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WITHERED LEAVES.

One breath from Autumn's chilly lips,
One touch from his cold, icy hand,
And Spring's sweet beauty, Summer flowers,
Lie faded, withering o'er the land.

But in these faded, withered leaves,
We may a two-fold lesson read;
The end of all our hopes and aims,
In this poor life of pain and need.

Still more, those have behind them left
The choicest sweets of their best days,
The essence of their noontide pride,
To live and shine with richer rays.

Ah, well for us, when death's cold hand
Has laid us low within the dust,
If generous acts and noble deeds
Still live in hearts we've learned to trust.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

The evening of the fifteenth of February, 18—, was a gala night in Paris. Don Giovanni was to be performed at the opera by an assemblage of talent rarely announced for one night, even at the opera house of Paris, or in the great opera of Don Giovanni. Yet it was not the names of the artists that most attracted the attention as one reads the bills—nobler and more celebrated names caught the eye. They were those of the reigning king and queen—Louis Phillippe and Maria Amelie. The *affiches* announced that they would honor the opera with their presence on that evening. They had been but a short time restored to their native land, and this was their first appearance at the opera since the "three days" of July had placed them on the throne; for this reason, as many Orleanists as could obtain tickets had secured them for the opera of the 15th February, to hear Don Giovanni and to see their king and queen. About six o'clock—for if it be remembered the Paris opera did not begin at the present London hours—carriages were to be seen conveying their gaily dressed occupants to the classic building. An unusually handsome equipage stood at the door of a large house in the Rue des Champs Elysees, evidently also for the purpose of taking some fashionables to the opera. This carriage and house belonged to the Baron de V——, who was just then standing at the bottom of the noble staircase inside the mansion, calling playfully to his wife, telling her that the carriage was waiting.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," was the answer to this appeal; "don't be in such a hurry."

As this last piece of advice was proffered, the speaker appeared at the top of the stairs.

She was a dark beauty of about one and twenty, and dressed purely in white. She came fluttering down stairs, chattering meantime to her handsome husband, who stood looking admiringly at her.

"Now I'm quite ready, so please don't scold. I've only got my bracelets to put on, and those I want you to clasp for me. Here's the case, if you'll take them out, and here's my wrist. Now, suppose I were to lose them in the crowd, what would our good mother say?"

A smile was the only answer the Baron vouchsafed, as he took the bracelets out of their case, and clasped them on the fair white arms of his bride.

They were very costly, being each composed of three rows of valuable table diamonds, whilst in the centre of either glittered a spray of heartsease, artistically formed of smaller diamonds. The bracelets were rendered more precious to their possessors by the fact of their having been in the de V—— family for three generations. They now by right belonged to the dowager baroness, but she had insisted on giving them to her son for his bride, who therefore wore them on such occasions as the one we are describing.

The Baron and Baroness de V—— stepped into their carriage, and in a few minutes were entering their box at the opera. The house was already full, although it wanted fifteen minutes to the time announced for the overture to begin. At length the members of the orchestra took their places, and the peculiar subdued sound of tuning stringed instruments was heard. Still the royal box was empty, and all eyes were turned towards it in eager expectation. In another moment applause burst from the pit and gallery, and the entire house, as Louis Phillippe and Queen Marie Amelie, attended by a large suite of officers and ladies and gentlemen of the court, appeared. The king and queen bowed graciously in return for the homage paid them, and then took their seats, at which the rest of the company did the same, and the overture commenced.

The queen looked unusually happy, and seemed to take a lively interest in all around her. She not only gazed at the stage, but the boxes also came in for a share of her penetrating observation.

Suddenly she bent slightly forward and looked in the direction of the box that contained the lovely young Baroness de V——. The latter was leaning forward, her right hand raised, a finger of which touched one of her dimpled cheeks, deeply interested in the fate of Don Giovanni, and quite absorbed in the beautiful music.

Her husband had noticed the queen's gesture, and was aware that she had observed his wife, and when the queen turned away he laughingly told her of it.

"Nonsense," cried the bride, "don't fancy such absurdities."

The truth of what her husband had said, however, soon forced itself upon her mind, for at that moment an officer, dressed in the same uniform as those attending the royal party drew back the curtain behind their box, and stepping forward, said, "Pardon, madame, but her majesty's admiration and curiosity has been so aroused by the sight of the beautiful bracelets you wear, that she has commissioned me to come and request you to spare me one for a few moments for her closer inspection." The pretty baroness blushed, looked up to her husband for his approval, then unclasped one of the bracelets, and handed it to the officer, feeling not a little flattered at the attention and distinction the queen had conferred on her.

