Beaver & Gephart

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VIGIL.

Sleep, little flow'ret! with fragrant flowers sleeping,
Serene on earth's breast.
Close, weary eyelids! with folded leaves closing—
Symbol their languorous bliss while reposing,
O rest with these, rest!
While the night dews are weeping.

Smile, little angel! with still waters smiling,
Beneath the white moon.
Dream, little soul! with their rapturous dreaming—
Image their heaven-bosomed beauty and seeming—
O wake not too soon!
To the daylight dileing.

Midnight Footsteps.

In an ancient Northumberland mansion two ladies sat within easy distance of the fire, the length and depth and fierceness of which would have astonished a London householder. The elder lady—and she was very old, but as brisk as a bee—sat at a large waiting table, and turned over numerous papers by the light of the wax candles that stood near in heavy silver candlesticks. The younger lady, and she was closely approaching fifty, was busily engaged with a long roll of flannel, from which she was cutting petticoats for the poor. Any winter's evening for two years past the widowed Mrs. Crosby and Miss Dorothy Grimble, her niece, might have been found similarly employed, the aunt ruling her large estate with a firm hand from that writing table, and the maiden niece organizing the feminine charities of the house.

"Scandalous! That fellow Smith in trouble again, and can't pay his rent. Soon see about that idle rascal!" muttered Mrs. Crosby.

"Only a fortnight till a club day; wonder if these petticoats will be ready for the women," murmured Miss Dorothy, anxiously.

"Send them up to the school-house; they can be made there."

"They are making new surplices for the choir; can't do both."

"Bah! Surplices, indeed! Petticoats are much more use; and I'm sure that poor miserable rector is as much at the mercy of those women as if he wore a petticoat himself!"

"Well, Aunt Crosby,' remonstrated Miss Dorothy, "you can't *expect* a man to know all that a woman generally looks after."

"He ought to, if he hasn't got a woman to help him. How do I know all about what a man generally looks after!"

At this moment the door was thrown open, and the old butler announced the rector of the parish.

Mr. Preedy was a very quiet, mild-looking man, upward of fifty. He entered nervously; for he was always uncertain, until he had been greeted, whether his powerful parishoner, Mrs. Crosby, intended to snap at him or pat him on the back (metaphorically). He now received her gracious shake of the hand with a sense of pure gratification.

"*Don't* let me disturb you; was just passing—ahem, ah!"

And then the sentences died away in an almost inaudible whisper of a self-evident fact, namely, that he had "looked in."

"Quite right, sit down; I'm busy, but Dolly will talk to you."

Very uneasily he approached "Dolly," and seated himself on one side of the large workbasket, his hands meekly folded on his knees, and his eyet resting in fond admiration on the heaps of flannel.

"Always busy, always useful," he murmured.

Miss Dorothy's maiden hand twitched; and she cut the flannel in a wrong place.

"Excuse me," she said, rising in some confusion. "I forgot to leave out some medicine for Mrs. Brown. I will return immediately."

The door had just closed when the rector murmured audibly:

"Admirable woman! Invaluable!"

"Ah?" said Aunt Crosby, sharply turning round, and the light from the fire made her spectacles gleam as she sat with raised pen, "did you speak?"

"No—I, ah—merely was thinking—ah—what a loss Miss Dorothy would be to you—if—ah, she was to—leave you!"

"Bless me!" responded Aunt Crosby, in a tone of slight contempt' "no need to trouble about that till she talks of going."

"No, no; very true, madam. You have such an amusing way of putting things!" and he ventured on a little nervous laugh, from which he sobered down supernaturally next minute. "Perhaps—ah—she might marry?"

"What is the idiot driving at?" said Mrs. Crosby to herself, irate at so many interruptions. "Marry, did you say?" she inquired aloud. "Well, about five-and-twenty years ago Dolly was a well-looking young woman. Still, she might marry now, and so might I, for the matter of that, if any one asked me! Take a look at the paper, Mr. Preedy; they'll bring in the tray directly;" and the pen scratched on again.

"What a cruel woman!" said the rector to himself. "She won't let me speak! I'll try her again, though, see if I don't."

And having manfully turned the paper inside out, he gave a preparatory cough.

"Mrs. Crosby, I have long wished—"

"Why can't he keep still?" muttered the old lady to herself.

"I say, I have long wished,"—and he had attained the fixed high key in which he usually intoned the service, and the sound of his own voice thus pitched gave him courage—"to express the admiration I feel for your niece."

