THE NORTHWEST ENTERPRISE.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WHATCOM AND SAN JUAN COUNTIES AND THE WHOLE NORTHWEST.

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FORSAKEN.

[The following is suggested by an item which went the rounds of the Eastern press, to the effect that a young girl, who, ruined and deserted by her lover, wandered to the residence where he was wont to spend his evenings, and was found dead on Christmas morning beside the iron railing outside the parlor window:]

Ah, yes! I'm dying, I know—
Freezing out here in the snow;
While glad Christmas bells
Such a joyous story tells
Of good cheer,
To those happy hearts within—
Free from sorrow, care and sin;
And like sweet runic rhymes
Come the welcome vestal chimes
To their ear.

To forsaken ones like me,
Like wrecks upon the sea—
Only waiting for the tide
O'er our troubled hearts to glide
To bear
From the thraldom of a life,
Filled with naught but care and strife,
Those gladsome, clanging bells
Sould but our parting knells,
It may be.

Yet my God he only knows
But from out these drifting snows,
That my weary soul may rise,
Like a vapor to the skies,
'Mong the blest;
Where my heart-wounds all shall heal,
And I'll hear the gladsome peal,
Of celestial Christmas bells
Rings from golden vestal wells
Melodiously.

BACHELOR BRINDLE'S CHRISTMAS.

"Be merry now, be merry now,
With joy bring in the holly bough;
With song and fast and smiling brow——."

Bachelor Brindle gives the half-burned log in the fire-place a kick that sends the red sparks flying, and wonders crustily where that bit of rhyme, strung on a half-forgotten fragment of melody, comes from and how it happens to chant itself to him so persistently to-night. It is a dismal night. Outside a high east wind shrieks and squeals, skirmishes around corners and echoes away dolefully in every stray cavernous retreat and nook. Within bursts of tawny and scarlet flame light up Bachelor Brindle's favorite apartment, big, low-ceiled and comfortable, yet wearing the air of careless disorder peculiar to a bachelor's apartments.

And Bachelor Brindle, listening to the wind's boisterous whistlings and plaintive minor chords, becomes cross-grained and even misanthropical.

"Song and feast," he mutters grumbly, "holly, etc.! Humph. Gammon! Where's any holly, and who'd go draggling round in this slush and sleet to bring it in? What's set me to thinking of——,"

"Christmas eve," chants the tea-kettle swinging briskly over the blaze.

"Crickey!" is Bachelor Brindle's reprehensible exclamation, "so it is. I like to have forgot it."

As if sprinkled with some subtle, magic powder, the firelight, flickering, quivering, dancing, suddenly lights a path across the floor, through the cottage walls, beyond the murk and mist, far into the past, where a cheery Christmas fire is burning; there are busy hands and hurrying feet and merry voices; there is an intoxicating flavor of holiday cheer: there is song and gladness; there are bright-eyed cousins, troops of relatives and friends, and radiant among all, a romping, black-eyed girl with a turned up nose, who wore a scarlet jacket——

"And had temper enough for two," grunts Bachelor Brindle. There is a dim spot in the path of light. "Half your fault," sings the tea-kettle cheerfully. "More than half," snorts the wind belligerently, coming in a puff down the chimney to back the tea-kettle. "'Twas, 'twas, 'twas."

A momentary lulling of the aggressive wind, and a soft sputtering in the red coals brings Bachelor Brindle's mind back to his present lot.

"Snow," he mutters with a shudder. "Time was when the idea brought only foolishly bright visions of sleigh-rides with her, of frolics and fun, and oh, what's the use! They're all gone, she among the rest, and I'm a forlorn old soul with no one to so much as cook a Christmas dinner for me—unless I could coax Aunt Nancy over. Christmas eve! bless us. What an old wretch I was to forget it."

Bachelor Brindle gives the fore stick a discontented poke, and turns to light the tall lamp on the shelf, then brings forth his old-fashioned brown Bible, and once more follows the sweet story of the beautiful Babe and the first Christmas morning, while without, the wind tosses and whirls its fleecy white burden about at its own erratic will.

