

to seek an interview with his solicitor. The acute gentleman informed him that there really seemed to be something in the claim which was set up, but that it would take a deal of legislation to prove it, and so far as he could see, it was odds on the man in possession eventually winning the day. But still, if an advantageous compromise were to be suggested, it might be as well to take it into consideration.

So Mr. Johnstone took to walking for hours about the garden of Joss House Villa with his eyes bent on his toes, and his hands closed behind his back, lost in thought, and muttering at intervals, "Advantageous compromise."

He was accustomed to spread a silk pocket-handkerchief over his head after dinner, and take forty winks—at the rate of one wink to two minutes; but his slumbers now were strangely disturbed. He would turn and mutter, and his mutterings, to the excitement of Annie's curiosity, invariably framed some parts of the words "Advantageous compromise."

Miss Plumtree and Annie Johnstone sat in the same queer summer-house overlooking the dragon in the chickweed, employed in the same description of needlework, the advance of the year being shown by a basket of apricots which stood in the place of the strawberries. Mr. Johnstone sat near them in silent abstraction. At intervals, indeed, he would tilt his chair forward to bring his hand in range of the mellow fruit, of which he was devouring a choleric quantity; but he seemed to do so mechanically, as if he did not quite know what he was about; and, indeed, while his palate was engaged with the apricots, his mind was absorbed in contemplation of his position.

"That fine, that remarkably fine woman," he said to himself, as his eyes rested admiringly on Miss Plumtree, "will not marry me until that girl is off my hands, which is less likely to happen than ever, now that it is doubtful if I can give her, or even leave her a penny. And yet, if these fellows really manage to take away my money—and there is no knowing what lawyers may do in that way—it will be an extra reason why I should marry a woman with a nice competence to make up. I wonder how George the Fourth would have acted under similar circumstances? But bah! how could he possibly have been placed in them? When a king has his property taken from him, he does not go to law; he fights, or rather, other people fight, which is better still, and settle the matter that way."

His meditations were interrupted by a servant bearing a card, who told him that a gentleman wished to see him.

"Where have you shown him?" "Into the grand music-hall," replied the girl.

Too much flurried to say a word to either of the ladies, Mr. Johnstone hastened to the grand music-hall, an apartment fifteen feet by thirteen, where he found a young man.

"The—ah!—the claimant, I believe?" said Mr. Johnstone, glancing from his visitor to the card he held in his hand.

"Yes," replied the other. "The course which I have taken in calling upon you personally, may seem somewhat strange, especially for a lawyer; but there has been some mention of the possibility of a compromise; and to tell the simple truth, you have been in possession so long, and the information which enables me to contest your rights has come from so disreputable a quarter, that I am rather ashamed of my position, and would prefer settling the matter amicably to commencing a long course of litigation."

"A very unprofessional view of the case, I own, but I beg you to believe that I should have no such scruples if I were acting for a client. It is a delicate matter, however, to make the first approaches towards a compromise in writing, because, if your opponent is unwilling to entertain it, he may take it as an acknowledgement of weakness, and become confirmed in the strength of his case; or, he may find a weapon in some sentence of your letter which may be turned against you. So I have determined to sink the lawyer, I am only a very young one, and call upon you personally to talk the matter over quietly, and see if you are inclined to meet me half-way. Of course, you will commit yourself to nothing without consulting your solicitor."

"I am no great friend to litigation myself," said Mr. Johnstone; "and if you can show me that your claim is really a good one, I am ready to listen to what you have to propose."

The young man then commenced translating the case from jargon into English; and when his auditor seemed to have a pretty clear idea of it in all its bearings, he told him that he had sooner the first sketch of compromise should come from him.

"Are you married?" cried Mr. Johnstone, his eyes brightening with a sudden idea.

"No."

"Then, by George!" slapping his thigh, "why not marry my niece?"

"You do me great honor, I am sure," stammered the young man. "So unexpected! So sudden! No idea of marrying unless—Besides, I have not the

pleasure of knowing the lady; in fact, was not aware you had a niece.

"O, you shall soon know her," cried Mr. Johnstone; "she is in the garden. Come and be introduced." And he led the way to the summer-house, his visitor following him with a face of comic perplexity.

"Marry another; perhaps afterwards to find her—never!" he said to himself.

"Annie," said Mr. Johnstone, "let me introduce you to—Halloa!"

No wonder he, as well as Miss Plumtree, was astonished, for the stranger cried out, "Annie, my Annie, is it possible!" and rushed forward to seize her hand, which she gave with a little cry of "Ned?"

"Why, Annie have you met Mr. Whiston before?"

"Yes, uncle."

"O yes, sir," said Ned Whiston; "and when she disappeared from Dreary street so mysteriously and suddenly, I was in despair. I have looked for her everywhere; I have advertised for her in the sensation column of the Times, not by name, of course, but so that she might understand."

"We have sent for it the second day, and the supplement does not come with it."

Well, I expect you do not want the whole story over again, so we may omit the rest of the conversation. Everything was arranged satisfactorily. Ned Whiston, who was doing a respectable and yearly increasing business, married Annie when the peaches came in; a nice sum was paid down on their marriage, and the remainder of the property secured them on Mr. Johnstone's death, subject to an annuity to be paid to his widow, if he left one.

