A WAITER'S STORY.

A New York Incident.

"IT'S NOT entirely my own story, I am about to tell you Mr. Hart, but also one of my wife's, and as customers do not seem very plenty, I'll give it to you in the best manner I can.

My wife was formerly a dressmaker and worked in a shop not a great ways distant from this place. She always took her meals here, and berhaps the reason I thought to make her my wife was, because she seemed so economical in her meals. It was quite late one April evening, whom the little story, which has been so often told, took place. The boss had gone to the theatre: and yet come to think of it, Mr. Hart, I must give a few preliminary remarks, in order to let you hear the whole narrative. In the afternoon of the day I am telling you of, my boss received a large sum of money, something like five hundred dollars, but as it was after banking hours, he placed it in my charge until the next morning. I remember the evening well. Mr. Forrest was to play "Metamora" at the theatre, and as boss thought the customers would not trouble me much, took it into his head to go. The evening wore away until about eight o'clock, when a shabby-looking sort of a fellow came into the saloon, and ordered a "stew." I didn't like his looks at all, and thought I wouldn't say much to him, lest he should get into a conversation, and stop longer after his "oysters," than I cared to have him. I went to the, back part of the saloon, and put the oysters pickles and crackers all on a little waiter, and was about carrying them to my customer, when, upon looking around, I found that he had gone. An hour had passed, and at nine o'clock Bessie Grant came in. She said they had been hard at work at her shop, and that was the first opportunity she had to get her supper. I wasn't very well acquainted with her then, and she was very modest herself, so that but little conversation passed between us. I got the supper she wished, and then went back behind the counter to read. I went there to read, but bless you, sir, I couldn't do such a thing, when Bessie's bright eyes were so attractive. Once our eyes met, and I felt so ashamed that I took up a newspaper, and commenced to read it through, advertisements, marriages, deaths and all. And now we come to Bessie's story. She said that after I had left her to her meal, in reaching over for the salt, she dropped her knife under the table and stooped to pick it up. Her table was one that backed against the wall, and the table-cloth upon it reached to the floor. Upon lifting up the cloth, she beheld the figure of a crouching man, with a countenance of perfect hate. When a woman is frightened, her first impulse is to either faint or scream, and doubtless my wife would have done both, had not the man placed in her hand a note, he had written in pencil. Letting the cloth fall to the ground again, she opened and read the note.

I have seen its contents too often not to remember them. They were to the effect that the man in some way learned of the large sum I had in the drawer and he was determined to possess the same—he said he was armed and that should my wife make the least outcry or signify in any manner of his presence there to me, he would shoot us both. He said that as soon as my wife finished her supper she was to leave the saloon without paying, and most likely I should then shut up the place and retire to bed. He also wrote that if she told any one in the street about him her life would not be worth a straw as his companions would hunt her down, and he (if caught and imprisoned) would on his return make her existence so wretched that death would be far preferable. Woman-like, she believed all this—a man most likely would have given the fellow a kick, a heavy one enough to stun him and then secured him, called an officer to his aid and a short incarceration followed. My wife's appetite entirely vanished—she made no outcry but merely gave a heavy sigh and was about rising from the table when a thought flashed through her brain. She would leave the note upon the table and when I went to clear away the things I should see it and be warned. As this thought was about to be carried into execution, another note was passed to her telling her to give him the first one back. All seemed lost now. Bessie says she has read of men who have had much power over their subjects while in a mesmeric state, as to cause them to make perfect compliance to their will in anything, and that she felt exactly in such a man's power. She did as he requested and left the saloon. The night was dark and the streets quite deserted—she thought as she passed a policeman that she would tell him her whole story but the idea of her being hunted through life filled her with such terror, she could not bring her mind to do it, and went by him bearing her heavy secret. She could not bear the idea of going home and leaving me to what she considered death. I suppose the poor creature imagined that she would see the record of my murder in all the morning papers and the weekly sensation press would have full page pictures representing the scene and its surroundings. Thinking to herself about murder it struck her most forcibly that should she not warn me she would be as much guilty of my death as if she had killed me herself. This altered her entire conduct and she retraced her steps resolved at any peril to aid me. After she had left the saloon I threw down the paper I was reading and went to clear off the remains of Bessie's supper. As I did so I heard a heavy breathing, more like some animal than a human creature, and thinking it to be some strayed dog I lifted the table covering and should have whistled, had I not perceived the same fierce looking being who had given Bessie so much alarm. I wasn't one of your timorous people, and I called out in no gentle tone: "What do you want under there?"

