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## Poetry.

### A GIRL'S A GIRL FOR A' THAT.

Is yonna a lady in the land
That boas s her rank and a' that?
With scornful eye we pass her by,
And little care for a' that;
For Nature's charm shall bear the palm—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

What though her neck with gems she deck,
With finery's gear and a' that,
And gayly ride in pomp and pride;
We can dispense with a' that.
An honest heart acts n such part—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

The nobly born may proudly scorn
A lowly lass and a' that,
A pretty face has far more grace
Than haughty looks and a' that:
A bonnie maid needs no such aid—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

Then let us trust that come it must,
And sure it will for a' that,
When faith and love, all arts above,
Shall reign supreme and a' that,
And every youth confess the truth—
A girl's a girl for a' that.

### ASK MOTHER.

Where is the sweetest pet,
The brightest birdie yet?
Whose are the prettiest eyes
Most loving and most wise?
What form of fairest mould
Is worth its weight in gold?
You can't imagine? well,
Ask mother—she can tell!

Where is the sunniest gleam
That makes her life a dream?
Whose are the rosy toes,
And blessed little nose,
And dimpled hands and feet,
The models all complete,
Which nature can't excel?
Ask mother—she can tell!

Who is the grandest, king,
Or queen, or anything
That may be great or high?
Who wandered from the sky?
The best of girls or boys,
To be her joy of joys?
You guess—the Baby? well,
Ask mother—she can tell!

*Little Corporal.*

## Selected Miscellany.

### MY GRANDFATHER'S WATCH.

I.

I HAD been less than three months in New York, and if I was not actually already in love I was quite ready to affirm as much, if a fitting occasion should be given me. Moreover, with a worldly wisdom beyond my years, I had suffered my young affections to go out toward no less a personage than Miss De Silver, the banker's daughter. Fortune and my aunt's respectability had even so far aided me that I felt myself at liberty, with a little extra courage, to call on her even at her own lordly home.

The determination to call was a thing by itself, however, as an examination of my wardrobe revealed the unpleasant fact that my present supplies would hardly array me in keeping with what might there be expected. Solomon could have beaten me entirely. So could the lilies of almost any valley.

My slender salary as yet offered me no resources, nor would it for another month. I was at my wit's end, or thereabouts, when an idea struck me. The Chersons were always fertile in ideas, and was not I, Richard, the heir of all the Chersons? And had I not inherited my grandfather's watch? Did it not, even then, tick drowsily in its swollen fob?

Now this chronometer was of the ancient style; made in a day when the precious metals seem to have been of no account whatever. It was a sort of gold mine, with a time-piece hidden away in the heart of it. Small it may be for a gold mine, but decidedly large for a watch. It was one of those watches which impart an air of antique aristocracy to old gentlemen with good clothes, and affected by them for the same reason that the "shabby genteel" families purchase only fine old furniture.

"Sell it?" No, by no means; but I thought of Miss De Silver, and of her father, and determined to employ it as a collateral: I could redeem it at any time. Some one had explained to me the meaning of "three golden balls together," and I forthwith sallied out that evening to search for the dangling arms of the old Lombard usurers.

They were conspicuously large and bright over the door to which they attracted me, but the musty old gentleman in a square velvet cap, who took my gold mine in his fat and dirty fingers, did not realize my ideal of a Lombard. From the appearance of the crowded shelves around him, however, he was clearly prepared to realize on anything else. Such a museum of incongruous commodities I had never seen before. Surely he was a social wrecker, and these were the spoils and waifs of innumerable human craft that had gone ashore upon the shoals of New York life. Describe them? No, for language has limits to its powers, and so has even imagination.

I was not the first customer attended to, however, for a fair young girl before me was waiting anxiously while "my uncle" balanced in his hand what seemed to be a brooch of some beauty and value. I thought that it contained a tress of dark hair; that or something else of the keepsake kind.

"Ten dollar? Not so mosh as dat. Five dollar ish all."

"Only five dollars? Why, it is worth forty, and I *must* have at least ten!"

"'Musht' is a pig word, my tear. I gives you but five."

The girl's face was very pale, and her thin lips closed with an expression almost of agony, as she sighed her final assent to the amount of the proposed loan. Her ticket was quickly made out, and I could but note as she turned to go out with that and the money grasped tightly in her little hand, that for all her paleness and her sorrow she was indeed fair, very fair.

"How mosh you vant on dis vatch?"

The harsh and grating voice of "my uncle" did much to dispose of a certain tingling sensation, as of many blushes, with which I had passed under the golden balls. I therefore boldly replied:

"About a hundred, I reckon."

"A hundard dollar? Oh, vell, that ish nonsense. Ve only lends so mosh as twenty-five. Dat ish de law, my boy."

"Bother the law!"

"So shay I; it bodders me veri mosh indeed, but I dosh not ever break de law."

"How shall I work it then? There must be some way."

"Dare ish many ways, but dish concern minds de law. I dell you—I lets you have twenty-five on de vatch and twenty-five on de chain?"

