

### Only a Voice.

It was only a voice that swept through the hall, in accents responsive to somebody's call. From a form that I did not see; But the door stood ajar, and the sound made way. As the musical rhythm asserted its sway, And fatefully floated to me. At first it was only a thrilling surprise, Inviting the soul from its slumber to rise After toll of a tedious day; And the paper and pencil seemed tired, too, And suggested the artist's labor was through, Till lit by the morning's ray. But the spell of that voice was a potent spell, And its musical cadences rose and fell In dreams and in day's ecstasy; Till the brain gave heed to no other tone, And the soul was in bondage to that alone, Nor mourned for its liberty. We have never met—but that voice so clear With its marvelous melody smote my ear, As love's own revealer; And till heart throbs are silenced by death's tattoo, That voice I shall hear, and the long sleep through, Be the call to eternity.

### Jack Bullet's Broken Heart.

A hundred men were digging for gold, and they had named the place "Joe White's Dream." Singular name, but they were singular men—brawny, rough, grizzled, and some of them wicked. They were men from the East, digging, delving, in a sort of mad frenzy, for the golden wealth of California. On this day all work had ceased. The men formed in a circle on the grass, and in the center was Jack Bullet. His hands were tied behind him, there was an old wolfish eyes he sent murderous glances from one face to another, and at last called out: "I wish I had knifed some of ye!" None of the men replied. Some were pale, others nervous, and none seemed to relish the business on hand, which was the hanging of Jack Bullet. By-and-bye a meek and humble looking man named Elder Graves by the boys, entered the circle, and standing with one hand on the prisoner's shoulder, he began: "Jack Bullet, this is a solemn morning for us all! Here is the rope—there is the limb—and we are gathered to hang you! You came to Joe White's Dream weeks ago, poor, hungry and ill. We fed and nursed you, and when you were well enough to work, you made a full claim to the mine. How have you returned staked out for the nation? You have stolen dust from the men, brought discord and jealousies among us, incited rows and riots, and last night you were detected when about to murder your partner and steal his few hundred dollars. We try to be white in this camp, and to use all men right, but we cannot turn you loose to prey upon some other party. The men are going to hang you!" "Let 'em hang—I can't die but once!" sulkily replied the prisoner. "Jack Bullet," said the elder, "I am a praying man, and I want to pray with you before you swing! I am sorry for you. You are a strong man, and you are to die like a dog. Maybe you have a mother in the East, or you may have a wife and children. God help them!" The elder sank down on his knees before the prisoner and prayed such a prayer as the rocks have never echoed again. Before he had finished there were tears in the eyes of half the men, and Big Sam bent over to Curly Jim and whispered: "Now that's what I call religion—the real old hang-up religion such as we used to get way back in New Hampshire!" When that prayer had ended a new spirit came to the men. They scanned Jack Bullet's face and saw that it had softened, and as Elder Graves stepped aside the president of the camp cut Jack's bonds and said: "We don't want your blood, though you sought ours. You are free to go, Jack Bullet, but don't you ever enter Joe White's Dream again!" The relieved man moved away without a word, nor did he look back as long as he was in view. When he had disappeared from sight the miners returned to their work, each one so busy with his thoughts that few words were spoken. That day two weeks a man came up from "Cardboard City" and reported that Jack Bullet had been eaten up by a grizzly. Every man in camp felt glad then that his town had escaped the disgrace of a hanging, and in the afternoon we saw Elder Graves shoulder a spade and turn down into a little valley. It was a beautiful spot, always full of the mellowest sunshine and the prettiest flowers. When the boys had knocked off work for the day they all descended into the place, for what reason no one knew, but by a sort of common consent. In the center of the valley the earth had been heaped up like a grave. At its head was a board—at its foot a wild rose. On the board Elder Graves had cut with his knife:

**JACK BULLET,**  
AGED FORTY.  
Men may not have given him a chance,  
BUT GOD WILL!

You wouldn't think those rough men had sentiment in their hearts, but they saw through the elder's motives in an instant, and the roughest man in the lot stooped down and carefully rearranged one of the soles.

