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VOL. 59.

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Give me a trial and be convinced of the truth of these statements. F. O. HOSTERMAN. Brown."

It started with the black and white exhibition last year. I was going through with my Uncle Mark, and we stopped in front of a picture labeled "The Chemist," and I asked uncle what he thought of it. I had been working down at the School of Mines myself for the past month, but had said nothing about it to Uncle Mark.

"I hate the sight of all of them." cried the old gentleman, irascibly. "Since my aunt eloped with a young whipper-snapper of an apothecary's clerk, thirty years ago, and brought disitch to destroy all their drugs and vilainous compounds. I heard you talking last summer about taking up something of the kind, Mark, and if you had vou'd have been ten thousand dollars poorer than you will be now. I'd not have left you a cent, sir-not a penny, sir. The Hepworths have always been gentlemen, and I should be sorry, sir, to see one of them become a syrup-mix-

"But, uncle, there is a great deal of difference between a chemist and a drug store clerk. Every great scientific man must understand chemistry, and

even if-" "Don't you tell me, sir. I know 'ein all, sir. These chemists are all alike,

sir !" "Well," I replied, meekly giving in, "why didn't you say something to me about it at the time." Then, fearful lest he might find me out, I added: "I might have gone on and become a chemist for all you said about it

then." "I don't want to influence you, Mark. You can go and do as you please for anything I shall say. I have no authority over you, and don't want any. Only, I didn't intend to leave my

money to any apothecary, sir." This was pleasant, to say the least! I washed my hands in weak acid tefore leaving the laboratory, and changed my clothes and had hitherto gone on undetected. So I felt I was safe if I stop-

"By the way, Uncle," I said, " think I shall go into business. Can you recommend me to any one of your business acquaintances? I should like to commence as soon as possible."

Uncle Mark looked very much pleas-"That's right, my boy ; that's right. I'll see what I can do for you. Meanwhile, I see pretty Miss McGregor over there, and I would be cruel to keep you away from her any longer, so, au revoir, Mark. Come and dine with me this evening," and the kind old gentleman

slipped off in a moment. I instantly shot into the next room to Miss McGregor's side. She also was standing there looking at "The Chem-

"Well, Miss Flora," I said "what

do you think of it ?" She turned quickly and stretched out

"Good-morning, Hepworth," she cried smiling. "You were not at all startled ?" I said, holding her hand-such a sweet man?" little hand, that it was a positive pain to let go-"and yet you did not hear

me come up ?" "No," said she, letting her hand still lie in mine; "but it seemed so natural to have you standing there," and then she suddenly blushed, and drew her hand out of my vigorous grasp. "That is," she added, "I mean

that-that I-" "She was growing rosily red, so came to her rescue.

"You mean, Miss Flora," I said, with a faint attempt at jocoseness, "that I have inflicted myself on you so much lately that you have come to look on me as an inevitable, although tiresome incubus. Well, I admit that I have ly. haunted your steps very much lately. and if it annoys you, you must send me packing. I don't wonder that you be-

come awfully bored." "I did not mean that, Mr. Hepworth," she said, hastily.

"Miss Flora, my name is not Mr. Hepworth," I interrupted. She looked at me a little astonish.

"Your name is not Mr. Hepworth?" "No. That is, not to you. My name is Mark, Miss Flora, if you

please." "But I don't please," she said, with a pleasant little laugh. "That is-not my pocket. yet. Why, I have only known you for a half-year! But to change the sub-Brown's next Tuesday night ?"

"But your uncle could get you an invitation if you wish one. I am go-

ing." "Miss Flora, I shall be there if I have to ask Mrs. Brown myself for a card. But I see your mother is looking anxiously for you. Shall I take you to revoir."

"Good-bye," she said, and then, as she saw her mother's back turned, "Mark."

night,' I said, laughing. After the McGregors had driven off but concluded to take a farewell visit attached to the place, and felt quite a pang at the idea of giving up my "mangoo-mixing." I decided to make one more analysis, and then give it up for-

That evening at dinner Uncle Mark

"I spoke to Mr. Share about you, Mark. You know the firm, best brokerage business in the city; Share, Ticker & Co. I told him you would see him at Mrs. De Morris Brown's on Tuesday night, and you could speak for

yourself." "Unluckily, Uncle, I haven't been invited to Mrs. De Morris Brown's." "You haven't? Well, I'll get you a card. Mrs. Brown will let me have

On Tuesday I finished my analysis, but I had to work till pretty late. I hurried to my room and commenced to dress. I looked at my reflection in the glass and started. I had forgotten to wash my hands in acid before leaving the laboratory and they were colored like a rain bow. I was rather frightened, but I hadn't time to go back to the laboratory, and as to staying away from Mrs. De Morris Brown's when Flora and Old Share were to be thereimpossible. I looked at my hands. The stains were pretty bad (my forefinger looked like a well-used, unscrapfirmly resolved to leave the school of ed palette), but they did not extend amines instanter. I had taken it up on bove my wrist. My gloves would hide the sly, intending to surprise my them. I looked at the clock. I was friends by the discovery of a new met late already, so I burried on the rest of al or some such exploit. I always | my things and started to pull on my gloves. As I jerked them on I heard a suspicious crack. I examined the tear, but flattered myself it wouldn't show, and hurried into the cab, and

was soon in the gentleman's cloak-room at Mrs. Brown's. I found Uncle Mark waiting for me.