"That won't make it up."

"Den I takes de chain for de twenty-five, an' you takes de vatch to de *diamond brokers*.'

A few moments' conversation having further enlightened me as to the meaning of "my uncle" the Lombard, I took my ticket and my departure, leaving the chain with him, and in that, I was to a certain extent, a wise Cherson.

I must have been five minutes about this business, but as I passed under the next gas-light I was startled to notice, standing with her face unconsciously turned toward its almost ghastly radiance, the fair young lady of the brooch, and I could distinctly hear her mutter to herself,

"It *must* be *ten*? What shall I do?"

Youth, if you will let it alone in its good impulses, is ever inclined to benevolence, and with a sudden and reckless forgetfulness of Miss De Silver, and of her father the banker, I turned toward the pale unknown and said, with hardly my customary ease of manner, "Here is five dollars, Miss. I saw you in the shop."

There was a sudden start, and a painful flush in the pale cheek, but my voice and manner were too respectful to admit a suspicion of intentional offense, and I added, quickly,

"You can pay me whenever you choose—interest, too, if you want to."

"But you are a stranger."

"So I hope is old Mosea What's-his-name over there."

"Ah, I saw you there! But then, you too are poor, and I can not consent to rob you."

"No; I'm not poor. I'm only a fool, that's all. Please take the money. I know you want it. If you don't take it you will be a bigger fool than I am."

Almost a smile struggled with the keen pain in her face, but the story of her trouble seemed fairly forced from her lips—and they were pretty if they were thin. It was nothing sensational—a sick mother, slow pay for work done, rent due, hard landlord—just an everyday and commonplace sort of an affair. It did not sound very commonplace, though, as she told it, and—well, I crushed the five-dollar bill into her little hand, and ran as the Congressmen did at Manassas, forgetting that by so doing I destroyed all prospects of ever being repaid.

I was anxious to find a broker's office, however, and my watch felt heavier without its chain than it ever did with, though I must say that my heart not only felt light but warm. A little investigation made me decide to wait until the following morning, and my next attempt at the employment of collaterals was made by broad daylight, with my brain cool, and clear of everything but Miss De Silver.

The office over which I found the kind of sign described by "my uncle" was eminently respectable, and fronted on the busiest part of Broadway. It was even elegantly furnished, and if that was any evidence of its character, nothing could have helped it better than the aristocratic air of the elegant youth who so politely greeted me as I entered. No need, certainly, of any qualmish feeling at having to do with such a gentleman as Mr. De Roos, the "Diamond broker."

"Rather old-fashioned watch, but the cases are heavy. Seventy-five dollars? Let me see!"

The cases were balanced for a moment daintily in his jeweled fingers, and the works scanned somewhat disdainfully.

"Seventy-five? Yes, I guess it will bear that. Thirty days only? Longer if you want it. Well, all right. Nice day, isn't it?"

Entries were made in a book or two, the watch carefully deposited in a drawer, my "ticket" was made out and carefully inclosed in an envelope; my money was counted out to me with an exceedingly pleasant smile and bow, and my object was attained without the slightest ripple of any thing disagreeable, unless it was the half-laughing insinuation that my impecuniosity was the consequence of recent bacchanalian excesses.

That, however, I took in good part, for I now felt sure of appearing in proper style at the De Silver mansion. My thoughts ran wholly on apparel, and the probable effect to be produced thereby.

II

I must say that when my new array did come home I looked remarkably well in it, and, of course, I put it at once in service. But notwithstanding my nearer approach to Solomon or the lilies, I felt more nervousness on the De Silver door-step than even under the dangling balls of the "Lombard Arms."

As I stood, a moment later, in the frescoed vestibule fumbling for a card, I could not help overhearing a suppressed conversation which seemed to be going forward at the lower end of the hall.

"Indeed, Miss De Silver, I would not have asked, only we do need it so very much."

"Pshaw, Miss Payne! That's always the story. I won't be angry, though, really; and if you will come in to-morrow I will try and have it ready for you. Of course you will throw off something for prompt payment?"

"Oh, Miss De Silver!"

"Well, well—somebody's come, and mamma is waiting for me."

I heard a door close, and then—for somehow I was quite slow and clumsy about finding that card—who should come out through the hall toward me but my fair acquaintance of the five-dollar loan? If I did not blush she did; and right before the astounded flunky she reached out her hand for the bit of pasteboard which I had just discovered, saying, in a quick, curt tone of voice.

"Your card, Sir, please!"

She was gone, after she got it, like a figure in a dream, and I was ushered into the drawing-room, staggering under a vague feeling that there were three balls on my head, or that somebody had asked me what time it was.