The last act of the opera began, and at length the last scene ended, yet the bracelet was not returned. Its owners thought the officer had doubtless forgotten it, and the Baron said he would go and make inquiries concerning it. He did so, and in a few moments returned, though without the bracelet.

"Adele," said he to his wife, "it is very strange, but not seeing the officer who took your bracelet, I asked one of the others who had been in the royal box the whole evening, and he says your bracelet was neither sent for nor fetched."

The baroness looked aghast. "Francois," she said, "that man must have been an impostor. He was no officer, but an *affreux* thief."

The Baron smiled as his little wife jumped so speedily to such a conclusion, and persisted that the bracelet was safe, and had really been sent for by the queen, and that the officer whom he had consulted was misinformed.

But woman's penetration had guessed rightly, as the morrow proved.

As the bracelet was not forthcoming the next morning, M. de V—— spoke to the Chief Inspector of Police on the subject, who quite coincided with madame's opinion as to the valuable ornament having been artfully stolen. The Baron was greatly annoyed, and ordered the inspector to advertise for it in every direction, offering a reward of three thousand francs to the person who should restore it. The inspector promised to do all in his power towards the recovery of the bracelet, as well for the sake of society at large as the satisfaction of the employers.

But three months passed away, three hundred and fifty francs had been spent in advertising, and still the missing bracelet was not found.

It was growing dusk one evening in May, when a servant informed Madame de V—— that monsieur the inspector wished to speak to her, or Monsieur the Baron. As the latter was out, Madame de V—— went down stairs to speak to the inspector, with whom she had many previous interviews on the subject of the diamond bracelet. As she entered the room he bowed in the respectful manner peculiar to him. "I believe I have some good news for madame, this evening," he said. His voice was rather singular, somewhat resembling a boy's when changing. Madame de V—— had remarked this peculiarity before, so it did not strike her that evening. "The detectives," he continued, "engaged in the business have met with a bracelet in a Jew's second hand shop in Lyons, so exactly the same as madame's, that it only remains for it to be identified before we can claim it as madame's property. My object in coming this evening is to ask madame to allow me to look at the other, that I may be able to swear to the one at Lyons by its fellow."

The baroness, overjoyed at the idea of recovering her lost property, tripped out of the room, and soon returned with the remaining bracelet. The inspector took it carefully in his hand, and proceeded to examine it very minutely. "The bracelets are exactly alike?" he inquired of Madame de V——.

"Exactly," replied the baroness.

"I believe I have then learned the pattern thoroughly," said the inspector, musingly, "yet there may be some difficulty in not having both bracelets together to compare them one with another."

"Why not take this to Lyons, then?" suggested the baroness.

"Ah, madame, it would scarcely do to trust even a police inspector, after having been deceived by an officer in disguise."

"Oh!" laughed Madame de V——, "do you not think I would trust you, monsieur inspecteur, after all the interest and trouble you have taken in the matter? Take the bracelet, and I hope you will bring me both back ere many days have passed."

The inspector still hesitated, but at length consented to do as the baroness had wished him, and went away, bearing the sparkling ornament with him. On her husband's return, the baroness, of course, told him of the joyful discovery.

A week, however, passed away without the inspector arriving with the stolen property. One morning, therefore, the Baron called on the inspector, to make inquiries respecting it. The latter seemed very much surprised on being asked if the bracelet had been brought from Lyons. "What does monsieur mean? I never heard anything about the bracelet having been found at Lyons—it is surely a mistake. Monsieur has misunderstood madame."

"You had better come yourself and have this strange mystery cleared up, M. Inspecteur," answered the baron, sternly. "Madame is at home, and will be happy to assure you herself that it is no mistake, that you called and informed her of the diamonds having been traced to Lyons."

The baron and inspector repaired to the Rue des Champ Elysees, where they found Madame de V—— at home, as her husband had said. She confirmed what he had already said about the inspector having called one night at dusk and having informed her that the bracelet was supposed to be at a Jew's second hand shop at Lyons.