"Ah. Mark," he growled, "I thought you were never coming. Fifteen minutes late! You'll never get on with Mr. Share unless you're punctual. Punctuality and neatness are his two great hobbies, and if you run against either you can make up your mind to stay on his black-book forever. Come down and I'll present you to Mrs.

After the presentation, Uncle Mark

looked around the room. "I don't see Share," he said, "but there is Miss McGregor, and you can

talk to her until I find him." I went over to Flora. She was talk ing to Lieutenant Evans, a con founded idiot who was always hanging about

her, and hadn't sense enough to see that she disliked him. "Well, Miss Flora, I obtained the card, as you see. Good evening, lieu-

tenant; have you seen General Sher.

"No. Is he here to-night? said Evans, starting up. "I think I saw him in the ballroom," said I, and when Evans went in that direction I said : " Now Miss Flora, let us gain the conservatory before he comes back," and I hurried her toward the door through which the dark green palms beckoned so enticingly. I went too fast, however, for I struck my foot against a vine or something and I went down on the walk. I put out my hand to break my fall. and did, somewhat, but that confounded rip in my glove extended now down the right side of my right hand to my thumb.

Flora stood there laughing vigorous. "I can't help it," she apologized. "Just when you were gloating over your wicked deception of Lieutenant Evans to have retribution overtake you

to laugh." I arose, a little sulky, and rather flurried by the accident to my gloye, but I didn't succeed very well. That was Flora's great fault. She laughed altogether too easily. However, I changed the subject and we walked along, talking about the black and white exhibition and the various pictures, meritorious and otherwise. I kept my

so well. It is so ridiculous that I have

"Miss McGregor-Flora," I said suddenly, "I promised to thank you for ject, are you going to Mrs. De Morris calling me 'Mark.' When you called me 'Mark' it was all I could do to keep 'Dear Flora,' ' and I took her soft lit. newspaper.

right hand with the injured glove, in

the hand in my two big ones, "you | RUNNING THE BLOCKADE. know I love you heartily, with all my seul, since I first saw you. Whenever | Vessels Built Specially to Defy I have looked into your sweet, glowing eyes. I have tried to find some sign that you loved me, that my love could call forth a little in return. My darling her? Till Tuesday night, then, au little love, let me see them now and per-

haps-" She had cast her eyes down demurely when I began, and her face was wreathed in blushes, but now she interrupted me with a hearty peal of "I shall thank you for that Tuesday laughter, and her eyes were riveted on her hand so secure in mine. I followstarted to go down to Uncle Mark's, ed her glance. Oh horrors! That confounded glove! The empty kid to the laboratory. I had become quite forefinger dangled down, and my discolored rainbow-hued finger protruded prominently with the spotless glove as its background. I stood there glaring with rage, when the voice of Lieuten-

ant Evans broke in on us. "I've found you at last, Miss Flora. This is our waltz. What is the joke? Cawn't you let me enjoy it, too. Mr. Hepworth is an awful wag, I know."

How I got away I don't know, but as I was trying to elbow my way to the cloak-room, an elderly gentleman planted himself in front of me and said:

Your uncle recommended you to me and asked me to speak to you about a place in our office. I am Mr. Bernard Share," and he held out his hand to me gravely. Reluctantly I drew that hideous hand from behind me and shook hands with him. This was the man who in

sisted on neatness! He started at the

sight of the spotted finger, of course, and

"This is Mr. Hepworth, isn't it?

I tried to explain the matter nonchalantly by saving: "Don't think I have small-pox, or have been putting my finger in a paint. pot. The fact is, I left the laboratory late this afternoon, too late to remove some chemicals which I spilled on my hand, and a split in my glove has disclosed what I flattered myself I could

"Yes, you young scoundrel, you have been hiding it a long while," said a voice behind me. Uncle Mark, of course; he had come up to introduce me, and had overheard me. "Share, I withdraw my recommendation of this young man, as I am now convinced that he is a liar, and a sneak;" then turning to me he said : "And I wish you to understand, sir, that I am no relative of your's after this. I have no nephew. You hear me, Share, I don't

know the young man." "I had already decided that he would not do for me," replied Mr.