There was certainly nothing like flattery—hardly a fair appearance of appreciation—in the manner of my reception when the banker's heiress at last sailed into the room. I could not help wondering if I should ever dare to call that stately creature "Matilda." Still, I made the best of my conversational powers, and was really making some headway when, to my unutterable dismay, the sliding-glass which concealed an inner parlor was drawn gently back in its noiseless grooves, and the faultlessly dressed apparition of the elegant "diamond broker" came gliding over the carpet to present his adieux to Miss De Silver." Certainly the color did come to my face, but the excellent young man relieved me in the kindest manner. Nothing could be more cordial or friendly than his recognition.

"Ah, you know each other, then?"

It was the voice of Miss De Silver, and there was a tremor in it which called my attention to the fact that if I had blushed she had not—on the contrary, quite the reverse.

"Oh, certainly; everybody knows Mr. Cherson. Glad to meet him. Opera to-night, Miss De Silver?"

"Ah, yes. I was about—"

How I thanked the tact of De Roos in thus giving me an opportunity to cut my call short and find my way into the street! I went in his company, of course; and certainly I could not misunderstand the hearty cordiality with which we were both invited to call again.

Once in the street, however, De Roos laughed a silvery, sarcastic laugh.

"I see, my dear fellow, you understand business. Rather think you have put your foot in it, hey?"

"I should rather say I had," said I, though not exactly comprehending how. "Confound my stupid blushes!"

"I should say so; but then there's no harm done. Her paleness was as unlucky as your color. You're a man of honor though, and you'll keep mum?"

"Mum as the grave. Do you do much of that kind of business? I shouldn't have thought it just there."

My venture in this remark was a good one, for it implied infinitely more knowledge of the world than I possessed.

"We've a perfect run of up-town trade," replied De Roos; "and they're no worse than lots of other women whose husbands and fathers draw their purse strings a trifle close. They're fixing for a party just now, and if the diamonds won't go far enough I guess the carriage will have to be mended."

"I don't take. Can't you do the carriages?" said I.

"Oh no; that's in the *auctioneer* line. I reckon they've never spouted any furniture, and maybe not the carriage. The old lady owns her jewels and furniture, etc., in her own right; only it wouldn't do to let the old man know what she does, you know. Sometimes the auctioneers are awkward about leaving securities on store in the house, too, and that's bad where it won't do to move it."

"I see. How do they take their interest?"

"Oh, only the legal, you know; but then there's commissions and a whole dictionary of charges. Good ten to fifteen per month."

"Profitable, I should say. I never knew about that. Reckon I'm dished *there* now, any way."

"Not by no manner of means! Safe for a perpetual invite as I am myself. Couldn't afford to make an enemy of you—don't you see?"

"Do you go there often?"

"Not very. This party, any how, for the old man's away, and it's bound to be a tip-top affair. You'll be there, of course?"

"If I get my cards in time."

"Oh, no fear of that. Let's go to Delmonico's."

I went, and certainly did learn a good deal that evening. Such men as De Roos are capital instructors, and he seemed fairly to have "taken" to me.

III.

My card for the grand De Silver party came quite as promptly as the diamond broker had predicted; but before the arrival of that auspicious occasion I received a neat little note inclosing a five dollar bill, and thanking me, in terms of most ladylike and sincere gratitude, for the opportune benevolence which had prompted my Quixotic load. The note was signed plainly, "Clara Payne." The circumstance gave me no pain whatever, but brought vividly to my memory the conversation which I had involuntarily overheard.

The party was every way worthy of the efforts and sacrifices of which I was the brilliant and successful fruition.

I met De Roos there, and at a certain pause in the rush and whirl of the festivities something prompted me to whisper him: "Not much falling off in the diamonds of the family. On my word, they look as well as the real."

And he replied: "We have to be up to that, my dear fellow—trick of the trade, you know, wouldn't do to be detected."

And then he whirled away; but on a closer examination, as the stately Malilda whirled away with me in the subsequent "German," the idea became strangely fixed in my mind that the imitation was altogether *too* good, and that the diamonds worn that night by the heiress of the De Silvers were *real*. It puzzled me, but it only led me to the utterance of a remark in praise of their brilliancy, which was rewarded by a sweet smile and an increasing pallor on the cheeks of my lovely companion.

I called most assiduously after that, with a vague idea that any deficiencies in my wardrobe were quite likely to be overlooked, and found to my unspeakable delight, that I was beginning to be received on a most confidential footing; in short, quite in the character of a friend of the family. I even met the banker himself once or twice, but could not plume myself on any very marked attention from him. Meantime De Roos assured me that the carriage had not required "mending," and that the diamonds of the fair Matilda and her duchess-like mother stood in no immediate danger of forfeiture.

As for myself, my employers rather liked the idea of my circulating in the "upper ten," and I awaited the next installment of my insignificant stipend with serene indifference to anything but the fact that it would enable me to redeem my watch if not my chain. Somehow I wanted to be square with De Roos at the earliest possible day.

It was by accident a trifle over a month, say a day or two, when I presented myself at my friend's office, money in pocket, with intent to regain possession of my ponderous and somewhat cherished heirloom. Who so polite as De Roos?

"Chair, my boy. Have a cigar? Been up to the house lately? You seem to be making good headway there, ha? Serious intentions, eh? All right—lots of tin one of these days."