The inspector smiled incredulously as he said, "Does madame really think that I called at dusk, after business hours, when all the world is out or enjoying itself with company at home? Bah! I do my business in business hours. The disguised officer most probably thought he could do another little stroke of business in an official uniform of another sort—the villain! Mais—I am afraid madame will never see either of her bracelets again after this."

The inspector's words came but too true. From that day to this Madame la Baroness de V——'s diamond bracelets have never been heard of.

LITTLE AMY.

Very lightly fell the sunlight
On the golden waves of hair,
Very brightly fell the sunlight,
On the baby forehead fair.

Budding roses lay beside it,
Valley lillies, pure as pearls;
Myrtle leaves all fresh and dewy,
Clustered 'round the golden curls.

Very still, and full of beauty,
Was the little Amy's rest;
'Twas so calm, the fleecy muslin
Did not move upon her breast.

Quiet lay the dimpled fingers,
Clasped together as in prayer,
Still as they were frozen sunbeams
Lay the waves of golden hair.

Day went out in crimson glories,
Sun unto the night gave place;
And the moonlight and the starlight
Lay in silver on her face.

But no moon, or sun, or starlight,
Ope'd the softly folded eyes,
Not a sound of love or sorrow
Stirred the deep tranquility.

All our loving cares for Amy
Must forever, ever cease,
God has stamped her baby forehead
With his everlasting peace.

LITTLE MIKEY.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

There was a little new scholar at the district school that winter. His life had come up to its eighth year, though he did not look so old; his face was so pinched and thin, and his carefully patched garments hung loosely upon his small limbs. He kept aloof from all the scholars, and they seemed also to shun him. He took his place quietly in the morning, and did not once leave it, except for recitation, till school was over. All through the long nooning he sat watching the sports of his school-fellows and Charley Harper had often noticed that he never replied, only by a little quiver of his small mouth when the boys would taunt him with being a drunkard's child, and a little Paddy. Charley's mother told him one morning, as he was starting for school, to keep his eyes open that day, and see if he could not do some good kind act, that would leave an influence upon some of his mates as well as himself; and Charles kept it in mind as he walked on, with his satchel on his arm, and along with the thought flashed the remembrance of the child, Mikey O'Connel. He looked off at the end of the long lane, where there were few footprints except the little ones that Mikey's feet had made, to the small, low house that had stood tenantless for a long time. It was so old and ruinous, and he knew the people who lived there must be very poor, and he felt grieved in his childish heart that he had neglected the forlorn little scholar so long. He was already in his place when Charles entered the school room, sitting by himself, as he always did, and Charles went up to him a little timidly, hardly knowing what to say to open an acquaintance.

"Won't you come out at noon upon the ice? I have a pair of new skates, and a sled all painted green; you may use them both, if you like."

A pleased, happy look came into those great sad eyes, and the thin face lighted up all over.

"Thank you!" he whispered softly, but very heartily. "I would love to ride on your sled; I never learned to skate. But may be if I come out, the boys will plague me"—the old look getting back into his face.

"No, they shall not!" exclaimed Charles, manfully—"I won't let them. And say, Mikey, don't you want me to come over and set with you?"

"Oh, if you only would!" answered Mikey, with an eager, wishful look in his face. "The other boys just take their books and set away over, and it makes me feel as if I couldn't come any more. But mother wants me to learn so bad, and cheers me up, so I try to forget it."

Just then the teacher came, and Charles went to his seat. It was at the other end of the long row. He picked up his books, and went up to the teachers desk a little reluctantly, and as the tall man bent to hear what his pupil had to say, Charles whispered:—

"Please sir, may I sit on the end of the seat near Mikey O'Connel? I will be very quiet. The other boys do not like to sit near him, and it makes him feel bad."

The teacher glanced towards Mikey. He was looking at him with wishful eyes, that told how much interested he was in the answer to Charley's request. He was a kind hearted man, so he patted Charley's head, called him a thoughtful boy, and granted his desire. Charles felt that the eyes of the whole school were upon him, and he saw the scornful smile upon the lips of many of his mates; but Mikey's happy face repaid him for all he had lost in their friendship. When the school was over for the morning, he drew the satchel from underneath his bench, and taking from it the nice cold biscuit and ham, the piece of cake, and pie that his mother had placed there for him, he moved a little nearer to Mikey, and said—

"Let's eat our dinner in a hurry, and then go out and slide. Where is your satchel?"