* * * * * *

"Ugh! what a depressingly un-Christmas evening, Christmas eve!"

Mab Lacy caught her breath, and clutched at her veil with both hands, as the rampant gale, charged with millions of sleety needles, swooped around a corner and nearly blew her off the steps of the grim, tall, narrow-chested house with its gray-green shutters, the bit of white paper tacked against its door bearing the faded notice "Furnished Rooms for Rent," revealing its nature and characteristics.

"Shelter is shelter such a night as this, if it is the waste and desert gloom of Malone's establishment with its mackerel-scented halls and roachy corners," she continued, plunging into the shadows of the long, dim hall, and feeling in the dark for her door knob; "with all its faults it is a haven of refuge from — mercy, Peggy! What are you tumbling my furniture about and slopping my oil-cloth up for? And whose is this big barn of a trunk?"

The stout maid-of-all-work, on her knees by the desolate little box-stove, arose with a red flannel floor-cloth in one hand, and a bar of yellow soap in the other, eyed Mab doubtfully, tried to scratch her eye with her elbow, and failing, gave her broom-like head a random rub with the soap, and answered:

"New feller comin' to-morrow; and Miss Maione sayed as how you hadn't paid yer rent this week, an' bein' gentlemen preferred—'cause they don't muss things up a-cookin' in their rooms, an' not wantin' to lose a shore payin' roomer, an'—an'——,"

"But, Peggy, to-morrow's Christmas!" Mab sat down on the strange trunk, clasping her damp, gloved hands in helpless bewilderment.

"That's what I know," said Peggy, rubbing her ear with the soap, "but Miss Malone she says how the rent ain't paid—,"

"But I was going to pay it next week, and would have last week if I hadn't been sick and not able to work, as I told her."

"That's so. But I reckon the' ain't no use in raisin' a fuss," said Peggy, philosophically, "he's done paid her a month's rent and she's tuck it. She sayed anyhow, she reckoned you was more of a lady'n to want to stay where you weren't wanted. But he won't come till mornin'; you can stay to-night."

"But what am I going to do then?"

"Room-rentin' agency down yander," said Peggy, indicating the direction by a flirt of the floor-cloth.

Mab opened her flat little pocket-book and shook its contents into her lap. "Peggy," said she, "how many rooms could I rent for a dollar and a half?"

"Dunno," answered Peggy, with easy vagueness as she picked up her bucket of suds and departed.

"Nor care," added Mab to herself, leaning her head against the cold, white wall of her little bed-room, "neither does any one else in the world. How different from the old Christmas-eves in the country, where royal fires roared on every hearth, and everybody was kin to everybody else, before so many of them died, or left the dear, peaceful, stupid old Hollow—and I among them. And now there is scarcely one left who would know me—only Aunt Nancy Dawson, who would have been my aunt really now, if Ben and I could have kept our tempers till the wedding-day. Ah, well he has forgotten me, but Aunt Nancy might be glad to see me, and—yes, a dollar and a half will take me to the Hollow. I'll go. The room is mine to-night, and sufficient until the day is the evil thereof. I will trust in the Father of the fatherless, who leads us on by paths we know not of."

* * * * * *

"Aunt Nancy Aunt Na-an-cy!"

"Dear sakes! don't shriek a body all in pieces, you Ben Brindle; what you after?"

The door of the little deep-eyed kitchen flew open, letting out a scent of boiling coffee into the clear December air; a blue linsy skirt cleared the open passage-way, and Aunt Nancy Dawson, popped into the sitting room, armed with a broom which she at once proceeded to devote to the obliteration of the string of powdery tracks left by her nephew across the striped rag carpet. "Knowed there'd be tracks wherever ther' was a man," observed the little woman, whisking away briskly, "what y' out so early for?"

"We-el," said the old bachelor rather dolorously, "you see the long and short of it is, I'm lonesome, Aunt Nancy—awful lonesome."

