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## YEAR, EGAL AND OTHER NOTICES

one year, Business Cards, five lines or less, one

Viterary. imity to the convenient crack. The Crack in the Wall. A handsome house in an eligible street in Paris, with plenty of showy furniture in the drawing-rooms, and plenty of fine dresses in the wardrobe, but no love, no magnanimity, except in a little back attic, where a charming young girl tenderly ministered to a feeble mother .-The house belonged to Monsieur and Madame Chatelle; the attic was occuperfect shade.1 pied by the widow and daughter of Monsleur's deceased brother, M. Broussaies Chatelle. The widow Chatelle was, at her best, a weak-minded woman, and when suddenly reduced from apparent prosperity to absolute dependence by the death of her husband, she gave way at once, and became morbid, fretful and exacting. Her ill temper injured no body but herself and daughter Rosine; for her hostess, having permitted her to prepare the back attic with such articles is she had saved from the wreck of her fortune, would not be troubled further, and contented herself with sending up three scanty meals a day, while she picnic with them ?" worked Rosine nearly to death in the various departments of governess, laundress and lady's waiting maid. Finally discovering that mother and daughter must soon be supplied with new garments, Monsieur took the matter in

shelter. Poor Madame Chatelle was overwhelmed by this blow, but it gave Rosine courage. From a dependent child she became a self-relying woman, and when she crossed her uncle's threshold for the last time, it was with a resolute step and a cheerful countenance.

hand, and plainly told his unwelcome

guests that he could no longer support

them, and that they henceforth must

look to themselves alone for food and

Her first search was for lodging, of the price of which she knew nothing; and with an aching heart she descended lower and lower in the social scale until she came upon a vast building, six or seven stories high, thronged to the eaves with a motley and ill-assorted community. It was called "The Folly," because it was done on a grand scale for a private dwelling, and was stopped when half finished for want of means. A front room on the second floor had just been vacated, and Rosine, with sundry misgivings, resolved to take it. A thorough cleaning, with three or four coats of white-wash to the ceilings and walls, which she effected with her own hands, greatly improved its condition; and although she had been obliged to sell a part of her furniture to supply more needed articles, there was still enough to make it contrast pleasantly with most of the apartments of "The Folly." A bright-colored carnet covered the center of the room, and around

it stood three or four rosewood chairs, a deep, soft lounge, and a small table. One of the recesses upon the back side held the bed, screened by long curtains of glazed cambric, and the other held the little cooking stove, with a few little culinary utensils which hung around it. The table furniture was stowed away in a corner cupboard, prettily covered boxes held the fuel and provisions, and upon the wall were five or six of Rosine's pretty water-color drawings, and a small case of choice but

well-worn books. Rosine had kept up her spirits wonderfully until these preparations were completed, for she had no time to think; but now came the hard task of procuring work. She could draw and color with taste and skill; she played the piano gracefully and sang charmingly; and the embroidered neatly and rapidly. Her personal appearance was also in her favor. Her figure was elegant and her face possessed a sweetness and purity; but these points, which interested for the moment those to whom she applied, weighed but little against the fact that she had no references, and that she lived in a doubtful, if not positively disreputable quarter.

Rosine's gentle beauty, her refined manner, and her loving heart, were good gifts to the lodgers in the crazy old building. To some she rendered services so cordially and so quietly, that the feeling of obligation was sweet rather than painful; and for all she had the right word, the pleasant smile, or the deferential bow, as she divined the peculiarities of each with the fine tact of a gentlewoman, There was but one inmate whom she could not tame-a certain M. Brillian, who, whatever he might have been, was a decided bear.— His long gray hair was always in tumble, and mingled with his profuse beard, forming a rough frame for the small portion of face visible within it. Of this nothing could be seen but a long, sharp nose, and a pair of deep, dark, mellow eyes, which were irresistibly attractive when brightened by a kindly emotion, but which habitally shot forth scornful and ill-natured glances to accompany the sarcastic words which followed the slightes notice of him.

His dress was scrupulously neat, but thread-bare and ill-fitting; and his figure, so far as could be seen, was badly shaped, and as uncouth as his manners He had a room on each floor, and passed with slippered fleet from one to the other at all manner of seasons. Rosine often met him, upon which occasion he seldom failed to accost her with a sarcasm bitter in proportion to the number of listners; by which means he effectually blinded the most inquisitive to his real feelings, and saved both the young lady and himself from an irksome surveillance. But either his lustrous eyes neutralized the effect of his lance-like wit, or his voice, which could yield the most winning heart-tones, must have given the lie to his sparkling shafts, for Rosine never suffered from them. She even felt drawn toward this powerful, cross-grained man, as if she were safer and stronger for his presence in the

dreary building. One of M. Brillian's apartments adjoined that of Madame Chatelle's, and not only was the partition thin, but their was a crack in it which helped him to a knowledge of much that was going on upon the other side. Madanie Chatelle constantly complained of ennui "It was so dull when Rosine was away Not a new novel, not a canary bird, not a cat to purr on her knee, nor even a mignonette on the balcony! What wa the use of front windows when there were no handsome dresses or fine carriages to be seen! She was starving, too, literally starving. How could Ro sine expect her to live on dry bread and onion soup!" Then the sweet voice of Rosine would be heard, sometimes explaining and coaxing, but more frequently detailing a little street incident, relating a pretty anecdote or recalling

