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Poetry.

THE TRAVELER AND HIS FRIENDS.

A Gallic Legend.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

A GENTLEMAN, about to make
A trip at sea, was begged to take
Commissions for a dozen friends:
One wants a watch; another sends
For wine—"A very special cask;
And—if it's not to much to ask—
Some choice cigars; a box will do;
Or, while you're at it, purchase two!"
Another friend would like a pair
Of boots—"They're so much cheaper there;"
A lady friend would have him buy
Some laces—"If they're not too high;"
Another wants a box of gloves;
"French kids, you know, are real loves!"
Thus one wants this; another, that;
A book, a bonnet, or a hat;
Enough to make the moody man
(So high their "small commissions" ran,
In tale and bulk) repent that he
Had ever thought to cross the sea!
Moreover,—be it here remarked,—
Before the gentleman embarked,
His friends, for fear he might forget
Their little errands, plainly set
Their wishes down in black and white;
A sensible proceeding—quite;
But—as it happened—not a friend
(With one exception) thought to send
The ready money, and to say,
"See! here's the cash you'll have to pay!"
The man embarks; sees Paris, Rome,
And other cities; then comes home
Well pleased with much that met his eye;
But having, somehow, failed to buy
A single thing for any friend
Except the one who thought to send
The wherewithal. Well, need I say
That soon his neighbors came to pay
Their greetings at his safe return,
And charming health; and (also) learn
About their little errands—what
For each the traveler had got?
"By Jove!" he said, "it makes me sad
To think what wretched luck I had!
For as at sea I sat one day
Arranging in a proper way
The papers you so kindly sent,
A gale arose, and off they went
Into the ocean! nor could I
Remember aught you bade me buy!"
"But," grumbled one, "if that were so,
How comes it, sir, you chanced to know
What *this man's* errand was? for *he*
Has got what he desired, we see!"
"Faith! so he has—beyond a doubt!
And this is how it came about:
His memorandum chanced to hold
A certain sum of solid gold;
And thus the paper by its weight
Escaped the others' windy fate!"

—*Ledger.*

Miscellany.

Work During Sleep.

THOSE cases in which the brain is hard at work during sleep, instead of being totally oblivious of everything, may be called dreaming or somnambulism, according to the mode in which the activity displays itself. Many of them are full of interest. Some men have done really hard mental work while at sleep. Condorcet finished a train of calculations in his sleep which had puzzled him during the day. In 1866 a collegian noticed the peculiarities of a fellow student, who was rather stupid than otherwise during his waking hours, but who got through some excellent work in geometry and algebra during sleep. Cordillac and Franklin both worked correctly during some of their sleeping hours.

The work done partakes, in many cases, more of the nature of imaginative composition than of scientific calculations. Thus a stanza of excellent verse is in print, which Sir John Herschel is said to have composed when asleep, and to have recollected when he awoke. Goethe often set down on paper, during the day, thoughts and ideas which had presented themselves to him during sleep on the preceding night. A gentleman one night dreamed that he was playing an entirely new game of cards with three friends; when he awoke, the structures and rules of the new game, as created in the dream, came one by one into memory, and he found them so ingenious that he afterward frequently played the game. Coleridge is said to have composed his fragment of "Kubla Khan" during sleep. He had one evening been reading Purchas' "Pilgrim;" some of the romantic incidents struck his fancy; he went to sleep, and his busy brain composed "Kubla Khan." When he awoke in the morning he wrote out what his mind had invented in sleep, until interrupted by a visitor, with whom he conversed for an hour on business matters; but, alas! he could never again recall the thread of the story, and thus "Kubla Khan" remains a fragment. Dr. Good mentions the case of a gentleman who in his sleep composed an ode in six stanzas, and set it to music. Tartini, the celebrated Italian vocalist, one night dreamed that the devil appeared to him, challenged him to a trial of skill on the fiddle, and played a piece wonderful for its beauty and difficulty; when Tartina awoke he could not remember the exact notes, but he could produce the general character of the music, which he did in a composition ever since known as the "Devil's Sonata." Lord Thurlow, when a youth at college, found himself one evening unable to finish a piece of Latin composition which he had undertaken; he went to bed full of the subject, fell asleep, finished his Latin in his sleep, remembered it next morning, and was complimented on the felicitous form which it presented.—*All the Year Round.*

Chinese Visiting Cards.

VISITING is made a most serious business in China, and every individual of respectability must have a servant to carry and present his cards. A Chinese card is not a white, glazed little bit of pasteboard, but a huge sheet of scarlet paper, with the name inscribed in large characters; the more mammoth-like the character the more grand and respectable it is. Cards are of several kinds. There is the plain card—a single sheet of scarlet paper—with the name written or stamped nearest the right hand and topmost sides. This is employed on common occasions. Then there is the official card, mostly used by mandarins on visits of ceremony. This is also a single sheet, and it contains the name preceded by the entire title, written down the center, from top to bottom. Then, again, there is the full card, which is only produced on very grand occasions, such as New Year visits, visits of congratulation or condolence. The full card is folded, and must contain ten folds. It does not give titles, but simply contains the name of the individual written in the right hand and bottom corner of the first fold, prefixed by the words, "Your stupid younger brother," and followed by the words, "bows his head and pays his respects." Where the person visited belongs to a generation senior to the visitor, the latter styles himself, "Your stupid nephew." If to two generations, the visitor takes to himself the name of "uncle" instead of "nephew," retaining, however, the depreciatory appellative of "stupid." There is still further varieties of self-designation, according to the particular gradations of relationship; but these we have quoted will suffice to give an idea of the punctilious rules peculiar to Chinese visiting. We may add that the card last described is, as a matter of etiquette, always understood to be returned to the visitor, it being, presumedly, expensive to leave such voluminous proofs of regard with such a number of friends. —*Every Saturday.*

THE Columbus (Wis.) *Democrat* says: "One of the two children of a family here died the night before the circus. It became an angel inopportunely. But the parents did not allow its sudden accession to happiness to sadden them inordinately. When the morning looked into the vacancy of the little face, they had already straightened the limbs for the grave. It did not hear the uproar of the approaching procession, but the bereaved parents did, and they left it alone with the conqueror that spares not infancy, and went out to enjoy the grand *entree* of the lions and monkeys. During their protracted absence the undertaker came with his casket. He found the doors locked; but death had entered unpermitted, and his business is to follow. The coffin was deposited through the window on the floor. Some time that day, the sorrow-laden parents found leisure to place the stilled prattler in its permanent cradle. That night they hied them forth again to assuage their grief in the delights of the amphitheatre, leaving silence and desertion two careful watchers of their babe."

