MY FIRST SPECULATION.

BY JUDGE CLARK

I can bear to tell it now, and to be laughed at about it; but there *was* a time when the bare mention of the name of Mucklebosh would have made me *very* mad.

Old Mucklebosh was a rich speculator, as spry as sin, with a daughter as pretty as a pink.

Sweet Mary Mucklebosh!—what an artless, innocent face she had—confound her picture.

It was my friend Wesley who introduced me to her. Mr. Wesley and I had gotten acquainted accidentally, shortly after my arrival in the city, whither I had come with a few thousand left me by will, to seek my fortune.

Coming out of a saloon one evening, where an old chum and myself had been discussing our prospects and some oysters together, without regard to listeners, a familiar slap on the shoulder brought me to suddenly.

'Hello!' exclaimed a smartish looking chap in eye glasses—'Hello! Is that you Charley?'

No, it isn't, I replied, coolly, withdrawing the hand he had grasped.

'Not my old friend, Charley Rike?' said he, half incredulously.

'My name is Green—G. W. Green,' I answered, stiffly.

'Beg your pardon, Mr. Green,' said the stranger. 'I'm a little near sighted, you see, but you and Charley *are* as like as two peas.'

He was evidently mortified at his mistake, and, to make amends for my rudeness, I asked him what he would take.

'Old rye,' he signified.

My friend and I took Bourbon.

A genial chat followed, ending in the exchange of mutual wishes for better acquaintance.

At parting the gentleman requested cards and handed us his, from which we learned that his name—it must have been the result of a family compromise—was 'John Calvin Wesley.'

Mr. Wesley and I frequently met afterward, and soon became fast friends. He made me known to his acquaintances—among others to the Muckleboshes—at least was the way I got to know Mary.

I committed rank idolatry at the first glance I caught of her face, and from that time on was her slave.

My visits were encouragingly received, as well by Mary as by her old fright of a father, who used to bore me with disquisitions about 'longs' and 'shorts,' and 'bulls' and 'bears' and 'corners,' whilst I was dying to hear Mary sing—

'Oh, how che-ar-ming 'tis to love!'

It was in the days when the mania for forming companies was at its height. It's an certible belief that, had Brigham Young been here then, he would have had his wives incorporated, thereby making them legally one person, and so evading the effect of the Bigamy Act.

There was an organization, of which old Mucklebosh was president, styled the 'Independent Breeze Company,' said to be possessed of a secret process of enabling ships to furnish their own wind. The invention was already perfected, and would soon be patented. 'Now was the time,' said the circular, 'to subscribe for shares, as, in a few more days, none could be had for love or money.'

Mr. Wesley had great faith in the enterprise. He was confident the shares would go up a thousand per cent. as soon as the patent was issued. He advised me to invest my money in it. My thousands would become millions before I knew it. The rub was to get old Mucklebosh to part with any of his stock. He had taken most of it himself, and had promised the rest to a few special friends.

Why not ask Mary to use her influence for you? suggested Mr. Wesley, adding, with a wink, 'I'm sure she would only be too glad to do it.'

I blushed and said I couldn't think of such a thing. But I *did* think of it, and did speak to Mary about it, hinting delicately that I hoped that what was *my* interest would one day be *hers*.

She hung her pretty head, and said she would 'mention it to pa.'

I have no doubt she kept her word, for when I proposed to Mr. Muckelbosh to invest my all in 'Indepenent Breeze,' he kindly consented to take my money and hand over the certificates, adding, with a father-in-lawish smile, that he couldn't refuse Mary anything.'

I seized the opportunity, and begged permission at once to speak my mind to his daughter.

'Do so, my son, he replied dropping his hypocritical head, and letting fall from his squinty old eyes a pair of ready made tears, which, following their natural direction, came into collusion about a foot from the end of his nose—'Do so, my son; and if Mary accepts you'—smiting himself gently under the fifth rib—you shall find a fatherly welcome here.'

I withdrew much affected.

Next day I called on Mary, resolved to unburthen my heart. I felt free to do so now. Was not my own fortune made? Why, therefore, could charge me with selfish designs upon hers?