Upon such occasions, M. Brillian often

to lean his head against it in close prox-One twilight there was a knock at Madame Chatelle's door, and for the first time M. Brillian appeared on the threshold. "Had Pompine strayed in Madame's room; Pompine sometimes wandered, but still she had her good points. She was handsome-that nobody could dispute—if Madame had ever observed her, she must have perceived that the gray of her coat was of a Madame had never seen the animal, which was not to be wondered at, as she had been smuggled into the house twenty-fours before, and was at that moment securely fastened in the next apartment; but Monsieur's object was accomplished. He had, in a legitimate manner, caught sight of a snow-white dinner cloth, and ignoring the presence of Rosine, who stood respectfully awaiting his departure, he addressed himself to Madame. "How cosy the table looked! He was tired of his tumbled meals, and had forgotten to buy some bread. Might he-just for once-bring in his own dinner, and so

As he had forseen, while she was endeavoring to frame a courteous refusal, Madame—alive only to the possibility of a comfortable meal-gave a glad assent; and before the young lady had ecovered from her surprise and vexaion, he appeared with a superb cat under one arm, and bearing a tray with a little silver box of the richest coffee, a cream pitcher minus a nose, but filled with excellent cream, a sugar dish without a handle, a cracked bowl with a battered spoon, a steel knife and fork, an old chicken on half a platter, a pat of delicious butter on a dish notched at the edge, some delicate tarts and a bottle of choice wine. As there was no help for it, Rosine made the coffee and cut the bread, her own little share of the repast; while Monsieur sat down by Madame and gave her a pathetic account of his housekeeping trials. With perfect gravity he asserted that a lady friend had, in spite of his protestations, given him not only the cat, but a canary,

mocking bird, and a parcel of plants n pots, which were really the torment of his life. He couldn't, under the circumstances, give away these articles, yet the birds were often hungry and lry, and the plants were dying for want of care. Madame, who didn't once suspect that this was a pleasant fiction devised for the occasion by her guest, sympathized with him so heartily that a new idea then and there appeared to occur to him. "Might he venture to ask—could she take the trouble of looking after this inconvenient household : He had no claim, but the temptation was great. He had seeds in abundance for the birds, and the milkman and butcher had orders to leave milk and

meat daily for Pompine. Rosine looked warningly at he mother, but Monsieur did not appear to perceive it. It was Madame whom he relied on, and she did not fail him. She should be delighted. It would give her something to think of when Rosine was from home. Rosine was good girl, but, really, she was out more than appeared necessary or even proper to her. Oh, yes: she should not be only willing, but happy to oblige him in thi

way. The call to dinner interrupted the flow of Madame's eloquence. The meal passed pleasantly, Monsieur was playfully protective towards the young lady, but profoundly deferential to the elder one, and his wit was so light, his numor so genial, and his anecdotes so full of fun that Rosine even forgot her cares, and felt something of her oldtime gaiety. As the evening drew to a close, M. Brillian hung the bird cages and arranged the flower pots on the balcony. This done, he remembered but one other trouble he need to confide to Madame. He wished to use the adoining room as a library, but the char-

roman arranged it so vilely. If Madame would condescend sometimes to give it a finishing touch, so that he could feel a little at home, she should be welcome to the use of any and all the books which she might find there." There was another warning look on Rosine's face, but Monsieur, fearful of ite effect, lifted the hand of his hostess to his lips, and took his departure with a shower of bon mots which prevented all discussion of the topic.

Rosine's dissuasives had no effect upon Madame, who arranged the apartment which M. Brillian had spoken of and which she found full of books, pictures and statuettes, in the utmost disorder. There were excellent novels, works of travel and biography, volumes of exquisite engravings, and all the best French periodicals. These were treasures indeed, and Madame smiled again. What was still better, Rosine's time was fully occupied by pupils who paid liberally and in advance. She suspected M. Brillian's influence in all this, but she could not decline to benefit by it, for without it she must starve. Its acceptance, too, was entirely unlike the lowers and birds, which she felt persuaded were intended from the first as gifts, and in which she could therefore

ake no pleasure. For two months M. Brillan was seen out little about the house, and yet great paskets of fruit and lovely bouquets were continually finding their way into the apartments of the Chatelles, and Madame's pocket was never without supply of bon bons, of which she was immoderately fond. She pleaded ignorance of the giver; and Rosine, finding emonstrance unavailing, endured in

silence. The cold weather had set Rosine to thinking how she could supply winter clothing and fuel, when M. Brillan again begged permission to dine with Madame, picnic fashion. "It was his fete day," he said, "always a melancholy occasion, and he really dreaded to spend the evening alone." Madame was as gracious as before. "Monsieur would be most welcome," and Rosine could only make the coffee and lay the table in silence. But this time Monsieur assisted her. He brought in a table for the desert, and unpacked an enormous namper, containing substantials and delicacies for a week's feasting. For a man with a sorrow, he was certainly very merry, laughing over the want of lishes, making puns, dashing off

rhymes and telling stories all in a breath. The room was warm, and M. Brillan. when Rosine's back was turned, slyly filled Madame's glass more than once, so that good lady by and by dropped asleep. Rosine blushed and grew uneasy; but her guest, without noticing her agitation, drew his chair a little nearer hers, and told her how his childhood had been passed, how its bitter memories had made him a misanthrope, and how her gentle virtues had won him a love and reverence which he had not before deemed possible. Then with happened to sit near the wall, and even a hurried eagerness most unlike his

