarcely seemed possible that Mr. McGrath intended to propose a game of spiritual seven-up, or to attempt to beat some unhappy ghost out of every nap he had at draw-poker—which is supposed to be an emphatically blue-grass game. Well, away they sailed and found Foster in. I found him out once, immediately after finding him in. Fostergave them his usual circuis, and Mr. McGrath sat it through in solemn awe and silence. Sometimes a shade of impatience was visible, but his face looked radiant at the conclusion. "Mr. Foster," he said, as he laid the usual honorarium down on the table, "this is wonderful, and you deal a square game, you do, I do believe. But there's just one thing more I want you to try, and if you do it and I don't give you just the best farm in Kentucky, my name aint Price McGrath," and down went his hands into his coat pocket, and out he fished the pack of cards. "There," giving them a scientific blue-grass shuffle, and slapping them down on the table backs up, "You just tell me what that first card is without turning it over," and his breath came slow in expectation. Price McGrath's did. Foster couldn't, and Mr. McGrath turned sadly away, leaving the cards behind him in his bitter disappointment. "If Foster could just a told me what that card was," he said to my friend, as they slowly walked up Broadway, "I'd a-just made our everlasting fortunes. I'd a-taken him with me and we'd a-busted every faro-bank in this so-ger try. And then if I wouldn't a-made the hair curl at Baden-Baden and Monaco, I'll be Dee Deed." Mr. McGrath always says that he'll be Dee Deed when he feels solemn and wants to round a sentence handsomely.—*John Paul in New York Tribune.*

THE HABIT OF READING.—"I have no time to read," is the common complaint, and especially of women, whose occupations are such as to prevent continuous book perusal. They seem to think, because they cannot devote as much attention to books as they are compelled to devote to their avocations, that they cannot read anything. It isn't the books we finish at a sitting which always do us the most good. Those we devour in the odd moments half a dozen pages at a time, often give us more satisfaction, and are more thoroughly digested than those we make a particular effort to read. The men who have made their mark in the world have generally been the men who have in boyhood formed the habit of reading at every available moment, whether for five minutes or five hours.

It is the habit of reading rather than the time at our command that helps us on the road to learning. Many of the most enlightened persons, whose names have been famous as students, have given only two or three hours a day to their books. If we make use of spare minutes in the midst of our work, and read a little, if but a page or a paragraph, we shall find our brains quickened and our toil lightened by just so much increased satisfaction as the book give us.

Nothing helps along the monotonous daily round so much as fresh and striking thoughts, to be considered while our hands are busy. A new idea from a new volume is like oil which reduces the friction of the machinery of life. What we remember from brief glimpses into a book often serves as a stimulus to action, and becomes one of the most precious deposits in the treasury of our recollection. All knowledge is made up of small parts, which would seem insignificant in themselves, but which, taken together, are valuable weapons for the mind and substantial armour for the soul. "Read anything continuously," says Dr. Johnson, "and you will be learned." The odd minutes which we are inclined to waste, if carefully availed of for instruction, will, in the long run, make golden hours and golden days that we shall be ever thankful for.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

PERPLEXITIES OF A POSTAL CLERK.—Some of the ingenious puzzles submitted to the distributing clerk in the Chicago post-office have been thus pleasantly sketched: "Many of the superscriptions which come through his hands are among the most mysterious of ciphers—unintelligible from the writer's not knowing what he wanted to write, rather than illegible through carelessness in writing. When a countryman of Gustatus Vasa, for instance, still lilbernating upon his native hills, sends a letter to his brother in this country, and writing from memory, and a memory not much trained in letters at that, superscribes it 'Soederalst Iowa In, he has succeeded in mystifying the average human mind considerably regarding the intended destination of his missive. Not at all the post-office clerk, who at once sees that 'Cedar Rapids, Linn County, Iowa,' is meant. So, too, when from the Bremen bag a greasy packet flutters out, addressed to 'Haffe Iaw Co Ill,' it is, no doubt, difficult to discern, after the letters of the legend have been evolved from the chaos in which a stiff fist and a villainous pen have left them, that the packet is intended for some one in 'Half Day, Lake County, Illinois,' and thither it therefore goes. But when the only address to be made out from another—and that by no means sure, so vague are the forms of the letters—is 'Chollybutrille Co Ill.,' then it is that brain tells in the distributing business. Brains finally result in a solution of the the palimpsest, and 'Joliet, Will County, Illinois,' is the interpretation thereof. In like manner 'Versauas incanque America' is a superscription which could have emanated from nowhere else but France—is decided to mean 'Warsaw, Hancock County,' and it is found that Illinois has such a town, in such a county; so the letter is forwarded thither, and has doubtless gladdened or saddened the heart of its objects before now."

A BACK STREET IN NEW YORK CITY.—Extending from the north side of Bridge street, in this city, in a northerly direction, midway between State and Whitehall streets, there is a street which has been paved for many years. It runs to the rear of the houses that front on Bowling Green, then turns directly east toward Broadway, and stops abruptly at a house which, it is stated, was erected when Broadway was widened. The entrance to the street from that thoroughfare is thus closed. Formerly there was a lamp-post at the point where the street changes its direction, but for three years the street has been unlighted at night, and is a resort for profligate men and women who frequent it at night. Cries of "Murder" and "Watch!" often emanate from its recesses, and it is a continual source of annoyance to the few persons residing in the vicinity. The prominent feature of the street, however, is its terribly filthy condition. It is lined on both sides with piles of manure, in some cases six feet high; it is used as a receptacle for the filth and slops of neighboring houses, and the nauseating odors arising from it have become so offensive to the warehousemen and merchants who do business in the vicinity that frequently they are compelled to keep within their offices. For blocks away the offensive odors fill the air, and the street has not been cleaned for five years. The manure heaps are breeding disease, while the hot sun pours down upon filth and putrifying carcasses. In order to ascertain whether this street is regularly laid out, a TRIBUNE reporter examined an old city map on which it was traced under the name of Whitney street. Property owners in the vicinity state that they have been taxed for the paving of the street, and have always understood that it was a public thoroughfare.—*New York Tribune.*

"DON'T ASKYE ME I HAINT GOT TIME."—The Postmaster General has received the following letter from a person who was recently appointed Postmaster (at a salary of $12 per annum) of a backwoods town in Iowa. We give it *verbatim et literatim*:

"to the gineral postmaster at Washington City my Dears friend I hope you will not appint me postmaster in this here town I aint got no time to tend to it I suppose you got the paper some of my friends sent up Brekenridden me but I hain't got time to do the thing up as it ought to be done. In fact I don't no what is aguing to be done our shoemaker would be a very good man only he was tredy square out which you know onfits him for the position then there is our storeke