—How to overcome your sorrows—rike one of your own sighs.

"HOW MOTHER DID IT."

BY J. R. HADERMANN.

THE year 1839—that is, the year in which I was born—is of no manner of importance to myself or anybody else. The year 1859—that is, the year in which I began to *live* (Charlie and I got married that year)—is of considerable importance to myself and to somebody else. The two decades forming the interim between those years constitute my Dark Age, in which I teethed and measled and whooping-coughed, and went to school, and wore my hair in two long pig-tails, and loved molasses candy, and regarded a school-room as purgatory, a ball-room as heaven—when I sang and danced and grew as the birds and grasshoppers and flowers sing and dance and grow, because they having nothing else to do.

Then came my Golden Age. That means, then came Charlie into my life, when I felt for the first time that there was music in the birds' voices and perfume in the flowers—that there was light in the heavens above and on the earth beneath, for God was in heaven and Charlie was on earth—when I, who had all along been hardly more than a human grasshopper, became the happiest of happy women—so much happier, I thought, than I deserved. For who was I, and what great thing had I ever done, that I should be crowned with such a crown of glory as—Charlie? why should I, insignificant I, be so blest among women as to be taken to wife by Charlie?

I was insanely sentimental enough to rather resent the fact that Charlie was prosaically well off: his circumstances were distressingly easy. It would have been so much nicer, so deliciously romantic, if there had been an opportunity afforded me to show how ready, nay, eager, I was to sacrifice friends, home and country for his dear sake. But Charlie didn't want me to sacrifice my friends; nor did it require any great amount of heroism to exchange my modestly comfortable home for his decidedly luxurious one; and as for country, nothing on earth could have induced Charlie to leave his own country, much less his own parish, much less his own plantation. So we were married without any talk of sacrifice on either side, and moved quietly enough from father's small plantation to Charlie's large one.

There was but one drawback to the perfectness of my happiness; there was so little hope of my ever having an opportunity to air those magnanimous traits of character upon the possession of which I so plumed myself. I felt sure that I could meet the most adverse circumstances with the most smiling patience, but circumstances obstinately refused to be adverse. I was inwardly conscious that the most trying emergency could not shake my heroic but purely feminine fortitude; but, alas! my fortitude was likely to rust while waiting for the emergency. Injury and wrong should be met with sublime dignity, but the most wildly speculative imagination could not look upon Charlie's placidly handsome face and convert him into a possible tyrant.

To tell how the longed-for opportunity to exercise my powers of endurance, and my dignity, and all the rest of it, did finally come about, and to tell how I bore the test, is the object of this paper.

For the first six months of our married life Charlie and I were simply ridiculously happy—selfishly happy, too. We resented a neighbor's visit as an act of barbarous invasion, and the necessity of returning such visits was acknowledged with a sublimity of resignation worthy of pictorial representation in that exquisite parlor manual, Fox's *Book of Martyrs*. If Charlie left the house for an hour or two, I looked upon his enforced absence as a cruel dispensation of Providence, which I did *not* bear with "fortitude and sublime dignity," but pouted over like the ridiculous baby I was. Bare conjugal civility required that on leaving the house Charlie should kiss me three times, and on returning six times; anything short of that I should have considered a premonitory symptom of approaching separation. If Charlie had ever been so savage as to call me plain "Lulie," I should have felt he was sick and tired of me, and was repenting of having married me instead of that spectacled bas-bleu, Miss Minerva Henshaw, who read Buckle and talked dictionary. I believe I was intoxicated with my own happiness, and was a little nonsensical because I was so happy.

Fortunately for the comfort of both Charlie and myself, his domestic cabinet consisted of a marvelously well-trained set of servants, who were simply perfect—as perfect in their way as Charlie was in his. They had been trained by Charlie's mother, who had been the head of affairs in his house up to the time of her death—an event which had occurred some dozen years before my first meeting with Charlie. Everybody said she had been a celebrated housekeeper, and Charlie's devotion to her had been the talk of the country-side. There were people malicious enough to say that if Charlie's mother had never died he would never have married; but I take the liberty of resenting such an assertion as a personal insult; for, although I don't doubt the dear old lady was a perfect jewel in her way, yet, looking at the portrait of her which hangs over our parlor mantelpiece, I see the face of a hard, determined-looking woman with cold gray eyes and rigidly set mouth, in a funny-looking black dress, neither high-necked nor low-necked, having a starchy white ruffle round the edge, in vivid white contrast to the yellow skin; with grizzly, iron-gray curls peeping out from under a cap that is fearfully and wonderfully made, with a huge ruffled border radiating in a circumference of several feet, while its two black-and-white gauze ribbon strings lie in rigid exactness over her two rigidly exact shoulders. Looking on this portrait, I do not thank anybody for saying that it was only because death chose that shining mark that I had found favor in Charlie's eyes.

We had been married, I suppose, about six months, when, sitting one evening over a cozy wood-fire in our cozy little parlor, just under the work of art I have described at such length, Charlie committed his first matrimonial solecism. He yawned, actually gaped—an open mouthed, undeniable yawn!

Glancing up at him from my work (which consisted of the inevitable worked slippers without which no woman considers her wifehood absolutely assured), I caught him in the act. "Are you tired, Charlie?" I asked in accents of wifely anxiety.

Tired! Poor fellow! he ought to have have been, for he had ridden all over the plantation that day, had written two business letters, and smoked there's no telling how many cigars, and had only taken one little cat-nap after dinner.

