Make but a cruel train Of biting sleet and stinging winds
And ice and frozen rain, The rich with furs and blazing hearths Your carnival may scorn, While Mirth and Cheer may reign supreme From wassail eve till morn.

But ha! Winter, ho! Winter, What about the Poor? Who've no stronghold against the cold, No bribe or sinecure To set at bay the stinging day, Or soften down the night— Who note the thickening window-panes With sinking hearts affright— Who draw their babies close and sing Their shivering lullabies, Then sleep and dream of steamless feasts That hunger-sleep supplies To wake at morn with shuddering sense

Of lengthened fast and cold, And find that gaunt eyed Want hath Its trace within the fold, Winter, ho! Winter, Hard your reign on these, God pity such! and send warm hearte To all we starve and freeze.

AN ARIZONA EXPERIENCE.

Charles Parker, being a young man from the east, and a newly-fledged graduate of the military academy, was not looked upon with sublime awe by the frontiersmen around his Arizona post, and certainly not with a fearful respect by the military.

The frontiersmen from their proud hight of dyspepsia and dirt recognized tidy Mr. Parker only as a "tenderfoot," while the older officers and soldiers were naturally slow to concede military meret to a youngster who had escaped death or court martial for a shorter period than themselves.

In reality Lieutenant Parker knew very little of the energetic west as it think of his expedition, and having materialized around Fort McDowell, and what little he knew did not swell him with pride. It was his idea that if knowledge is power, knowledge of Arizona was only mule power and not to be coveted. He was not in deadly fear by night sixty-five miles of sage brush of that truculent creature, the Arizonian in a red shirt, but if he had chosen an individual to stand betwixt the wind of alkali. This travel brought them to and his nobility, the gentleman in his Sacaton the Gila, where Parker had carmine camissa would not have obtained the situation. His life was not people learned his present errand he was without a charm, for he was in love hospitably entertained, and no warning with his colonel's daughter, one of those of his coming was sent forward. But charming young ladies found only in in conversation with the Indian agent, army circles, who have all the polish of to whom he revealed his true orders, their more fortunate city sisters with a he learned that the convict, frightened seductive frankness and abandon de- by previous rumors, had sold his saloon

and he was an expert in that pleasant | ger. Under the circumstances, although amusement -young Parker sat in his the next day was Sunday, Parker deterquarters with a big pipe, as befitted an mined to push on. At six o'clock Sunarmy man, rested his feet gracefully on day morning the umbulance was on its the mantle, and conscientiously "kept | way with a drive before it to Sanford, up his French" by reading Lurid Gascon novels which began "Madame je vais yous raconter une tres belle histoire" in his agreeable character of "chere madame," but half a Besides, as mentally he still mile from his destination he put off his lived in the east, he followed in a dozen unconcern and ordered the driver to asked Parker. papers the society, theater, and sporting stop. Then he pulled his true orders news of civilization. If at any moment from his pocket and read them. The he had been translated to Chicago, his soldiers exchanged glances. They choice for the evening theater would thought the young lieutenant would have already been made; he would have not take things so easily if he knew the been au fait with current gossip; and desperate character of his business. his base ball bets would have been startling intimacy.

and Parker that when he could leave it was the peculiar charm of this arrangecolonel's assistance or knowledge. Lovers must have their secrets. A lover without a weighty secret would cut as poor a figure as a secretless statesman. However, the chances of Parker's getting a furlough were dim. His captain was on an indefinite sick leave, having a splendid time and entering heartily into business, while his first lieutenant was engaged in Washington on some onerous duty which required peculiar talents and considerable "influence." "One officer," said the law, 'mnst be with the troop," and when the law uttered these words it ignored the astute captain and the powerful first lieutenant, and pointed with its crooked finger directly at our friend. Mr. Par-

The morning when history finds him, the lone lieutenant, acting as post adju-tant, was sitting at his desk in the colonel's office, gravely referring official papers to himself in some of his many capacities, such as quartermaster, commissary, ordinance officer, post treasurer, chief of scouts, overseer of schools, or perpetual officer of the day. By his formal words one would have thought him on very frigid terms with himself. Instead, for instance, of saying "Parker, will you take a squint at this?" he wrote: "Respectfully referred to Lieutenant Parker, who will take the action required."