"Jest what you orto be," returned Aunt Nancy, with blunt candor, "y' own fault. I've told you to get married forty times, ain't I?"

"But—there ain't any one left to marry, round here as I know of."

"Fiddle! ain't there the wider Barley?"

"Yes, there's the wider Barley," said Mr. Brindle, doubtfully, "but you know she does weigh most three hundred, and is kind of curious and cross-grained like."

"There's Melissy Hicks; a lovely housekeeper—couldn't get a better."

"N-o; she's too good. A fellow could never get a bit of rest 'long as she could find a straw or a ravelling to fuss about. Wants everything in straight rows and no crooks nowhere. She'd put strings to all the young ones she could find and run 'em up on poles like butter beans if she could. Anyhow, Aunt Nancy, I don't reckon I could get married right off to-day, and I would kind of like some one to cook a Christmas dinner for me. Not that a fellow can't pack the spirit of Christmas around in his heart without any dinner, but it would make it seem like old Christmases, and I want you to jump right into my sleigh and go home with me, Aunt Nancy, and stay all day. Hey?"

"I shan't," said Aunt Nancy, with no waste of empty apology; "I'm going to Jim Dawson's folks, across the Branch—promised 'em a month ago, an' it's saved me cookin' a lot of truck. Old Pepper's hitched now, 'n I'm goin' to start in just the time it takes me to get my shawl an' green worsted sun bonnet on. You kin go along too if you like."

"No—I don't like," returned Bachelor Brindle. "They'll fish out all their kin-folks from six counties and have 'em there, and I don't know half of 'em, and don't seem to want any crowd to-day—only just them I know. I'll go home and roast a sweet potato in the ashes and cook a spare-rib before the fire-place; that'll be good enough, only the gravy 'll be full of cinders."

Bachelor Brindle drove, slowly homeward, his spirits rather depressed in spite of the beauty of the day, bright with a glad glory of sunshine pouring down goldenly over the flawless white fleece of the night's bestowing, yet already beginning to grow damp and heavy under the warm glow, when turning the corner of a fence, where the drifts were blown up like blocks of marble, his horse gave a startled spring and stopped at sight of a small, dark figure trudging along on foot, a picture unusual enough to scare any horse in the country where not a farmer's daughter, in however moderate circumstances, will undertake a mile journey at any season of the year unless provided with some shape or form of a "nag." And Mr. Brindle gazed down with a wonder that grew deep and intense at sight of the fair little face with its dark eyes and slightly upturned nose raised toward him.

"Mab Lacy!" he cried, "is it Mab Lacy, or a Christmas vision?"

"It is Mab Lacy," she answered, with a little fluttering laugh. "I've come back to see Aunt Nancy."

"Then you've come on as much of a wild-goose chase as I have," he returned, ruefully. "She's gone—gone plum to the Branch. Her old Pepper beats my Floss woefully, and I saw the gable end of her sleigh shy around the corner before I got to the end of the lane."

"Oh, then what—what shall I do?" cried Mab, overcome with the suddenly desperate appearance of her position, and sitting recklessly down upon a wayside stump, whose white cap of snow was gradually shrinking away and oozing in drops down its sides.

"Don't do that!" cried Mr. Brindle with alarmed sharpness; "you musn't sit on a wet stump and catch a cold just because Aunt Nancy took a notion to go bumming around for a Christmas lark. Jump in my sleigh, like a sensible girl, and we'll see."

"What's the use?" wailed Mab, trying to stop a little rill of tears that was slipping down her cheek, with the corner of her veil. "I can't go home with you, and there's nowhere to go. Oh, Mr. Brindle—Ben, what shall I do?"

"Do just what I tell you," said Mr. Brindle. "First, give me your hand, and you jump in here back of this robe. Now we'll have a talk. So you're alone, Mab?"

"All alone, Ben," sighed Mab.

"Well, look here. I'm the same old Ben you always knew—and hated?"

"I didn't," said Mab. "I—I—you know, Ben——."

"And you're the same Mab Lacy I always knew?"