A month after the young people had been settled in their new home, Mr. Johnstone and Miss Plumtree were quietly tied together; and the first thing the former did, after returning to Joss House Villa, was to walk into the kitchen and put the poker into the fire.

"What—are you about dear?" inquired his bride.

"I am going to fire a wedding salute—twenty-one guns," replied her husband. And he did.

A Dutchman's Troubles in Learning English.

DIEDRICK VAN BRAMELDAM was a good natured, scholarly young Dutchman. He knew Latin and Greek, was familiar with French and German, and had little difficulty in understanding the English grammar. He could pronounce English very well, having received, when a boy, a few lessons from an English tutor. His available stock of English words was rather scanty. He had occasion to visit London, and naturally encountered many difficulties in making himself understood. I met him at the inn, and at the same time I introduced him to the reader, he had succeeded in making a tolerably good supper.—The next thing in order was to get to bed, which he easily made the landlord understand. Not being in the habit of shaving himself, he thought it might be as well to order a barber for the next morning. Remembering that the name of the instrument which barbers used is called a razor, he said to the landlord, "Can I be razed to-morrow?"

"Razed!" the landlord repeated, smiling; "yes, to be sure you can."

"Will you, then, send up a man to raze me?"

"I will raze you myself."

"Ah, very well. At nine o'clock if you please."

The next morning, punctual to time, the landlord knocked at Diedrick's door.

"Within!" Diedrick cried, and the landlord entered.

"Where is your knife?" asked Diedrick.

"My knife? For what?"

"Well, to raze me."

"Why, you are razed."

"I am not razed. You must raze me with a knife along my visage."

With these words Diedrick passed his hand to and fro over his chin to imitate the operation of shaving.

"Oh, I see," the landlord cried, in a fit of laughter, "you want to be shaved! But I am not a barber, sir; you must go to a shaving shop."

"Where is a shaving shop?" Diedrick asked.

The landlord took him in the window, and, pointing to a street on the opposite side, said something about turning to the right, and then to the left, and about an out-standing pole, and a brass plate, and told him to look out for the word 'shaving.'

Diedrick understood scarcely a word of what was said; but from the direction in which the landlord pointed, he concluded that he had to walk up the indicated street. Before leaving the inn, however, he was careful to note down the name of the street.

He walked along, looking carefully to the right and left, but no shaving place could he see. At length, after having turned down half a dozen streets he noticed in a window the inscription—'Savings Bank.'

"Ah," said he, to himself, "this is it. Here is a bank upon which people are placed to be saved."

It did not escape his notice that the

landlord had spoken of shaving and not saving, but he surmised that this was owing to the inn-keeper's cockney pronunciation, which always likes to squeeze in an h where it is not wanted.

He entered the savings bank. A young man was standing at a desk apparently engaged in some calculation.

"Can I here be saved?" Diedrick asked.

"I'll attend to you in two minutes," the clerk answered.

Diedrick looked round the place. It was a magnificent office. A large set of mahogany desks seemed waiting for a dozen clerks who had not yet made their appearance. Diedrick perceived that he was mistaken. "Still," thought he, "I will ask this young man to help me on my way."

"Well, what can I do for you?" said the clerk.

"Now, Diedrick wanted at once to tell him that he perceived he was wrong, but he did not know the word 'wrong.' What is 'verkeerd' in English? he asked himself. He translated the English word into Latin, and giving it an English termination, he said:

"My gentleman, I see I am perverted. I wish to be saved."

The comical face with which Diedrick said these words called up an equally comical expression on the face of the clerk.

"What! Are you perverted?" he asked, contracting his brow, with a queer look.

"Yes, I see I am here on the perverted place, but perhaps you will be so good as to help me on the way?"

"Do you want to deposit any money?" the clerk asked.

"Yes, I have money," Diedrick answered, producing a handful of coppers from his pockets; "I must be saved with a razor along my visage."

The clerk laughed uproariously, and so did some of the other clerks who had now come in, until the whole office echoed. Diedrick, perceiving the oddity of the case, heartily joined them. The young man then took him to a barber's shop, where he soon got what he wanted.

A few days later he read, in a shop window, "Shavings for gratis."

"Ah!" he said to himself, "I suppose this is a philanthropic establishment for poor people to be shaved gratis!"

After leaving the barber shop, poor Diedrick again found himself in an awkward predicament. He could not find his inn. In vain he walked up street after street. At length he asked a person whom he met:

"Can you tell me where Truman Hanbury, Buxton & Co.'s Entire is?"

"I don't know I'm sure," was the answer. "Ask the cabman over there."

Cabby readily offered to take Diedrick to the place. After half an hour's drive he found himself at the entrance to the brewery at spitalfields. Of course cabby was ordered to drive back; and this time it was to my office. I was glad to meet our friend and give him welcome.

"Where have you passed the night?" I asked.

"Well, in an Entire," Diedrick replied.