Three weeks more went by, and one evening Jack Bullet came into Joe White's Dream, alive and well. He stood on the little square in the center of the town, and he said not a word till the wondering men had gathered about him. Then he pointed to the grave in the valley, his eyes filled with tears, and he chokedly said: "Boys, I snaked back here this morning to kill some one in revenge, but I am across that—that grave down—down there, and—"

He held out his hands to the men and the tears blinded him so that he could not see a face. Elder Graves went down on his knees again, every man with him, and there were more tears and a prayer so beautiful and tender and true that Jack Bullet sobbed like a child. His heart was broken, and all the saten in his nature was driven out in a moment.

### Joe White's Dream was a mining camp for many months after that, and Jack Bullet was one of the best men in it. The headboard grew gray as the rain beat down and the sun shone, and the wild rose grew till it covered all the grave, but no one disturbed a sod. The grave was a sign—a beacon light, as it were, and perhaps miners were right when they said of its town: "They've had a revival up there, an' they are the best chaps an' the hardest workers on the slope."—M. Quad.

### Thoughts for Saturday Night.

Our heart is its own grave. Things past may be repented, but not recalled. So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. Passions are as easily evaded as impossible to moderate. Pain addeth zest unto pleasure and teaches the luxury of health. The air is full of farewells to the dying and mournings for the dead. Opportunity is rare, and a wise man will never let it go by him. Passion costs too much to bestow it upon every trifling. The mind revolts against certain opinions as the stomach rejects certain food. The public man needs but one patron—namely, the lucky moment. The only sin which we never forgive in each other is difference of opinion. Predominant opinions are generally the opinions of the generation that is vanishing. Necessity is cruel, but it is the only test of inward strength. Every fool can live according to his own likings. We cannot conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than they could. Every man has something to do which he neglects, every man has faults to conquer which he delays to combat. Thou fool! Nature alone is antique, and the oldest art a mushroom; that idle crag thou sittest on is six thousand years of age. National progress is the sum of individual industry, energy and uprightiness, as national decay is of individual idleness, selfishness and vice. The happiness of life is made up of minute fractions—the little, soon forgotten charities of a kiss, a smile, a kind look, a heartfelt compliment in the disguise of a playful rally and the countless other infinitesimals of pleasant thought and feeling.

### Red Tape in the British Army.

When a soldier in the British army wants a new pair of shoes he communicates the fact of his indigent condition to his sergeant. This sergeant investigates and makes a written report of the fact, forwarding it, with the soldier's application, to the lieutenant. The lieutenant refers the matter back to the sergeant, with instructions to ascertain how near the soldier's term of service is out, that he may not go trudging off home in a pair of shoes ahead of the government. The sergeant ascertaining that the soldier has served long enough to wear out a whole case of shoes, indorses the instructions to that effect; and they are forwarded by the lieutenant to the captain. The captain indorses the application with the recommendation that he be granted, and forward it to the adjutant, who refers it to the surgeon with the necessary instructions, in obedience to which the surgeon refers it back to the sergeant to ascertain if the man is troubled with corns, bunions, ingrowing nails, or any pedal affections or deformities that would necessitate the use of a special last. The application then reaches the colonel through the regular channels, and is by him referred to the quartermaster with orders to answer the requisition with the necessary footgear. The quartermaster transmits it, in triplicate, to the supply department, secretary of war and quartermaster general, and the contractor is notified by the quartermaster general. The contractor indorses the application with a request to know what size is wanted, and the paper is referred back to the sergeant, with orders to procure the soldier's number. The sergeant then indorses on the original application his final report that the soldier had been transferred into a cavalry regiment and wants boots. He is a degraded and placed in the ranks for presuming to know what a soldier in another regiment wants, and the papers are forwarded to the soldier's cavalry regiment with instructions for him to make the application for boots through the regular channels. In the meantime