Meanwhile the colonel was knitting his brows over an order from headquar-"What do you think of that?" he

said at last, handing the paper to Par-The young man read the order but made no answer. He liked to have his opinion asked, but he did not suppose that his crude ideas would be of value to an officer of so much greater experience. "What do you think?" repeated the

colonel mildly. "I suppose it'll have to be done," said the lieutenant vaguely, not knowing on what point a reply was wished. "Yes," mused the colonel, "but how? This says he is supposed to be at Sanford, but the description is vague to

make a search on " "O, that." said Parker, "why I think I know the man already I saw him ist summer when I was surveying the me from Gila Beno to Tucson. He keeps a saloon in Sanford,

go. Humph! not a very pleasant or easy duty"—and he looked hard at the young man's smooth face; "it's worse than Indian fighting. Maybe I had better have an older officer go with you."

wrote in pencil a draft for an order: detail of six men, and arrest military convict John Devine,"

"Just have that published." Parker hesitated; but as the responsibility of the arrest was to be upon him he determined to speak. "If that order is published, word of it will go to this convict by the 'underground,' and he will give me the slip."

"Suppose you were to go without an order," said the colonel, "that would excite suspicion as well."

"Let it be a false order." "It won't do any good, when those fellows see a soldier they are on the alert, order or no order. They know the soldier is after some one, and they send the word on by the underground for the benefit of whom it may concern.
You will have to take the chances of ing what deceit this greeting was meant traveling as fast as the news of your coming.

But Parker had an idea. He thought e could entrap an Arizonian as easily as if he had worn a red shirt from infancy. "I learned something." said he, "last summer when I was down there. When they knew I was surveying, I could have had as many blacklegs in my society as I wished Mr. Devine himself waited on me in his saloon. Send me down on telegraph business

again." "Good!" cried the colonel. "Make me out an order to examine the line and publish it here. You will have your

real order and warrant in your pocket." In half an hour the ambutance rolled out of Fort McDowell into the long road across the desert. The soldiers were in good spirits over their holiday. Very true they carried carbines and revolvers, but in Arizona carbines and revolvers are as readily associated with good spirits as cheerfulness with beans and big grocery bills in New England. The lieutenants having no one to be gay with, wondered what Miss Helen would come to a complimentary conclusion, wiped the alkali dust from his eyes and began a new "belle histoire," roads were deep, but the six-mule team of "shave-tails" slided steadily on, and on each side had received an additional layer to its century-old and hoary coat been the summer previous. When the veloped in their Bohemian existence. and was about to leave. This rendered When not engaged in love making- an arrest of double difficulty and dan-

More respect was visible in their faces marked by a knowledge of the most when he gave his orders. They perceived from his tone that if any one fal-It was arranged between Miss Helen | tered it would not be the "boy," "We will drive into the plaza in front should be for a wedding journey. It of Smith's. Devine will probably be in some saloon opposite. If people ask ment that it was made without the our business, it's telegraph. We have come twenty-three miles out of our way

by the telegraph line to make them believe it. I shall go across the plaza to the saloons. You will loaf about fifty yards in the rear with your carbines. I'll let you know when I want you. Now, drive on."

Arrived at Sanford these directions were carried out to the letter. A small but hard-looking crowd gathered around the ambulance where it halted.

"Hallo, lieutenant!" said Smith, the town shyster, coming out. "What is

to hear. "I've come out to see what you folks can put up for it." "Good," said Smith, while a murmur of approbation went through the crowd.

"I'll take you round to see the people. Have the man put up the rig." "Can't stop long enough. I'am go ing on to Florence to get their ideas, That's the shortest way home, and I must get back to make my report. Driver, keep the team here. You men

can go where you please but be back in time to start." The ruse having succeeded so far, Parker and Smith walked across the plaza to the saloons (Sunday or Monday the heart of the Sanford business) while the men followed aimlessly along, car-

rying their carbines on their hips. The Arizonians considered this a very peaceful spectacle, but they did not know that in every carbine there was a bullet of 405 grains with seventy grains of powder behind it.

