STOVER'S MISTAKE.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.

NEVER judge a man by the quality of his clothes. If a man is habited in a garb filthy and ragged—that is one thing; but the simple garb of labor may cover the best of men. Among the many unfortunate mistakes which have been made in this latter respect is the following, which happened within my own knowledge and observation:

Christopher Goodhue, at the age of forty, amassed a fortune in mercantile pursuits, and had lost his health. His physician told him he must leave the city and quit his present business.

"Of course you must have employment, and that, too, of a kind that shall exercise your best business faculties. Now I think, my dear Goodhue, I have just the thing for you. You have been at Walker's Falls, up in Franklin?"

"Yes."

"Well, those large mill are for sale—both the woolen mill and the paper mill, together with a machine shop belonging to them. The former owner is dead, and his widow wishes to sell; $200,000, I am very sure we will buy the whole property. You can pay that and yet leave enough to make you independent. And then, if you buy, you will naturally improve two or three excellent water privileges which are now idle. Think of it, dear, sir. A very healthy, salubrious and invigorating mountain air; a retired and delightful location; game of all sorts ready to your rod and gun whenever you wish relaxation and recreation; and the very best school in the country for your children.

Mr. Goodhue was taken with the idea; but, like a prudent man, he said he would speak with his wife. He did so, and the, sensible woman, said: "Let us go from the city. Oh, we can be so happy in free, fresh air; and not only you, but our children will be better and stronger."

So Chris. Goodhue went up to Walker's Falls, in the beautiful village among the mountains, and bought the mills together with all the unimproved water power, and within two weeks thereafter he had removed thither with his family, and entered at once heart and soul, into the work of improvement.

"Now, Molly," he said to his wife, "you know I have come up here for healthful exercise and shall hire men to do the drudgery of close office work. We must fix up around the house. I am going to dig and hoe and delve in the garden, so you must make me a pair of blue overalls and a frock. I must dress for the work I do."

Mrs. Goodhue smiled, but the cheerful tone of her husband, already vimmy and robust, made her heart glad, and she and the girls set to work cheerfully and merrily upon the clothing for the new laboring man.

People were rejoiced when they knew that a wealthy business man from the distant city had bought the mills, employing nearly two hundred hands, which were the life of the place, and the good and prosperity of other business depended in a great measure upon their thrift and successful management.

The principal store at Walker's Falls was kept by a man named Ralph Stover. He had managed to work into the bulk of trade through the partiality of the former proprietor of the mills, with whom he had shared the high profits on goods sold upon orders to the employees of the mills. He was an honest man, as the world goes; but with him honesty is policy, and nothing more.

Eben Shackford kept the other proper store, and when I say "proper store," I mean a regular country store, where goods of all kinds, qualities and varieties are kept, and where farmers can dispose of all sorts of transportable produce.

Shackford was truly an honest and upright man. With him honesty was not so much a principle as a part of his nature. He had not laid up money.—His trading was mostly confined to an old run of customers among the neighboring farmers, while those who had money to pay for their goods had been monopolized by the more stirring and scheming Stover.

"I believe," said Stover, "I must go and see Mr. Goodhue, and make some arrangement for securing his custom and his orders. I calculate his trade and influence will be worth more than a thousand dollars a year clear profit. He must have got settled down by this time, and ready for business. I wish I knew what sort of a man he is. But I guess I shall know how to take him after I have studied him awhile. I can read human nature pretty easily."

The trader was preparing to leave when a laboring man entered the store, a man habited in blue overalls and frock, and wearing upon his head an old straw hat.

"Mr. Stover, I think?" said the new comer.

"That's my name."

The laboring man started at the abruptness of the tone. He was not used to being answered in that way; nor was he used to hearing traders speak so to a customer.

"I want to get a little, paint, sir."

"My boy will attend to you. I am busy."

"But, sir, your boy may be as ignorant of the compounds I require as I am. I'm going to paint a floor, and I only know that I want some yellow ochre, some litharge and—"

"I am not a painter, sir, broke in Stover roughly. "My boy will put up whatever you may want."

"Then you cannot accommodate a customer with the benefit of your knowledge concerning the respective quantities for a specified purpose."

"Knowledge isn't one of my trading commodities. You will find that up at the Academy. Here, John, if the man wants anything sell it to him."