A crimson flush shot up into Mikey's forehead, but he did not speak. Charles looked at him wonderingly a moment, and then with childish eagerness reminded him of his dinner. Mikey turned his head away, and drew from his pocket a small crust of corn bread, which he tried to conceal from Charles.

"Is that all the dinner you've got?" almost escaped Charley's lips; but he saw how hard he was trying to hide the meagre lunch from him; so he leaned back in his seat and said nothing, only his little brain was planning—planning how he could give Mikey a part of his dinner without making him feel humbled.

"Oh, mother, gives me so much dinner!" he said at length, taking a long breath—"I cannot begin to eat it. Here, Mikey, see if this isn't good," and he placed a liberal supply upon the child's end of the bench.

"Don't you want it?" asked Mikey, looking pleased.

"No, indeed—you can eat it, if you can."

"Oh, isn't it good?" he said, devouring it eagerly. "Are you willing I should carry this little piece to mother."

"Yes, if you wish to; but doesn't she have cake?" asked Charles, bluntly.

"No, not now," sighed the boy. "But I am all ready to go and slide," he replied, changing the subject hastily.

Charles put his satchel back in its place, and drawing on his warm mittens, and tying his cap over his ears, stood waiting for Mikey.

"Haven't you got any mittens?" he asked, looking at the little bare hands that were placing the odd cap upon the top of his head.

"No, I havn't," he answered, quickly—but I do not need them; I'm tough."

"Why, I should think your hands would ache dreadfully these cold mornings."

"They do, sometimes," was the quiet reply.

"Well, you take mine, and I'll go get my sister Susan's. She is two years older than me, and her hand is just as big;" and before Mikey could say a word, Charles was gone. He talked to his sister in a whisper, telling her about poor Mikey's crust of bread, his bare hands and ears, and Susan's kind heart was touched.

"I was going out with the girls to slide," she said, without a shadow of disappointment in her tones, "but I had rather you should take Mikey and have my mittens." She plunged her hand into her pocket, and took out a pair of nice white mittens, which she put in Charley's hand.

"And stop, Charley, Mikey's ears must be almost froze. There's my little woollen scarf hanging on the peg under the shelf—you go and get it, and tie it over his ears. He might have it to keep, for I do not need it, and mother wouldn't care, I am quite sure."

Charles was delighted with his sister's generosity, and it was amusing to watch the kindness with which he tied the short, warm scarf beneath Mikey's peaked chin, and pulled his cap down hard to keep it on.

"There, isn't that nice, Mikey?" he asked, viewing his companion quite proudly.

"Why, I should think it was summer?" was the pleased reply, and Mikey rubbed his hand over his bandaged ears with great satisfaction.

Charles was very attentive to his new friend that day, and tried to shield him from the thoughtless remarks of his companions, who, in a mischief-loving spirit, would call after him as he dashed down the hill upon the pretty green sled—

"Go it, Paddy! See Pat, now, how he goes! Look out, little O'Connel, or you'll lose your breath!"

But Mikey did not mind it much. He was enjoying his nooning vastly, and it seemed as if he had never learned his lessons so easily as he did that afternoon. His step was light and his face bright as he bade Charles good night, and started to run down the lane as fast as he could make his way through the deep, untrodden snow, and in a few minutes he was lifting the latch of the old tumble-down house.

The room was dark and dingy, just a glimmer of fire upon the broken hearth, and by its side his mother was sewing busily, while upon a low bed in the corner his father was lying in a deep sleep. Mikey's face clouded as he glanced at the sleeper, and he crept softly to his mother's side.

"Has he been off again? Did he find the money?"

Mrs. O'Connel replied by a sad nod of assent.

"Oh, isn't that too bad! Did he take the whole?"

Another mournful nod was the mother's answer.

Mikey had brought home fifty cents the evening before, the pay for some work his mother had been doing, and they had carefully hidden it away, lest the intemperate father should spend it for drink. He had searched diligently for it after Mikey had gone to school, and by fierce threats had forced his wife to make known the hiding place.

She tried to retain a part of it, for they had little fuel or food, but he had taken the whole, gone off to the village tavern, and, an hour before Mikey, had come staggering home.

"I have had a good time to-day, mother," he whispered. "See here," and he pulled the scarf from his neck, "Charley Harper gave me this, and I've got a piece of cake for you. He gave me lots of good dinner, and came over and sat with me; and then he let me slide on his sled all between schools. Oh, I did have such nice rides. He is the best boy I ever did see. Why, mother, you're crying? Aren't you glad?"

