HOW SHE GOT HER FURS.

MR. EDGE was late at breakfast. That was not an unusual occurrence, and he was disposed to be cross; which has likewise nothing new. So he retired behind the newspaper, and devoured his eggs and toasts without vouchsafing any reply to the remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite, to wit: Mrs. Edge. But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, it came.

"Dear, didn't you say you were going to have a hundred dollars for my new furs, to-day?"

"What furs?" (rather shortly was this spoken.) "Oh, pshaw! What is the use of being so extravagant? I have no money to lay out in useless follies. The old ones are good enough for any sensible woman to wear."

Mrs. Edge, good, meek little soul that she was, relapsed into obedient silence. She only sighed a soft inward sigh, and presently began a new attack.

"Henry, will you go with me to aunt's, to-night?"

"Can't you go alone?"

"Alone, how would it look!" Mrs. E's temper—for she had one, though it did not often parade itself—was aroused. "You are so neglectful of those little attentions you used to pay me once; you never walk with me, nor pick up my handkerchief, nor notice my dress as you once did."

"Well, a fellow can't be forever waiting on women, can he?" growled Mr. Edge.

"You could be polite enough to Mrs. Waters, last night, when you never thought to ask whether I wanted anything, though you know perfectly well that I had a headache—I don't believe you care as much for me as you used to." And Mrs. Edge looked extremely pretty with the tears in her blue eyes and a quiver on the round, rosy lips.

"Pshaw," said the husband peevishly. "Now don't be silly, Maria."

"And in the stage yesterday you never asked me if I was warm enough, or put my shawl around me while Mr. Brown was so affectionate to his wife. It was mortifying enough, Henry; indeed it was."

"I didn't know women were such fools," said Mr. Edge, as he drew on his overcoat, to escape the tempest which was fast approaching. "Am I the sort of man to make a ninny of myself doing the polite to any sort of a female creature? Did you ever know me to be conscious whether a woman had on a shawl or a swallow-tailed coat?"

Maria eclipsed the blue eyes behind a little pocket handkerchief, and Henry, the savage, banged the door loud enough to give Betty in the kitchen a start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of a deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself, that evening, as he ensconced six feet of iniquity into the southwest corner of the car at city hall. "Go ahead, conductor, can't you see we are full, and it is dark already?"

"In one minute, sir," said the conductor, as he helped a little woman, with a basket, on board. "Now sir, move up a little, if you please."

Mr. Edge was exceedingly comfortable and did not want to move, but the light of a lamp falling on the pearly forehead and shining golden hair of the comer, he altered his mind and moved up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he, mentally as he bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet, the very color I must admire!—Bless me! what business have old men to be thinking about eyes. There, she has drawn a confounded veil over her face, and the light is as dim as a tallow dip; but those were pretty eyes!"

The fair possessor of those blue eyes shivered slightly and drew her mantilla close around her shoulders.

"Are you cool, Miss! Pray honor me by wearing my shawl. I do not need it myself."

She did not refuse—she murmured some faint apology for troubling him, but it was not a refusal.

"No trouble—not a bit," said he, with alacrity, arranging it on her tapering shoulders, and then as the young lady handed her fare to the conductor, he said to himself, "what a slender little hand! if there is anything I admire in a woman it is a pretty hand. Wonder what kind of a mouth she has got! it must be a delightful one if it corresponds with the hair and eyes. —plague take the veil."

But 'plague' whoever that mystical power may be, did not take the possession of that veil, so Mr. E's curiosity about the blue-eyed damsel remained unsatisfied.

"Have you room enough Miss? I fear you are crowded. Pray sit a little closer to me."

"Thank you, sir," was the soft reply coming from behind the veil, as Mr. Edge reflected—like an angel from a dark cloud. And his heart gave a large thump as the pretty shoulder touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitating sort of a way.

"Decidedly, this is getting quite romantic," thought he, and then, with an audible whisper, "what would Maria say?"