usual manner, he besought her to be-

ome his wife. Rosine liitened in silence. Ever since she had known M. Brillain, life had been easier and brighter to her. Unconscious she had leaned upon him even when she was blaming herself for ccepting favors so quietly conferred that she did not know how to decline or prevent them. Looking back upon ais conduct toward her, and seeing it in he new light shed upon it by this wowal, she felt its delicacy and genersity, its winning thoughtfulness and grateful trust. The love which had lain latent in her heart waiting only for an enkindling spark, burst into conscious existence. M. Brillian knew it, and, stooping, received his acceptance in a timid, trembling kiss.

"You must remove from this old shell to-morrow, my darling," said M. Brillan; "we cannot be married from the 'Foliy;' that indeed, will never do.', "And why not?" asked Rosine, in astonishment. "Shall we not continue to live here, and shall I not give lessons as now? " Probably not; but who do you think

you have promised to marry ?" " An elderly man of small means and no apparent business, living at the 'Folly,' a dreary and not very respectable lodging house in a dirty street in

Paris. "We shall see," said M. Brillan, and after a few rapid movements he stood before his betrothed a handsome man of\_thirty-five, with short, thick chestnut hair, curling closely on his temples, delicate moustache curling over the clear brown of his cheeks, and a fine figure tastefully habited in the most elegant of the prevailing style. Then he sat down and whispered in her ear the name of one of the most distinguished lawyers of the capital.

Rosine's blue eyes opened to their utnost capacity, and her lover looked fondly into them as he continued There was a great lawsuit pending vhich involved an immense estate, and was certain I could secure it for my client if I could obtain some important evidence which had been dexterously concealed. I put myself into the hands of one of those artists whose business it is to perfect disguises, and commenced my search, which finally brought me here. To-day I have gained my cause, but my success in Court was nothing to that which I have just achieved. Oh, Rosine, you have given me love, and faith, and glad, beautiful hopes that reach even unto the Heaven.''

Upon the following New Year's Eve, pleasant wedding was celebrated in a ashionable street, and then M. and Madame de Courtney, and Madame Chatelle drove to a splendid mansion all aglow with lights and scented flowers. There they received their friends and relatives, or at least a portion of them, for although M. and Mad. Antoine Chatelle made the humblest apologies as soon as they learned that their niece as to be restored to society, they did not receive wedding cards.

When the guests dispersed the happy usband offered his wife his own especial gift. It was a picture in a frame of gold set with pearls, and represented his library at the "Folly," with a light shining through a crack in the wall.

The Rothschilds. An amusing adventure is related as naving happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the great disrespect of refusing to discount bill of a large amount, drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied "that they discounted only their own bills, and not those of private persons. "But they had to do with one stronger than the bank. 'Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan Rothschild, when they reported to him the fact. "Private persons! I will private persons we are!" Three weeks had employed the interval in gathering all the £5 notes he could procure in England and on the Continentpresented himself at the Bank at the opening of the office. He drew from

his pocket-book a £5 note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trifle. The Baron examined one canvass bag, then drawing out another note, a third, a tenth, a hundredth, he without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as he said, "the law gave himthe right to do." The first pocket-book being emptied, and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk, and received second, and thus continued till the close of the Bank. The Baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000.-But as he had also nine employees of his

own engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the Bank, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note. Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day, very much amused at the little | liberty. pique of Baron Rothschild. They, however, laughed less when they saw him return the next day at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks and followed this time by many drays, destined to carry away the specie. They laughed no longer, when the king of bankers said with ironic simplicity 'These gentlemen refuse to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs.'

two months!" "For two months!" "Eleven milons in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they have never possessed!" The Bank took alarm. There was something to be done. The next morning notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the Bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

At their leisure-only I notify them

that I have enough to employ them for

How to Cure Thieving. "They have a singular way of pun-

shing robbery in China," said a missionary, who had just returned from the Celestial Empire, to a number of friends who had called in to hear his account of things in that land of marvels. "Does it cure the offender of his unfortunate propensities?" eagerly inquired a "philanthropist," whose in terest in human beings was in exact ratio with their villanousness. "Well." replied the missionary, "I never saw the punishment inflicted but once. I will tell you how it was done, and then you can judge for yourself as to its re-claiming and converting powers. They

Rescued by a Dog.

Tale of the Minnesota Indian M In the early part of the late Indian utbreak and massacre in Minnesota, a family named Holton was living on the frontier, about sixty miles west by north of the German town of New Ulm. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Holton, and a son, John, about eleven years old, and Susan and Mary, two daughters, of the respective ages of eight and five years. Bolton had pre-empted, or squatted, on a farm something like a year before the outbreak, and had got pretty well under way, having a snug log house with fair out-buildings, and about forty acres fenced and under cultivation.