"Come in and have something," said the hospitable Smith, when they had crossed the square; "help you talk bu-

Parker accepted and they went in. The saloon consisted of two rooms, front and rear. In the front room were two or three loungers, but from the back room issued through an open door at the end of the bar various sounds which gave evidence of a crowded table of gamblers. Parker gave his order and placed himself so that by turning his head he could command a full view of the back room. Then he looked for his men. They were already at the saloon door leaning on their carbines. They played their parts well, for they seemed only waiting for their superior

before they took a turn at the bar.

Parker took a generous Arizona glass The colonel shook his head. "I was and took it up; but instead of replying going to send for an older officer, but if to Smith's bacchanalian salute of "Well, you can identify the man you'll have to lieutenant, here's how," he turned his eyes and glanced into the back room. Directly in front of him at the opposite side of the table sat Devine. At the word "Lieutenant" the convict raised his eyes and met Parker face to "If you think it necessary." face. His first instinct being to escape "I don't" said the colonel instantly recognition, he resorted to the clumsy face. His first instinct being to escape

determined by Parker's look; and he device of dropping his glance and wrote in pencil a draft for an order: slouching forward his sombrero. Par-"Lieutenant C. Parker will proceed ker looked at him absently, turned to immediately to Sanford, Ari., with a the front of the saloon, and still holding up his glass, made the signal. Then, without drinking, he set the glass down and walked directly to the door of the gambling-room. He did not know what tragedy would follow his words, but he said "Johh Devine, I want you."

A dozen pair of eyes were turned toward him and a dozen hands sought for the ever ready "guns;" but the pistols were not drawn. Almost immediately the men assumed a look of welcome, and seemed tacitly to acknowledge that they had mistaken the intruder.

"Hullo, heutenant!" cried two or three in a frantic effort to set themselves right. "Hullo! Come in, come in. Glad to see you. Barkeeper, something for the lieuterant. Come in.'

to cover. "I'm on business, and business comes first. Come Johnny, I want "What! what Johnny? What's he done? ' they cried in grieved surprise.

Now, lieutenant, you don't want Johnny, do you?" Parker made no reply but he kept his

eve wearily on the crowd. Devine threw down his cards as if in despair. "All right; I've got to go. This thing has been hanging over me for a year, and I'm glad it's come."
"But don't be in a rush." cried the others; "don't be in a rush, lieutenant.

Have a drink. Come in and sit down. We ain't seen you in years." Parker was so dumbfounded by this continued politeness that he looked about for the cause. It was evident. A big sergeant stood behind him with two cocked revolvers aimed at the crowd; on each side of the door were

soldlers with pointed carbines. The Arizona desperado understands the doctrine of chances as well as the rest of us. Devine arose to follow. He looked

mournfully at his big pile of chips, "Who's banker?" asked Parker, who, being a pretty "stiff" poker player himunderstood Devine's feeling. Banker, cash Johnny's chips. Sorry I the cave, which had to be entered by hard to be bad. Ah, yes, my boy, it's can't let him stay so that you can have back at him. but the money's his,"

The disappointed banker made the exchange. When the party were taking Devine

to his house, where the convict wished to say goodbye to his wife, a horseman passed them at full speed going toward Florence, a little town five miles to the east. This incident did not escape the unsophisticated lieutenant.

He sent an orderly for the ambulance and hurried Devine through his farewells. When the wagon drove up he was ready. Everybody was mounted. The convict had the appearance of being perfectly hopeless. "Which way?" says the driver. Par-

ker looked Devine keenly in the face and answered, "Back through Saca-The convict dropped his head, and his

hopelessness was no longer assumed. "Our friend on the horse will prepare his ambush for nothing, won't he?" "He just will," replied the convict

with a laugh. That night at ten, having driven morning, the detail arrived at the fort get stuck there, and as no one saw us finds it easy to be "good;" very easy and Devine was secured in the post- go in, of course our fate in results indeed. But to be bad, to have the eighty-three miles since nine in the guard house. The colonel was delighted and surpri-

"I spoke," said he, "of having another officer come here. I think I had better have him come now and give you a leave."