He was leaning back in his arm chair, with his eyes fixed in mournful meditation upon his mother's portrait (at least I thought so), when I asked him if he was tired, and I fancied he was thinking sad thoughts of the mother who had not been dead so very long as never to trouble the thoughts of the living; so laying down my slippers, I crossed the rug and perched myself on Charlie's knee.

"Talk to me about her, Charlie dear."

"About whom, little one?" asked Charlie, turning his eyes toward me with a little lazy look of inquiry.

"About your mother, Charlie; weren't you thinking about her just now?"

"I don't know—maybe I was. Dear mother! you don't find many women like her now-a-days."

Reader, that was my first glimpse of Charlie's hobby. And from the luckless moment when I so innocently invited him to mount it, up to the time when I forcibly compelled him to dismount from it, I had ample opportunity to exercise my "smiling patience, sublime dignity and heroic fortitude." Whether or not I improved my opportunities properly, I will leave you to judge for yourself. But for two whole years "how mother did it" seemed to be the watchword of Charlie's existence, and was the *bete noir* of mine.

So long as Charlie and I were in Paradise the house kept itself, and very nicely it did it too, but by the time we were ready to come back to earth the perfect servants, who had been taking such good care of themselves, and our two daft selves into the bargain, were found to be sadly demoralized. The discovery came upon us gradually. I think my husband noticed the decadence as soon as I did, but I wasn't going to invite his attention to the fact; and he, I suppose, thought that I thought that everything was just as it should be.

One of Charlie's inherited manias was for early rising—a habit which would have been highly commendable and undeniably invaluable in a laboring man, but which struck me, who had an equally strong mania for not rising early, as extremely inconvenient and the least little bit absurd. Charlie got up early simply because "mother did it" before him; and after he had risen at earliest dawn and dressed himself, he had nothing better to do than walk out on the front gallery, locate himself in a big wicker chair, tilt his chair back and elevate his feet to the top of the banisters, and stare out over the cotton-fields. This position he would maintain, probably, about twenty minutes. Then the pangs of hunger would render him restless, and he would draw out his watch to note the time of day. The next step in the formula would bring him back to my room door while I was still sleepily trying to reconnect the broken links of a dream, from which vain effort he would startle me into wide awake reality by a stentorian "Lulie, Lulie! Come, wife—it's breakfast-time."

Upon which, instead of "heroic fortitude," I would treat him to a little cross "Please yell at the cook, Charlie, and not at me. I'm sure if people *will* get up at such unearthly hours, they should expect to be kept waiting for their breakfast."

Then the spirit of unrest would impel Charlie toward the back door, where I would hear him commanding, exhorting, entreating.

Mentally registering a vow to give my husband a dose of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup on the coming night, I would relinquish all hope of another nap, get up and dress myself, and join my roaring lion on the front gallery, where we would both sit meekly waiting for the allied forces of kitchen and dining-room to decide upon the question of revictualing us.

"Lulie," said Charlie to me one morning at the breakfast table, "things are getting all out of gear about this house, somehow or other."

I put down the coffee-pot with a resigned thump, and asked my lord, with an injured air, to please explain himself.

"Well, when mother was alive I never knew what it was to sit down to my breakfast later than six o'clock in summer or seven in winter."

"How did she manage it, Charlie?" I asked, very meekly.

"Why, by getting up early herself. No servant on the face of the globe is going to get up at daybreak and go to work in earnest when she knows her mistress is sound asleep in bed. I will tell you how mother did: she had a pretty good-sized bell that she kept on a table by her bedside, and every morning, as soon as her eyes were open, she would give such a peal with that old bell that every servant on the premises knew that 'Mistiss was awake and up,' and bestirred themselves accordingly. There was no discount on mother; that was the way she made father a rich man, too."

"But, Charlie, you're already a rich man, and why on earth should we get out of bed at daybreak just because your mother and father did so before us?"

"Of course, Lulie," said Charlie, the least little bit coldly, "I have no desire in the world to force you to conform to my views; I only told you how mother did it."

Reader, you know how I loved Charlie, and after that I out-larked the lark in early rising; and although Charlie and I did little more than gape in each other's faces for an hour or two, and wish breakfast would come, and wonder what made them take so long, he was perfectly satisfied that we were both on the road that was to make us healthier, wealthier and wiser.

Among other points on which my husband and I were mutually agreed was a liking for good strong coffee, and we also held in common one decided opinion, and that was, that our coffee was gradually becoming anything but good and strong.

Charlie broached the subject first. "Lulie, our coffee is getting to be perfectly undrinkable," said he one morning, putting his cup down with a face of disgust.

"It is, indeed, Charlie; it's perfectly villainous Milly ought to be ashamed of herself. I shall speak to her again after breakfast."

"Maybe you don't give out enough coffee?" suggested Charlie.

"I don't know how much Milly takes," I replied, innocently.

"Takes! Do you mean to say that you don't know how much coffee goes out of your pantry, Lulie? I don't wonder we never have any fit to drink!"

If I had been of an argumentative turn, I would have asked Charlie to explain how giving the cook carte blanche in the matter of quantity should have such a disastrous effect in the matter of quality. But I was not of an argumentative turn, so I took no notice of his queer logic.

"Why should I bother about every spoonful of coffee, Charley? You assured me, when I first came here, that every servant you had was as honest as you or I, and I'm sure Milly knows better than I do how much coffee she *ought* to take."

"Well," said Charlie, with a sigh of mock resignation, "that may be the way they do things now-a-days, but I remember exactly how mother managed to have good coffee." Here the hobby broke into a brisk canter. "I recollect she had a little oval wooden box, that held, I suppose, about a quart—or two, maybe—of roasted coffee, and that box stood on the mantelpiece in her room; and every morning, as soon as her bell rang, Milly would come with a cup and spoon, and mother would measure out two tablespoonfuls of coffee with her own hands and give it to the cook, and the cook knew better than not to have good coffee, I can tell you."