"Well, she's an excellent creature, Mr. Preedy," agreed Aunt Crosby; and in despair at his pertinacity, she put down her pen, tightened her pinched glasses on her nose, and turned her keen face full round to await the further remarks of her visitor.

"What a wife she would make, Mrs. Crosby!" cried the cheered rector, enthusiastically.

A glimmering of the truth lit up the old lady's mind, and she replied:

"You should be a better judge of that than me, Mr. Preedy; did you want to marry her?"

"Oh, Mrs. Crosby, you are too good! May I hope?"

With an odd smile on her puckered old face, Aunt Crosby said:

"Hadn't you better ask *her!* I'll go out as she comes in."

And, suiting the action to the word, the mistress of the mansion left the room as her niece entered.

That night about half-past twelve, two hours after every one had retired, Mrs. Crosby heard a footstep on the gravel walk below the window. She got up at once, lit her candle, and throwing on a warm but faded dressing-gown, she marched along the passage and down to the room where reposed the butler and the plate-chest.

The sound of the old man's snoring showed he was undisturbed. His mistress rapped sharply.

"Get up, Barnes; there's a man walking under my window!"

Quickly old Barnes obeyed, and then he called a young footman to assist him and the two armed themselves with pokers and alslied forth from the bay-window of the dinning-room, while Mrs. Crosby, candle in hand, stood just within it.

After prowling about for a few minutes, the men were about to come in, when the younger of the two spied a shadow close up to the gray wall of the house. He sprang forward, shouting:

"I've got him!"

And Mrs. Crosby, in a voice worthy of Mrs. Siddons, cried from the window:

"Bring him here!"

Then the butler lending his assistance, a struggling, expostulating man was dragged into the presence of the owner of the mansion. Turning to vent her wrath upon him, she exclaimed in amazement, and Barnes cried in the same breath:

"It's Mr. Preedy!"

"Let me explain—Mrs. Crosby—I entreat you!" gasped the rector. "Oh, send away the servants!"

"E'ave bin h'after somethin', then!" said the young man, confidentially, as he appeared to retire, but really lingered by the door to listen.

"Speak, sir!" commanded Aunt Crosby.

"Well, then," whispered the rector, in an agitated voice, "she has promised to be mine—and—I meant no harm, indeed, kind Mrs. Crosby; but I just walked back to look at the light in her window!"

There was an ominous silence, and then came a crackle of laughter like the sound of holly leaves burning, and Aunt Crosby chuckled out:

"Go home, Mr. Preedy; go home and go to bed! We old folks should think of our rheumatism before we perform as Romeos and Juliets. Good night to you. I'll bolt the window now, if you don't mind."

"Look at that now," cried the young footman, delighted.

"Shame on you for listening, James!" replied Barnes, adding with a growl, "Waking us all up to look at Miss Dorothy's winder. Well, I'm blessed if there is a fool like an old fool!"

Fool Friends-

Nothing hurts a man, nothing hurts a party, so terribly as fool friends

A fool friend is the sower of bad news, of slander, and all base and unpleasant things.

A fool friend always knows every mean thing that has been said against you and against the party.

He always know where your party is losing, and the other is making large gains.

He always tell you of the good luck your enemy has had.

He implicitly belives every story against you, and kindly suspects your defence.

A fool friend is always full of a kind of stupid candor.

He is so candid that he always believes the statement of an enemy.

He never suspects anything on your side.

Nothing pleases him like being shocked by horrible news ooncerning some good man.

He never denies a lie unless it is in your favor.

He is always finding fault with his party and is continually begging pardon for not belonging to the other side.

He is frightfully anxious that all candidates should stand well with the opposition.

He is forever seeing the faults of his party and the virtues of the other.

He generally shows his candor by scratching his ticket.

He always searches every nook and corner of his conscience to find a reason for deserting a friend or a principle.

In the moment of victory he is magnanimously on the other side. In defeat he consoles you by repeating prophecies made after the event.

The fool friend regards your reputation as common property, and as common prey for all the vultures, hyenas and jackals.

He takes a sad pleasure in your misfortunes.

He forgets his principles to gratify your enemies

He forgives your maligner and slanderer with all his heart.

He is so friendly that you cannot kick him.

He generally talks for you, but always bets the other way.

How the Early Virginians got Wives.