The principal features of the establishment, however, were the boy John and his dog Boase, a cross of the mastiff and greyhound, fleet of foot and powerful muscle, and possessing unusual intelligence. John was a lad of precocious developement both of body and mind, and might have passed for a boy of fourteen. He and Boase were inseparable ompanions; and the boy had taught the dog about all that he knew himself excepting only as he was wont to say such things as required speech. We are thus particular in our mention of these things, because this story hinges on the courage and sagacity of John and the fidelity and intelligence of

The first knowledge which the Hol ons obtained of the Indian outbreak was communicated by a band of about twenty Sioux who came upon their lwelling just after daylight one mornng, killed and scalped Holton before the eyes of his horrified family, shot the cattle, burned the house and barn, and carried off captive Mrs. Holton, John, Susan and Mary.

Whither they were being taken the captives knew not. Mrs. Holton and the two little girls were so overcome with fright and horror that they seemed bereft of their senses; but John, though at first stunned by the terrible scenes of which he had been a witness, soon recovered self-possession, and with a char acteristic courage began to cast about in his mind for means of escape and revenge. "If Boase only knew where I was," he thought, "he would come and

help me to get away." The squad of savages having the captives in charge, dwindled down to only two in the course of the day; parties of from three to six having successively left, as they came within striking distance of opportunities for massacre and rapine. About dusk they entered an oak opening, which gradually changed to a dense, bushy thicket, wherein the savages at last came to a halt for the night. They made no fire, and after partaking of a frugal meal of parched corn and dried meat, they prepared to pass the night by binding the captives, hands and feet, and laying them close together and stretching themselves on each side of them.

John was lying next to the savage on one side, his thoughts busy ning some mode of escape. He had noticed that each Indian had laid gun by his side, and had a tomahawk and knife in his belt; and mere boy though he was, he felt that if he could get possession of their weapons as they slept, he would yet be able to free himself and his mother and sisters from their detested mastership. But ho★ to do this, he could not imagine, unless Boase should come to his aid, as his hands and feet were securely tied.

After remaining perfectly quiet for hour after hour, until not only his mother and sisters slept in spite of their fears, but also until the watchfulness of the savages was quenched in slumber, as he supposed, John ventured to raise himself to a sitting posture and peer about him. He first satisfied himself that the savages actually slept, and then he worked his arms and legs to overcome the been occasioned by their remaining so afterwards, Nathan Rothschild-who long bound in one position; all the time keeping as sharp a lookout in every direction as the prevailing obscurity would

As he sat thus peering into the brush he at last saw some object slowly moving towards him. Nearer and nearer it came, but with perfect stillness, and occasionally stopped as if to listen. When it had got within a short distance of him, it stopped and gave a low, plaintive whine. John's heartalmost aboundby one the coins and put them into a little | ed into his mouth, for in that whine he recognized the tones of his faithful Boase; and in the exuberance of his never put the pieces of gold into the bag | joy he called the dog by name and held up his hands towards him. Boase immediately crept forward, but John, becoming alarmed at his own rashness, lay down again by the side of the savage lest the latter should awake and detect the presence of the dog.

But the Indian slept on; and after a short time John again cautiously raised himself to a sitting posture; and to his great satisfaction he found Boase crouchng at his feet. He caressed the brave fellow with his bound hands, and then holding them up so Boase could see the leathern thong with which they were tied, he told him to gnaw it in two. Boase seemed to comprehend the case at once, for he instantly set to work and | save yourself, and in due time get back soon set his young master's hands at

What to do next was now the ques tion. John was so overcome for a time at the terrible task before him that he forget that his feet were still bound until he attempted to rise. Then he was reminded of that fact. Should he let Boase gnaw them loose, or should he withdraw the Indian's knife from his belt and cut the thong? Deciding upon the latter course he gently possessed himself the knife, cut the thong, and then, cautiously drawing the tomahawk from the savage's belt, he rose to his feet. He had decided upon his course.

Pointing to the sleeping savage, he patted Boase on the head and whispered him to seize the Indian the moment he stirred: then taking the Indian's gun, he cautiously cocked it, placed the muzzle to the heart of the other savage and fired killing him instantly. As the surviving savage, aroused by the report of the gun, attempted to spring to his feet. Boase, with a howl of vengeance. dashed at his throat, and with a few terrible tearings and crushings killed the bloody wretch outright.

Mrs. Holston, Susan and Mary were awakened by the noise of the gun, and hearing the brief but horrid struggle between Boase and the Indian, set up a series of terrified screams, which it took poor John some time to quiet. When, at last, the assuring voice of John, the severing of their honds, the gambols and caresses of Boase, and the lifeless bodies of the Indians, enabled Mrs. Holston and the little girls to understand what put the culprit in a large mortar, and then fire him head foremost against a yound expression, and was at last manifested by their all crushing into a com-

pact pile, the chief elements of which were John and Boase mellowed by hugs and kisses.

As soon as calmness was restored, Mrs. Holton and John resolved to set out on their return, piloted by Boase, without delay; and taking the weapons of the dead warriors, they started on their toilsome journey. They proceeded slowly, as little Mary had often to be carried, and the way through the brush was difficult. But day soon dawned, and in crossing the prairie during the forenoon, they were overtaken by a large number of settlers who were fleeing from the murderous wrath of the savages, and with them they at last reached Mankato in safety. From thence they came east to Massachusetts, where their former home was, and where they will reside. Boase and all.

The Science of Traveling.