Before long I explained the object of my visit, and even the imperturbable De Roos changed countenance somewhat as he replied, rapidly,

"That watch? Why, I'd no idea you wanted ever to redeem. Month's up, you know. Sent him to the melting-pot yesterday. Sorry, 'pon honor. Must look out for business, you know."

"Month! Melting-pot!" I almost shouted. "I don't know anything about a month. Here's my ticket—every pawnbroker in the city gives a year!"

And I whipped out my envelope, and tore from it the evidence of my property and the loan thereon. In fact I myself read it for the first time, while De Roos responded,

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm not a pawnbroker. I thought you understood these things. Read it through."

I did; and, surely enough, it was by no means a pawn-ticket, nor was there on it any mention of any loan on interest. It was simply an agreement to *sell* to me, on the day which had just expired, a watch whose number and description I knew only too well, at a price specified, and which was nearer ninety dollars than seventy-five.

For a moment I was fairly furious, and even uttered vague threats of vengeance; but De Roos never lost his equanimity.

"Keep cool, my boy. I'm sorry, and all that sort of thing. Don't want to make a cent out of you. 'Tisn't likely it's melted, yet; and if you really want it, I'll send down and get it back for you. Come in to-morrow at three. Now, don't get mad. Be decent and have another Havana. Thought you knew what you were about, you know."

So I consented to smoke and be pacified, and finally went away in the full assurance that I had really never met a better fellow than De Roos, the fashionable "diamond broker."

Faithfully to the hour, I was on hand the next day as the clock struck three. Having now no time-piece of my own, I had learned to appreciate clocks, both public and private. A lurking feeling of uneasiness may account for the fact that I had not called on the De Silvers during the previous evening.

I was promptly on hand, as I said, at the door of the elegant office of my elegant friend, the diamond broker; but, somewhat to my astonishment, that door would by no means yield to my repeated attempts to open it. In short, it was locked.

"Gone out for a moment," I muttered. "Well, I'll wait."

I was quietly proceeding to do so, when I suddenly found myself roughly collared by somebody in a state of excitement, while a trembling voice demanded,

"You scoundrel, you are one of his set. I've seen you with him. Where is he? And where is Matilda?"

After a moment of utter bewilderment I managed to recognize in my unlooked for assailant the parental De Silver himself—the banker—and stammered out a half-choked declaration of my utter ignorance.

"You lie Sir! He's gone! Matilda's gone with him! He's got all the money! You come with me to the house! Come right along now!"

Any lily of any valley could have offered more resistance than I did, for I felt that I was acquiring valuable information, and I went along with the banker. He talked incessantly, and I speedily became aware that the money used by De Roos in his extensive transactions as a "diamond broker" had been furnished from the very respectable coffers of Matilda's father. Business had been good of late, and both loans and deposits had been quite large enough to suggest to the elegant young financier a master stroke in his own peculiar line. Beyond doubt no amount of "interest" would now suffice to redeem that precious jewel of a daughter, and De Roos had taken care to secure her portion in advance. After all, he had only, in reality, married the daughter of his partner in business—in a somewhat quiet way.

I remembered about the diamonds at the party, and was now quite persuaded that they were real.

When we arrived at the house we found it in a certain degree of well-regulated confusion, and Madame, the mother of the vanished Matilda, in a very impressive state of weeping and distraction; but what interested me most was a pale face that I met in the hall. It was that of Clara Payne; and I heard her mutter, in a voice whose half-despairing tone I well remembered:

"Gone? And I had so counted on her promise?"

It flashed upon me that another month's rent was over-due. The money that should have redeemed my grandfather's watch was burning in my pocket; and as I thrust it into her hand I said to her:

"You have proved yourself good pay, Miss Payne; you won't run away with anybody. Just take that and run away out of this."

This time she actually did smile in my face, but she hurried away without a word.

It took some time to convince the old banker that I was not an accomplice of De Roos; and, though he had to pay too much money on the "failure" of his sudden son-in-law ever to pardon *him*, he seemed to pardon me very readily when he found that I had not done anything. In fact, the shape his pardon took has been worth something to me. As for Clara Payne, I have seen her since several times. In fact, I see her every time I go home.—*Harper's Weekly.*

### Sleep for Brain-Workers.

IN a late number of the *College Courant* is an article on sleep by Dr. G. W. Beard, from which we make the following extract:

"Students who are really faithful laborious brain-workers need all the sleep they can get, whether at night or in the day time. The night is the most appropriate season for sleep, and yet we should never hesitate to take a nap in the daytime whenever we find it necessary. Amid the cares and responsibilities of our modern civilization, there are unnumbered interruptions and contingencies that make it practically impossible for us to obtain our full amount of sleep in the hours that are usually devoted to that purpose. Now there is no law so imperative on man as the law that requires us to sleep. If we deny ourselves of it; if we get behind and, to use the expression of the street, fall into debt to nature in this respect, we must improve the first opportunity to make ourselves good, else we shall ultimately fail. A brain worker who religiously enjoys a liberal amount of sleep may preserve his health and elasticity, even though he violates every other law of hygiene. On the contrary, he who faithfully observes all the rules of diet, of exercise, and of labor, yet denies himself of sleep, is really guilty of all, and can by no means escape unpunished. There is no appeal from this law There is no virtue that can redeem its violation. It admits of no atonement. To sleep is the one great hygienic commandment. It is the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and last of the great laws of mental hygiene. He who understands and obeys this law really understands and obeys the whole hygienic decalogue, for no one can long sleep well who persistently disregards the other laws of health. Sleep is one of the best of our thermometers of health. By the quantity and quality of sleep that our patients can take, we can best judge of their daily condition and of their progress toward recovery. We always feel assured that whatever improves the sleep of the exhausted invalid to that degree helps him toward recovery, and that whatever disturbs the sleep, to that degree, brings on relapse and disease. Sleeplessness is one of the earliest and most constant symptoms of insanity, of hydrochondria and of all the nameless forms of nervous derangement. Whenever, therefore, we find that we are not sleeping as well as we are wont, when our dreams are peculiarly dark, and ugly, and distressing, and leave unsightly scars in the memory, when we roll, and toss, and worry through the watch of the night, anxiously waiting for the day, when we awake long before our accustomed hour of rising, and find no pleasure in the morning nap, then may we suspect that our bark is nearing the quicksands and shallows, and then, without delay, should we examine our charts, revise our calculations, and, according to our best judgment, return to the channel from which we have suffered ourselves to be driven.

### Romance in Real Life.

ON Sunday last, Miss Matilda Griffith, who has long been a respected citizen of Greenville, and Mr. John Grant, of Ireland, were married, at the residence of the former, by the Rev. E. T. Buist, D. D.

The incident is a pleasing one; a romantic history attaches. Thirty-three years have fled since the parties became engaged, nor have they seen each other in that time, and, during a large portion of it were ignorant of each other's whereabouts. They were both attached, when mere children, in their native Ireland; but when the engagement became known the families of both were opposed to it from opposite religious views, and that of Miss Griffith contrived to send her, against her will, to the United States. Mr. Grant, all disconsolate, enlisted in the British army, not being aware at first whither the lady had gone. His career as a soldier continued twenty-six years; in the meantime he fought the terrible Sepoy rebellion in India, making as many hairbreadth escapes "in the imminent deadly breaches" as Othello. He returned to England some three or four years ago, and having in the meantime had some correspondence with the lady by letter—for his devotion never faltered—sailed for this country. She was on her voyage at the same time to old Ireland, and the ships passed each other. He found his way to the great West; and having been prostrated by cholera, and, losing the means brought with him, he went to Montana to recruit. Last Friday he arrived by the cars in Greenville, suddenly and unheralded, and forthwith sought the house of Miss Griffith, who knew him instantly on sight, but he did not recognize her in the same manner, for she had changed from the fragile girl to the mature woman. Of course she was agitated and overjoyed, as he was, and, there being no longer any impediment, an immediate marriage was determined on. The result was their union on Sunday, as before stated. They both have the congratulations and kindest wishes of this community, and the good prospect, from apparent vigorous health, of enjoying many years of happiness to crown their mutual and rare constancy.—*Greenville, S. C., Enterprise.*

### The Sensation of Dying of Starvation.

ABOUT a fortnight ago the *Sun* published the story of Richard Wilson, a young colored man, who had been accidentally shut in the hold of an Aspinwall steamer, and had existed nine days on board without food until his arrival in this city. He was sent to the Colored Home, in Sixty-fifth street, and having regained his strength, lately returned to Aspinwall. On reaching the home he was unable either to stand or sit unsupported, or even to speak. His pulse was fluttering, his eyes were dull, and his feet and hands were cold. His tongue was slightly coated, his frame tremulous, and he vomited water of a syrupy consistence. A loud systolic murmur was also heard at the base of his heart.

An ounce was given him every fifteen minutes of a mixture consisting of two ounces of whisky, a pint of water, and four ounces of milk, until he became composed and was able to sleep. In half an hour his pulse strengthened, and his general aspect improved. Before dark he was able to speak and sleep soundly. The next day one ounce of milk and one ounce of beef tea were given him. On the following day he was much better, and was allowed a moderate amount of meat, vegetables, and bread. This treatment was continued until his full restoration to strength, care being taken to keep him always slightly hungry.