### Better Than Grog.

A correspondent of the London *Lancet*, who owns water power mills, writes: "I am frequently compelled, at this season of the year, to have men working in water even in frosty weather. I find the following allowance gives great satisfaction to the men, and we never have a case of cold or injury to the men in any way: Kettle of coffee, made with half sweet milk, half water, three or four eggs whipped poured into it when 'off the boil'; hot toast bread with plenty of butter of the finest quality. Serve up this every two and a half hours. The expense is much less than the usual allowance of whiskey, and the men work far better, and if care is taken to have coffee, milk (cream is still better), bread, and especially the butter, of the very finest quality, the men are delighted with it. I am persuaded it would be worth while to try this allowance instead of grog. Giving extra grog gives the men a notion that it is good for them, and perpetuates the belief in stimulants among workmen."

### Chloroform.

The use of chloroform in dentistry is said by the *Medical Record* to be always dangerous. "No surgeon," says the writer, "cares to assume the responsibility of giving chloroform unless he knows that the stomach of the patient is empty, that the circulatory apparatus is in good condition, and the lungs free from disease. A previous inquiry into these conditions is as much a part of the administration of any anesthetic as is the placing of the napkin to the nose."

### FEMIAN HISTORY RECITED.

#### Plans for the Liberation of Ireland—England's Discovery, and How She Destroyed Fenianism—John O'Mahoney's Death.

John O'Mahoney, who died lately in New York, was a strange being. He was tall and well formed, and had a grizzled, dark brown hair and handsomely chiseled features, but a lugard and care worn expression. The property in Ireland that he made over to his sister was considerable, or at least sufficient to surround a large family with every comfort, but O'Mahoney never received any benefit from it in this country or in Paris, where, after the attempted Irish insurrection of '48, he eked out a miserable existence as a tutor. He taught Latin, Greek, and English, and occasionally contributed to some of the French newspapers. He was all his life a bookworm, and was master of the Hebrew Sanscrit and ancient Celtic languages. Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, Dublin, in his translation of the "Wars of the Gael and Strangers," published under the supervision of the Fenians, served only a few months every year, and after having been disbanded in 1864, it was not called out again in 1865—the year appointed by Stevens for the rising—and at the same time the Fenian regiments of the line were hurried off to India, and English regiments were ordered at once to take their places in Ireland. Thus the proposed nucleus of the Fenian army was destroyed without a single shot, and nothing was left but an unarmed organization. This was the real cause of the collapse of the movement.

#### An Alligator Story.

There lived in Calcutta a lovely girl of seventeen, who was engaged to a man she was much attached to; her father, however, did not approve of the match, and was anxious that she should marry another man, who had proposed to her some time before. This second lover, backed up by the father, was most persistent in his attentions, and ultimately hoped to win the girl, who, on her part, disliked him intensely, and declared she would only marry the man she was engaged to, and no one else. All of a sudden the girl disappeared; and, though every search was made, no intelligence could be gained of her, nor was there any apparent reason for her mysterious absence. Suspicion fell on both her lovers, especially on the one whose suit she had rejected, for it was well known he was highly incensed against her for her indifference toward him. They were both arrested and imprisoned, and also their sorrow and astonishment at her disappearance. It was ascertained that she was last seen going to the tank with her pitcher to draw water, and that she had never been seen since. On this it was decided to have the tank dragged, which was accordingly done. The first time they found nothing; however, they tried again. On this occasion they felt something very heavy in the net; presently they saw the huge head of an alligator which broke the net and allowed the animal to escape. They immediately commenced making another net of extra strength, and one not likely to be broken by the alligator. When it was finished they dragged the tank, and this time they did so most thoroughly, but to their amazement nothing of the alligator was seen. "Where can it be?" they exclaimed; "surely we were not deceived, for we all saw it; and yet, if it was in that tank, we must have caught it." Some one proposed that they should drag the tank from the opposite side. They did, and their efforts were crowned with success, for they captured the alligator and brought him safe to land. He was of monstrous size, and most ferocious monster. Inside of him they found no end of gold and silver bangles and native ornaments; some of them were recognized by the bereaved father as belonging to his poor daughter, for they were the same she wore on the evening she was seen walking toward the tank.