And thus speaking, Mr. Stover put on his hat and left the store, evidently thinking that his customer, whom he had never seen, was an itinerant laboring man, or a farmer from the back region, who would want to pay for his goods in poplar wood or old potatoes.

Ralph Stover went to the mills, where he found an architect and an engineer from the city superintending extensive alterations and improvements. But Mr. Goodhue was not there. They thought likely he was at his house. So to the house Mr. Stover wended his way, where he was informed by a lady that if Mr. Goodhue was back from an errand on which he had been out, he would probably be found in the garden.

Next he went to the garden, where our trader found a man in blue overalls and frock, engaged in making a flower-bed.

"Is Mr. Goodhue about here?"

"That is my name sir,."

"But I mean the man who owns the place—who owns the mills."

"I am the man."

"*You!*—eh?"

Mr. Stover beheld the customer to whom he had behaved so indecently at his store.

"Really, Mr. Goodhue, I had no idea—I—"

"If you have business with me sir," interupted Goodhue, respectfully, but sternly, "I will attend to you, otherwise, my time is precious."

"Upon my soul, Mr. Goodhue, I must ask your pardon. I had no idea it was you. But if you will give me your custom, I think I could make it as much for your interest as—"

"Stop, sir," commanded Goodhue, with a wave of the hand. "If I wish to trade with you I will call at your store. I suffer no man to inflict his begging for custom upon me at home. Good day, sir."

And while Mr Goodhue returned to his work, Ralph Stover had read his man well enough to know that further remarks would be worse than useless; so he turned moodily and unhappily away.

Mr. Goodhue found Eben Shackford to be an honest, upright, conscientious, accommodating tradesman, and with him he made arrangements for the supply of goods for himself and workman.

Shackford throve, and was grateful and happy; the laborers in the mill obtained their goods vastly cheaper than ever before; while Ralph Stover, in bitterness of spirit, cursed the hour in which he was led to insult a customer who chanced to be habited in the garb of a laboring man.

☞ Accidents arising from druggists putting up wrong prescriptions are so frequent that many persons now insist on the one who puts it up, taking one dose of the mixture before leaving the store. We think this is a good arrangement and will tend to make druggists careful.

☞ "If righteous men are the salt of the earth, why may not pretty girls be considered its sugar?" inquired a gentleman of a little girl. "Because we are its 'lasses," she replied.

☞ "Solaced in durance vile by smiles of connubial love." Translation—His wife went to see him in jail, where he was sent for stealing.

Remarkable Indians.

THE *Alta California* thus describes the peculiarities of a fragment of the Piute tribe of Indians who live on the Great American Desert—a region about one thousand miles long and three hundred miles wide, and on which there are stretches of one hundred miles without grass or water.

The "Desert Indian" is as much a reflection of the country he inhabits as the lizard or the horned frog. He is hollow-cheeked, thin, lithe, and active. His necessities have rendered him superior in endurance, quickness, sagacity, and intelligence to all neighboring tribes. Two months ago a "Desert Indian," carrying express, traveled one hundred and twenty-two consecutive hours.

Their upper extremities are very slender; they carry scarce any flesh, but that employed in locomotion. Their life has impressed upon them a wonderful physiology; their capacity to eat and to starve is truly astounding. Six months ago seven Indians, including a child six years old, ate a horse that had perished from drinking alkaline water, which weighed not less than one thousand pounds, from three o'clock in the afternoon to ten o'clock on the morning of the succeeding day—intestines, heart lungs, and liver; even the bones were crushed, and the marrow taken from them. In short, at 10 o'clock next day nothing remained of the horse but the hoofs. So in less than twenty'four hours they consumed per capita, more than one hundred pounds of meat.

Another instance: About a year ago a gentleman driving a number of horses across the Desert lost thirty of them at intervals, along the road. A party of Desert Indians started in upon the road, so fatal to the horses; and devoured every one of them as they went, coming out on the other side of the desert as fat as seals. They traveled in the scorching heat of the desert from seventy to eighty miles a day, without difficulty.

It would seem that the Piute tribe of Indians are in process of spontaneous and natural extermination, independent of any destructive effects from contact with civilization.

The statistics of Europe and America, procured in the most accurate manner, and on the largest scale give of all the births, 21 boys to every 20 girls. The uniformity is complete, rigid, and unvarying. For a number of years past in the Piute tribe from careful investigation, it has been ascertained that three boys are born to every girl. Everywhere is observed a great deficiency in squaws among them. It is mathematical, at this rate, that ere long the Piute tribe will become extinct from inherent causes.