The rest of that long, dreary ride was delicious with the shoulder against his own. How gallantly he jumped up to pull the strap for her—by some streak it happened to be at the very street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances we hardly blame her when the cars stopped so suddenly that she caught at his arm for the squeeze he gave the plump, rosy hand—any man of sense would have done the same—it was such an inviting little lily.

"Allow me to carry your basket, Miss as our path lies in the same direction," said Mr. E. courteously, relieving her of her burden as he spoke; "and—and—may be you'd find less difficulty if you take my arm."

Well, wasn't it delightful? Mr. Edge forgot the wet streets and pitchy darkness—he thought he was walking on roses. Only as he approached his door he began to feel a little nervous, and wished the little incognito would not hold on so tight. Suppose Maria should be at the window on the lookout as she often was, how would she interpret matters? He couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveller. Besides, his sweeping declarations in the morning—she would be sure to recall them. As he stopped at the right number, and bade her adieu he was astonished to see her likewise run up the steps to enter. Gracious Appolo! he burst into a cold perspiration at the idea of a young lady's error.

"I think you must have made a mistake, Miss," he stammered; "this can't be your house."

But it was too late—she was already in the brilliantly lighted hall, and turning around threw off her dripping habiliments, and made a low curtesy.

"Why it's my wife!" gasped Mr. Edge.

"And happy to see that you ain't forgotten us ladies," pursued the merciless little puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in dance with suppressed roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor in vain search of a loop-hole to retreat, but the search was unavailing.

"Well," he said in the most sheepish of tones, "it's the first time I was ever polite to a lady in the cars, and hang me if it shan't be the last."

"You, see, my dear," said the ecstatic little lady, "I didn't expect to be delayed so long, and had not any idea I should meet with such attention in the cars, and that from my husband, too! Goodness gracious, how Aunt Priscilla will enjoy the joke."

"If you tell that old harpy I will never hear the last of it," said Edge in desperation.

"Very probable," was the provoking reply of his wife.

"Now look here darling," said Mr. Edge coaxingly, "you won't say anything, will you? A fellow don't want to be laughed at by all the world. I say, Maria, you shall have the prettiest furs in New York if you will only keep quiet—you shall, upon my honor."

The terms were satisfactory, and Maria capitulated, who wouldn't? And that is the way she got those furs that filled the hearts of all her female friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made him such a courteous husband ever since.

A Funny Mistake.

IT developed upon a certain reporter, of a country paper, to write for the same edition, an account of the presentation of a gold headed cane to Rev. Dr. Jones, the clergyman of the place, and a description of a patent hog-killing and sausage making-machine., which had just gone into operation. When the foreman of the composing room received the two locals, he cut them into small pieces, as usual, for distribution among the type setters. A mistake must have been made in numbering the "copy," for when the paper went to press, the two reports were mixed in such a frightful manner, that the following, or something like it, was the result:

"Several of Rev. Dr. Jones's friends called upon him yesterday, and after a brief conversation the unsuspicious hog was seized by the hind legs and slid along a beam until he reached the hot water tank. His friend explained the object of their visit and presented him with a very handsome gold headed butcher, who grabbed him by the tail, swung him around, slit his throat from ear to ear, in less than a minute the carcase was in the water. Thereupon he came forward and said that there were times when the feeling overpowered one, and for that reason he would not attempt to do more than thank those around him for the manner in which a huge animal was cut into fragments was simply astonishing. The doctor concluded his remarks, when the machine seized him and in less time than it takes to write it, the hog was cut into pieces and worked up into delicious sausage. The occasion will long be remembered by the doctor's friends as one of the most delightful of their lives. The best pieces can be procured at fifteen cents a pound, and we are sure that those who have sat so long under his ministry will rejoice that he has been treated so handsomely."