#### Soldiers Afraid of Mice.

The correspondent of the London *News* writes: "Our company is made up of Servians, Russians, a Frenchman, a Swiss, a Prussian, an Austrian and a Croat, so that we are rather a polyglot crew. The thatch of the barracks swarms with mice, which have a festive habit of dropping down on the sleeper's face, and they have been accused, I cannot say with what justice, of attempting to nestle in beards. The Russians have a perfectly frantic horror of mice. I have seen a veteran who would not turn his head at an exploding shell, jump from his bed in the middle of the night in a paroxysm of fear, and drawing his sword, make frantic cuts and passes at the spot where he believed his tormentors were harboring. I have seen another rush into the cold night air because a mouse ran across his face, and refuse to re-enter till the break of day. Gen. Donchouff, who used to be one of the inhabitants of our barracks, immigrated together on account of the mice, and fitted up for himself a rough *tente d'abri* behind the tent, into which he crept nightly without undressing, and slept there till the wind wrecked his habitation, when he had to go into winter quarters in the Chancellerie. Mice abound there, too, but he fights against them by the device of having his lion bedstead in the middle of the room, and he does not so much mind their playing on the floor under him."

### FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

#### Cutting and Steaming Food for Live Stock.

Joshua Forsyth, a farmer, of Pemberton, N. J., wrote the American farmer's club asking if it pays to cut fodder, such as cornstalks, wheat straw, hay, etc., to be mixed with wheat, bran, corn meal and similar materials, and steam the mixture for milk cows. Also, does feeding pay for fattening hogs. A New Jersey farmer of experience said that cutting and steaming feed for domestic animals is an economical process except when the work is done on an exceedingly small scale. It requires as much fuel and as many cutters and steaming appliances to cut and steam feed for two cows as for ten, and takes a man as long to make a fire and steam a box of feed for only one cow and one horse as for a horse and only three or four cows and a horse or two, the expense incident to procuring steaming appliances and the labor of cooking the feed would more than cancel the gain or saving in consequence of cooking the feed. No elements of nutrition are added by cooking. The process simply renders the crude and otherwise unavailable atoms of nutriment assimilable by the digestive organs. It would not pay to put grass through a fodder cutter and afterward steam it before the food was distributed to live stock, for the reason that all the elements of nutrition in good grass are available to live stock without having been steamed. It will not pay to steam hay of prime quality, for the reason that live stock will extract all the nourishment there is in the succulent leaves and stems without having been steamed. But when hay is made of dead ripe grass the leaves and stems are often so hard that the nourishment is not available after it has been eaten. Many of the stalks of Indian corn are so hard and rough that live stock cannot avail themselves of the nutriment such as the fodder will yield unless it is cut and steamed. Clean and bright straw contains a large percentage of gum, starch and oil which will make milk and fatten neat cattle or sheep, provided the roughness, the coarseness and the solidity of the leaves and stems can be broken down, so that when the animals eat the mass their digestive powers may obtain the nourishment that exists in the rough material. When whole grain is fed to neat cattle a large percentage of what is eaten will pass undigested. This farmer has tried the experiment so often of feeding whole grain against the practice of feeding cooked food that he is satisfied there is a saving of fully one-third of all sorts of grain by feeding it in this manner. In preparing for steaming food care must be taken not to expend too much for the steaming apparatus. The speaker made a cheap steam boiler, which, placed on a kitchen stove, is sufficient with one scuttle of stove coal to cook the breakfast for the family and to steam five hundred swine. This little boiler consists of two cast iron cylinder heads about sixteen inches in diameter, and the circumference is galvanized boiler iron, extending from one head to the other. Twenty-one inch-and-a-half iron tubes extend from one head to the other, the ends passing through the heads and riveted on the outside to render the boiler water tight. The smoke and flame from the fire pass through the tubes and heat the water in the boiler in a short time. The steam is driven out through a small pipe in the upper cylinder head, and is conducted through gas pipe to the steam box in which cut fodder and meal are placed preparatory to being steamed. Such a boiler could be placed on a cheap stove in the kitchen or in the cellar, and steam sent in pipes through a hundred feet distant to the barn or piggery to cook food. By this arrangement all danger incident to having fire about buildings would be avoided. When one has such a cheap and convenient apparatus the gain by way of cooking feed will far exceed the cost over and above the small expense of feeding rough and uncooked feed.