"Yes; I'm tempted to wish I was somebody else just now."

"Well I aint. If you're alone we're both alone, Mab, for I am; and its rather rough in my opinion. Now, why couldn't we drop overboard this big slice of time that's separated us so long, and go back to where we left off before we flew out at each other?"

"How could we?" asked Mab.

"Look through yonder," said Ben pointing to a little yellow cottage at the end of a lane branching off the road. "Our new minister lives there, Mab."

"Does he?" Mab's tone expressed nothing whatever, but Bachelor Brindle's solemn gray eyes caught the flicker of a blush in her cheek.

"Yes he does," he answered. Mab, I've got ten dollars in my pocket. I expect the minister is needing about ten dollars awful bad."

"Hadn't you better make him a present of it?" asked Mab, sweetly smiling off at the lace-work of the snow-dappled tree branches in the winter-blue distance. Ben looked a little disconcerted, then rallied.

"But, Mab," he said, "he's kind of proud. I wouldn't dare to offer it to him without giving him a chance to earn it. Mab—Mab, you haven't lost your tormenting ways, but the bargain we made back yonder at the stump was that I would help you out of your trouble if you'd do as I said. There's no one to find fault with what we do—nothing to keep us apart. Now, Mab, we're going straight to the minister's cottage, and you know what for."

"Then," said Mab, turning her blooming face to him, "all I've got to say, Ben is, if you're right sure your right, why go ahead."

So Mr. Brindle had a wife to cook his Christmas dinner, after all. There was merry bustling, there was laughter and gladness in the hitherto lonely bachelor quarters. And there was, too, a sweetly solemn hour in the tender gray Christmas twilight, wherein Ben and Mab, with the big Bible between them, bent low their heads in grateful acknowledgement of the loving care of the One who, through trial and sorrow, ever and always, leads us on.

Missouri has a population of 2,169,000; Indiana, 1,978,000—Missouri's excess being 191,000. Missouri has 541,000 males of voting age; Indiana, 498,000—Missouri's excess being 43,000. And yet in the November election Missouri cast a total vote of 359,266, while Indiana cast 449,672—Indiana's excess being 90,000. Evidently, the people of Indiana hold the duty of voting in higher esteem than do the people of Missouri.

A CHARLOTTESVILLE, Va., printer has written 2452 legible words on a postal card with a lead pencil, reserving in the center of the card a space the size of a gold dollar, on which is inscribed the Lord's Prayer.

It is asserted that in the three years ended 1880 there were no fewer than 252 theaters destroyed by fire, or partly so, resulting in 4370 deaths, and about 3400 injuries.

A THRILLING SCENE IN COURT.

Charles Stiles was shot and killed by his mistress in Chicago last July, after his abuse and cruelty had become unbearable to her. The woman was recently placed on trial for the crime, and this dramatic scene is reported in connection therewith: The prisoner, whose face was uncovered in court for the first time, was dressed as usual in black, a crape veil enveloping her head. Beneath the folds of this protruded a fringe of curls. Her face was pale, almost of an ashen hue, and the dark, lustrous eyes looked a deeper black by contrast. Her forehead was slightly wrinkled with a frown of thoughtfulness and pain. In her hand she held a plain white handkerchief, which she now and then applied to her eyes and nervously twisted in her fingers. With every eye in the court room upon her, and every ear intent on each syllable, she began the story of her sufferings and crime. The recital consumed four hours, and during this time she was prompted but once or twice by her counsel. One by one the incidents in her career—the brutality of Stiles, their estrangements and reconciliations—came from her lips. Love, misery, heartaches, joy, and happiness filled the recital, making it a narrative interesting in every detail. Beginning calmly, she dwelt on their first meeting, his blandishments, his seductive talk and promises, displaying a wonderful memory for detail. Every little incident of her life interwoven with his came up as vividly as though impressed indelibly upon her brain. His jibes, insults, blows, kicks, desertions, with his repentant words, the contents of passionate letters, promising better things and swearing eternal love, were given to the jury by the woman who killed him. Gradually, as the thoughts of the past came rushing back, the young prisoner became tremulous, excited and tearful. Her breast heaved, her lips trembled, sobs burst out from between choking utterances, until, at the close of the narrative, pent up grief, remorse, wrecked hopes and despair asserted their power, and the witness rose and fell from her seat a screaming maniac. At intervals during her recital the spectators were in tears.