For the last six years the "Desert Indians" have found it exceedingly difficult to exist. Hare and rabits were their great sources of food, and at one time they fairly swarmed among the sage and stunted vegetation of the desert. They were invaded some ten years since, by some epidemic disease, so that now only a few remain.

A Wildcat Under the Dutchman's Bed.

WEST HICKORY, besides being noted for its big wells, dry holes and rattlesnakes, has a new and charming feature of attraction in the vast number of wildcats or catamouuts, that are to be found in the neighboring forest, and which make night hideous with their mellifluous notes when on a forage.

Near the headwaters of West Hickory creek lives an humble and honest agriculturist by the name of Adam Goodman who, after engaging in the perilous occupation of an oil operator on the creek, reformed and opened a keno bank, and with the accumulation of several weeks retired from business, out of the back window (as a policeman entered the front) and purchasing a few acres of soil began to farm it. Not having previously studied Lydia Thompson's work entitled, "What I know about Farming,', his first year's work was not a success. His pumpkins were devoured by potato bugs, grasshoppers carried off his cattle, the weevil got into his sheep, and the corn crop failed under the combined attack of the hoof-rot and murrain. To crown all, he was himself attacked with hog cholera.

This was the situation on Saturday night last, when from a dreamless sleep he was awakened by an unearthly howl, a crash of glass and the striking of a "heavy something" upon his breast. At first he thought it must be a horrible nightmare, caused by too rich viands, but when he considered the fact that there were no houses within ten miles of his cabin, and the only supper he had partaken of was a couple of buckwheat cakes, such reasoning seemed erroneous. All was quiet, and finally thinking it must have been an oil creek bedbug on a raid, he dismissed the subject, and was preparing to settle into an all night's sleep, when a scratching was heard beneath the bed. Hastily rising, he jerked on his unmentionables, and dropping on all fours, began to claw beneath the bed after the midnight intruder.

He found it, and in one-fourth of a New York minute all the clothes that were upon him would not have made a bib for a china doll. He finally found himself in the corner partly scalped, with his lower limbs looking as though he had been through a wool carding machine; while at this moment with a spit and a growl, a catamount disappeared through the open window. Such is the simple tale of Adam Goodman. He now desires to emigrate to some spot where the insects are not so troublesome. His farm is a good one, but he cannot stand the cats.

Melindy Wants to Marry.

QUITE a large number of odd and amusing scenes frequently occur with parties who visit the Indiana Probate Court for the purpose of securing the necessary documents to legalize their marriage. But the other day a young man, about twenty-one, accompanied by one of the opposite sex, equally as young, ascended the main steps of the Court house, and then on being directed to the Probate Court took up the line of march for its hallowed precincts. Reaching it, he refused to enter.

The rustic maiden, who was anxious to see the marriage programme carried to a successful issue, looked upon him with pleading eyes, and then taking him by the hand in the most tender manner, beseeched him to enter the court and obtain the license.

"Oh! come along Jake; what's the use backing out?" fell in dulcet tones upon Jacob's ear.

"Melindy, I can't. The old man will give me fits if I marry you.

"Haven't you told me a thousand times that you would marry me in spite of the old man?"

"Yes! yes! but there is——"

"Is what?"

"Why the farm."

"Yes, but, Melindy," reasoned her lover' "hadn't we better wait till the old man dies, and then I'll have the farm sure?"

"Dang his old soul, he'll live fifty years yet; there's no die in him. Come along now and get that ere license; I ain't a going to be put off any more."

"Ill tell you what I'll do Melindy."

"Well spit her ont."

"If the old man holds out agin my having you until Christmas I'll marry you then farm or no farm."

"Sure?"

"As sure's as my name is Jacob."

"Well let her go then till Christmas, but if you back out then, Jake look sharp."

"I'll toe the scratch then, by Jingo, if the old man runs me off the farm with a double-barrelled shot gun, certain."

And Jake looked as if he would.

Thus reassured on being married by Christmas, Melindy drew off with her Jake, fully satisfied, donbtless, with the postponement. But if Jake does prove recreant to his promise we will wager any amount of needles that Melindy will go for him to use the vernacular of the uncultivated "like a thousand of brick."

A Cat Story.