#### Domestic Recipes.

**TO PREPARE MUTTON CHOPS.**—Take eight or more fat covered mutton chops, pare well, season with salt, pepper and grated nutmeg; put them in a saucepan with four ounces of hot clarified butter; cook rare, drain in a dish, especially the butter; pour a pint of cognac sauce over the chops; let cool; meanwhile have as many sheets of large, thick note paper as there are chops, cut them in heart shape and oil them, and then put on the table, put two very thin slices of cooked ham or beef tongue on each paper, one on each side, then place the chop with its sauce on the right side, hold the paper over, and with the fore finger and thumb of the right hand twist the edges of the paper over in very close, tight folds; repeat the same operation for every chop; fifteen minutes before serving put the whole in a large flat baking pan, and bake a light brown color in a moderately hot oven; dish them in a circle and send a bowl of brown Italian sauce along with them.

#### TO MAKE MERINGUE APPLES.

Peel and skin a dozen apples and take out the cores; cook them in a saucepan with butter, sugar and the rind of a lemon chopped fine; reduce to a thick consistency; dish up in a pyramid in the center of a dish; an hour before serving cover the pyramid with a layer of meringue; make up a sheet of strong paper in the form of a long funnel with a hole the size of a large pencil at the point; fasten the top with a pin; fill it with a sufficient quantity of meringue; close the large end by folding the paper, and with gentle pressure force out the meringue in a decorating surface; sprinkle all over and cook for forty minutes in a very light brown color in a moderate oven; garnish around with small cuts of currant jelly and serve hot.

#### TO CLEAN TRAYS AND JAPANESE GOODS.

Do not pour boiling water over them, particularly on japanned ones, as it will make the varnish crack and peel off, but have a sponge wetted with warm water, and a little soap, if the tray be very dirty; then rub it with a dry cloth. If the tray gets marked take a woolen cloth, with a little sweet oil, and rub it over the marks. Wipe dry, particularly outside, for if any wet be suffered to dry on it, it will leave the stain.

### Are Not Molly Maguires.

#### The following resolutions were passed by the Ancient Order of Hibernians of New Jersey:

1. That the Ancient Order of Hibernians existing in the State of New Jersey, hereby solemnly deny and utterly rebuke and abhor any and all connection or affiliation with the aforesaid association of "Molly Maguires."

2. That we utterly reprobate and condemn, abhor, and anathematize the murderous actions of the so-called "Molly Maguires;" that we sincerely hope the members of this detestable society, who have become the violators of all law, human and divine, and the shedders of the blood of their fellow men, will be brought to speedy justice and condign punishment for their horrible deeds of violence and blood.

3. That we call upon our brethren of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, both in their general and State organizations, to follow the example of the order in the State of New Jersey in utterly disowning all association and sympathy with the aforesaid body of "Mollies," and in most strongly and emphatically condemning and reprobating, abhorring, and anathematizing the murderous and diabolical principles and deeds of this abominable association.