Having dwelt at length on Stiles' treatment of her up to the night before the shooting, she gave a graphic description of her desertion by him at Sunnyside, and her lonely walk back to the city through the storm. As she neared the end of her story it was evident that she was controlling herself only with the greatest effort. The tension to which the nerves of Court, jury and spectators had been subjected was painful. She seemed loath to leave the subject of her walk back to the city at midnight, fearing to trust herself with the recital of the tragedy which followed it. "The rain," said she, "was falling in sheets, and the lightning was so vivid that it seemed to burn itself into my brain. I was cold, wet, and in an agony of despair and sorrow at the wrongs that had been done me. I could not think of anything but my own sufferings and humiliation, and then—and then—" Her voice, usually musical, was pitched in a higher key, and she seemed about to faint. A bailiff stepped to her side, and she made an effort to go on. She repeated some of the incidents of her walk to town, and was evidently despairing of her ability to give the details of the tragedy. She buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Her wails soon turned to a groan, and she rocked to and fro, never lifting her hands until, with a great effort, she rose from her chair and fairly shrieked:

"And then I killed him!"

The words were still ringing in the ears of the auditors when she fell prone upon the floor. Four bailiffs picked her up and carried her into an adjoining room, where medical aid was summoned. Her pulse had ceased entirely, and for a few moments it was supposed that she was dying. Restoratives soon revived her, and she was taken to the jail, where she lies in a condition bordering on insanity.

DESTRUCTION OF NOTES.

The national debt, it is said, is at least $20,000,000 less than the figures sent to us by the treasury department from month to month show. The fractional paper currency, for example, is estimated at $7,097,599 in addition to $8,000,000, which, according to ex-Secretary Sherman, had been lost or destroyed prior to June 30, 1880. Since that date and up to October 1, 1880, less than $200,000 of that currency has been presented for redemption. At this rate the last of the fractional currency will not be redeemed for about seventy-seven years. In point of fact it will never be redeemed, since most of it is lost. Bonds and certificates matured long since, some of them more than forty years ago, and representing large sums, have never been presented for redemption, and in the case of many of them the probability that they ever will be steadily diminishes. The amount of outstanding obligations that matured more than ten years ago is astonishing, and about $5,500,000 of the $10,036,595 has been overdue for more than a year, and a greater portion from one to ten years. The unclaimed money orders aggregate no less $2,000,000 at the New York City postoffice alone, the principal part of which has been lying in the sub-treasury for years. In the entire country the aggregate of unclaimed postoffice orders—that is, unclaimed for a year or more—must amount to upward of $5,000,000.

GOATING THE OLD MAN.

"Say, are you a Mason or a nodfellow, or anything?" asked the bad boy of the grocery man, as he went to the cinnamon bag on the shelf and took out a long stick of cinnamon bark to chew.

"Why, yes, of course I am, but what set you to thinking of that?" asked the grocery man, as he went to the desk and charged the boy's father with half a pound of cinnamon.

"Well, do goats bunt when you nishiate a fresh candidate?"

"No, of course not. The goats are cheap ones, that have no life, and we muzzle them, and put pillows over their heads, so they can't hurt anybody," says the grocery man, as he winked at a brother Odd Fellow who was seated on a sugar barrel, looking mysterious. "But why did you ask?"