The history of the Commonwealth of Virginia, commenced with an auction sale—not, however, in a store, but beneath the green trees of Jamestown, where, probably, the most anxious and interested crowd of auction habitues ever known in the history of the world were gathered. In a letter, still to be seen, dated London, August 21, 1621, and directed to a worthy colonist of that settlement, the writer begins by saying:

"We send you a shipment, one widow and eleven maids, for wives of the people of Virginia. There has been especial care in the choice of them, for there hath not one of them been received but upon good recommendations. In case they cannot be presently married we desire that they may be put with several householders that have wives, until they can be provided with husbands."

But the writer of this epistle had little reason to fear that any of the "maidens fair" would be left over. The arch ves contain evidence to prove that these first cargoes of young ladies were put up at auction and sold for one hundred and twenty pounds of tobacco each, and it was ordered that this debt should have precedence over all others. The solitary "one widow" went along with the others, for they could not be particular in those days. The good minister of the colony no doubt had a busy time that day. He did not mention any fees, nor did the bridegrooms think of tendering any. All was joy and gladness; no storms ahead, no inquisitive clerk to stand and say; "Here's the license, fork over that one dollar!" Nothing of the sort. From some of these couples the first families of Virginia are descended.

Hiring Rooms in Paris.

In the provinces of France you hire a set of rooms or a house by the year. The Parisians, less constant, hire by the quarter The reader will remember that detached houses, and houses entirely occupied by one tenant or by one family, are the exception in Paris, The houses are almost invariably strongly built, compact stone blocks, five, six, or seven stories high: and each floor will generally contain two, three, four, or more separate dwellings or apartments, each with its miniature salle a manger, salon, bedroom, kitchen and offices, varying of course according to the rent paid, and the quarter of the town in which it is situated, Some of the apartments give on the court-yard, and are not so gay or expensive as those which give on the street; some of which, and almost certainly the one on the fifth floor, will have a fine balcony. The fact of an apartment being tolerably high up is not considered a drawback in Paris Jules Simons lives on the fifth floor on the Place de Madeline, and Louis Blanc long lived au cinquieme in the Rue Royale, before he migrated to the same elevation in the Rue de Rivoli. You may get more air higher up, and you have the advantage of a fine terrace-balcony, large enough in many cases to hold the dinner table. In a district of Paris like the Quartier Saint-George which is situated on the slopes leading up to Montmartre, anywhere between the Rue Notre Dame de Lorette and Rue de Moscou, you will get an appartment on the fifth floor with a balcony for an annual rent of from seven hundred to one thousand francs. It will consist of a tiny kitchen, a salon, a dining room with a stove in it, one or two sleeping rooms; a closet or two, and offices. The rooms will be small and the ceilings rather low, The first floor of such a house, containing say, dining and drawings rooms, ante-chambers, and four or five sleeping rooms with two or three servants' rooms up in the attics, would fetch as much as two, three, and even four thousand francs in a year. The fittings of the rooms will not be handsome. In France the dining rooms of the great hotels have a speciality of profuse ornamentation, and the foreigner thinks that the French are equally luxurious in their houses. This is not so. The ordinary apartment is furnished in a comparatively mean way. The paltriness of the door handles and latches, to say nothing of their inconveniene, will strike the English or American visitor. The French locksmiths are more than half a century behind the times. The fireplaces are constructed with a view of allowing the heat to escape up the chimney as much as possible, The folding doors, the casement windows, and the polished parquet floorings would give a handsome appearance to the rooms if they were only lofty, but then again the proprietor, if it be he who does the repairs, will spoil the whole effect by a cheap and paltry wall-paper. The way you take an apartment or dwelling in Paris is this: You choose the quarter of the town you would wish to inhabit, and you begin to hunt. Most people hunt for themselves, though there exist agencies for that purpose. As you pass along the street you will see little placards sticking out at right angles to the wall, by the side of the porte cochere or entrance of the houses where there is anything to let, The placard or ecriteau will say, "Petit" or "Grand apartment a louer presentment, s'addresser.,, I do not ever remember to have seen a placard which told you were you where required to address yourself. As a matter of fact you address yourself to the porter, or the concierge, or the porter's wife. Very often the placard will add that the apartment is orne de glaces; but as a rule that is matter of course, it being the rule for the looking glasses in the various rooms to be fixtures belonging to the proprietor, A bachelor's apartment, which may mean anything from a couple of rooms to a large suite, is advertised as an apartement de garcon: the meaning of such a placard is that ladies need not apply. Small apartments are often described as logments, particularly in the populous quarters.