I got away from that miserable place as soon as I could, and I have decided not to leave the laboratory, in fact, chemistry is the only thing left for me now since I lost a legacy, a place in business, and the girl I loved, and all by a ripped glove ! - Washington Hatch-

Anecdote of Senator Sumner. Senator Summer took quite an interest in me, and had an especial fondness of catching me by the ears. Often have I attempted to pass the senator, while he was walking to and fro on the floor of the senate, only to have both my ears seized good naturedly, and to be asked some kindly question. I shall always remember one of these adventures-for it was an adventure! He had sent me on an errand. Having returned, reported to him the answer, and received his deep-voiced thanks, I stared to move away, but he had caught me, and continued his slow march, I in front, Indian file. As he was a tall man and I a very small boy in comparison. I had to walk on tip-toe to ease the pain, and even then it seemed as if my ear would come off my head. The worst of it was that he at ouce became so lost in thought that he forgot he had hold of me and mechanically paced up and down, with his long strides, while I danced a wild war dance, for a few minutes-it seemed to me hours-to the intense amusement of all who observed it. The more I struggled the more did

I increase the agony, but I at last managed to wriggle away from his grasp. The sudden emptiness of his hands caused him to realize the state of affairs, and he begged my pardon so energetically, and the spectators smiled so audibly, that the proceedings of the senate were interrupted and Mr. Colfax actually had to tap with his gavel to restore order. But it was, after all, an honor to be noticed, even in that fashion, by so distinguished a man as Senator Summer. He had the widest reputation of all the senators, and the first question most visitors to the senate would ask was: "Which is Charles

Federal Pursuit.

Some Exciting and Valuable Captures by the Union Blockading Fleets.

The vessels built for blockade running were built for the purpose. They were long, narrow, low side-wheel water like a knife, powerful engines, raking funnels, and two masts, rigged as schooners. The hull rose only a few feet above the water. They were paintea a dull gray, so that even in the daytime it would be difficult to see them deck was covered over, so that they could run through heavy seas. Before the war there was little commerce between England and the Bermuda Islands, but now the harbors were alive with ships-great sea-going steamers from England loaded with arms, cannon powder, goods of all kinds-returning to England freighted with cotton. from Wilmington and Charleston, deall lights were put out, the steam was blown off under water. A man up in the "crow's nest" on the forward mast kept a sharp lookout for the Union vessels. The pilote knew every channel

ly captured when the chase was a stern ton. All lights were put out, except Commodore's vessel. Men were up in

On an October night, 1863, the Venus from Nassau approached Wilmington. The lookout up at the masthead of the steamer Nasemond discovered her. Lieut. Lamson, commanding the Nasemond, when he had a duty to perform was always ready. The fires were blazing under his boilers-the steam was up. In an instant the Nansemond

was away. "Give her a shot !" he shouted. The ong rifle guns flashed. . The shot shattered the foremast of the Venus; another shot goes through her cabin; the third crashes through the forecastle, killing a sailor; the fourth strikes the hull below the water line. Bots vessels are fast, going fourteen knots an hour. The captain of the Venus sees that he cannot make the harbor and runs for the shore. She strikes hard and fast : the crew leap into the water and reach the sandy beach. The Nasemond lowers her boats and takes possession of the vessel. The Venus cannot be mov-

ed; she is set on fire and the Nasemond, at daylight, steams away. "There she is !" The lookout of the Niphon shouted it at daybreak a few mornings later. Captain Breck, commanding the Niphon, saw a side-wheel steamer close in shore making for Wilmington Harbor. Another blockader averse to taking life. When asked why was in pursuit. The Niphon was in position to intercept the runner-the Ella and Anna. The captain of the runner sees that he is cut off and he de-

termines to run the Niphon down. Captain Breck sees the situation. 'Ready, boarders !" he shouts, and the sailors, who have been thoroughly drilled, seize their pistols and swords. The cannon of the Niphon send a shower of canister. The next moment there is a crash, and the bowsprit of the Niphon breaks like a pipestem. Over the rail swarm the boarders, and the next moment the Ella and Anna is theirs, with 300 cases of rifles and a cargo worth Maivern, and becomes one of the blockading fleet.

A great many blockade runners were captured and destroyed, but the profits were so enormous that others were built. The officers and crews were willing to run the risk of being captured for the high wages they received. A captain received \$5,000 for each success ful trip, each one of the crew \$250, the chief engineer \$2,500 and the pilot \$8,-

the other day, and was annoyingly reminded of the fact by the remarks of all "I haven't been asked that I know of," said I, sadly. "I don't know M rs. "There are twenty millions of people sorrow, crying, Mamma, mamma, even in Austro-Hungary who never read a- the hens laugh at me. They all say here; but we don't call them aristocrately in Austro-Hungary who never read a- the hens laugh at me. They all say here; but we don't call them aristocrately in Austro-Hungary who never read a- the hens laugh at me. 'cut-cut-cut, got your hair cut.' cy-we call them tramps.'