As I entered, I met my friend, Dunn Brown—the same who was with me at my first meeting with Wesley—on the steps coming out. He looked at me defiantly and passed on. He too, I may add, through the introduction of Mr. Wesley, had become a visitor at the Muckelboshes.

When I began this story I thought I could go through it without wincing. But when I come to think of what a fool I made of myself that day—how I got upon my knees, like the stage players, and ranted worse than the worst of them—how Mary laughed in my face, and told me not to be a donkey, if I could help it—how I accused her of loving another, and swore to have his heart's blood—I'll be hanged if I tell it!—that's all.

I saw it all. Brown was my rival. His look was explained now, it was the look of triumph. But I would call him to a stern account. Oh that I was resolved. Pernicious villain! I had given him my confidence, and thus he had abused it.

Brown, I found, had left the city, and would be gone for a week. On the morning of his return I called at his lodgings, determined to have it out with him.

He sat before an untouched breakfast, glaring wildly at the morning paper.

'I have come to demand—'I began fiercely.

'Read that,' he gasped, heedless of my words.

I took the paper and read the indicated paragraph. It announced, in due form the marriage, two days before, by the Rev. Otto Goode, of Mr. John Calvin Wesley to Miss Mary Muckelbosh.

I was in the act if invoking the reverse of a blessing on the happy pair, when Brown interrupted.

'Now read *that*,' said he, pointing to another paragraph.

It was headed 'Stupendous fraud!' and went on to state that the 'Independent Breeze Company' had just been discovered to be the basest of swindles. That Muckelbosh and Wesley, with a few accomplices, had gotten it up, and after pocketing a snug sum by the sale of shares to those simple enough to buy, the whole party had decamped the day after the wedding chronicled in another column, the bride keeping her husband company.

'Beggard!' I exclaimed.

'I too,' groaned Brown; and to think I was ass enough actually to propose to the little minx. She had just refused me when I met you on the steps that day. Do you know, I came near knocking you down, for I took you for my rival?'

I didn't tell my own experience.

Walking Upstairs.

One day recently a respectably dressed man carried a well-grown child, muffled up and apparently sick, into French's Hotel. He placed the child on the stairs and began to talk to it in a very unkind, rough way. The attention of guests were attracted, and they gathered around.

"You are able to walk up stairs by yourself," the man said, "and I wont carry you."

"Oh, oh," the child sobbed, "do carry me up; please, pa, do. You know ever since I was run over by the car and lost both my feet I can't walk upstairs alone."

"That's all stuff," the man answered; "get up at once or I'll make you."

The poor child began to sob worse than before, and the brutal man give it a severe thump on the side of the head. The child moaned piteously. The indignation of the bystanders was excited, and one of them said to the man. "Is that child yours?"

"What's that to you?" the man answered; "I won't tell you."

"He's—my—father," the child sobbed, "and—he—killed—my—mother—just—as—he's—agoing—to—kill—me."

The man doubled his fist and made as if he was about to give the child a savage blow. One of the bystanders interfered, and said.

"Say, if you don't stop this I'll call a policeman. I never saw such a brutal father in all my life."

The man began to fumble in his pockets, and the child cried out. "Take care, he's got a knife. He's agoing to stick you."

Sure enough the man produced a knife and opened it. The crowd slipped off one by one, except two.

"Bring an officer," one of these cried to a friend.

"If I am to be arrested," the man said, "it shall be for something," and thereupon he plunged the knife into the body of the child. The child shrieked, "I'm murdered. I'm murdered," and a crowd rushed to the spot. The man quitely raised the child in his arms, and removing his hat, said:

"Gentlemen, this is a wooden child. I'm a ventriloquist, and any little offering you may be pleased to make will be very acceptable.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Invisibility of Perfume.

No one has yet been able to analyze or demonstrate the essential action of perfume. Gas can be weighed, but not scents; the smallest known creature—the very monads of life—can be caught by microscopic lens and made to deliver up the secrets of their organization, but what is it that emanates from the pouch of the musk deer that fills a whole space for years and years with its penetrating odor—an odor which an illimitable number of extraneous substances can carry off without diminishing it in size and weight; and what is it that the warm summer air brings to us from the flowers no man has yet been able to determine.