Alive in her Grave.

The papers of Franklintown, North Carolina, report a remarkable case of suspended animation, burial and resurrection in the person of a married lady in that place, who possessed a gold watch and finger rings, which she often expressed a desire to have buried with her whenever she should die. Finally she was taken ill and her life seemed to gradually ebb away until her attending physician pronounced it extinct. At her burial her previously expressed desire was complied with, and the second night after the interment a white man and a negro went to the grave and exhumed her for the purpose of of obtaining the buried jewelry. As they took the lid off the coffin and the negro began pulling the ring off her finger, she raised up. At this both men took fright and ran away. Finally the negro went back and she asked him what he wanted. He told her he wanted her rings and the white man her watch. She requested to see the white man, whom the other soon found and brought to her. She requested him to go home with her. He did so, and when she reached the door she knocked. Her husband opened the door, but fainted when he saw her, thinking it was his dead wife's ghost. The lady is now living, and bids fair to attain a good old age.

A Cuban Milkman.

Few matters strike the observant stranger with a stronger sense of their peculiarity than the Cuban milkman's mode of supplying that necessary aliment to his town or city customers. Driving his sober kine from door to door, he deliberately milks just the quantity required by each customer, delivers it, and drives on to the next. The patient animal becomes as conversant with the residences of her master's customers as he is himself, and stops, unbidden, at regular intervals, before the proper houses, often followed by a pretty little calf, which amuses itself by gazing at the process, while it wears a leather muzzle to prevent its interference with the supply of milk intended for another quarter. There are, doubtless, two good reasons for this mode of delivering milk in Havana and the large towns in Cuba. First, there can be no diluting of the article; and second, it is sure to be sweet and fresh, this latter a particular desideratum in a climate where milk without ice can be kept only a brief period without spoiling. Of course, the effect upon the animal is by no means salutary, and a Cuban cow gives about one-third as much milk as one in America. Goats are driven about and milked in the same manner.

The Howl at Bebee's Corner.

A few days ago a blunt spoken, hearty looking first citizen of Bebee's Corners made his appearance on Griswold street, Detroit, to look out some lawyer who would deliver the 4th of July oration at the Corners. He was on business and no fooling. He had been deputized by his fellow citizens to make all oratorical arrangements, and he had decided ideas as to the sort of address wanted. He was put in communication with a young attorney who had an address of four hundred pages of foolscap all written out for such an occasion. After a few preliminary remarks the delegate began:

"Does your address refer to the struggles of our forefathers?"

"Oh, yes; I have seventeen distinct references to their perils, struggles, and triumphs."

"Knock 'em right out then—cross out every one of them! Every fool in the country knows that our forefathers had to struggle. Of course they did, it was their business to; they have had all the praise due 'em, and Bebee's Corners won't give 'em another word."

"Well, I suppose I can leave out our forefathers," humbly replied the orator.

"Very well. Now, what have you in your address in regard to Gen. Washington?"

"Well, I probably mention him forty or fifty times. Washington was a great man, and we must not forget him."

"Strike him right out!" was the flat command. "Washington was a great and good man. Bebee's Corners is as loyal as any town in America, but we've had Washington till we can't rest."

The orator made a note of that also, and the other continued:

"I presume you have put in a boom for the Declaration of Independence?"

"Yes, I never heard of a 4th of July orator with that left out."

"Then you are going to learn something new. Bebee's Corners would howl all day over the sight of an American flag if there was any call for it, but we're going to take a new departure. No Declaration of Independence in our oration this year. Scratch 'er right out."

"That doesn't leave me five minutes' talk," said the attorney, as he made a calculation. "All I have left are a few remarks on the Pilgrim Fathers."

"Then knock the Pilgrim Fathers higher than a kite before you forget it. We've been Pilgrim Fathered to death in this country."

"What kind of an oration do you want up there?" asked the lawyer, as his heart began to sink.

"That's what I'll tell you. Can you sing?"

"No."

"Then you are out in the cold. We want an oration lasting just ten minutes. We want a sentimental song to lead off, and a funny one to end with. The remarks between the songs can range all the way from 'Daniel in the Lion's Den' to 'Pop Goes the Weasel,' but they must be funny. We are a laughing set up there. We go in heavy on conundrums, and we make some of the best puns going. We shall want, say, ten puns, ten conundrums, two songs, and something to warrant about five grins, and from seven to ten regular old side splitters, and the terms will be $15 cash on the nail. Are you the man?"