4. That the national board, whose headquarters are in the city of New York, be at once instructed by all State organizations, and the New Jersey organization do hereby instruct them to begin a rigid investigation into the alleged connection of the detestable "Mollies" with our Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibernians, and in case that any portion of our order in Pennsylvania or elsewhere should be found to be in any manner connected with the so-called "Mollies," or to have lent them any aid or countenance whatsoever in their nefarious work, to cut off without any delay, such violators of the principles and ends of our Ancient and Honorable Order of Hibernians, and express through the public journals our utter abhorrence and condemnation of such affiliation with or countenance of the bloody deeds of the murderous "Mollies."

5. That the Ancient Order of Hibernians is an association of Christian men and law-abiding citizens, whose object is to put in practice the great principles of brotherly love; to assist one another in sickness and death; to promote good will and Christian charity among its members, to ameliorate the moral and physical condition of our people; to obey every law of civil society; to observe every precept of God's church; and to take no means for the accomplishment of these purposes except what are approved by our lawful superiors, both in church and State, and will stand every test of divine and human law.

#### Saturday Night.

Saturday night makes people human, and sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into wardrooms and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger closes with a crash, the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang, up go the shutters with a will, click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all week gently closes behind him; the world is all shut out. Shut out? Shut in rather. Here are his treasures, after all, and not in the vault and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the bank. Maybe you are a bachelor, frosty and forty. Then, poor fellow, Saturday night is nothing to you, just as you are nothing to anybody. Get a wife, blue eyed or black eyed, but, above all, true eyed. Get a little home, no matter how little; a sofa, just two or two and a half, and then get two or two and a half in it of a Saturday night, and then read this paragraph by the light of your wife's eyes, and thank God, and take courage.

#### Gold in England.

Notwithstanding the large exports of gold from London during the past few months, not only to the United States, but to Germany, the north of Europe, and Paris, the balance of gold coin for the calendar year just closed was greater than during any year since 1871. The imports of gold into England in 1876, according to the statement of Pixley and Abell, amounted to \$116,222,350, and the exports to \$81,097,850, leaving a balance of \$35,124,500. The imports of gold were about \$5,000,000 greater in 1876 than in 1875, notwithstanding the fact that the United States sent to England \$18,925,425 and Australia \$8,347,050 less last year than the year before. The balance was made up by increased imports from Russia and India. Almost the entire balance of gold coin and bullion gained by England on its commerce of 1876 is of course found in the vaults of the Bank of England, which had increased its stock of gold January 3, 1877, when compared with that held January 5, 1876, by \$34,992,020.

#### The Washington Monument.

The board of engineers appointed to examine into the stability of the foundation of the Washington monument has decided, it is understood, to suggest to Congress the advisability of tearing down the present neglected structure, and the removal of the stones to the circle at the intersection of Massachusetts avenue and Fourteenth street, where they could be used as a base for a granite shaft of imposing height and design. The site selected is the most elevated point in the district, and is surrounded by some of the finest dwellings. This action on the part of the engineers is believed to be dictated by the fact that in their boring to ascertain the stability of the foundation of the monument they have discovered that there is not firmness enough in the soil to bear the increased weight of the addition proposed to be put upon the shaft.