"Are you sure it was only two spoonfuls, Charlie?"

"I am sure," responded Charlie, solemnly.

As good-luck would have it, while rummaging in the store-room a day or two after that coffee talk, I came upon a little old oval wooden box, the lid of which I detached with some difficulty, and as the scent of the roses hung round it still, I had no difficulty in identifying my treasure-trove with the wooden box that had played such a distinguished part in the good old times when cooks "knew better than not to have good coffee, I can tell you."

Hoping that some relic of my dead predecessor might prove more awe-inspiring to contumacious Milly than my own despised monitions, I exhumed the wooden box, had it thoroughly cleansed, filled with roasted coffee and placed upon my mantelpiece, giving Milly orders to come to *me* hereafter, every morning, for the coffee.

Charlie gave me a grateful little kiss when he saw the old box in the old place, either as a reward for my amiable endeavor to do things as mother did, or because he took the old wooden box for an outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace that was to move Milly to make good coffee.

But somehow or other, in spite of the unsightly old wooden box on my mantelshelf, the coffee didn't improve in the least. Maybe the charm failed to work because Charlie had forgotten which end of the mantelpiece his mother used to keep it on, or I used the wrong spoon. I'm inclined to lay it on the spoon myself, but there's no telling.

The first cotton-picking season that came round after my marriage seemed to afford Charlie no end of opportunities for riding his hobby at a fast and furious pace. It seemed as if there was no end to things that mother used to do at that important season. I suppose she really was a wonderful woman, and I humbly hope that by the time I have lived as long as she did, and get to looking as she does in her portrait, and can wear a wonderful looking cap with the wonderful composure she wore it with, and have little iron gray curls hanging round my iron-gray visage, I may be only half as wonderful.

"Would I see to the making of the cotton sacks? That was one thing mother always did." Thus Charlie.

Of course I would; why should I object to anything that would forward my husband's interests? Besides, I was actually pining for some healthful occupation; I was tired of playing at living. I resolved on a brilliant plan. I would out-mother mother, for she only *saw* to the making of the sacks; I would make them myself, every one of them, on my sewing-machine. If I couldn't make cotton-sacks on it, what was the use of having it?

Charlie had informed me that he would send me down seven or eight women from the quarters to make the sacks. I informed him with a flourish that I should need but one; I should want her to cut the sacks out. Charlie thanked me, and Martha and I and "Wheeler & Wilson" made the sacks.

Was I to blame that the wretched things burst in twenty places at once the first time they were used? Was I to blame that two women were kept busy mending my sacks until they ceased to be sacks? Charlie might think so, but I did not.

He reported the failure of my cotton-sack experiment with very unbecoming levity, as it struck me, accompanying his report with a somewhat unjust comment upon new-fangled notions, such as sewing-machines, etc., etc., winding up with—"Now, when mother was alive" (I fairly winced), "the house was not considered too good for the darkies to sit on the back gallery with their work and make the sacks right under mother's eye—sewing them with good strong thread, too, that was spun for the purpose. I can remember the old spinning-wheel: it used to sit right at that end of the gallery."

Like Captain Cuttle, I "made a note of it" for future use.

I often had occasion to wonder, during the early years of my married life, how it happened that the son of such an exceptionally perfect woman as I was compelled to presume my respected mother-in-law to have been, should have grown up with such shockingly disorderly habits as had my Charlie. The wretched creature would stalk into my bed-room—which I was particularly dainty about—fresh from shooting or fishing, with pounds of mud clinging to his boots, bristling all over with cockleburs, his hands grimed with gunpowder; and helping himself to water from my china basin until he had reduced its original pure contents into a compound of mud and ink, and would wind up by making a finish of my fresh damask towel, and throwing it on the bed or a chair instead of returning it to the rack, as he should have done.

"Charlie," said I one day, saucily inviting a dose of "what mother did," "what did mother used to do when you came into her room and turned it into a pig-stye, and then left it for her to clean up again?"

"She never let me do it," said Charlie with a laugh. "I'll tell you how she did. She had a tin basin on a shelf on the back gallery, and one of those great big rolling towels that lasted about a week; and after her washstand was fixed up in the morning, we knew better than to upset it, I can tell you."

"Very well, sir; I intend you shall know better than to upset mine, I'll show you."

In fact, things had come to that pass that I had mentally resolved to "show" Charlie a great many things. I firmly believed that the secret of the power that Charlie's mother had exercised over her household, and still exercised over him in memory, lay in the fact that she made them'all afraid of her; so I firmly resolved that they should all be afraid of me, poor little me! It is true, I was but twenty, and she was fifty; I was but a pocket edition of a woman, and she was a *Webster Unabridged;* I had little meek blue eyes, that dropped to the ground in the most shamefaced manner if a body did but look at me, and she had hard, cold gray eyes, that not only looked straight at you, but right through you. Still, I hoped, notwithstanding these trifling drawbacks to make myself very awe-inspiring by dint of a grand assumption of spirit.

To put it into very plain language, I resolved to bully Charlie off his hobby. He had thrown his mother at my head (figuratively speaking, of course) until, if she had been present in *propria persona*, I should have been tempted to try Hiawatha's remarkable feat with his grandmother, and throw her up against the moon. But as I could not revenge myself upon her personally, I began to lay deep and subtle plans for inducing Charlie to leave her to her repose.

As the veritable bell which, in the days when "mother did it," had acted as a sort of Gabriel's trump, was still extant, minus clapper and handle, I was enabled to provide myself with its fac simile. Armed with this instrument of retribution, I laid me down to sleep by Charlie's side, gloating in anticipation over my ripening scheme of vengeance.

It was a rare thing for me to wake up before Charlie, but I did manage to do so on the morning in question, by dint, I think, of a powerful mental resolution to that effect made the night before. I raised myself very softly, so as not to disturb my husband's gentle slumbers, and, possessing myself of my big bell, I laid on with a will, raising such a clatter in the quiet morning air that Charlie fairly bounded into the middle of the room before he in the least comprehended where it came from.