"It was written us with big letters, Truman, Hanbury, Buxton & Co.'s Entire!"

I could not help laughing out, although it was unkind. But he laughed as heartily, when I explained the matter to him.

"Don't you know the name of the street?" I asked looking as grave as I could.

"Yes?" he answered, looking into his pocket-book. "It is, 'Stick no bills, F. P. 13 R.'"

"How in the world did you get that address?" I asked, scarcely able to contain myself.

"Well," he answered, "I went to the corner of the street, where a church stands, and there I read the words."

"Really, it was no easy matter to find out the place from such an address. The circumstance, however, that the corner of the street was occupied by a church, and some other hints I gathered supplied us with a thread to track our way through the labyrinth. After an hours searching we were successful in finding the 'Entire,' and soon we were on our way to Chelsea."

Being engaged next day on important business, I left Diedrick to see London for himself. With his dictionary in one pocket and his map in the other, he set out in the direction of Hyde Park. He refused to take a guide, preferring to find his way unassisted. "In that manner," he said, "shall I the city better learn to know, and I shall better to my eyes give the food." After having walked for a couple of hours, however, he found that he ought to "give the food" also to his stomach. He noticed a pie-shop.

"Can I here a little eat?"

"Yes," the lady replied. "What do you want?"

"What have you?" Diedrick asked.

"I can give you a pork pie," Diedrick took his dictionary. He had never heard the word before. He soon found it or at least he thought he had.

"What!" he exclaimed, "do you eat those beasts in this country?"

"Of course we do," the lady replied. "We aren't Jews."

"Tastes it nicely?"

"Very!" the lady answered, with a smile.

"Give me a piece, if you please." "I cannot give you a piece, you must take a whole one."

"But I cannot eat a whole porcupine," Diedrick exclaimed.

"Oh, dear!" the lady cried, shaking with laughter, "did you think I meant to give you a hedgehog! No, sir, I cannot treat you to such a dainty. A pork pie is made of a pig."

Diedrick again referred to his dictionary, and turned up the word *pick*.

"That's in the whole no food—that's a hammer," he said. "I cannot eat iron and steel," he added with a smile.

The lady felt quite perplexed. She called her husband, to whom she explained her difficulty. He at once took a pie, and, pointing to it with his finger imitated the grunting noise of a hog in such a perfect way that there could be no further misapprehension. Diedrick then ate the pie with comfort and relish.

A Trick on the Anraecian Indians.

It is not a little curious to know how the telegraph wires and posts have been preserved from injury by Indians, otherwise the communication of the frontier forts with one another could not have been kept up. The following strategem was hit upon and related by a traveler recently from the frontiers who was asked how this was. He says when the posts were erected there were some forty or fifty Indians prisoners in the camp of the army. General Pinto, fearing that they might destroy this important work of civilization, called them together and brought in an electric battery:

"Do you see this wire which is placed here?"

"Yes, General."

"Well, then, I have caused it to be placed there so that you should not pass to the other side or touch it, because, if you do, your hands will adhere to the wire." The Indians smiled with an incredulous look. The General called them one by one, and made them lay hold of the wires of a battery and then set it agoing.

"Let go the wires, I tell you."

"I cannot, sir, my hands are benumbed."

On cutting off the current of course they dropped the wires. Each Indian was made to experiment for himself. Before letting them go the General recommended them to keep the secret and not tell it to their countrymen.

Of course they did quite to the contrary, and told every indian what they had seen and what had happened to them. Since then not a wire has been damaged, because they now all believe that if they touched the wires they would be caught and held prisoners until the troops came up.

How a Boiler Bursts.

The whole theory of boiler explosions appears to be involved in inexplicable mystery. In the late case of Pindell against Stirling & Ehlers, tried in the Superior Court of Baltimore city, before Judge Dobbin, intelligent engineers were examined as experts, and they differed greatly in their opinions and conclusions as to the immediate causes that induce the rupture of a boiler.

Capt. Wheeler, an engineer in the United States revenue service, gave the generally received theory, but other engineers of equal eminence differed from his conclusion in toto. A synopsis of Capt. Wheeler's testimony appeared in the American at the time it was given, and embodied about all the experiments of men of science have given upon this subject. It amounted about to this:

When the water is allowed to get low in the boiler the plates become red hot and the tensile power of the iron is greatly diminished. When the cold water is turned into the boiler, the instant it touches the heated surface it assumes the spheroidal state, and dances about in little globules until the temperature is reduced to a certain degree, when suddenly the globules burst and the whole mass is converted into super-heated steam the expansive power of which is immense. The sudden impingement of this mass of steam upon the plates, already weakened by the overheating, fractures the iron, and explosion is the result.

There never was a wit at the bar so ready as Curran. Upon one occasion, where he had laid down some points which did not find favor in the eyes of the presiding judge, "If that is law," said Lord Clare to Curran, "I may as well burn my books."

"Better read them my lord," replied Curran.

Some people make their religion go a long way. A good woman bought a lottery ticket the other day, accompanying the purchase with the soliloquy,—"The Lord knows how it'll turn out—It's all in the hands of the Almighty, I s'pose."

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