On recovering his speech, he retailed his experience. He is a native of Nassau, aged 26 years, and had never been afflicted with any severe sickness. He fell asleep in the hold of the Rising Star after eating his dinner, and on awakening found himself closely packed between two bales of wool, with but about twelve inches between himself and the ceiling. He said that he did not fall asleep again until his arrival, but this seems incredible. All efforts to make himself heard proving fruitless, he resigned himself to his fate. He experienced no pain, and his hunger, though great, gave him very little uneasiness. He could take no account of time, but two or three days before reaching here, to the best of his judgment, he was annoyed by a constant buzzing in his ears, his mouth was dry, and his saliva was thick as paste. After arriving he found his sight, hearing, touch, and smell unimpaired, but his sense of taste had departed. —*New York Sun.*

### A Strange Accumulation.

THOMAS DICK puts the hoarding of wealth in this striking way:

Suppose a man could lay up a stock of clothes and provisions sufficient to last him for 300 years, what would it avail him, since he can live at most but from 70 to 100 years? Suppose he had laid up in a store house 70,000 pairs of shoes, to what end would it serve, if he could make use, during his whole life, of only the one hundreth part of them? He would be in the same condition as a man who had a hundred dishes placed before him at dinner, but who could only take one; or of a person who had a hundred mansions purchased for his residence, but who could occupy only one. How ridiculous it would appear if all that could be said of a man while he lived was simply this—that his whole life was occupied in collecting and laying up in a store house 60,000 mahogany chairs which were never intended to be used for the furniture of apartments, or 80,000 pairs of trowsers which were never intended to be worn? And where is the difference, in point of rationality and utility, between such absurd practices, and hoarding thousands of guineas and bank notes which are never brought forth for the benefit of mankind. There is no conduct connected with the pursuits of human beings that appears more absurd and wicked than such practices (however common), if examined by the dictates of reason and the word of God.

### The Power of Sulkiness.

GREAT is the power of sulkiness. Fortunately for the world, it rarely exists in its highest and most concentrated form, for, if united to real intellectual or moral force, it would be a despotism so thorough as to be injurious to the general welfare of humanity. But in a less and more ignoble form it is not uncommon, and the dead-weight and steady, choking pressure which mankind endure in consequence go to make up an almost intolerable grievance. There are people who have the gift of being sulky for an indefinite length of time, and assert that they act thus on principle; but it is almost invariably found that the principle harmonizes with the nature, for to tempers that are short and sweet, hot, inconsistent, or quickly placable,—and any of these are liable to be suddenly vexed for an hour or two,—it is always a difficulty to sulk. It is a bit of acting, and not reality, even when carried out, and the assumption of it is felt to be a burden too heavy to be borne.

The capacity for steady, solid, concentrated sulkiness is a mighty power to him who possesses it; it implies many curious and varied accomplishments and gifts, among others that of the complete mastery of the five senses. It is for a man to be blind when it is desired that he should open his eyes, dumb whenever words would be acceptable, deaf to all allurements or submission, insensible to every effort at conciliation. It can create gloom, and, having created it, it can perpetuate and deepen it until it becomes a clinging atmosphere as unwholesome as a malaria. It comprehends an absolute control over the facial muscles, so that no softness or sign of yielding, not a ripple of a smile or an expression of pleasure, may replace even for a moment the sullen apathy or illumine the habitual scowl of the confirmed sulker. In a word, it is the faculty of simulation to such a degree that a person shall appear to be blind, deaf, dumb, stupid, paralyzed, ill, or dead, whenever and for as long as he chooses. Mr. Helps has truly said, "Unreason always governs. Nothing prevents your having your own way so much as being at all amenable to reason." And sulkiness neither gives reasons nor listens to them. The sulky being sometimes wears a depressed, spiritless, and utterly dejected appearance, as though crushed and heartbroken by long-continued oppression; sometimes a heavy, displeased, dragging step, and a black and lowering brow are the chief signs which indicate the disturbance within, and the form of the vengeance which is to be taken in respect of it. The latter is the masculine type; the former is, properly speaking, feminine. Mr. N. P. Willis, in one of his earlier volumes, has a clever little tale describing the power of an "injured look." By virtue of it a young American lady contrived to persuade a whole house full of boarders to regard her as a martyr, and to speak the worst and think the worst they could of her husband; and all this, without uttering one word herself, was produced solely by the "injured look." And if there is an "injured look" there is also such a thing as a "dumb devil"; if the power of the one is great, the provocation induced by the latter is unutterable. It is a curious, and to some will appear an unaccountable, circumstance that in sulkiness a woman is more often possessed with a dumb devil than is a man.