A gruff growl, and a pistol levelled at my head, was the answer I received. I stared at the ruffian as he emerged from his concealment. To act, I could not, with that pistol, which a motion of mine would cause a bullet to crash through my brain, pointing at me.

"I know you've got five hundred dollars in that drawer, and that amount I'm bound to have, by fair means or foul. You had best make no resistance, or it will be worse for you if you do. I've lived in Mexico, and yours wouldn't be the first brains I've scattered around," spoke the ruffian in a voice that was by no means a pleasant one.

Now I have ever found in this life—and I have had no experience as to the next,—that man, as a general thing, is most tenacious of life, and is willing to sacrifice a great deal to hold on to it. I decidedly did not like the idea of being shot, yet I saw no way in which I could get out of my dilemma. The little time I had to reflect, I thought that should the ruffian kill me, he could still obtain what he was in quest of: so I answered him in the following manner:

"You are rather a poor judge of character, if you suppose I am willing to give up my master's property without a struggle. You are armed with a pistol and I am not, so the contest will be unequal, but my arms are strong and will cling to you like a vice."

"Foolish boy," he cried, do you think such a stripling as you are can harm me? I don't want to waste my powder on such a weak-headed fool as you are, so you had better surrender the money at once."

That sentence proved to me that however desperate the man might be he was a coward, else he would have acted more or talked less.

"Never will I surrender what has been entrusted to my care. I can die, but I will not give up that money without a struggle."

I had learned that speech at one of the theatres but I had scarcely uttered the word "struggle" ere I saw the villain fire his pistol, but he was not too quick for me, as I thrust my hand under it and caused the bullet to find a lodgment in the ceiling instead of being burried in my heart, as was his intention.

I have seen Forrest as Macbeth, and Booth as Othello, but neither of these actors ever expressed in their countenances such a look of devilish rage as did my assailant. He seemed to be mad so fearfully did he throw himself upon me. I was accounted a good wrestler, but I had never before encountered so powerful an antagonist.

There we struggled, until one well directed blow aimed by my fist, landed fairly on his temple, laid him limp and almost lifeless at my feet. The exertion I found, had been too much for me, my eyes grew heavy, my head dizzy, and such a feeling of faintness came over me that I swooned away.

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Then came a blank, and, like heroes of other stories, when I awoke I found myself in bed—my boss and a doctor leaning over me—and heard the cheerful words:

"He is out of danger now, and will recover."

I had been lying in something of a trance like state for two days. As soon as I was able to talk I asked about my assailant, and learned that he was then in prison.

Bessie, on her way back to the shop had encountered my boss coming out of the theatre, and had told him of the peril in which I was placed, and he immediately hurried to my rescue. When he arrived he found the door locked, but that made no difference to him, as he had a key. His entrance discovered both the ruffian and myself upon the floor. It was an easy task for him to secure the man and call an officer. Bessie's testimony was sufficient to convict him. Upon my recovery, my boss made me quite a present, so that I thought matrimony would be no bad venture for me. I sought out Bessie, learned her worth—popped the question, and as 'Barkis was willin',' we joined our hearts and hands together, and I have never regretted doing so, Mr. Hart. When you get a chance, I'd like to have you call round and see us, if you would like to see the heroine of the Romance which I call 'The Eating House Robber.'"

Copper.

THE metal known as copper derives its name from the Latin word *cupron*, which also designated that part of the island of Cyprus in which this metal was first mined by the ancient Greeks.

Copper was one of the first metals known to men, and was employed for a variety of useful and ornamental purposes. From it were made images, instruments of war, mechanical tools, and many household utensils. Bronze is a union of copper and tin, and claims priority over all other alloys. It is alluded to in the fourth chapter of Genesis, where Tubal Cain is described as "an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron."—The word brass in this connection signifies bronze, for this date was anterior to the discovery of the composition of copper and zinc. The Syrians and Phoenicians, and likewise the Greeks and Romans used copper very largely in the erection of monuments and statues. Sometimes these structures were of pure metal, but most commonly they were made of brouze.

Copper is very malleable, and also very ductile. So great is its tenacity that a copper wire is capable of supporting a very great weight without breaking. Copper is very extensively used for the sheathing of ships, for making boilers, kettles, and cooking utensils. In India, on the occasion of the death of a Hindoo of rank, custom provides that every Brahmin present at his funeral be presented with a brass cup, and the number thus disposed of is sometimes very large.

The liability of copper to oxidation from exposure to air or damp is its principal defect, but this is in a measure overcome when alloyed with tin. The compound is less liable to rust and gather verdigris. It is also harder, denser, and more sonerous. If the tin equals one-sixth of the mass it is very brittle, and the proportion must be lessened until the proper medium is attained.