"In the name of Heaven, Lulie, what is the meaning of that?" he exclaimed, looking at me as if he half doubted my sanity.

"That's the way mother did it, Charlie," I replied placidly enough, and, replacing my big bell on the table, I settled myself on my pillow once more, ostensibly to go to sleep again—in reality to have my laugh out in a quiet fashion, for it was enough to have made the very bed posts laugh to see Charlie's funny look of astonishment and indignation. But of course he couldn't say a word, you know.

For two mornings I clattered my bell about his precious old head, and then he paid me to quit, and after that began riding his hobby at a little slower gait.

The next direct intimation he gave that his faith in inherited ideas was growing shaky was a plaintive little request that I would not stick so close to the old wooden box, but give out enough coffee to ensure him something to drink for his breakfast.

Now, I had no wish that my husband should drink bad coffee just because Providence had seen fit to remove his mother from this sublunary sphere: I merely wanted to cure him of telling me how mother did it; so as soon as he thus tacitly acknowledged that his suggestion had not been a success, I took matters into my own hands, and proved to him that coffee could be made as well by young wives as by old mothers.

In the due revolution of the seasons King Cotton donned his royal robes of cotton once more, and sacks again became the one thing needful. It was the very rainiest, wettest, muddiest picking season that had ever been seen. In pursuance of my plan, I had seven or eight women down from the quarters, and a spinning-wheel also, which was set to humming right under our bed-room window.

The rainy weather had kept Charlie in the house, and he was lounging on a couch in my room, enjoying a pleasant semi-doze, when the monotonous whirr-r-r of the spinning-wheel first attracted his attention. "Lulie," he asked, rising into a sitting posture, "what is that infernal noise in the back gallery?"

"The spinning-wheel, Charley. They are spinning thread to make the sacks with," I answered, without looking up from my work.

"Oh!" and Charlie subsided for a while. "Ahem! Lulie, my dear, how long is that devilish spinning to be kept up?"

"Devilish! Why, Charlie, that's the way mother did it."

"Well," said Charlie, scratching his head and looking foolish, "I know she did, Lulie, but I'll be confounded if I can stand it much longer."

"Why, Charlie, you used to stand it when mother did it," I answered maliciously.

"I was hardly ever about the house in those days, Lulie; I suppose that was why I did'nt mind it."

"Why weren't you about the house much in those days, Charlie?"

"Because you weren't in it, you witch, I suppose."

This was such a decided triumph over the old lady of the portrait that I could afford to be amiable; so, giving him a spasmotic little hug and an energetic little kiss, I went out and stopped the spinning nuisance immediately.

After that the hobby went slower and slower, and feebler and feebler. One more energetic display of my bogus spirit and "the enemy was mine."

Winter came on in its duly-appointed time, bringing with it the usual quantity of wild ducks and more than the usual degree of severe cold. Charlie was an inveterate duck-shooter, and with the return of the season came the return of mud and dirt in my bowls.

I determined to do as mother did. A tin basin made its appearance on the back gallery, four yards of crash sewed together at the end were to resolve over the roller, and by way of forcing the experiment to a successful issue, orders were given that my own pitchers should be filled only after nightfall.

I was sitting in my bed-room sewing away, in placid unconsciousness of outside cold and discomfort, when Charlie got home from his first hunt of the season.

"No water, Lulie?" and the monster took hold of my nice pitcher with a pair of muddy half-frozen hands.

"On the gallery, dear, just where mother used to keep it;" and I smiled up at him angelically.

With a muttered something or other, poor Charlie bounded out to the back gallery. He came back in a minute, his hands as muddy and cold as ever.

"Look here, Lulie; the water's all frozen in that confounded tin basin out there."

"I'll have it thawed out for you," I said sweetly, rising as I spoke.

"I say, wifey"—and the great handsome fellow came close up to me with his mud and his burs—"do you think it's exactly fair, when a fellow's been out all the morning shooting ducks for your dinner, to make him stand out on the gallery such a day as this and scrub the mud off his frozen hands?"

"That's the way mother did," was all my answer.

"Look here, Lulie, I cry quits. If you'll only let a body off this once, you may keep house on your own plan, little lady, and I'll never tell you how mother did it so long as I live."

"Well, then, don't, that's a dear," I replied, "for you'll only make me dislike her memory, without doing any good. Just be patient with me, Charlie, and maybe after awhile I'll be as good a housekeeper as your mother was before me. The mistake you and all other men make is, in comparing your wives at the end of their first year of housekeeping with your mothers, whose housekeeping you knew nothing about until it was of ever so many years' duration. I'm young yet, but I'm improving in that matter every day, Charlie."

With which little moral lecture I gave Charlie a kiss, and some water to wash the mud from his poor red hands.

Moral.—My dear girls, don't you ever marry a man that cannot take his affidavit he never had a mother, unless it is expressly stipulated in the marriage contract that he is never to tell you how his mother did it.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

A New Rendering of an Old Text.

SPENDING a winter as invalids at Aiken, South Carolina, the Hon. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Thomas C. Acton whiled away one Sabbath afternoon by attending a negro church, and were accompanied by Mr. John A. Kennedy, who was on a visit of a few days to Mr. Acton. When they entered the primitive temple the preacher, who was a poor African, was grappling with all the fervor of his race with the old, old subject of the fall of man. Sketching that day in the garden with its terrible results, he excoriated Mr. Adam in this fashion:

"Now, brederen, when the Lord calls Adam to 'count did he stan' up like a man, confess his sin and ask forgiveness? He didn't do nuffin of de sort, brederen, but he say:

"'Lord, de woman dat Dou gubest me gub me for to eat.'

Pausing a moment he repeated:

"'De woman dat *Dou* gubest me gub me for to eat.'

Then again:

"'De woman dat Dou gubest me gub me for to eat.'

"Dar, brederen, you see dat mean, skulkin' Adam was a tryin' to sneak out of it by frowin' all de blame on de Lord hisself!"