Sulkiness is visible even in the nursery, where it exists, so to speak, in the form of a bud; but it is merely an outbreak of bad temper, for at that age a child has not learned the method of using it as an instrument with which to punish his playmates. And the wisest way is to leave it entirely unnoticed, "efface" the offender, as the French say, until there is an obvious return to a more amiable disposition. But boys and girls soon learn to estimate the power of sulkiness, either by practice or endurance, and a large school is the best cheek on a despotism of this kind. Sulkiness is not a tyranny which can be safely exercised in society at large, and it is commonly reserved for private or home exhibition. The smaller the circle the more concentrated its force; in a family, in a house, in one room, the power of sulkiness oppresses, searches, and pervades every corner of it. In love-making sulkiness is a deplorable blunder. Smile or strike, or smile and strike, too, if that seems more advisable; but no good ever follows a sullen enmity, which chills, disconcerts, and often actually destroys love. Even that simulated sulkiness, that toothless vengeance, which consists in pouting coldness, is an experiment full of danger, and is the worst possible taste. But if between lovers it is a blunder, in married life it is simply the greatest madness of which a human being can be guilty. There they are man and women yoked together like goats, and as the countryman justly observed, "that's been a trouble to more than goats," and if either of them is endowed with the faculty of persistent sulkiness, one shudders to think of the life the other one may be made to lead. It might be reasonably urged as a cause for judicial separation, possibly even for divorce, since the practice of quietly pressing the spirit and life out of a human being, no matter how many years the operation spreads over, is not one that ought to be permitted in a Christian country: "væ victis!" the weak go to the wall, and too often the weak are the pleasantest and most lovable of earth's creatures.

Sometimes a person is seen to exhibit something which resembles and yet is not sulks. It is a silent moodiness of manner arising from a sense of failure, mortification, or secret discouragement and vexation which he cannot get over all at once. It is often seen in youth, but in reality the man is struggling with his infirmity, and a kind word or a friendly overture will almost always float him over the difficulty. But genuine sulkiness is essentially premeditated and of a forethought; it is also vindictive, sometimes even malignant, in its nature, and if much indulged in causes the manners to be habitually morose, and the face and person acquire a heavy, sodden appearance as of a substance too long steeped in unwholesome juices. Dragging the feet along the floor and slamming the doors of the house for weeks and months together are vulgar and ignoble but neither uncommon nor inexpressive modes of sulking. We all know of other ways more refined, but not less disagreeable, and remember them too well. The fashion in which the very few words which custom and convenience render absolutely necessary are dropped from the lips as if they were so many leaden bullets; the steadfast, surprised stare that you or any one else should venture to ask such questions as shall require reply of any kind, the pertinacious coldness, the carefully averted glance, the steady gloom, the hand withheld, the smile unreturned, and the hardly muttered acknowledgment of the morning or evening salution,—who that has witnessed or endured these amenities can forget the effect of them? In fact, the severity of the pressure which a really able, discriminating, and obstinate sulker can bring to bear on others for indefinite space of time amounts to a tyranny, dumb, indeed, but sufficiently unholy of its kind; neither soft coaxing nor urgent crushing can affect it, and, though to yield is humiliating, it is well nigh hopeless to resist it.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

### A Temperance Sermon.

WE arrange, says *Hearth and Home*, the following from facts furnished by one of our foreign files:

Bessbrook is an Irish manufacturing town near Newry. Its principal founder and now sole proprietor is J. G. Richardson, a leading member of the Society of Friends. This gentleman, with one or two other "Friends," founded the Bessbrook Spinning Company, and erected there the Bessbrook Mills. The factory has grown so large that it gives employment to three thousand hands, most of whom reside in the neighborhood of the works. In Bessbrook there is no licensed public house, nor is there one in any of its surrounding lands. There are no police in the place. The Irish Constabulary, armed, occupy every town in Ireland, and have barracks for half a dozen men each along every roadside, but there are no police in Bessbrook. Mr. Richardson alleges that so long as he keeps out the public house, they can do without police; but that so soon as the tap-room is introduced, they will require the constabulary. There is no drunkenness in Bessbrook; no quarrelling; no theft; no crime; no infanticide—in short, the operatives are models of sobriety and good order. Of course, it is not meant to be said that they have not their faults and their failings, like mankind everywhere; but the town is wholly free from the sad scenes which are to be met with publicly every night in much smaller populations. And the population of Bessbrook is composed entirely of operatives, while that of many other towns is mixed, comprising the wealthy and the poor. The operatives themselves have not two opinions on the question of the absence or presence of the public house. They are agreed that if licensed houses were opened in Bessbrook, the reading-room, the library, the schools, the co-operative societies, would all be deserted, by only too many, for the allurements of the dram-shop, and that another establishment hitherto unknown in Bessbrook—the pawn office—would soon be required. And not only so, but the police barrack, the handcuffs and the dark cells would come into fashion, too, and homes now happy would soon be rendered miserable. All this Mr. Richardson had seen in too many other towns, and he decided to keep the licensed public houses out of Bessbrook. The results have decidedly confirmed him in his resolution, and would convince the most skeptical of the wisdom of the course he has adopted, if the town were only once or twice visited by them. Coupled with the last negative point of management is also the exclusion of police and pawn offices as already referred to; these follow in the wake of the dram-shop, and the exclusion of the public house renders all the rest unnecessary.

HANS AND THE DOCTOR.—The following is one of Ned Buntline's stories in the *Golden Era:*

Everybody about Timbuctoo, up in Yaba county, knows Hans Himmeltausen, or, as he is usually called "Dutch John," a good-hearted, jovial Teuton, once well off, but now reduced to the position of a Flume Guard.