The poor mother only put her arm about her little boy, and drew him close to her and kissed him very tenderly, while the tears dropped upon his curly head.

"Yes, mother is very glad for her little boy. It is very nice, but you eat it."

"No, mother, I brought it for you," and the mother saw how much it would please her generous son, so she ate it all.

"Did the boys call you names to-day?" she asked, sadly; though she was very glad to see her boy happy.

"Not much, and I did not mind if they did, because Charley took my part."

Charley went home and told his good kind mother all about little Mikey, and what he had done for him, and she kissed him and called him her darling boy, and Charles felt very happy that night, and as if he had not kept his eyes open in vain. He went to sleep in his nice warm bed after eating his good supper, but Mikey only had a little Indian porridge, his mother stirred upon the coals, and he crept off to his hard pallet, hungry and cold. But he did not complain. Visions of smooth slippery hills, and sleds all painted green, and merry laughing school boys, went dancing through his dreams, and the great round moon came up and looked into the windows of the old brown house and fell directly across Mikey's face, and his mother saw, as she stood looking at him, he was smiling in his sleep.

Charles proved a true friend to Mikey, and gradually his mates came to take an interest in the forlorn little scholar, and through his influence Mikey was made a happy boy. Charles did not realize the amount of good he had accomplished, something to outlast his life even, and go on widening in influence through successive generations. He had helped and encouraged Mikey. Perhaps if he had not, the child might have become weary of trying and sunk down, making just such a man as his father had been, and caused more evil than good to spring from his influence.

So, little children, do not be discouraged because you do not seem to be doing much good, and earning a great name; perhaps, after all, you are like Charley, casting an influence in the right direction that will last long after you are dead.

A BORN MACHINIST.

Henry Maudsley, one of the most eminent of English mechanics (whose death is reported to us among the news brought by the last foreign steamer), had this mechanical instinct strikingly developed. His father was a carpenter, but young Maudsley himself was much fonder of working in iron, and would often excite the anger of the foreman by stealing off to an adjoining smithy. He urged so hard for the change that when fifteen years old, he was transferred from the carpenters to the blacksmith shop. Here he became an expert worker in metal and was soon quite noted for forging "trivets" with great speed and skill, the old experienced hands gathering round to admire him when at his work. They had in this shop—which belonged to the naval works of Woolwich—an accomodating superintendent officer, who would blow his nose in a peculiar manner when approaching, so that all forbidden jobs (and making "trivers" was among them) was put out of the way by the time he entered the shop. When a boy has the innate love of his trade that Maudsley had, and thousands of American youth all over the country to-day, he does not remain at the foot of the ladder. Take a boy—there are plenty such—who has no particular predilection for anything, and put him at a trade, and he will always remain a mere workman. But boys like Maudsley, almost without knowing it, are urged on to something better. At this time Brahmah, the lockmaker, had great difficulty to find mechanics skillful enough to make his locks with the neat precision he wanted. Young Maudsley was suggested to him, and on being sent for, the Woolwich blacksmith came to London. He was then but eighteen years old, strong, muscular, tall and remarkably handsome. But both Brahmah and his foreman thought he was too young to be put in the shop with old workmen. A worn out vice bench was lying near by, and Maudsley seeing his chances were in danger, asked permission to go right to work and fix it up. He did so, and the job was so splendidly executed that he was at once engaged, and became as much a favorite in this as in his former shop. As before said he was extremely handsome—an Apollo among Vulcans; and his personal advantages, with his mental activity had their effect among his fellow workmen, who tacitly acknowledged him as their leader and superior. He arose in position and became foreman. In 1797, he opened a shop of his own, and he and his wife (for a pretty girl had a little time before accepted the hand of the handsome blacksmith) cleaned the hired shop of the dirt and rubbish left in it by a former tenant. His first customer was an artist, who gave an order for the iron frame of a large easel; and thenceforth, Maudsley's had plenty work. His next success was the invention of the slide rest with which his name is usually identified, an invention, too, which all familiar with the use of the turning lathe, now consider indispensable.—Maudsley subsequently became a famous manufacturer of machinery; but even when he employed numbers of men, and found it necessary to labor more with the head than with the hands, he used to go often to the forge and work enthusiastically with the sledge hammer, just from sheer love of his art. In time his shop became as it were a college of mathematical art, from which the best mechanics were proud to graduate.