"O, nuthin, only I wish me and my chum had muzzled our goat with a pillow; pa would have enjoyed his becoming a member of our lodge better. You see, pa had been telling us how much good the Masons and Odd Fellows did, and said we ought to try and grow up good so we could jine the lodges wen we got big, and I asked pa if it would do any hurt for us to have a play lodge in my room, and purtend to nishiate, and pa said it wouldn't do any hurt. He said it would improve our minds, and learn us to be men. So my chum and me borried a goat that lives in a livery stable and carried him up to my room when pa and ma was out riding, but the goat blatted so we had to tie a handkerchief around his nose, and his feet made such a noise on the floor that we put some baby's socks on his feet. Well, sir, me and my chum practiced with that goat until he could bunt a picture of a goat every time. We borried a buck beer sign from a saloon man, and hung it on the back of a chair, and the goat would hit it every time. That night pa wanted to know what we were doing up in my room, and I told him we were playing lodge, and improving our minds, and pa said that was right, there was nothing that did boys of our age half so much good as to imitate men, and store by useful knowlidge. Then my chum asked pa if he didn't want to come up and take the grand bumper degree, and pa laffed and said he didn't care if he did, just to encourage us boys in innocent pastime, that was so improving to our intellex. We had shut the goat up in a closet in my room, and he had got over blatting, so we took off the handkerchief, and he was eating some of my paper collars and skate straps.

"We went up stairs and told pa to come up pretty soon and give three distinct raps, and when we asked him who comes there he must say 'a pilgarlic who wants to join your ancient order and ride the goat.' Ma wanted to come up, too, but we told her that if she come in it would break up the lodge, cause a woman couldn't keep a secret, and we didn't have any side-saddle for the goat. Say, if you never tried it, the next time you nishiate a man in your Mason's lodge, you sprinkle a little kyan pepper on the goat's beard just afore you turn him loose; you can get three times as much to the square inch of goat. You wouldn't think it was the same goat. Well we got all fixed and pa rapped, and we let him in and told him he must be blind-folded, and he got on his knees a laffing, and I tied a towel around his eyes, and then I turned him around and made him get down on his hands also, and then his back was right towards the closet door, and I put the buck beer sign right against pa's clothes. He was a laffing all the time, and said we boys were as full of fun as they made 'em, and we told him it was a solemn occasion and we wouldn't permit no levity and if he did'nt stop laffing we couldn't give him the grand bumper degree. Then everything was ready and my chum had his hand on the closet door and some kyan pepper in the other hand, and I asked pa in low bass tones if he felt as though he wanted to turn back, or if he had nerve enough to go ahead and take the degree. I warned him that it was full of dangers, as the goat was loaded for beer, and I told him he yet had time to retrace his steps if he wanted to. He said that he wanted the whole bizness, and we could go on with the menagerie. Then I said to pa if he had decided to go ahead and would not blame us for the consequences, to repeat after me the following words: "Bring forth now the Royal Bumper and let him bump!" Pa repeated the words and my chum sprinkled the pepper on the goat's moustache, and he sneezed once and looked sassy, and then he see the lager beer goat raring up, and he started after it just like a cow-catcher, and blatted. Pa is real fat, but he knew he had got hit, and he grunted and said, 'Hell's fire! wat you boys doin'?' and then the goat gave him another degree and pa pulled off the towel and got up and started for the stairs, and so did the goat, and ma was at the bottom of the stairs listening, and when I looked over the banisters pa and ma and the goat was all in a heap, and pa was yelling murder and ma was screaming fire and the goat blatting and sneezing and bunting, and the hired girl came into the hall and the goat took after her, and she crossed herself just as the goat hit her and said, 'Howly mother, protect me!' and went down stairs the way we boys slide down hill, with both hands on herself, and the goat reared up and blatted, and pa and ma went into their room and shut the door, and then my chum and me opened the front door and drove the goat out. The minister, who comes to see ma every three times a week, was just ringing the bell and the goat thought he wanted to be nishiated too, and gave him one for luck, and then went down the sidewalk blatting and sneezing, and the minister came into the parlor and said he was stabbed, and then pa came out of his room with his suspenders hanging down, and, as he didn't know the minister was there, he said cuss words, and ma cried and told pa he would go to hell sure, and pa said he didn't care, he would kill that cussed goat afore he went, and I told pa the minister was in the parlor, and he and ma went down and said the weather was propitious for a revival, and it seemed as though an outpouring of the spirit was about to be vouchsafed to His people, and none of 'em sot down but ma, cause the goat didn't hit her, and while they was talkin' religion with their mouths, and kussin the goat inwardly, my chum and me adjourned the lodge, and I went and stayed with him all night, and I hain't been home since; but I don't believe pa will lick me, cause he said he would not hold us responsible for the consequences. He ordered the goat his self and we filled the order, don't you see? Well, I guess I'll go and sneak in the back way and find out from the hired girl how the land lays. She won't go back on me, cause the goat wasn't loaded for hired girls. She just happened to get in at the wrong time. Good-bye, sir. Remember and give your goat kyan pepper in your lodge."