Brain Power.

NEWSPAPER LAWS

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without in forming the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible,

Abundant Opportunity for Its Exercise on the Farm.

About the best use a farmer can make of himself is, to devote the present long winter eyenings to an increase of his mental activity. Farms differ in their productiveness, mainly according to the amount of intelligence that is steamers, with sharp bows that cut the brought to their cultivation. Brain power may be increased by a thorough knowledge of the present condition of the farm, and its worth as a machine for making money. What crops have paid, and what have been raised and sold at a loss? What per cent has it far away. The forward part of the paid on the capital invested? In the case of the gain, what secured it? Was it the manure applied; or the frequent tillage, or the extra amount of rainfall? In case of loss, was it the want of fertilizers, was the crop choked by weeds, or was the seed poor, and the crop damaged by late planting? This accounting for failures is as profitablelas bragging over big crops, without making The blocade runners brought the cotton | any record of the process of obtaining them. Brain-power may be increased livered it to the large steamers, took on by; planning improvements. There board the goods, arms and amunition, may be several acres of peat-swamp or and steamed back to, those ports, a1- bog medow, producing only brush and ways planning to run past the blockade | bog hay, hardly worth cutting. There vessels in the night. When coming in | is a good outlet, and it can be drained three feet or more deep. Cipher out the cost of draining, and of making it produce three tons of clover or timothy to the acre. Would not the sight of the wavering heads of the grass be more and sand bar. The vessels were all pleasing than the cat-tails, flags and light draft. The blockade runner was skunk cabbages, that now waste their only a runner, not a fighter. If he came | sweetness upon the desert air? There may be an ace of swale, underlaid with too close to a war ship he took to his heels. The runners were so swift, the hard-pan, over which ferns, weeds and war ships so slow, that they were rare- aquatic grasses run riot during the whole summer. Is it not time the bottom was knocked out of it, by tiles laid It was a hard, exciting service which three or four feet in the ground, and the blockading fleets endured. During the superfluous water compelled to go the day the vessels cruised along the out through those instead of creeping shores, looking into all the inlets, or lazily over the surface? It can be sailing eastward to discover any ap- made the best grass land on the farm. proaching blockade runner, but at sun- Why not make it so, and handle the set they came close in-shore; almost dollars that come from maximum under the guns of Fort Sumner at | crops? Brain-power can be increased Charleston, or Fort Fisher at Wilming- by reading and digesting the instructive contents of agricultural papers. the one lantern at the masthead of the They are full of facts, showing just how to do it, and the process is made the rigging straining their eyes through so luminous with illustration, "that the the night to catch sight of the swift | wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err therein."

Fun and Facts. Words spoken in anger are sure to

bring regret. It is more noble to make yourself

great than to be born so.

'What is laughter ?' asks a philosopher. It is the sound you hear when your hat blows off.

Eva, noticing a flock of noisy, chattering blackbirds, said, 'Mamma, I guess they're having a sewing 'ciety.' The sunbeam is composed of millions

of minute rays: so home-light must be

constituted of little tendernesses, kindly looks, sweet laughter, loving words. Grace seeing her aunt write a message on a postal-card, called for an envelope, saying, 'I'm going to write a letter, too, Aunt Jane; but I don't want

it to go bareheaded like yours.'

The aim of education should be to teach us rather how to think than what to think; rather to improve our minds so as to make us think for ourselyes, than to load the memory with the thoughts of other men. An eccentric man, living on a farm

on the edge of Rhode Island, was yery

he didn't slaughter his fat pig, he repli-

ed, 'I havn't the heart to kill it, for it seems so much like one of the family.' 'Professor, said a student in pursuit of knowledge concerning the habits of animals, 'why does a cat while eating turn its head first one way and then another ?' 'For the reason,' replied the Professor, 'that she cannot turn it both

ways at once. An Irish judge had the babit of begging pardon on every occasion. One day as he was about to leave the bench, the officer of the court reminded him \$118,000. The vessel is renamed the that he had not passed sentence of death on a prisoner as he had intended. Dear me l' said his lordship, 'I beg his

A DEFINITION OF ARISTOCRACY.

pardon-bring him up.'

'I like the Americans immensely, 'said an Englishman who had been hospit-

ably entertained in America. 'I like them immensely, but I miss something. 'What is that ?' asks his Yankee host. 'I miss the aristocracy,' replied the Englishman. 'What are they?' 'The prised. 'Why, they are people who do nothing, you know; whose fathers did

to the country, soon after his arrival he | did nothing, you know-in fact the ariscame running into the house in great | tocracy.' 'Oh,' said the American.

A little boy had his long curls cut off aristocracy !' said the nobleman surhis friends. Going with his family in- nothing, you know; whose grandfathers