—A humble heart is a habitation for God, a scholar for Christ, a companion of angels, a preserver of grace, and meet for glory.

—The highest form of existence is usefulness, making happy those whom we love [illegible]

ROMANCE AND REALITY.—The story of Bob Brierly, in the play called the Ticket-of-Leave Man, finds a curious illustration from real life in the following police report, which appears in a late English paper.

At the Warwickshire session, on the 10th of October, George Haynes, aged twenty-five, was charged with having at Stratford-on-Avon, on the 12th of August last, stolen two pounds of beef. The prisoner pleaded guilty, and asked to make a statement. The chairman having remarked that he had been previously sentenced to penal servitude at Gloucester assizes for housebreaking, the prisoner said that was really true. He committed the offence when he was only thirteen years of age, and was sent to Gibraltar to the penal settlement there. After having been imprisoned three years and a half, his conduct had been so satisfactory that he had been released upon a ticket-of-leave. He forthwith returned to England, and did all he could to obtain an honest livelihood. All things went on well with him and his family for a short time. One day one of the Stratford police, named Weston, called upon him, and asked if he had ever been transported. He declined at first to answer the question; but ultimately admitted that such was the case. From that time his prospects were blighted. He was dismissed from the Charlecote church and lost his place. In every way he was hunted down and oppressed. At the time he took the meat, his wife and children were in a starving condition, and he took the meat for them.

After working for four years in Warwick, during a part of that time he had been employed regularly at All Saint's Church, Elmscote, and assisted in the choir, he went to reside at Stratford, got work, and attended to the parish church at Charlecote, singing in the choir.

Rev. T. B. Dickens, of Elmscote, sent a letter testifying to the prisoners character as being honest, sober and in every way respectable. Mr. Kynnersley expressed his regret at the statement which the prisoner had made. If it was true, and upon the face of the facts it seemed probable, the policeman had exceeded his duty, for he ought not to have interfered with him at all. The prisoner seemed to have conducted himself creditably, and the former offence might have been buried in oblivion. Both he and his brother magistrates considered that the prisoner had been hardly dealt with and under the circumstances, he would only be sentenced to fourteen days hard labor.

SINGULAR ACTION—ENORMOUS COST OF A HALFPENNY.—The Waterford (Ireland) *Mail* reports an extraordinary action brought by a coach builder of that city named Lawler. It appears that Mr. Lawler was desirous of sending a specimen of his workmanship to the Dublin Exhibition, and instead of placing it in a dray and sending to the terminus he had it drawn by men. When it arrived at the bridge the question arose, what should be paid. It was a four-wheeled carriage, but it was not drawn by horses, asses, bullocks, or other animals. Here was a poser. The only table in the schedule of tolls was for a carriage drawn any other way. Mr. Lawler tendered the money, and considered this should have cleared the men who drew the carriage, while the lessee of the bridge held that these men were foot passengers, and should pay in addition. The toll taker insisted on his view, and compelled Mr. Lawler to pay one half penny, for which an action was brought by Mr. Lawler in one case to recover a penalty of five pounds for overcharge of toll, and the magistrates decided in his favor. From that decision the Bridge Commissioners appealed, and after argument of counsel on both sides the Court affirmed the decrees, with costs. It is surmised that the cost in the Magistrates, and Sessions Court will not be less than ten pounds; or with the penalty, it will cost the Bridge Commissioners fifteen shilling sending a year forever on account of one half penny.

THE AGE OF FORTY-SIX.—Thomas Hood died at the age of forty-six, at the time he had excited the greatest expectations.—There seems to be a fatality at this period of life for certain intellects, nearly as great as that which has rendered the age of thirty-seven dangerous to the higher walked artistic genius, to Raphael, to Mozart, to Burns, to Byron. It is the grand climacteric of a soldiers' and the statesman's life. At forty-six Pitt gave up the ghost, and passed away in the prime of his powers; at forty-six Napoleon lost the battle at Waterloo, and ended his career; at forty-six Wellington won that battle, and may be said almost commenced his civil career. At forty-seven Nelson's hour had come at Trafalgar. In literature we find that Spencer died at forty-six; Addison at forty-seven; Goldsmith at forty-six; Hood at forty-six.