'And in what may that consist?' asks curiously one of our readers. "It certainly can't require much science to merely enter a car or a steamer, and be carried to one's destination. A child can do that. Nonsense!" Softly, dear reader. In a measure you are right, and in a greater measure you are wrong. We used to reason the same way once, but a hitter experience of twelve or fourteen years travel over our principal roads has taught us the fallacy of so doing. To be sure it doesn't make so much difference in half a day's ride or and serene temper at the end. where one journeys but once a year, but in these days of migration, when our roads are swarming with travelers whose routes frequently extend over thousands of miles, people should be properly educated and fully posted in ence" of getting along. You don't un-

lerstand? Well, let us see. Suppose, some fine afternoon in a plethoric state of pocket and an unsettled mind, you resolve, for the time being, to "change your base." You have a maiden aunt-a great many people have maiden aunts, and you are just as likely as any body else to be blest in that respect—living several hundred miles away, whom you have often promised to visit when you could "get round to t." That time has now come, and you resolve on the journey. It's just as easy to suppose this as any thing, and, besides, there is a strong air of probability about it. Your baggage is taken to the depot by an obese Hibernian, who insists that he has expended a dollar's worth of muscular strength in so doing. You pay it, for you're not used to these things. In your trunk, carefully packed away, you remember are some delicate articles of glass or China ware, intended to open the heart of the old lady, and to more firmly settle you in her good

This fact is brought more vividly to start, you see your baggage, which you have so carefully marked in big letters, 'Handle with care," pitched into the car with a violence which makes you shudder. You can't help it, however, and you take your seat with an uncomfortable feeling that you might as well have staid at home. Suddenly a horrid thought strikes you-your baggage is unchecked. In your haste you have orgotten it. Too late now, however. At the next station a man with a very red face and very fat hands gets into the car, and with difficulty squeezes nimself into the seat beside you. His breath is fragrant, and there is a difficulty in his respiration which makes his proximity exceedingly disagreeable. He has likewise a very pleasant and familiar way of leaning against you to expel his tobacco juice from the winlow-an operation which is repeated with alarming frequency.

You have been very careful to provide yourself against contingencies, as the umbrella, carpet-bag, hat-box and two paracels, which you have brought make these gentlemen see what sort of pain and almost paralysis which had into the car with you, abundantly testify. You have also in no way neglected to provide yourself with a satisfactory amount of lunch, which by dint of hard crowding, you have managed to get into your coat pocket. A small boy who is busily engaged on very large doughnut, directly in front of you, reminds you of this fact, and von investigate. You now understand a certain feeling of moistness which has been forcing itself upon your attention for the last half hour. Your fat man has done the business for your eatables, which are crushed to an infinitesimal thickness, or thinness. In disgust you request him to rise, that your garments may be disengaged, in which endeavor he manages, by some movement of his elephantine foot to destroy the symmetry of your hatbox. At the same time you discover a huge

stain of saliva upon your immaculate umbrella. Human nature is proverbially weak, and you feel you cannot stand it any longer, so you move. Tired of sitting, at the next station you ask, "How long do we stop here?" "Ten minutes" you get for an answer. A good deal can be seen in ten minutes, so you leave the car for a short stroll. In thirty second's time, and when you are a dozen yards away, the bell rings. By dint of sharp running you manage to barely to your seat, only to find that your umbrella, together with one of your parcels, has mysteriously disappeared. You bow with resignation, for you can do no better, and the cars thunder on. You wax hungry after a time, and the announcement of a station by the conductor, coupled with words "Stop for dinner," is hailed with delight. Out you go, this time securing your parcels,

and you make a rush for the table. A girl with red hair and dirty finger nails, takes your order and disappears, returning just before the bell rings, care ful to collect the sum due on the delivery of the eatables, and prone to consider five cent scrip in giving change of equal value with ten's. Before you can scarcely test the quality of what is set before ou, "all aboard!" sounds and you are obliged to make a hasty move for the cars, swearing internally, and resolving to never leave home again. And so we might go on page after

perienced, the miseries to be endured, and the enormous amount of swindling to be put up with on the part of the unfortunate being, who, wise in his own conceit, sets out to travel without posting himself beforehand. And yet, perhaps, it is better that one should learn all this from experience. This lesson will last longer. We can't help, however, offering a little advice. to learn the wisdom of which has cost us a great and, once or twice, a little rough hand-

ling. First. Always agree on your hack half what it would otherwise be. Secondly. Purchase your ticket be-

fore entering the cars, and see your baggage properly checked. Thirdly. Never, under the strength of any temptation, carry an umbrella or parcel with you. They are inventions of the devil in car traveling.

Fourthly. Always make it a point to carry a revolver with you-unloaded, of course. It is an excellent plaything in case you get a disagreeable companion on the same seat. Disagreeable people, nine out of ten, are timid. We have tried that often, and always with suc-Fifthly. Never leave the cars till you

arrive at your destination. Don't ask ny one for information about stoppages at stations, excepting the conductor, and it isn't safe to believe him Sixthly. Never pay for anything at a refreshment room until you have swal-

worth eating; but it's hardly the thing to pay for it and then not get it. Finally, there are a hundred other vexations, annovances and attempts to swindle, too numerous to be recounted, and against which your only protection is the exercise of shrewdness and a free display of that inestimable gift to man. "cheek." Armed with these, corporations, conductors, hackman and saloonkeepers are always at par, and a man may ride from the Atlantic to the Pacific with at least a fair chance of coming out with a whole suit of clothes