"I—I guess not," was the faint reply.

"All right—'nuff said. I'll move on to the next, and if I can't strike the chap in this town I'll sail down to Toledo. Bebee's Corners is going to get up and howl this year, and don't you forgit it.

Americanizing London.

The opening of the new hotel in Trafalgar square marks one stage in what is called Americanization in London. Our cousins tell us that we have not succeeded in developing the genuine article; bnt we have certainly made a good many steps in that direction. Whether the change is or is not an improvement may be settled by those wise persons who have made up their minds as to the true significance of modern progress. It is curious to remark that the alteration in the character of English inns was almost the sole case in which even Macauley could not preserve his entire complacency when comparing our own time with that of our ancestors, He tries to reconcile himself to the admission of our relative inferiority by the doubtful consideration that good inns mean bad roads. "It is evident," he says, "that, all other circumstances being supposed equal, inns will be best where the means of locomotion are worst." In the seventeenth century a traveler required twelve or thirteen meals and five or six nights' lodgings between York and London. Now he finishes his journey between breakfast and dinner, and meals are taken (if the word 'meal' be not dishonored by applying it to such miscellaneous feeding) during the wretched ten minutes for refreshment. The argument will hardly bear investigation as it is stated—"other circumstances" will certainly not be equal when locomotion becomes easier. Improved means of traveling implies an increased number of travelers; it means in this particular case that whole classes which used to be sedentary have become movable, and that those who move, move ten times as as often as before. If people make fewer stoppages between London and York, there can be no doubt that the number of people in want of a lodging somewhere has increased at a much greater rate than the total population. If the old road-side inn is deserted, the inns in the great centres have done much more than simply absorb the custom of their predecessors—they have tapped new sources of demand.

A Good Grindstone.

It should be strong, simple, and clean; the trough expanded to catch as much as possible of the drip water and grit; a movable shield, securely hinged, to keep the water from splashing, and yet permit the stone to be used from either side; rests provided, upon which to rest tools and the rod for trueing the stone, these rests being arranged to move towards the centre as the stone wears smaller. The bearings should be generous in size, proper provision being made for oiling without washing the grit into the bearings with the oil, and the ends of the bearings being protected by some device which effectually prevents the entrance of the grit. The stone should be secured to the shaft by nuts and washers, and the washers fixed so that they cannot turn with the nuts as they are screwed up or unscrewed. In hanging the stone, great care should be taken to hang it true sidewise not only for convenience in using, but because a stone that is not true sidewise can never be kept true edgewise.

A Checkered Race-

"Perhaps, after all, the most successful game one can play the world over is 'bluff,'" said old Judge Van Snyder, the other day, as he looked up from reading the arrangement for the coming yacht races.

"Don't catch the idea," said his old crony, Diffenderfer, waking up from an after-dinner nap.

"I was thinking," said the Judge, retrospectively, "of a famous yacht race I attended in New York harbor a long time ago. It was between an English schooner named the Sylph, I think, and the famous America. There was a large party of us young bloods aboard the Judges' steamer, and the betting ran very high. Of course all we New Yorkers wanted to back the America.

"And didn't you?" yawned old Diffenderfer, settling for another forty winks.

"I'm coming to that. No; I just said, we were all anxious to bet on the home boat, and we'd done so if it hadn't been for the action of a loud-voiced but shabby-looking sport, who went around sneering at the Yankee schooner and claiming a sure victory for the Sylph."

"Couldn't the police stop it?" growled Diffenderfer, opening one eye to take aim at a fly on his nose.

"Stop what? Why don't you pay attention to what I am saying? Well, this fellow kept annoying everybody by his insinuations and vociferations until at last I pulled out a handful of gold and said to him, 'My friend, you seem to do a good deal of talking on small capital. If you are so sure you're right, back your opinion.' And everybody around chimed in, "Yes, young man, put up or shut up.'"

"Ha! Ha!" said old D., vaguely. "Devilish good story that!"

"Don't be a fool, Diffenderfer," said his chum, testily. "If you haven't the decency to—"

"Go on, my dear old boy," said Diffenderfer, sitting up with great resignation. "I hear every word you say."