"Thank you," said the bold lieutenant; then he explained that leaves were best for wedding journeys, and so led up to a full revelation "In that case," replied the colonel,

with a dusty, Arizona wit, "I will send for my other daughter and give Helen a leave too."

Settled on the Spot.

After standing in front of the store for several minutes, seemingly undecided what to do, he entered and asked "Telegraph," replied Parker for all for the proprietor and then began: "My ole woman was gwine' long

yere las' night an' fell down on your sidewalk an' busted her elbow." "Ah! Well, being you are a poor man I'll make the charges as light as

"Bnt dat hain't de case, sah. lawyer tells me dat you is 'sponsible for to push back, doubtless thinking of dat slippery sidewalk, an' dat I kin git | those snakes.

damages. "Exactly; but you don't understand asked the Squire.
the matter. In the first place you must After we came of fee your lawyer and put up for the own the sidewalk. Then you prove that your wife was not guilty of con- best water we ever tasted. trial. By that time your wife and her busted elbow are dead and buried and you are married again and you offer to settle for five pounds of brown sugar."

"Fo' de Lawd! but has I got to wade frew all dat?" "All that and more. The grocery business is cut so close that I shall probably be a bankrupt by April, and then what good will a judgment do you?"

"Dat's so; dat's so." "Or the case may hang in the Supreme Court until both of us are

"I see. And you would gin two pounds of brown sugar to settle de case now?"

"Well, yes," "Den you may do it up, an' arter die de ole woman takes de odder side of ds street or we dissolve partnership! I spected ebery minit you war gwine to twist it around to levy on my household goods, an' if I'm two pounds of sugar ahead I want to close de case to once

tory piracy!" It is stated in the Cosmosles Mondes that in the city of Utrecht which is sup plied with an exceedingly pure water, it has been found necessary to make use of tin service pipes coated externally

afore you bring in a bill for contribu-

The Old Hunters Once More.

When the old hunters came together they talked up the celebration of Abe's 85th birthday, which occurs early in February, and it was agreed by the old men, if the weather was suitable, to have a shooting match on the north meadow, the one who made the poorest string to pay for a turkey dinner to be served at Marrill's cafe.

When this was settled, the back-log question came up for discussion, and this well-worn subject was main threadbare. Old Abe still contending that it wouldn't explode, and Uncle Ben insist-

ing that it would, "But there's no use talking about it any more," said uncle Ben, "though it is mighty strange, if Abe has got confidence in his own position, that he should run so when a piece of the powdered log was thrown upon the fire." "I didn't jump through the window,"

he retorted with spirit. The Squire smilingly assented by a nod of his head.

"What did you do?" said Uncle Ben. a little crustily, looking at the Squire. "He sought a place of danger," re-plied Old Ate, "by getting under the table, where, if the log exploded, it would have made a clean sweep."

"There was no possible danger," answered the Squire; "you know, Abe, it couldn't explode," and his eye twinkled with fun at this bull's eye shot.

"Well," said Uncle Ben, "when Abe was telling about touching off that powder in the aperature of the Bolton cave, last week, it called to mind a little incident I once had at that identical spot. I was out there in Bolton one lovely October day, back in '45, in company with George Cook, partridge shooting. We took a lunch at noon somewhere near the present railread station, though there was no raiiroad through there then. We took our lunch at a private house, and the good housewife told us all about the Bolton cave -a spot, by the way, that I had never heard of before. According to the good lady, our informant, a tradition had that a squaw once attempted to explore the narrowest conceivable entrance-

again." "Was currosity her motive?" we ques-

the cave." "What did tradition say became of

her?" "It was believed that she reached a and fell off into its unknown depths." "Is it known there is a cavern there?"

of belief; "several Bolton young men anybody? Who wants to hide? Who have crawled in until they heard the

noise of falling waters." with him and we entered the passagefirst few feet we crawled along well to George that we snould back out."

ness. "let's us keep on." "Then I tried to scare him into a retreat, but the Cook blood doesn't scare, easily, and he kept on worming himself But there was one thing George along. never did like; he abhorred snakes.

know. "Well, what of it?" asked he. "Snakes go into winter quarters in October."