A Bank-Note Story. Dr. Mounsey, an intimate friend of Sir Robert Walpole, it seems was always infatuated with a fear of insecurity of the public funds, and was frequently what we have denominated the "sci- anxious, in his apartments, for a place of safety in which to deposit his cash and notes. Going on a journey in the hot weather of July, he chose the fireplace of his sitting-room for his treasury, and placed bank-notes and cash to considerable amount in one corner, under the cinders and shavings. On his return to Chelsea, after a month's absence, he found his housekeeper preparing to treat some friends with a cup of tea, and by way of showing respect to her guests, the parlor fire-place was chosen to make the kettle boil, and the fire had not been long

lighted when the doctor arrived. When he entered the room the company had scarcely begun tea. Mounsey ran across the room like a madman, saying, "Hang it, you have ruined me forever! you have burned all my bank notes." First went the contents of the slop-basin. then thetea-pot; then he rushed to the pump in the kitchen, and brought a pail of water, which he threw partly over the fire and partly over the company, who, in the utmost consternation got out of the way as speedily as possible. His housekeeper cried out, " For your mind, as, waiting for the train to | mercy's sake, take care, sir, or you will spoil the stove!" "('onfound the stove!" replied the doctor, "you have ruined me-you've burned my bank notes!" "La, sir!" said the half-drowned woman, "who'd think of putting bank notes "And, retorted he, "who would think of making a fire in summer time, where there has not been one for several months?" He then pulled out the coals and cinders, and at one corner found the remains of his bank notes, and one quarter of them entire and legible. Next day Dr. Mounsey called upon Lord Godolphin, the high treasurer, and told him the story. His lordship said "that he would go with him to the bank, next day, and get the cash for him through his influence." He accordingly ordered his carriage, and agreed to meet Mounsey at the room in the bank, where some of the directors daily attended. The doctor, being obliged to go to the Horse Guards on business, took water at Whitehall for the city. In going down the river, he pulled out his pocketbook to see if the remains of his notes were safe, when a sudden puff of wind blew them out of his pocket-book into drel !" said the doctor, " my bank notes

the river. "Pull back, you scounare overboard." He was instantly obeyed, and the doctor took his hat and dipped it into the river, enclosing the notes in a hat of water. In this state he put it under his arm, and desired to be set on shore immediately. On landing, he walked to the bank, and was shown into the room where Lord Godolphin had just arrived. "What have you under your arm?" said his lordship "The infernal bank-notes," replied the doctor. throwing down his hat, with the contents, on the table, with such a force as to scatter the water into the faces of all who were standing near it. "There," said the doctor, "take the remainder of your notes, for neither fire nor water will consume them."

Grandfathers.

I often wish that Shakespeare had not put that speech picture of life into the mouth of Jacques. Jacques was a melancholy man, and took a melancholy view of things. If he had not been a misanthrope, a baby might have presented itself to his mind as chuckling and crowing in his nurse's arms, and not as mulignand puking. In like mannerhe might have drawn a pleasant picture of a green and happy old age, instead of insisting 'so much on leanness and slippers and shrunken shanks. The seven ages, as Jacques depicts them, may be in accord: ance with a certain rule of life; but for my part, I have met with very many beautiful exceptions, and I love to dwell upon them. It has been my good fortune to know many old men, who, after the toil and strife of life, retained all the original innocence and simplicity of their earliest childhood. I have seen them-and can see them now-sitting in their easy chairs, there gums as innocent of teeth, and their heads as innocent of hair as when they lay on their mother's laps-sitting their biding the Lord's good time patiently and cheerfully, while sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters hoveredabout them, and patted them and smoothed their pillows, and spoke to them in those simple words which seem as well adapted to the old man as to the child. There is a purifying influence page, showing the tribulations to be ex- in old age which we all recognize. We may know that the old man has led a wicked life, but when old age comes upon him wrinkling his brow bleaching his hair, and bowing him to the earth, it seems as if he had been redeemed and purified by time. I can understand how the patriarchs prayed so frequently and so earnestly for length of days: prayed for life until the passions and vanities of human nature should have passed over like a cloud, leaving deal of money, a good many anathemas, the heart to beat its last throb on the peaceful shore of eternity. It always seems to me that at fourscore, a man is neither in this world nor in the next fare before you start. As a rule, it's just but that he is in a position between the two, and can look calmly upon both.

I think it must be pleasant to sit upon

the last shore thus and wait for the boat, not impatient for, neither dreading its coming; pleasant to hear the splash of the oars and the distant song of the rowers as they come to bear you away to that golden land where youth is eternal. I should find it difficult to talk of old grandfathers otherwise than in this strain, for I have never known an old grandfather who, whatever his previous life, did not wear an aspect of innocence. Age is not altogether unkind. While it withers the beauty it also expunges the traces of the evil passions. The film that comes over the eyes is a veil to hide the glare of anger, the wrinkles that score the brow are strokes of Time's pen designed to obliterate the frown and the scowl that Passion has written there so boldly. I can recall many grandfathers who were owed it. Nine times out of ten it isn't a practical testimony to the soundness of the theory which I have just broached with regard to the purifying influence of age. I remember one, little feeble, cheery, merry-hearted old fellow, who had been a terrible Turk in his young days. He had been passionate, imperious, violent, a constant source of trouble to his wife, and a terror to his children. When he became an old grandfather he was transformed into the most docile creature imaginable. His own little grandchildren could