☞ When a man's business is rapidly running down, it is time for him to think of winding it up.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

INTERESTING and important litigation is about to be commenced in Ulster county, which may result in hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property changing hands. It has grown out of the complicated condition of the affairs of the late Major George F. Von Beck, who died last spring, leaving an immense estate, which was in dispute between the children of a dead wife and a living wife and her children. The circumstance leading to the affairs of the family—or these two families, rather—are as follows: George Fredrick Von Beck came to this country from Germany in 1830. He was a graduate of one of the German universities, and a descendant of that nobility. He was a civil engineer, and previous to his leaving his native country was a person of great distinction. He, in company with three others, was appointed to survey the boundary line between France and Germany, and at the completion of the task was the recipient of many favors at the hand of the King of Bavaria. He afterward fought in the Spanish army, on the staff of the commanding officer, in the war between that country and France. Being wounded in an engagement, he returned to Germany, where he was married to Marie Ann de Ruyter, daughter of the wealthy burgher. He was shortly afterward made mayor of Salzburg, holding the position some years. In one of the German revolutionary wars he took an active part on the losing side, and was compelled to fly the country. He went to London, England, and soon thereafter embarked for America, landing in New York with very little money. His wife and children he left in Germany, and his property there was confiscated. It is said that he tramped the streets of New York for six months, with a hand organ and monkey, subsisting on the pittance thus obtained. About this time the Hudson canal company had been completed, and Von Beck thinking that his knowledge of engineering might some day be of use to him on that work, hired out as a canal hand. For two or three years he followed this life, occupying his spare time in adding to his other accomplishments the knowledge of the English language. When once this was acquired, he began to look out for a chance for advancement, and one day his scientific attainments laid a foundation for a promising future. This was about the year 1833. Russell F. Lord, then the head and front of the Delaware and Hudson Canal company, but who died a few years since overburdened with domestic unhappiness, was inspecting a large break in the canal, and preparing to slowly measure its dimensions, in order to have it repaired. Von Beck's boat chanced to be lying near, and the ambitious boatman stepped up to the break, and making a calculation on scientific principles, informed Mr. Lord its extent in a few seconds. The superintendent at once made up his mind that this was too valuable an aid to have running on a boat, and gave him a position very much advanced. Von Beck's services soon made him paymaster of the company—a position then of great importance.

In all these years Von Beck had kept his old-country marriage a secret, and soon after his promotion to the position of paymaster, he was married to Miss Jane Deming, of Eddyville, daughter of a leading citizen. After he had been several years in the company's employ, certain suspicious inaccuracies were discovered in his accounts, and he was compelled to resign, which he did with a large fortune. After leaving the Company, Von Beck engaged in various speculations, all of which added to his wealth and influence—so much so, that in 1844 he induced the Legislature of this State to pass an act legalizing his second marriage and making his children by it legitimate. This he considered necessary, as having heard that his first wife was dead, he had the children by her sent to this country; but, still keeping his first marriage a secret, introduced them into his second family as servants, and they finally marrying and becoming estranged from their father, revealed the fact of his first marriage, and that their mother was still living. The latter fact was demonstrated in the spring of 1869 by the arrival of the first Mrs. Von Beck at Rondout, where the Major (having been appointed a Major of militia a few years ago) had taken his abode. The strangest part of this "strange, eventful history" is that when his first wife appeared upon the scene, Von Beck immediately took up his abode with her, and transferred his affections to her children. This action on his part was the signal for the commencement of legal proceedings, and, upon petition of the children of the second wife, a commission was appointed to inquire into the alleged lunacy of Von Beck. The second wife died in less than a month from the arrival of the first wife, and did not see the partial triumph in her cause, notwithstanding the fact that the law legalizing her marriage was declared unconstitutional. The Major died in an apoplectic fit last Spring.

Suits have now been commenced by Mary Ann Von Beck against all parties who purchased real estate of her husband during his life, and against the children of Von Beck by her, and by his second wife, to recover her dower, as it was decided that the property should be equally divided among the children. The cases will be watched with great interest, as they put entirely a new phase upon the litigation of of the estate.—*N. Y. Times.*

SUNDAY READING.