I felt a little nervous twitching in his right leg but he still slowly pushed ahead. He had too much pride to yield at once. In a minute, however, he said, here is a kind of a projection, which may trouble us to get past,"

"Well, go ahead," said I. "I thought you wanted to back out," said he.

"I have changed my mind. ahead.' "So have I," he said, and he began

"Did you hear the falling waters?"

warm. The Squire listened to the ar-

press an opinion.
"Why," said the Squire, "I heard
this question talked up years ago. A swiftly the rifle was moved, that when the ball left the muzzle it must pursue a straight line. They had just as warm an arguement as you have had, and when they got through they were as wide apart as ever. Just as they cooled down 'Uncle Sam 'Smith, one of Colt's workmen, came in, and he was appealed to for an opinion in the matter. Each days of Handel. old patriarch, as 'Uncle Sam' was sometimes called, seemed to be disgusted at having been called upon for an opinion on such a question. He was not disposed to treat it seriously until the young gether by a little starch.

The best baking powders are composed of bitartrate of potash (cream of tartar), tartaric acid, carbonate of ammachinery. Details of the invention are withheld until a public exhibition of its utility is made.

sportsman insisted on his giving an

'Well, state the question,' said Uncle "I will state it plainly and in a few words," said the youthful rifleman with a proud look of triumph. Here is the question: "Can a rifle shoot round a

mountain?" "Yes," roared Uncle Sam, "and through it if it as soft as your head,"

'Did this end the discussion?" asked Uncle Ben. "No," answered the Squire.
"Of course not," said old Abe a little

"They finally decided upon a test," contined the Squire. "It was agreed to purchase some Roman candles and try the experiment. If P., the young rifleman, could make one of the rocket balls describe anything approaching a circle he was to carry the point, but if he failed to make one of the balls of fire | brought up as an heiress and one with deviate from a straight line either to little or no expectations. The latter the right or left, he should give up the argument and own up beat. The trial was made and P. lost."

"I don't give it up," said Abe.
"Of course not," put in Uncle Ben, sarcastically. "Suppose you test it,"

he continued. "I'll test it with a shot gun. When we go out to the target shoot on my birthday, I will load my single-barrel gun with No. 1 shot and place Uncle Ben behind one of the abutments of the swing shot enough round on him to Mary." warm up his jacket. Come! What do you say to that.

'I'll agree to it," said Uncle Ben. "I'd be as safe as that fox was you didn't fire at when you sang out, 'There he goes! there he goes!"

This was always a sore spot with Abe, and he got up and gave a sleepy yawn, which was a signal for the old man to sible she should escape being selfish?" go home.

Hard to be Bad.