> rule him and make him do just as they asked. "Do you remember, grandfather," one of them would say, "when you used to give it to your boys all around with the horsewhip?" "No, no, my dear." he would answer, "I hope never did that." "Oh, but you did, grandfather, and grandmother says you used to get drunk and break the chimney ornaments." "Oh, fie, fie, no, my lear," says the old man, "it couldn" have been me, it must have been some body else." And granny strikes in and affirms that he did the deed, completely smashing two china shepherdesses, tha had been in the family for a century. Which relation sends the old man into a fit of laughter so hearty and good humored that you cannot conceive he could ever have been capable of the violent conduct imputed to him. I dare say he can scarcely believe it himself now, when age has cast the devil out of him

Death of the Richest Man in ohio. Simeon Jennings, of Wellsville, Ohio lied suddenly, while sitting in his chair, last week. He possessed enormous wealth, mostly in the shape of real es ate and mortgages on the same. He also owned large interests in a number of Ohio banks. He was noted for his extreme penuriousness and intense devotion to money-making. Though worth millions, when traveling on the cars he would carry a lunch in his pocket to save the expense of a dinner at an eating house. He bought a plain brick residence below Wellsville, on the Virginia side of the Ohio river, and made that his home, to escape paying taxes in Ohio on his mortgages, judgtaxes in Ohio on his mortgages i ment notes and money. He always nanaged some how to large share of the taxes justly due from him. The heavy Federal income tax nearly broke his heart. He was very obese and gross looking, and for several years drank whisky in large quantities. He was probably the richest man in Ohio. He leaves no direct issue-dying childless. He has several collateral heirs, however, but leaves property enough to bestow a large fortune on each of them. We have not heard that he left any bequests to benevolent ob-

The Cleveland Leader adds the following:

The droll old gertleman who informed us of the death of this rich man entertained the party by giving some reminiscences of Mr. Jennings. One story was told him with great relish by the real estate owner himself, and is briefly as follows: A few years since Mr. Jennings took occasion to ride out in a bug gy to his extensive uncultivated lands in a certain county in Northern Ohio. His hundreds of acres there were covered with virgin forest and afforded the best possible opportunity for making maple sugar. On approaching his estate, one early spring day, he saw a company of rough looking men busily engaged in making sugar. They had not only tapped his fine maples, but even girdled them, so as to be sure to drain the last drop of saccharine. Of course the girdling was fatal to the trees, and the sight of the "vandalism" stirred the blood of the owner, but he smothered his wrath, being intent on getting data for prosecuting the robbers and destroyers. He approached, and, personal stranger that was, blandly told them that they ought not to girdle the trees, and inquired whose property they were. "Oh, they belong to that — old skin-flint Sim Jennings; haven't you heard of the d—d old cut-throat?" Whereupon they enlarged upon his "merits," thunder-searring the said S. J. all over with scathing expletives, which we would rather not repeat. The stranger having heard them go over his own biography, inquired as to the amount of sugar they had made. They took him into a rough, improvised shed and show-ed him some three or four hogsheads

and several barrels full of sugar. also ascertained the names and resi-dence of the parties, and then drove on to the county seat, and took immediate steps to prosecute the whole gang. made them sweat immensely, a his last days he told with glee the story of his sweet revenge.

Our informant said he had an interview with Mr. Jennings, a year or two since, when the subject of the final disposition of his wealth came up. He had never made his will, he said, but he often wondered what he should do with his property. His guest administered truth to him in rough, electric shocks, telling him that every one hated him even his own relatives, who longed to see the day of his death, when they would seize on his effects. After his death his memory would rot. He ad-vised him to make such disposition of his riches as to ensure him fame and "immortality," and cited the example of Girard. He seems to have urged the case with eloquence, for Mr. Jenning was much taken with the idea of build ing himself up in some charitable insti-tution and said, "Well, really, I never tution and said, "Well, really, I never thought of that," and often, in subsequent conversation, recurred to the subject, as if the ashes had been suddenly blown off from the embers of his smouldering imagination, revealing that he had yet a little warmth of human ne had yet a little warmth of human sympathy and benevolence. But the old nature or wrapping of habit was never sloughed; the glow of mingled ambition and charity died out, and the old man dropped dead off his chair, th other Sabbath day, and lives in no mor umental asylum, college or charitabl institution of any sort.

Salut a Cheval.

There recently lived at Palermo, Sicily, an old priest who had passed for little cracked-un poco motto, as the Italians say. His name was Don Liberatore. He had an odd whim. Whenever a carriage passed by him he would bow profoundly. The idle young fellows would laugh, and say: "Don Liberatore, you have strangely aristocratic acquaintances for a man of your station

make the acquaintance of all those lords?" "Bless your heart, child, I don't salute the lords; I salute their horses." "Their horses? And pray why•do you salute their horses?" the first place, child, because I think it very good-natured to drag about people as they do; in the second place, because I feel I am under personal obligation to the horses, therefore I tender them my thanks; because, if those aristocratic people had not horses to drag them about, they would take you and

## Miscellaneous.

Interesting Old Document.