"Oh, you do, eh? Where was I? well, this fellow kind of sneaked off at that, but, just as we were offering the odds on the America, he came shouldering his way through the crowd, holding in his hand a big bag that seemed fairly bursting with twenties. 'Where is he?" he shouted. 'Where is that young flat who wanted to bet with me? Come, now—I'll go you one thousand to one hundred the Sylph wins!' and he shook the bag in my face."

"Did, eh?" said Diffendenfer, drowsily.

"Yes, sir, he did. Well, I was so much taken aback that I hesitated. 'Oh, you're backing down, are you?' said the fellow with a grin. 'Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Know-it-all, I'll just bet you a cool thousand to fifty that the America losses.' I was so astonished at the man giving such tremendous odds, and with the coin right in sight, too, that I saw at once he had a sure thing, so I refused to bet: 'Put up or shut up,' said the man with the bag. I'll make it two thousand.'"

"You took him up then?" said Diffenderfer, shading his eye with his hand.

"No, of course I didn't, I saw that—we all saw—that something was up. So I just backed square down, and went quietly around hedging and laying any odds they wanted on the Sylph. Most of the swells did the same, and were surprised and delighted to find that there was a crowd of hard-looking customers on board who took our bets, though we had to give the biggest kind of odds generally."

"Well—and then?"

"The upshot of the whole matter was that the America won by five miles, and every decent-looking man on the boat was cleared out down to a car ticket. The roughs had won all the money. As our party landed at the wharf, and all looking very savage at our stupidity, the 'bluffer' alluded to winked at the crowd and tossed his bag overboard. To our amazement it floated lightly off. 'What did you have in that big bag?' I asked. 'Oh, nothing in the world' replied the 'capper,' as he skipped over the rail, 'but a box of checkers I bought from the steward.' Now, what do you think of that?"

But Diffenderfer was snoring like a coffee mill, so the Judge drank the sherry out of revenge and snoozed off himself.

The Buzby Crane.

There was a good deal of excitement up around Spring Mill lately over the Buzby Patent Crane and Derrick. The machine was invented by Buzby for the purpose of unloading canal boats, and he claimed for it that with a man and a mule, and boy to drive the mule, he could take a load out of a boat and whizz it ashore in almost less than no time.

When Buzby had set up the machine he asked us all down to see how it worked. Hitched to the single tree of the pole was a very large and fat mouse colored mule, which seemed to be asleep. The duty devolving upon that mule was to march around a circle pulling the pole after him.

When everything was ready Buzby ordered the boy to start the mule. The mule appeared still lingering in the land of dreams. The boy hit the mule with a stick, and the man on the boat emitted some horrible epithets descriptive of the mule's fearful peculiarities. Result: continued quiescence on the part of the animal. Then Buzby rushed up and bombarded the ribs of the mule with a couple of bricks, while the man on the boat, having recovered his wind, breathed forth a dozen or two assorted adjectives of a peculiarly offensive nature. But the mule was either thinking of the events of its past life or meditating deeply on the uncertainties of the future, for he remained perfectly calm.

Then the man on the boat, beside himself with rage, secured a pitchfork, and leaping ashore with venomous criticisms on the eccentricities of mules streaming from his mouth, prodded the animal fiercely with the prongs. This seemed to attract the mule's attention, for he laid back his ears and kicked the man eight feet away plump into the river. When the man emerged, dripping, he referred to the mule's conduct in some observations which were not more distinguished for their intense energy than for their picturesque variety of metaphor.

When he was pacified, and persuaded from murdering the mule, Buzby sent up to the store and purchased a pack of firecrackers. The boy was placed on the mule's back, and he crept slowly to the rear, when he reached over and tied the crackers to the tail. When he had dismounted, Buzby fixed a cigar to a long stick and ignited the pack.

A very animated explosion followed; but the mule manifested no interest in the proceedings, excepting that he lifted his voice and gave a loud and hideous bellow, which convinced Buzby the animal considered himself, somehow, the central point of a Fourth of July celebration, and was trying to contribute a vocal trifle to the enthusiasm of the occasion.

The dampened man on the boat then engaged, in language luxuriant with wicked expresssions, that the mule should be run out of the way so that he could operate the machine himself. It struck Buzby as a good idea. He told the boy to lead the mule away. The boy unhitched the traces and tried. The mule seemed perfectly contented where he was Then Buzby and the boy and the man leaned up against the side elevation of the mule, and pushed. The mule glanced lazily around at them, remaining firm, then he swept his near hind leg under and out again suddenly, flooring the three pushers instantly. Then he turned to one of the bystanders and distinctly winked twice. Skeptics have questioned if he really winked, but the man who saw him do it is ready to make an affidavit to the fact.