My, son, you say it is "so hard to be good?" You say it is easier to break all of the Ten Commandments than it come down from the early settlement is to keep one of them. Well, you mistake. It isn't hard to be good. It's hard to be bad, Not right at the time? way, but that she was never heard of Oh, no! The wine is sparkling, the songs are stirring, the stories are brimming with humor and the air is full of laughter. You are just as bad as you "No: she was promised a gallon of know how to be, and it is lots of fun to rum if she made her way through into be bad, and you never want to be good oh, yes, it seems to be very easy and very delightful to be bad at night. But the next morning, my boy? Where is the difficulty then? Who feels serious deep cavern in the bosom of the rocks, in the morning? Whose head can't be covered with a tub? Who is afraid and ashamed to go out on the street and "Oh, yes," she answered with an air meet people? Who doesn't want to see wonders where he was last night, and whom he met, and who saw him, and "George stumped me to explore it what he said, and where he went, and ith him and we entered the passage how he did? Not the boy who went to way with much confidence. For the the sociable and ate cast iron poundcake and washed it down with faded enough, but after a while it became lemonade. Not the young man who more difficult to worm our way along. I had George by the ankles, so that if the goody, goody at the debating society. he came to the falling-off place I could Ah, no. He didn't hear the rollicking the rent, and seemed to start life almost exactly alike. It was not long, however, before Courtney's predictions became to the falling-off place I could he didn't hear the rollicking the realizable of the evening in the company of exactly alike. It was not long, however, before Courtney's predictions became to the falling-off place I could he didn't hear the rollicking the realizable of the evening in the company of the goody, goody at the debating society. hold him from dropping over. When I songs that you heard, my boy, and he gan to be realized. Mrs. Vernon soon got so that it was tight fitting for my didn't hear the racy stories that "broke found that she could not do without dy, I began to repent of undertaking you all up." But he is feeling much an extra servant. Then she rarely went the job. It seemed to me that we should better than you are this morning. He out into the kitchen, never having been would have equaled the fate of the old headache, to have a sour, rebellious Courtney's, squaw. Suppose the hill of rock should stomach, to have uncertain eyes, to settle ever so little. The very thought have a treacherous memory, to have a made me uncomfortable. I suggested sense of shame, to have a dread of sunwater cannot appease and a gnawing hunger that loathes food, to have a and a fear of seeing your sister, and 3 eye, Telemachus, look me in the eyehonestly now, honor bright, do you think this is easier than being "good?" My dear boy, you may call your "good" friend a milksop and a "mammy boy" if you will, and you may in your better ments sometimes say you would like to be "good," but it's so hard, but just weigh the "good" and the "bad," weigh them honestly, and tell me, tell me honestly, which is the harder, to be "good or to be "bad." Ah, my boy, it is easier to be "good." "The way of

the transgressor is hard." Sir Julius Benedict and His Friends.

When the history of music and musicians has been completed to the end of the present century, the position occu-After we came out we partook of pled in its annals by Sir Julius Benedict some sweetened water which George will be found in many respects without court expenses. Then you prove that I brought along in a flask. It came from a parallel. To very few musicians emi-Asa Farwell's and it was prime—the nent in several departments of their profession is given to celebrate their fif-Pomp came in with a fresh mug of tieth annual concert, nor does a case tributory negligence. Then you prove that your wife didn't bust her elbow by cider when the story ended and the confrequently occur of a composer in his falling down stairs. Then I appeal the versation took a wide range, and among eightieth year producing an oratorio case and the higher court grants a new other things the question if a rifle bul- from his own pen. These circumstanlet could be made to deviate from a ces would alone form a sufficient claim straight course, came up, and as it was to honorable remembrances, but-still impossible for the old hunters to agree keeping aside Sir Julius Bededict's upon any one thing, Abe took the affir- right to be considered as a representamative and Uncle Ben the negative of tive musician of his time-there are the question, and the discussion waxed other respects in which his career merits more than ordinary distinction guments for a full hour without saying | The opportunities which he has enjoyed a word, when he was appealed to to ex- of holding intercourse with many of the great creators of musical composition Beethoven in 1827, and he had the young Hartford sportsman contended that a rifle could be made to shoot round a corner, if the rifle could be Mendelssohn, he numbered among the moved swiftly enough at the instant of companions of his youth, and later on, explosion. He maintained that the ball while in Paris, he was on the most intiwould describe a curve of ln swift motion when discharged. The other side stoutly contented that no matter how others distinguished in the musical world. In our own country, during his long and honorable career, now extending over half a century, he has been the arend, and not infrequently the patron, time, and has gained for himself a posi-tion in our midst such as no foreigner has succeeded in attaining since the

Marrying an Hotress

"Congratulate me," said Harry Vernon to Albert Courtney. You can guess

for what," "You are engaged to Miss Townsend?" "Yes."