THERE was a vast amount of sense in that Troy landlord who took a set of false teeth out of the mouth of a man who had eaten a big supper and breakfast and wouldn't pay him. As they were what did the mischief they should pay the bill.

HINTS TO NOVEL WRITERS.

We reprint from *Lippincott's Magazine* a receipt for concocting a novel. It will be of great assistance to writers who, having only material for a brief tale, are desirous of publishing a novel in three volumes:

"Constance," said Philip to his sister, "I have got on very well with my novel. I have written fifty pages, described my hero and heroine, made them thoroughly in love with each other, and now I intend to part them for a season, without letting them be certain of the state of each other's hearts. I think narrative my forte, but it will not do to have no conversations, and my dialogue seems to be short and trite. Do look over this:"

'Helena. Your letter has arrived, I see.'

'Bertram. Yes, I have just read it.'

'H. Well?'

'B. It says I must delay no longer;'

'H. When shall you start?'

'B. To-morrow, at the latest.'

'H. Have you told my aunt?'

'B. Not yet; I must do it now.'

'H. Shall you go direct to London?'

'B. No, I stop one night at the Grange.'

'H Oh, then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter.'

'B. Is that all you will permit me to do for you?"

'H. I am careful not to burden my friends.'

'B. Then you have no belief in true friendship?'

'Well, Philip, let me try whilst you are at the office, and see what I can suggest.'

'Your letter has arrived, I see,' said Helena, turning, as Bertram entered letter in hand.

'Yes, I have just read it," he replied, advancing and leaning his arm on the mantlepiece.

'Well?' said Helena, stooping as if to warm her hands, but really endeavoring to shade her face.'

'It says I must delay no longer," he answered, trying to assume an air of indifference.

'When shall you start? she said, resuming her work and fixing her eyes on her pattern.

'To-morrow, at the latest,' he replied, transferring the letter to his pocket.

'Have you told my aunt?' she said, searching her work-basket for her scissors.

'Not yet; I must do it now,' he said, putting back the little ornament his elbow had displaced.

'Shall you go direct to London?' she said, trying to disentangle a skein of colored yarn.

'No; I stop one night at the Grange,' he said quietly, but with an air of decision.

'Then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter,' she added, laying down her work as she spoke.

'Is that all you will permit me to do for you?' he asked, anxiously.

'Oh, I never burden my friends,' she said, raising her head and tossing back her curls.

'Then you have no belief in true friendship,' he answered, in a tone of bitterness.

'That is pretty good,' said Constance to herself, 'but I will take these two young people out of doors; perhaps Philip may be better pleased.'

'Your letter has arrived, I see,' said Helena, advancing as Bertram opened the garden gate.

'Yes, have just read it,' he replied, as he secured the fastening.

'Well,' said Helena, taking the pith to the house.

'It says I must delay no longer,' he replied, proffering her a bunch of wild flowers he had gathered in his walk.

'When shall you start?' said Helena, turning away to pluck some rosebuds, which she added to her bouquet.

'To morrow, at the latest,' he answered, flinging aside roughly a branch that crossed his path.

'Have you told my aunt,' said Helena, tying the strings of her hat.

'No; I must do it now,' he said, holding out his hand to relieve her of her parasol as they entered the avenue.

'Shall you go direct to London?' she asked, hurriedly.

'No; I stop one night at the Grange,' he said, inviting her by a gesture to take a seat upon a rustic bench.

'Oh, then I will ask you to be the bearer of my letter,' she said, quickening her steps lest he should perceive her emotion.

'Is that all you will permit me to do for you?' he said, with more feeling than he had yet permitted himself to show.

'Yes; I am careful not to burden my friends,' she added, drawing her mantle around her and speaking in a tone of irony.

'Then you do not believe in true friendship,' he replied, as they reached the house, and with a heightened color threw back the hall door and made way for her to enter.

—The young lady who refused to go into a rifle factory because some of the guns had no breeches, is spending a few weeks in the country.

—"More bread, landlord. I always eat a good deal of bread with my meat." "So I see, sir, and a good deal of meat with your bread."

—"Have the jury agreed?" asked the sheriff, as he met a court attache on the stairs with a large pitcher in his hand. "Yes, sir; they agreed to have a gallon of beer, and sent me out for it."