Hans goes out hunting once in a while. He went after ducks not long since. You can't get him to go after them again. The reason is this. Some of the boys played him a trick. They got a couple of wooden decoy ducks, and fastened them with a string in the edge of some bushes in a little pond near the town, where they could be seen as the wind wafted them out the length of the string.

Hans was told that a couple of wild ducks were in the pond, and hurrying to his quarters he got his gun, loaded it heavily, and crept down within range of the ducks.

Taking good aim, he fired, and the ducks were sent with a rush back into the bushes by the shot.

Hans thought, of course, he had killed them, but stopped to load, in case they were only wounded. Meantime the wind, blowing through the bushes pretty sharp, blew them out on the water to the length of the string again.

"Der tyful! I shooted dem looks once!" said Hans, in astonishment. "Now dey schwims out like de dey were never shot with a gun, not at all! Dunder! I makes 'em hell schmell dis time!"

And again he took a deliberate aim, and let fly. The force of the shot instantly drove the ducks in out of sight again, and Hans dropped his gun to go after them. But, before he had got twenty yards, he saw to his astonishment that the ducks were swimming out as before, unharmed.

He halted, in half wonder, half terror.

"Mein cot!" he muttered. "Two times I shooted dem tam ducks! and two times dey come out again yust as yefore. I dink dey is de tayvel's own ducks! I tries again—see if I tont!"

And again, with a double charge of both powder and shot in his gun, Hans drew for the ducks. He fired, and went end over end with the recoil. When he got up, not a duck was in sight.

"I shoot 'em all to pieces dat time!" he cried as he rubbed his lame shoulder.

Just then out floated the ducks again.

"Mein cot in himmele! Tey is ter tuvel's ducks!" groaned Hans. "Three times I shoot 'em all over tead, and dere dey is alive!"

"I'll bet you two fifty they're dead!" cried Tommy Newbert, with a smile.

"Himmel—can't I see dem schwim!" cried Hans.

"Two fifty you've riddled them—and two fifty they're dead!" cried Tom.

"Himmels! I bet you dat. But how we proves it? You can't catch 'em!"

"Yes, come along with me, and I'll catch them for you!"

There was some tall swearing in Dutch when Hans paid over the $2.50, and found out how he had been cold.

If you want to see a mad Dutchman, just say "ducks" to Hans, and you'll be accommodated.

A YOUNGSTER in Quebec tried to crawl down the chimney and surprise the family by emerging from the fireplace, but got wedged in at the bend of the flue, and had to be dug out with picks.

### Begging as a Fine Art.

IT is difficult at this moment to determine what institution London still lacks, since it is very easy, for one at all acquainted with the city, to count upon his fingers the ones it already has. Stealing, begging, and pocket-picking are systematically taught in secret, but up to a very recent period no one had dared to establish upon the Thames a school where begging, as a profession, is actually taught, and where the pupils have the advantages of lectures and the use of disguises.

"What do you mean? is that humbug, or not?" I asked of my friend, who was an adept in city ways.

"No, that is the truth," he replied, and continued making his toilet as though discussing one of the commonest questions of the day. "There is the name of the professor and his residence, No. 21 Princess street, St. Giles."

"What is his name?"

"Roonay."

"I have the greatest desire to take a course of lessons, in order to give to the world the result of my observations."

"Why not do it, then?"

"In that case I must hurry."

"Why? Do you fear that the seats will be all engaged?"

"Not that, but rather that the police will be apt to close the academy as soon as possible."

"The police? Oh, no! Roonay keeps within the law, so as not to come in contact with it."

On the next day I sought Prof. Roonay. I did not in the least believe in his existence, but thought that the announcement of his having opened such an academy was one of those bold assertions so often made by the press in order to fill their empty columns. After considerable hunting, I at last found myself face-to-face with Prof. Roonay, whom I found dressed in elegant style.

"How can I serve you?" he asked, on my entrance, rising from his seat.

The sudden question rather disconcerted me.

"I wish to take a course of lessons in the art of begging with success," said I, after a short pause.

At the words "with success," I could not suppress a smile.

"You did not come here to make the art of begging, in the true sense of the word, a means of your future support; it was your curiosity which led you here, was it not?"

"Yes, that is so," I answered. "Nevertheless," continued I, "I have sought you with the earnest desire of hearing your lecture, and securing a seat. I can pay the required fee now."

Saying this, I took out my purse.

"Keep your money in your pocket," said Roonay, with a gesture of contempt. "I cannot allow your name to be placed upon the register of my academy, for I take none here but those having a firm determination to pursue for the future the paths I show them.

"But I will," continued he, "make an exception for once. I say for once, in your case, in order to convince you that there is not so much humbug in London as the foreign press would have it appear. Please follow me."

I had scarcely time to recover from my astonishment at his words, when Roonay led me into a wide hall which opened into a large room—the academy proper—the rear of which was handsomely decorated, and at this end was placed a desk for the lecturer. On the walls were hung many well-executed paintings, representing many devices of beggars in different countries, from the earliest days to the present time. The collection was one of considerable merit in a