"I do with all my heart. But I am sorry she is an heirese." "Well, now, that is odd." "Not so odd as you think. Have you

ever thought, Harry, what the marrying of an heiress really means?"
"It means being the envy of all the other young fellows: having a splendid wedding; with 'lots of tin' in prospect

some day." "That's it. It's the lot of tin in prospect some day that makes all the mischief."

"How so?" "I will tell you. Take two girls, one has no absurd ideas of position to keep up. If she has taste she will look as well in a chintz as others do in siiks. She will get up an entertainment, and you will be surprised how little it costs.

"With such a wife a man can live on two-thirds of what he would otherwise have to spend; and from those savings alone he will grow comparatively well off in time."

"I know who sat for that picture, old fellow. But Anne certainly is a railroad bridge, and I'll see if I can't treasure. Now fire away at me and

"It is not of Miss Townsend, individually, I shall speak; it is the class. A girl brought up with the notion that she is to be rich must be almost more than mortal not to imbibe notions of her own importance. What are luxuries to others become, through long use, only necessaries to her. How is it pos-"But her husband will have some in-

come, and her fortune, when it comes, will help that out." "There is nothing like figures."

"Very well." "Now, when a girl, with twenty thousand in expectancy, marries, she spends, generally, a thousand a year more than if she had ne fortune in prospect. If twenty years elapse before her portion falls to her the whole of it has been spent before it arrives, and twenty years is not, in the average, an excess ive time to have to wait. But'in fact, if the loss on interest is taken into account, the twenty thousand will have

been expended before." "But you don't mean to say that we will spend a thousand a year more than you and Anne?"

"I don't mean to make any personal application of my remarks, Harry. That I leave for yourself."

"If I wasn't the best natured fellow in the world I should get angry. But I know it's all nonsense what you have been saying. You only wish to croak a little; you always would croak, you

know. The two friends were married about the same time. Both moved into the same block, paid the same amount of rent, and seemed to start life almost taught anything about cooking. . This made her table cost more than Mrs.

She had a false notion, only too common, that drudgery was not lady-like, and hence neglected a proper supervision George that we should back out." shine and a horror of daylight, to have of her house. Her unmarried sisters a set of quivering nerves and a faltering speech, to have a raging thirst that ing parties, and she could not but give the end of the year, when Vernon cast dread of meeting your mother, my boy, up his accounts, he found that his expenses had greatly exceeded his expecshame of speaking to your good old tations. He thought, ruefully, of what I tried the snake dodge. I very quietly father—this is hard, my son. This is Courtney had told him, and resolved to remarked: 'George, this is October, you being "bad." And—look me in the do better next year. But the next year passed and things were even worse, Increased expenses had come, which were unavoidable. He was a young lawyer, and young lawyers are proverbially slow in getting practice, and he began to look forward to the future with uneasiness, for as yet he had not profited a cent from his wife being an heiress, nor was it probable he would for many years, for Mr. Townsend was

still a hearty man, not yet 50. Time passed. In te : years Courtney had laid by quite a little capital, which, by judicious investments, now began to increase rapidly. If he had wished to he could have spent twice as much as he did, and still have lived within his income. He and Vernon continued to occupy the houses into which they had moved on being married. But while that of the Courtneys belonged to them the Vernons still had to pay rent for theirs, and often found this no easy matter. The one house was always tidy and fresh; the other had a look of faded gentility. In the one was comfort and competence; in the other a constant contrivance to keep up appearances. Courtney is still handsome, and so is his wife. But both Vernon and Mary

Begging in China,

ry make by marrying an heiress.

have a jaded look, which plainly betrays

the struggle they have with fortune.

Of all property that of people like the Vernons is the worst. What did Har-

In China begging is a regular busi-ness, beggars being born into the profession, and bring up their children to it. In every large city there is a vast association of mendicants, to which every one who begs for a living must belong. At the head is one styled the Beggar King. His authority is absolute, and to him the others are amenable. The society has a code of rules, and by this every beggar has a right according to custom, to stand at the door of a dwelling and howl, sing, knock or make any other noise he pleases, until the occupant gives him one cash.

Guncotton.—An application of guncotton is said to have been made in such