### Items of Interest.

#### An Irishman returned from his travels

Galantly compared his landlady to Yeghvius, because she was a fine old crater. Soliloquy of a drunken man: "How can I leave thee?" as he hugged a lamp post. A policeman solved the conundrum at once. A dealer advertises "A large stock of bankrupt pianos and organs." Now, who would wish to purchase musical instruments whose notes were not good. "Did she leave anything?" was asked of one of God's poor who had just died. "No," was the answer, "she took everything with her." Happy they who can. "Centennial Bees" are the latest. They are made up of those who visited the Centennial, and of those who get together to talk and gossip over what they saw there. The great English gun is pronounced cracked, the reason being that it was not thoroughly bored. If it had been placed in an American newspaper office the result must have been very different. Bald headed gentleman in the park, to young lady in the dress circle, during an affecting passage in the play: "I respect your notion, madam, but you are shedding tears on my head." The papers relate an anecdote of a beautiful young lady, who had become blind, having recovered her sight after marriage. It is no uncommon thing for people's eyes to be opened by matrimony. A cheerful temperament is a good thing out in the grasshopper district. A man writes to the *Sibley (Nev.) Gazette*: "As we sit by our bright hay fire and think of men back in the timbered country who are obliged to haul wood in the cold weather we're glad we escaped such a dog's life." There are \$232,000,000 more of gold than silver in existence. The amount of precious metal in existence is \$13,740,000,000. The increase of the amount of the precious metals in existence has been greater within the last twenty-eight years than during the previous one hundred and forty. A swell Fifth avenue (New York) tailor will charge from \$70 to \$80 for a winter overcoat, and from \$90 to \$100 for a suit of clothes. Nine dollars for a hat is asked now, the same as was paid four years ago. A pair of shoes made to order will cost from \$12 to \$16. In a word, the old prices substantially prevail. Lady (to shopman, after making him turn over all the stock): "There, that's exactly the quality I want, but it is green, and I wanted plum color." Insinuating shopman: "You can't do better than take this." Beside, ma'am, it is plum color." Lady: "What! Plum color?" Shopman: "Certainly. Only the plums are not ripe."

#### A superannuated coquette, who was

suspected of giving rein to her loquacity for the purpose of displaying a very fine set of teeth, once asked a sadist old lady what, in her estimation, constituted a good conversationalist, and the old lady, happily answered that, in her opinion, a good conversationalist was a person who could talk without betraying her dentist. The eyes of San Joaquin valley, Cal., are refusing to suckle their lambs, large numbers of which, the Sacramento *Bees* says, are dying. Herders and farmers think this portends a severe drought, and that the beasts have an instinctive knowledge that there is to be a short crop of food, and thus save themselves the trouble of fruitlessly rearing their young only to die of starvation. "How much will you give me for this horse?" said the jockey, riding the animal up in front of the country tavern to be inspected by the crowd. "How much will you take?" asked one of the bystanders. "One hundred and twenty-five dollars," said the owner. "I will give you twenty-five dollars," said the bidder. "Take him," said the jockey, as he jumped to the ground, "I never let a hundred dollars slip a horse trade."

#### The New Boarder.

The story of Salvini's marriage is very interesting. She was a poor sewing girl, working in London for her daily bread, when Salvini found her, having been commissioned by a lady in Florence to deliver her a package. He straightway fell in love with her, and soon married her, and now, in the magnificent home to which he has transferred her, she treats her with the distinction accorded to a princess, with the tenderness of a worshipping husband. At a private boarding house the new boarder is an object of special interest. He walks into the house awkwardly, hangs his hat carefully on the rack, casts a hasty look over his person to see if his vest is pulled down, arranges his collar and cravat, runs his hands over his head to mash down some unruly tuft of hair, and then walks into the parlor as a bashful lover would on his first visit to his sweetheart. Then follows an introduction to the other boarders and the ladies, and among the multiplicity of names you catch only one or two. He has now crossed the Rubicon, but there are several other things to transpire before he is fairly landed. He sits in his chair with all the grace at command which he is being measured by the ladies. They either think him "perfectly handsome" or "awfully ugly." He never a compromise between the two. He sits there quietly and with an attempt at dignity. He has nothing to say, being a stranger, and the boarders, being strangers, have nothing to say to him. The ladies all the time keeping up a volley among themselves of wondrous as to if he is married, what he does for a living, etc. After an awkward pause, the bell rings, and the party flies into supper. The new boarder takes his seat in an easy way and looks as if he was about to sit down on a pincushion. He commences to eat, and looks as if he was about to eat a snow bird, and when he leaves the table he is as hungry as if he had ate nothing at all. "It takes several days to wear away the stiffness attendant upon his coming." After this, he is as one of the family, and loses interest. He takes his seat nearest the fire, and makes mutual comments on some other new boarder.