The Lost Found.

There was once a boy in Liverpool, who went into the water to bathe, and he was carried out by the tide. Though he struggled long and hard, he was not able to swim against the ebbing tide, and he was taken far out to sea. He was picked up by a boat belonging to a vessel bound for Dublin. The poor little boy was almost lost. The sailors were all very kind to him when he was taken into the vessel. One gave him a cap, another a jacket, another a pair of shoes, and so on.

But that evening a gentleman who was walking near the place where the little boy had gone into the water, found his clothes lying on the shore. He searched and made inquiries; but no tidings were to be heard of the poor little boy. He found a piece of paper in the pocket of the boy's coat, by which he discovered who it was to whom the clothes belonged. The kind man went with a sad and heavy heart to break the news to the parents. He said to the father, "I am very sorry to tell you that I found these clothes on the shore; and could not find the lad to whom they belonged; I almost fear he has been drowned." The father could hardly speak for grief; the mother was wild with sorrow. They caused every inquiry to be made, but no account was to be had of their dear boy. The house was sad; the little children missed their playfellow; mourning was ordered; the mother spent her time crying; and the father's heart was heavy. He said little but felt much.

The lad was taken back in a vessel bound for Liverpool, and arrived on the day the mourning was to be brought home. As soon as he reached Liverpool, he set off toward his father's house. He did not like to be seen in the strange cap and jacket and shoes which he had on; so he went by the lanes, where he would not meet those who knew him. At last he came to the hall-door. He knocked. When the servant opened it, and knew who it was she screamed with joy, and said, "Here is Master Tom!" His father rushed out, and bursting into tears, embraced him. His mother fainted; "there was no more spirit in her." What a happy evening they all, parents and children, spent! They did not want the mourning. The father could say with Jacob, "It is enough; my son is yet alive."

But what do you think will be the rejoicing in Heaven, when those who were in danger of being lost forever arrive safely on that happy shore? How will the angels rejoice and the family of Heaven be glad! Perhaps when some of you will hereafter go to Heaven, your fathers and mothers, or brothers and sisters, will welcome you, and say, "I am delighted to see you safe, "Welcome! Welcome." You will not go there like the boy with a cap and clothes of which he was ashamed, but in garments of salvation, white as snow with crowns of glory that fade not away. And what must you do to be ready to enter Heaven when you die? Think what it is, and then do it.

But remember the great multitude of heathen children, who have never heard a word about Heaven, and who do not know that there is any Saviour for lost men. Suppose that you had seen that Liverpool boy carried out to sea by the tide. How would you have pitied him! Then suppose you had seen the water full of boys, all drifting out beyond the reach of human help. How would your spirit have died within! When you would have turned away and gone home, how sad you would feel! No "pleasant bread" could you have eaten that night. But all the children in heathen lands are drifting hopelessly onward—can you tell whither?—*Loving Words.*

Nae Strife Up Here.

It is related that an old Scotch elder had once a serious dispute with his minister at elders' meeting. He said some things that nearly broke the minister's heart. Afterward he went home and the minister went home, too. The next morning the elder came down, and his wife said to him:

"Ye look sad, John; what is the matter with ye?"

"Ah," he replied, 'You would look sad, too, if you had such a dream as I had. I dreamed that I had been at the elders' meeting, and had said some hard things, and grieved the minister; and when he went home I thought he died and went to Heaven; and I thought afterward that I died, too, and went to Heaven; and when I got to the gate of Heaven, out came the minister, and put out his hand to take me, saying, 'Come along John; there's nae strife up here—I am happy to see ye."

The elder went to his minister directly, to beg his pardon, and found he was dead. The elder was so stricken with the blow that two weeks after he also departed.

'And I should not wonder,' said he who related the incident, 'if he met the minister at heaven's gate, and heard him say, 'Come along, John; there's nae strife up here."—*British Workmen.*