This new idea of an old question was too much for the distinguished "white trash," who had fortunately taken seats near the door, and they retired into the fields to indulge in irreverent laughter.—*The Club Room of the Galaxy for October.*

A FISH store in Somerville, Mass., has a sign on which is painted, "Leviticus, xi., 9th and 10th verses." These verses are: "These shall ye ate of all that are in the waters: whatsoever hath fins and scales in the waters, in the seas and in the rivers, them shall ye eat. And all that have not fins and scales in the seas and in the rivers, of all that move in the waters, and of any living thing which is in the waters, they shall be an abomination unto you."

—A Domestic Revelation.—Nice Boy—"I'm jolly glad you're going to stop with us." Visitor—"Are you, darling? Why so?" Nice Boy—"Cause we shall have nice dinners now."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

PAPER CUFFS.—Newspaper attacks.

IT does not follow that a man who bolts his food will have the lock-jaw.

A GOOD man provides for his children. A policy in the Washington Life is one way to do it.

PERSONS should always dress to suit their figure. A humped-backed lady, for instance, ought to wear a camel's-hair shawl.

A SAVANNAH man was cured of rheumatism by the active movements he made to get out of the way of a mad steer.

THE Mutual Life, of Chicago, reserves by the highest standard in the United States, and gives it members the best security.

A SAVINGS bank in New Bedford, Mass., holds deposits to the amount of six million dollars—a sum larger than the aggregate banking capital of the city.

THE office of the Waynesboro' (Pa.) *Republican* was recently robbed by burglars of two dollars, and the public wants to know if the editor came honestly by all that money.

THE Pittsfield (Mass.) *Times* says that, fifty years ago, a man named David Hilliard disappeared from that town, and no trace of him could be found. A few days ago he returned. He had been in Maine, and had never seen a railroad until within a year. He left a little girl, but she is now a grandmother.

A FULL-BEARDED young grandfather recently had his hirsute appendage shaved off, showing a clean face for the first time for a number of years. At the dinner-table his three-year old grand-daughter noticed it, "Gazed long with wondering eye," and finally ejaculated: "Grandfather, whose head you got on?"

WHEN the Emperors of Germany and Austria met at Wels, Francis Joseph introduced to William I. his adjutant, a Hungarian count with only one arm. "Where did you lose your arm, count?" asked the German emperor. "At Sadowa, your majesty," replied the count, "at the charge of your cavalry which you led yourself." This reply effected the emperor so much that he took the iron cross from his breast and attacked it to that of the count.

MR. MORRIS PHILLIPS writes to the *Home Journal* from Paris: "Those who go to Paris with the idea that they can live cheaply will be sadly mistaken. Before the war this may have been true; but a great change has taken place. War is a costly game, and the looser must pay the price. To help pay the Prussian demand everything has been taxed—provisions with other commodities; per consequence, hotel charges are high. True, a good dinner, *table d'hote*, is served with wine for five francs, and the rate per night for lodging is reasonable, but attendance is charged separately, and so are candles; and when the traveler gets his bill he is amazed with items and extras he never dreamed of."

A BOSTON gentleman, traveling in Europe, had his watch stolen from him in Vienna, and offered a reward equal to fifty dollars in our money. The watch did not appear, and, when returning toward America, he left his name and address, and the number of his watch. A year has since gone, and he gave up all hopes of ever seeing it, when a few days ago, his watch came to him in Boston, the only charge upon it being one of fifty cents for express transportation from New York. The thief had been arrested in Vienna, the watch found upon him, and forwarded by the city government of Vienna free of charge to New York. This shows a desire upon the part of the authorities there to secure the good wishes of travelers, to say the least.

A DARING HUNTER.—Louis Kelley is, perhaps the most daring and successful Indian hunter in the great West. He travels alone, fights alone, wears a complete suit of buckskin, and wears a turban around his head when out on the prairie. He is said to be a graduate of a college, and hails from Virginia or South Carolina. It is thought he was a Confederate officer. He is about twenty-two years of age, handsome, well formed and muscular. The Indians dread him as much as they ever did Kit Carson or Daniel Boone. He never misses his mark. An Indian is as good as dead the moment he draws sight on him. He will travel weeks at a time through hostile Indians and never express a thought of danger. Kelley is now on a trip to the headwaters of the Yellowstone, a country never yet visited by any white man. He is alone. He has been known to dare a dozen Indians on the open prairie to fight him in a body. No Indian will ever get within reach of his deadly rifle.

A GRAND fashionable wedding, announced to take place a few days ago, in New York, was postponed under peculiar and trying circumstances. The groom, detained down town longer than he anticipated, hastened to his home to array himself for the ceremony, and found that his wedding suit had not arrived. He immediately dispatched a messenger for the missing garments, and waited with what patience he could summon for his return. The messenger returned, but not the pantaloons. The tailor, a Spanish professor of the art of cutting and making, had the misfortune to have his establishment seized for debt, and the wood-be bridegroom's wedding suit was seized with the stock, and was in possession of the Sheriff. Fancy the situation. It was almost the hour for the ceremony, and no clothes. The perspective Benedict jumped into a carriage and dashed wildly through the streets in search of the myrmidon of the law, but, when found, he was obdurate—no entreaties could move him to yield the wedding garments. The baffled and disappointed bridegroom, compelled against his will to appear a laggard in love, had to return to his home and indite an epistle to waiting bride, explaining that, as he had no clothes, there could be no wedding.

Railroads Sixty Years Ago.

THE following letter, in reply to a suggestion concerning railroads, was written by Chancellor Livingston, who had been associated with his brother-in-law, Robert Fulton, in the application of steam to navigation:

ALBANY, March 1, 1811.