DOWN in Tuckahoe, there is a man of the name of Simpson, who has a flat roof on his house covered with tin. The roof got to leaking badly a few weeks ago, and it happened to occur to Mr. Simpson that it would be a good thing to cover the whole surface with the material out of which concrete pavements are made, "so as to make her all tight and nice'" said Simpson. A man was accordingly engaged, and he covered the tin with concrete to the depth of three or four inches. The curse of Tuckahoe is cats. In warm weather millions of them assemble and hold ratification meeting and rehearsals and General Synods out in the back yards and on the roofs. In Tuckahoe, last July, the heat was unusually intense, and Mr. Simpson was exceedingly annoyed by the animated discussion of cats in the neighborhood. The more he "shooed" them and flung old boots at them, the more they yelled. Night after night it continued to grow more terrific, and day after day Mrs. Simpson observed that the mysterious caterwauling continued during all the hours of daylight. Simpson hadn't a boot jack or a blacking brush or a rolling pin or a cologne bottle left to throw at them. At last, one moonlight night, the uproar got to be so outrageous that Simpson arose from his bed and determined to ascertain what in the thunder all this growling meant! It appeared to him that the noise came from the top of the house. He went up into the garret and put his head out of the trap door. There he found one hundred and ninety-six cats stuck fast, knee deep, in the concrete, which had been softened four days. The minute they caught sight of Simpson, the whole one hundred and ninety-six doubled up their spines, ruffled their back hair, snaked their tails, and gave one wild, unearthly howl which shocked Simpson's nerves so much that he dropped the trap door and fell down the step ladder on the head of Mrs. Simpson, who was standing below dressed in a thing with a frill on it, and armed with a palmleaf fan and a bed slat determined to protect Simpson to the death! The next day the concrete was removed, and the cats were dug out. But you ought to have been present when Simpson interviewed the concrete man! There were only four rounds, and then Simpson got up off the man's prostrate body in order to let him go and hunt for some good hair restorative and put a fresh oyster on his eyes.

Couldn't See It.

IN Erie, Pa., there is an elderly gentle- who until recently was much annoyed by visits from life insurance agents. One day an agent named Wilson called upon him, and in a glib manner commenced enumerating the advantages of insuring in a trustworth company.

"What's the use of insuring my life? said Mr. B. "If I die it won't do me any good. I don't see the sense of it."

Wilson then proceeded to tell him that in case of his death his wife would receive the amount of which he was insured, and would thus be placed beyond the reach of want.

On hearing this Mr. B. became furious, and shouted—

"Oh' that's your game is it? Well, wouldn't I be a pretty fool to be making things comfortable for my wife's second husband? Just after insuring I'd be certain, almost, to get sick and die. Then my wife would go among her neighbors and brag about the money she had received from your company. Some other blasted fool, hearing of her good luck, would propose and marry her; and then he would take her on his knees and kiss her; and laugh over my stupidity while they were spending my money; and I would be compelled to lie in my grave, like a darned fool, unable to say a word."

Amusing Snake Story.

"DURING the Florida war," said the speaker, "I was with the American army: Oue day I shouldered my gun and went in pursuit of game. In passing through a swamp I saw something a few feet ahead of me; lying upon the ground, which had the appearance of a log, it being some forty feet in length; and about one foot in diameter. So positive was I that it was nothing but a log, that I paid no attention to it; the fact is, I would have sworn before a court of justice that it was a log and nothing else. You see, I had never heard of snakes growing to such huge dimensions, and the fact is, I never would have believed it if I had. "Well," he continued, "between me and the log, (as I took it to be) was a miry place, which it was necessary for me to avoid. I therefore placed the butt of my gun on the ground in ahead of me, and springing upon it, lit right on top of—what do you suppose?"

"A boa constrictor," said one.

"No."

"An anaconda," said another.

"No.'

"What could it have been?" said a third.

"Just what I supposed it to be—a log," said the wag.

Striking a Circle with a Pencil.

Many people find their best efforts to strike a circle present the profile of a corpulent doughnut or a peach-bloom potato. Let such grasp the pencil between the thumb and forefinger, and resting the thumb and the point of the pencil upon the paper, rotate the sheet around the thumb as a centre, and the work is done. For larger or smaller circles lengthen or shorten the grasp. A few trials will enable any one to strike a circle in this manner with tolerable accuracy.