As the boy went away and skipped over the back fence, the grocery man said to his brother Odd Fellow, "If that boy don't beat the devil, then I never saw one that did. The old man ought to have him sent to the lunatic asylum.

SOME WOMEN'S WAY.

At the busiest hour in the afternoon a woman who would have balanced 175 pounds of horse feed on the scales elbowed three men away from the stamp window at the branch Post-office and inquired: "Is there a mail going north to-night?" "Yes'm." "Is it sure to go?" "Oh, yes." "Have I time to write a letter?" "Yes, five hours' time." "I was thinking of writing to my husband, who is in Saginaw. I suppose I could write a postal card." "I suppose so." "Do they go just as safely?" "Certainly." By this time there were seven men waiting and scowling around, but the woman clung to the shelf and continued: "I suppose you keep postal cards here?" "Yes'm." "Two for a cent?" "No; only one." "I didn't know but what they were down this fall. I presume you can change a five dollar bill?" "Yes." "Seems too bad to break it for a cent, but I suppose I must. You may hand me a card." A card was handed out, and she began to feel for her purse. The crowd surged up and tried to hustle her, but she couldn't be hustled. She looked in fourteen different places for that bill, but it was not to be found. "Do you suppose I could have lost it?" she suddenly asked. "Yes'm" "Where?" "On the next corner." "Then I'll go and get it. Dear me! But I wish I had written a letter!" She let go and was pushed aside, and it was about ten minutes before she reappeared and called out "The bill wasn't on the corner, and I believe I handed it to you when I first came in." "Oh, no." "Well, if I did, and you are mean enough to keep it, you'll never prosper. I'll go home and get a cent, and come back and buy a card, but I do think that under the circumstances you might let me write on both sides of it."—[Detroit Free Press.

AN INCENDIARY JUSTICE.

Justice Willis, who set fire to a house at Putnam, R. I., was caught with some difficulty. There was at first only a detective's vague suspicion against him, resting upon no evidence. It would not have done to arrest him, for he was a man of good standing, and so much of a politician that he expected to go to the next State legislature. A plot was therefore laid to make him convict himself. A woman was sent to board in the same house with him. She pretended to be a book canvasser. After gaining his confidence, she told him that she really belonged to a gang of thieves, who had a large amount of government bonds to sell. Willis eagerly proposed to act as agent for the purpose. He went with the woman to Boston, where she introduced him to several men who personated the band of robbers. They affected to doubt his sincerity. Fearing that he was about to miss a profitable bit of business, he tried to win their confidence by telling them of the crimes which he had committed. He had stolen from various persons, and once in a bank, when counting money alongside a man who was doing the same, he slyly clapped the other's pile in his own and it was supposed that a sneak-thief had disappeared with the notes. This exploit apparently delighted the listeners (it turns out to be a true story) and they led him into a confession of incendiarism. A concealed shorthand reporter took down all he said and his arrest followed.

A superstition prevails in Devonshire, England, that any one neglecting to kill the first butterfly that he may see for the season will have ill luck throughout the year.

It is indeed true that the Chinese do everything just directly opposite to Caucasian methods. The wife of the Chinese Minister doesn't like to be considered as young as she is.