DEAR SIR:—I did not till yesterday receive yours of the 25th of February; where it has loitered on the road I am at loss to say. I had before read of your very ingenious proposition as to the railway communications. I fear, however, that on mature reflection they will be liable to serious objections and ultimately more expensive than a canal. They must be double, so as to prevent the danger of two heavy bodies meeting. The wall on which they are placed must be at least four feet below the surface and three feet above and must be clamped with iron, and then would hardly sustain so heavy a weight as you propose moving at the rate of four miles an hour on wheels. As to wood, it would not last a week. They must be covered with iron, and that, too, very thick and strong. The means of stopping these heavy carriages without a great shock and of preventing them running on each other—for there would be many running on the road at once—would be very difficult. In cases of accidental stops, or necessary stops to take wood and water, etc., many accidents would happen. The carriage for condensing water would be very troublesome. Upon the whole, I fear the expense would be much greater than that of canals without being so convenient.

Youths' Department.

How to Make New Acquaintances.

BY REV. E. E. HALE.

There is a good deal of the life of boys and girls which passes when they are with other boys and girls, and involves some difficulties, with a great many pleasures all its own.

It is generally taken for granted that if the young people are by themselves all will go well. And if you boys and girls did but know it, many very complimentary things are said about you in this very matter. "Children do understand each other so well." "Children get along so well with each other." "I feel quite relieved when the children find companions." This sort of thing is said behind the children's back, at the very moment when the same children, quite strangers to each other, are wishing that they were at home themselves, or, at least, that these sudden new companions were.

There is a well-studied picture of this mixed-up life of boys and girls with other boys and girls who are quite strangers to them, in the end of Miss Edgeworth's "Sequel to Frank," a book which I cannot get the young people to read as much as I wish they would.

Of course, in the first place, you are to do as you would be done by. But when you have said this, a question is still involved. For a minute you do not know how you would be done by; or, if you do know, you know simply that you would like to be let off from the company of these new-found friends.

"If I did as I would be done by," said Clara, "I should turn round and walk to the other end of the piazza, and I should leave the whole party of these strange girls alone. I was having a good time without them, and I dare say they would have a better time without me. But papa brought me to them, and said that their father was in college with him, and that he wanted that we should know each other. So I could not do in that case exactly as I would be done by, without displeasing papa—and that would not be doing to him at all as I would be done by."

The English of all that is, my dear Clara, that in that particular exigency on the piazza, at Newbury, you had a nice book, and you would have been glad to have been left alone; nay, at the bottom of your heart would be glad to be left alone a good deal of your life. But you do not wish to be left alone all your life. And if your father had taken you to Old Point Comfort for a month, instead of Newbury, and you were as much a stranger there as this shy Lucy Percival is to our Northern ways at Newbury, you would be very much obliged to any nice Virginian girl who swallowed down her dislike of Yankees in general, and come and welcomed you as prettily as you did the Percivals when your father brought you to them. The doing as you would be done by requires a study of all the conditions—not of the mere outside accident of the moment.

The direction familiarly given is, that we should meet strangers half way. But I do not find that this wholly answers. These strangers may be represented by globules of quicksilver, or, indeed, of water, on a marble table.

Suppose you pour out two little globules of quicksilver at each of two points, . . like those two. Suppose you make the globules just so large that they meet half way, thus, OO. At these points where they touch they only touch. It even seems as if they were a little repulsive, so that they they shrink away from each other.

But if you will enlarge one of the drops never so little, that it shall meet the other a very little beyond half way, why the two will gladly run together into one, and will even forget that they ever had been parted.

That is the rule for meeting strangers. Meet them a little bit more than half way. You will find in life that the people who do this are the cheerful people and happy, who get the most out of society, and, indeed, are everywhere praised and loved.

"But I am sure I do not know what to say to them," says Robert, who, with a good deal of difficulty, has been made to read this paper thus far.

My dear Bob, have I said that you must talk to them? I know you pretended you could not talk to people, though yesterday, when I was trying to get my nap in the hammock, I certainly heard a good deal of rattle from somebody who was fixing his boat with Clem Waters in the wood-house. But I have never supposed that you were to sit in agreeable conversation about the weather, or the opera, with these strange boys and girls. Nobody but prigs would do that, and I am glad to say you are not a prig. But if you were turned in on two or three boys, as Clara was on the Percival girls, a good thing to say would be:

"Would you like to go in swimming?" or, "How would you like to see us clean our fish?" or, "I am going up to set snares for rabbits; how would you like to go?"

Give them a piece of yourself. That is what I mean by meeting them more than half way. Frankly, honorably, without reserve—which is to say, like a gentleman; share with these strangers some part of your own life which makes you happy.

Clara, there, will do the same thing. She will take these girls to ride, or she will teach them how to play "copack," or she will tell them about her play of the Sleeping Beauty, and enlist some of them to take parts. This is what I mean by meeting people more than half way.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Boy that had no Remarkable Quality.

Most boys who "get into the newspapers" are very *remarkable* boys.

"Joa" had nothing about his looks, or actions, or color, that attracted the particular attention of any body.

When he first breathed the vital air, he was simply a boy-baby, with two hands, two feet, two eyes, two ears, one mouth, and one nose. He did not laugh and crow and sit upright as young geniuses do in their young babyhood, but he slept and waked, and ate (baby food, of course) and cried like any common baby.

When he grew older there were no uncommon developments, except that he was fat and healthy and heavy.

Nobody congratulated his mother on raising a future President, nor applauded the bright genius that sparkled in the baby's eyes. The gossipers looked wonderingly at each other as the tender mother watched over her baby-boy, provided for his comforts, and pressed him to her warm bosom.

He grew to boyhood, but he was only a common boy. He learned his A B C with difficulty, and was slow in learning to read. His teacher thought he never would "get through the multiplication table." But he never forgot it.

When the boys went a-fishing, Joa went, too; but he was slow in getting his hook and line ready. The other boys were *on* and *in* and *around* the lake before *his hook* was fairly settled in the water. "Too slow to move," the boys would say. "He'll sit there expecting the fish to come to him." It was even so; he remained stationary and fixed; but when night came, somehow his basket was always full, while many of the bright, talking geniuses went home with the sad intelligence that the "fish wouldn' bite."

Joa's home was full of life and noise and bustle of intelligent older children and bright younger ones. Joa found himself, and everybody else found him, solitary and alone, taking very little notice of the stir around him.