Bell-metal is made of an alloy of copper, tin, and zinc, and is extremely well-fitted to the purposes for which it is used. For cannon, a lower proportion of tin is commonly used. Some kinds of bell-metal contain besides the usual alloy, small quantities of antimony and silver.

An alloy of copper and tin, when the latter metal does not exceed one-third of the mass, results in a very beautiful compound, of the color of steel, and very susceptible of brilliant polish. It is used to some extent in the construction of mirrors. This application of the metal is one of great antiquity, and is mentioned by Pliny, the historian. These mirrors are admirably adapted te the reflection of light for optical purposes; and this combination is therefore called speculum metal.

☞ A Mr. Abel, of Vermont, after many years of poverty and obscurity spent after the usual mannner of most inventors who have succeeded in benefiting the world by their productions in experimental toil—has at last perfected a really extraordinary piece of mechanism in the shape of a loom, which bids fair, not only to entirely revolutionize the manufacture of woolen goods, but to bring him both fame and fortune. He styles his invention The Weft Thread Knitting Loom, on account of the nature of its operation, combining the two processes of waving and knitting and producing a peculiar cloth of remarkable beauty and durability, having many points of excellence over goods woven in the usual manner.

A Temperance Story.

WILLIAM WATSON, when 25 years of age, married the handsomest girl in the town of Westerley. He was a carpenter, was always steady and industrious, and everybody considered it an excellent match when he and Ellen Anderson were bound together in the tie of matrimony.

Ten years of almost perfect happiness to the young carpenter and his wife passed away, and then sickness and sorrow came upon them, and William commenced to drink in the hope of drowning his troubles.

His wife, with tears in her eyes besought him to give up the vile habit, and again and again he promised to do so, but his promises were always broken, his resolutions forgotten, and he continued to travel in the downward road to poverty and destruction.

The "Travellers Home" was the high-sounding name given to a little tavern a short distance from Watson's House. The "Loafer's Home," or the "Gate to Ruin," would have been more appropriate. It was there Watson took his first drink of the accursed poison, and there he continued to spend the small pittance he earned while his wife and children were suffering for want of food and clothing.

Watson grew worse and worse. No person, of course, would hire a man who was drunk almost all the time, and in consequence he soon found himself almost penniless. He was jeered and scoffed at by the boys of the village, and was known everywhere as "Drunken Bill."

One day he entered the "Traveler's Home," and called for whiskey telling the landlord he had no money, but would pay him in a few days.

"You can't get the whiskey here without the money," said the landlord. "I don't trust anybody."

"But," pleaded the poor inebriate, "I am almost dying for a drink. Let me have one, only one, and I'll pay you tomorrow."

"No, I say; don't you hear?" thundered the landlord. "Get out of my house. Youv'e had too much whisky here already.

All the Watson pride that had been alwost drowned out by the liquid fire was now fully aroused. The words of the landlord brought again into life all the noble impulses of his heart. He straightened himself up and looked with withering scorn into the face of the landlord.

"John Raymond," he said, I am in your accursed rumshop for the last time. I am a degraded being, but you are one of the vilest men. You hava no whisky for me now! No, but while the money lasted it flowed freely and you were glad to see me come to your bar. John Raymond I am going to show you that I can be a man. I have been a fool, but by the help of the Lord I will be so no longer. If my life is spared I will be rich and respected again. Go on, if you will, in your infamous work; bring others down as you have brought me, and then when their money is gone drive them from your door. Go on, John Raymond, and you will receive your reward."

Watson went immediately home and informed his wife that he had taken his last drink. He had a will now; he would show the world that manliness, was not altogether gone from him, and he would regain his former position in society.

His wife wept tears of joy when she learned his good resolution, and she prayed every day that he might be strengthened in his hours of temptation, and be enabled to keep in the right path.

John Raymond became a tipler then a hard drinker, and now he fills a drunkards grave. The "Traveller's Home" is no longer a grog-shop, but has been transformed into a comfortable dwelling, and is now owned by William Watson.

Beautiful Thought.

There is but a breath of air and a beat of the heart between this world and the next. And in the brief interval of a painful and awful suspense while we feel death is with us, that we are powerless, and he all powerful, and the last faint pulsation here is but the prelude of endless life hereafter, we feel in the midst of the stunning calamity, about to befall us, that earth has no compensating good to the severity of our loss. But there is no grief without some beneficent provisions to soften its intensities. When the good and lovely die, the memory of their good deeds, like the moonbeams of the stormy sea, lights up our darkened hearts, and lends to the surroundings a beauty so sad, so sweet, that we would not, if we could dispel the darkness that environs us.