Buzby then ordered the boy to hitch the mule again, lest he should happen to change his mind and resolve to quit unexpectedly. The man on the boat adorning his language with new and startling flowers of rhetoric, alleged that he would fix the brute. So he collected some kindling wood and shavings, and prepared to start a bonfire under him. When the stuff began to burn the mule stood firm upon three legs, and felt softly around him with the fourth, scattering the fire far and wide.

Those who disliked improper language were shocked at the terms employed by the man on the boat to characterize this outrage.

Another fire was kindled and pushed under the mule with a pole, after it had kindled into a fearful blaze. At first the mule apparently tried to save himself by throwing a hand spring; failing in this he strove to get up on his hind legs. When he found this wouldn't work, he started around the ring with a jerk, knocking Buzby flat with the pole, nearly braining the boy, and hurting the boatman so severely that he fairly tore the English language into shreds in his anxiety to do justice to the situation.

Then the mule revolved like lightning for about ten minutes, at the end of which time he broke loose and drifted down the road toward home, leaving Buzby's Patent Crane and Derrick a heap of splinters and old iron.

Patent rights will be sold cheap to those who apply early to Buzby.

Discoveries of Little Things.

The art of printing, probably the parent of more good than all others, owes its origin to rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beach-tree. This was a light matter, which thousand would have passed over with neglect. Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in the mortar; or perhaps we should rather say that artillery was the consequence of this spark and the due observance of the circumstance. The stupendous results of the steam-engine may all be traced to an individual observing steam issuing from a bottle just emptied and placed casually close to a fire. He plunged the bottle-neck into cold water, and was intelligent enough to notice the instantaneous rush which ensued from this simple condensing apparatus. Electricity was discovered by a person observing that a piece of rubbed glass or some similar substance attracted small bits of paper, etc. Galvanism, again, owes its origin to Madame Galvani's noticing the contraction of the muscle of a skinned frog which was accidently touched by a person at the moment of the professor, her husband, taking an electric spark from a machine. He followed up the hint by experiments. Pendulum clocks were invented from Galileo's observing the lamp in a church swing to and fro. The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle-maker placing two or more pairs of spectacles before each other, and looking through them at a distant object. The glimpse thus afforded was followed up by older heads. The barometer originated in the circumstances of a pump, which had been fixed higher than usual above the surface of a well, being found not to draw water. A sagacious observer hence reduced the pressure of the atmosphere, and tried quick silver. The Argand lamp was invented by one of the brothers of that name having remarked that a tube held by chance over a candle caused it to burn with a bright flame—an effect before unattainable, though earnestly sought after. Without the Argand lamp, lighthouses (to pass over minor objects) could not be made efficient, and on the importance of these it is needless to dwell.

Memories of Mount Vernon.

"We wander all through the sad, silent mansion. We look at the spindlelegged furniture, and at the rusty key on the wall, the key of the Bastile. We see Washington's vest and small-clothes in the glass case, and a lock of his hair and original letters by his hand and Lafayette's. We see pretty Eleanor Eustis's wedding-gift harpsichord, that her stepfather brought from foreign lands for a surprise when she left her girlhood's home. The pretty Eleanor is buried long ago. All traces of her pink and white beauty have left the earth; here stands the dusty harpsichord; brought by strange hands to her old home. The room that interests the most is the tiny attic chamber where the devoted widow passed her days after her husband's death. The large chamber below was closed after his decease. None entered it from that time on. A rug and single bed Mrs. Washington had moved to the attic room, and here, winter and summer, she watched with longing, crazy eyes the tomb that held her dead. There was no place for stove or grate; all day, in the room under the roof, she sat by the small window (her feet in winter on a zinc foot-stove filled with coals), with a shawl wrapped about her bent form, true Martha Washington, first lady of the land! First in elegance in times of peace; in courage in time of war; in faithfulness in time of death. All women look with tenderer eyes at the small marble resting place than at the grander casket by their side. One bears upon it a draped flag, cut in the stone, a shield and crouching eagle; the other only the words, "Martha, Consort of Washington." Yet these words dim the eyes of loving wives; they pierce the hearts of lonely widows, and bind all true and fervent womanhood close to the form that sleeps so dreamlessly beside the one she loved truly and long.