A MAN WITHOUT MONEY.—A man without money is a body without a soul, a walking death—a spectre that frightens everybody. His countenance is sorrowful, and his conversation languishing and tedious. If he calls upon an acquaintance he never finds him at home, and if he opens his mouth he is interrupted every moment, so that he may not finish his discourse, which is feared will end with a call for money. He is avoided like a person infected with disease, and is regarded as an incumbrance to the earth. Want wakes him in the morning, and misery accompanies him to his bed at night. The ladies discover that he is an awkward booby; landlords believe he lives upon air, and if he wants anything from a tradesman, he is asked for cash before delivery. [illegible]

[illegible] many people [illegible] year, and know no more of [illegible] habits, tastes, family ideas [illegible] than if they lived in Kamschatka? And why? Because the room which they call a "front" parlor is made expressly so you shall not know. They sit in a back room—work, talk, read, perhaps. After a servant has let you in and opened a crack in the shutters, and while you sit waiting for them to change their dress and come in, you speculate as to what they may be doing. From a distant region the laugh of a child, the song of a canary bird, and then a door clasps hastily to. Do they love plants? Do they write letters, sew, embroider, crochet? Do they ever romp and frolic? What books do they read? Do they sketch or paint? Of all these possibilities, a mute and muffled room says nothing.

A sofa, six chairs, two ottomans, fresh from the upholster's, a Brussel carpet, a centre table, with four gilt books of beauty on it, a mantle clock from Paris, two bronze vases—all these tell only in frigid tones, "this is the best room,"—only that, nothing more; and soon she trips in in her clothes, and apologizes for keeping you waiting, asks you how your mother is, and you remark that it is a pleasant day, and thus the acquaintance progress from year to year. One hour in the little back room, where the plants, and canary birds, and children are, might have made you fast friends for life; but as it is, you care no more for them than the gilt clock on the mantle.

BACK WOODS ELOQUENCE.—A lawyer of Milwaukie was defending a handsome young woman, accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spoke in conclusion:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am done—When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe—when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of luscious loveliness which angelic sweetness might envy, but could not eclipse—before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim—and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building, in the cold, damp and dread night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amid the snowy pillows of repose, gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give."

The jury acquitted her, without leaving their seats.

THE BRIDE.—I know of no sight more touching than that of a young and tender bride in her robes of virgin white, led up trembling to the altar. When I thus behold a trembling girl in the tenderness of her years forsake the house of her father and the home of her childhood, and with the implicit confidence and self abandonment which belongs to woman, gives up all the world for the man of her choice; when I hear her in the old language of the ritual, yielding herself to him "for better, for worse, for rich, for poor, in sickness or in health, to love, honor, and obey, till death do us part," it brings to mind the beautiful and affecting devotion of Ruth—"Whither thou goest I go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—A writer whose life has passed its meridian thus discourses upon the flight of time:

Forty years once seemed a long and dreary pilgrimage to make. Now it seems but a step. And yet, along the way are broken shrines where a thousand hopes are wasted into ashes, footprints sacred under the dust; green mounds whose grass is fresh with the watering of tears; shadows even which he would not forget. We will garner the sunshine of these years, and with chastened steps and hope, push on toward the evening whose signal lights will soon be swinging where the waters are still and the storms never beat.

A GOOD MAN'S WISH.—I freely confess to you that I would wish when I am laid down in the grave, to have some one in his manhood stand over me and say: "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in the time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or would I have some poor widow, with choking utterance, telling her little children, "There is your friend and mine."

—A man called upon a lawyer the other day, and began to state his case in rather an abrupt manner. "Sir, I have come to you for advice; I'm a husband-in-law!" "A what?" spoke out the learned counsel. "Husband-in-law, sir!" "I have never seen that defined in domestic relations." "Don't you know what a husband-in-law is? Sir, you're no lawyer; you're an ignoramus. I am a husband in *law*, but not in *fact*, sir—my wife ran off!"

—A clergyman once took for his text these words:—"The world, the flesh, and the devil," and commenced his sermon in this manner: "I shall pass over the flesh, touch lightly upon the world, and hasten on as fast as I can to the devil." Wonderful the sequal was!

—As a gang of young Loyal Leaguers were issuing from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, the other night, vociferously singing—"Rally round the flag, boys, rally once again," a sworn-out soldier [illegible] "Well, you [illegible] don't you do it?" The young Leaguers dropped.

—A man paid a bet in [illegible] Ohio, lost by the result of the election, [illegible] through the [illegible]

—A man named [illegible] St. Louis, [illegible]