The Fredericksburg (Va.) Ledger con tains the will of the mother of Wash ington, as written by herself, and recorded in the Clerk's office of Spottsylvania county. We publish below this rare and curious document. The original is in possession of Mr. J. J. Chew, Esq., of Fredericksburg:

In the name of God. Amen. I, Mary Washington, of Fredericksburg, in the county of Spottsylvania, being in good health, but calling to mind the uncerhealth, but ealing to mind the uncertainty of this life, and willing to dispose of what remains of my worldly estate, do make and publish this my last will, recommending my soul into the hands of my Creator, hoping for a remission of all my sins, through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ, the Saviour of mankind, I dispose of all my worldly estates as follows: Imprimis—I give to my son General George Washington, all my lands on Accokeek run, in the county of Stafford,

and also my negro boy George, to him and his heirs forever; also my best bed, bedstead and Virginia cloth curtains, (the same that stands in my best room, my quilted blue and white quilt, and my best dressing glass.

Item—I give and devise to my son

Charles Washington, my negro man Tom, to him and his assigns forever. Item—I give and devise to my daugh-ter Betty Lewis, my phaeton and bay Item-I give and devise to my daugh-

ter-in-law, Hannah Washington, my purple cloth cloak-lined with shag. Item—I give and devise to my grand-son, Corbin Washington, my negro wench, old Bet, my riding chair, and two black horses, to him and his assigns forever.

I give and devise to my grand-

son, Fielding Lewis, my negro man Frederick, to him and his assigns forever; also, eight silver table spoons, half my crockery ware, and the blue and white tea china, walnut book case, oval table, one bed, one bed spread, one pair of sheets, one pair hlankets, and pair of sheets, one pair blankets, and white cotton counterpane, two table cloths, six red leather chairs, half of my pewter, one half of my iron kitchen furniture. Item-I give and devise to my grand-

son, Lawrence Lewis, my negro wench Lydia, to him and his assigns forever. Hem—I give and devise to my grand-daughter Bettie Carter, my negro woman, little Bet, and her future increase, to her and her assigns forever; also, my largest looking-glass, my walpurple curtains, my red and white teahina, tea-spoons, and the pewter, crockery ware, and the remainder of my kitchen furniture.

Item—I give to my grandson, George

Washington, my next best dressing glass, one bedstead, bed, bolster, one pillow, one pair sheets, one blanketand ounterpane.

Item—I devise all my wearing apparel to be equally divided between my grand-daughters, Betty Carter, Fanny Ball and Milly Washington; butshould my daughter Betty Lewis fancy any one, two or three articles thereof, she is to have them before a division thereof. said son, General George Washington, executor of this my will, and as I owe few or no debts, I direct my executor to give no security, nor to appraise my estate; but desire the same may be alotted to my devisees with as little trouble and dely as may be, desiring a their accept-ance thereof as all the token I now have to give them of my love to them.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this 20th day of May, 1788.
[Seal.] MARY WASHINGTON.

MARY WASHINGTON. Signed and sealed and published in our presence and signed by us in the presence of the said Mary Washington, at her desire. Witnesses JAMES MERCER,
JOSEPH WALKER.

JOHN FERNEYHOUGH

It Began to Dorn on Him

Some time ago the Government had Quartermaster in New Orleans who. it was feared, did himself a great many good turns. He had, in fact, suddenly ecome rich, and showed his riches in his purchases and mode of living. So the War Department set a trap to catch him, and find how much he made by 'commissions' paid by contractors .-One fine morning a detective called on the quartermaster and was anxious to furnish certain supplies for the army .-The quartermaster thought at once that he saw before him "a liberal minded" contractor, and concluded he could do a 'good thing" with him.

After a long conversation on price and other points of interest, but in which the detective utterly failed to pin suspicion to the quartermaster's skirts, the following conversation closed the con-

Quartermaster-" Do you know what our Savior said to Zaccheus when he was in the sycamore tree?"

Detective-" No, I do not, I am not familiar with the Scriptures. What di Quartermaster-"Hesaid, 'Zaccheus

make haste and come down!" The hint to "come down," supplied the ground of suspicion that the detective was looking for. It "Dorn'd" on him, and in a few days the quartermaster was dismissed the service.

Western officers were proverbial for shocking bad uniforms; and, in a majority of instances, it was rather difficult to distinguish them from privates .--Among this class was a brigadier general named James Morgan, who looked more like a wagon master than a soldier On a certain occasion, a new recruit. just arrived in camp, had lost a few articles and was inquiring around among the "vets," in hope of finding them. An old soldier, fond of sport, told the ecruit the only thief in our brigade was

in Jim Morgan's tent; so he immediate-ly started for "Jim's" quarters, and poing his head in, asked—
"Does Jim Morgan live here?"
" was the reply. "My name is

ames Morgan." "Then I want you to hand over those ooks you stole from me!" "I have none of your books, my

man."
"It's an infernal lie," indignantly exclaimed the recruit. "The boys say you're the only thief in the camp; so turn out them books, or I'll grind your carcass into apple sass."

The general relished the joke much;

but, seeing the sinewy recruit peeling off his coat, he informed him of his relationship with the brigade, when the recruit walked off, merely remark-

ng,— "Wall, blast me if I'd take you for a brigadier. Excuse me, general I don't know the ropes yet."