When he grew to be a man, the bustling drive-aheads laughed at his plodding; but by some means he seldom made a mistake, and, though he did not seem to accomplish as much in a week as many others did in a day, yet at the end of a year there was always something tangible in his results, while the work of those who seemed to utterly outstrip him at first ended in demolished air-castles.

He has passed the meridian of life. Men eminent in the professions respect his judgment. Business men coming upon the stage of action long to learn the secret of his success. The bank leans upon him to carry it through the trying crisis, merchants and manufacturers lean upon him to save them from bankruptcy. Steady, constant, and hard study made him a scholar; persevering industry, accompanied with economy, raised him to opulence; close observation and deliberate reflection cultivated a sound judgment, and honesty and integrity secured for him the confidence of all who knew him.

Overwork.

IT is a favorable sign of the times that we are beginning to pay more attention to the relationship existing between the body and the brain. It is another sign, hardly as favorable, that in spite of the attention that we give to the subject, and the increased knowledge of ourselves which that attention gives, we are continually adding to the amount of the hurry-and-drive element which we mix with our daily life.

Cruelty to animals is deservedly before the public for merited reprobation. The man who abuses his mule, his ox, his horse, or his dog, can hardly hope long to continue in such practices without being punished as well as censured. The engine driver who rattles his train along at such a rate of speed as to injure either the rolling stock or the roadway is apt to lose his situation. The keeper of the oldest second-hand stationary engine, who runs it under too great pressure of steam meets the indignation of its proprietor, if he racks and strains it by his injudicious efforts to get from it more power than it is capable of yielding.

Although we know all this so well that it needs no proof; although we well understand that a certain amount of brain power can produce no more than a corresponding amount of physical result, yet we drive the human engine to its utmost capacity. Not even satisfied with this, we crowd on steam, shut down the safety-valve, and push on as Mississippi steamboats push when they race. As steamboat men of that region, who love to race, consider the explosion of their boats as a matter of secondary importance, so are our overworked man of business races on, determined to accomplish what he has planned, even at the risk of wrecking his whole mental and physical organization. We may not with impunity, as concerns our relation with society, abuse horse, mule or engine, but we may tamper with the noblest organism ever constructed, and ruin body and mind without even suffering the penalty of losing our life insurance. In the continual attempt to get, as it were, thirty horse-power from a twenty-five horse-power engine, we drive the machine to wreck, ruin, paralysis, and sudden death or premature old age.

The over-taxed brain and over-wrought body worry and weary each other out of all comfort and prosperity. Whatever business or profession a man may follow, he has no right to overdo his abilities any more than to cut his throat or explode his brains.

The habit of over-work should justly be classed by insurance men among the pernicious habits whose tendency is to cut short a man's existence. It is slow suicide, and not always as slow as would appear. Especially when considered in connection with the habit of taking sedative drugs, a habit which too frequently accompanies it, or of securing sleep, otherwise difficult or impossible to obtain, by the use of stimulating drinks, over-work leads to irretrievable ruin of mind, body and estate

The man who industriously does a fair amount of work, who eats well, sleeps comfortably and regularly, and cheerfully possesses his soul in patience, is a much better risk for an insurance company than he who works hurriedly and beyond his capacity, eats without digestion, sleeps without refreshment, and nervously frets himself into continual worriment and anxious care.

Is prevention better than cure? In the matter of over-work prevention is practicable, while cure is impossible. We may quench the fire under the boiler of the strained old engine, and take the whole mechanism apart for reconstruction. Even after reconstruction it will hardly be as good as when new. But the fire must keep burning in the case of the human engine. We must do our repairs while it is in busy motion. Let the fire go out, and it can never be rekindled. Let the nerves be shattered, the brain exhausted, the system unstrung, and the man is a hopeless wreck. Let him be wise in time, and preserve his powers for a possible old age.—*Exchange.*

Married for a Dime.

A CORRESPONDENT at Rocky Hill Station sends us the following.

A good joke is told on Judge Houchin, of Brownsville. The judge was seated near the bar door at the hotel of York & Houchin, when a rather pale, slender youth approached the hotel and inquired for Judge Houchin. A gentleman seated near by pointed to the judge, and observed, "There is the gentleman." The young man said to him, "Step this way, Judge."

The judge stepped to the edge of the porch, when the young man said, "I have come over here to get married."

"Well," said the judge, "I have no objections."

"Well, I want you to go over to the court house with me; I want the license."

"You must go to the clerk."

The lad started off in great haste, and in a few minutes returned:

"They say you will marry me."

"Yes, I do marry people sometimes, but it is customary to get a minister."

"What do you charge for marrying?"

"I never make any charge; I marry the boys, and they pay me whatever they think it is worth."

"You will marry me for a dollar, won't you?"

"Yes; I always marry the boys, and they pay me whatever they think it is worth."

"Well, then, won't you marry me for a quarter in silver?"

"Oh, yes; the law allows me two dollars; but I always marry the boys, and they pay me just as I said, just what they think it is worth."

So the judge started for the clerk's office with the pallid youth, and administered the marriage ceremony in these few words: "By the authority which I hold in my hands, I pronounce you man and wife."

Somebody called out, "You are a married man now."

"Well, Judge, you ought to have done that for nothing; it isn't worth more than a dime no how!"

A tremendous burst of laughter followed, and the judge stood treat.—*Louisville Commercial.*

Beyond Per Cent.

GENERAL CRAFT, one of our prominent lawyers, was hailed while passing Freeman's jewelry store, by the proprietor with, "General, come in here a moment; we have something for you to solve. If a man brings a watch to be fixed, and it costs me ten cents to do it, and I keep it a week, and charge him $6, what per cent. do I make? We have been figuring, and make it 900 per cent., and have only got up to $1. How much do you say it will be at $6?"

"Well," replied the General, "I do not wonder at your perplexity, for it is well known, and the celebrated Babbit calculating machine has demonstrated, that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes. In this case the law would change, and long before it would reach the $6 it would run out of per cent. and into what is known as *larceny!*"—*Harper's Magazine.*