## THAT IS NICE HASH.

EONIDAS LUNCH recently stepped I into a diving-saloon, not more than one hundred rods from Franklin Statue, and with composed but hungry countenance called for a plate of hash in a very genteel voice. It happened fortunately for him, that the desired compound was not quite ready, and one of the waiters told him so, at the same time handing him a paper and politely asking him to take a seat. Leonidas did so, with a graceful bow, at the same time remarking that he was in no hurry; and he was not as will be presently proven. He observed as he was complacently reading the last news of the Alabama claims, that the waiter was blacking his own boots: which done, Leonidas arose and asked for the brush; just to rub a bit of mud from my boots,'

Taking the brush in one hand, and the blacking in the other, in a few moments be had given his foot-casings a brilliant polish, then followed up his luck by a liberal and adroit use of the broom-brush over his clothes. He took up a hat-brush and regenerated the nap of his sad silk hat.

"Those hash are not quite ready yet, are they ?" he coolly inquired; and being answered in the negative, he said it was no matter, "as he was not wanted at the City Hall just yet; and turning around calmly surveyed the arrangements of the place, and condescended the remark that it was "not quite equal to Metropolitin or Delmoneo's, still neat !- very neat indeed."

Upon careful examination of his hands he observed that the blacking had soiled them, he proceeded to the wash-basin, he turned on the Croton, and with free use of soap, he scoured his face and hands most thoroughly. Then he whisked out a once white handkerchief, quickly washed and wrung it, and returned it to his hat to dry. The waiter being busy with other customers, and taking advantage of this suspicious fact, Leonidas removed the dirty paper collar and substituted a clean one, immediately subsequent he had hold of a castor-bottle containing sweet oil, and pouring out about an onnce, treated his distracted head to a bath of it. And now before a mirror, he made a rapid and tasteful use of comb and brush. Observing his movement, one of the waiters approached him with:

"Have you given your orders sir?" "O yes, thank you. It's coming on

soon."

"What dish was it sir?"

"Hash. A plate of nice hash, to begin." Leonidas now approached the counter, where seeing a case of fancy articles, among them tooth brushes, he called for one as if intending to purchase, and after a long scrutiny he selected one, at the same time helping himself to a pinch of snuff, just as the proprietor was closing his snuff box. He now lightly stepped to the wash basin and gave his teeth such a cleaning as few teeth can withstand, and finished just as the anxious waiter hurried breathlessly toward him, exclaiming:

"Here's your hash sir! Hash, sir, hash!" Leonidas laid down the tooth brush and strode with dignity to the table where he seated himself with a satisfactory "Ha!" as if one of John Ludins's had been spread before him.

After one mouthful. "Here waiter," ex claimed he, "fill this water press, and bring me the walnut ketchup !" This mandate being fulfilled he proceeded to lay waste the hash. After finishing that, with which he devoured half a dozen thick slices of bread and about a quarter of a pound of butter, he crumbled the remaining slices into a tumbler of milk, the pitcher happening to hold about two quarts. Seeing nothing else to eat on the table except a plate of pickles, he swallowed them all regardless of curds, probably considering that he had stomach enough for anything.

By this time Leonidas Lunch appeared to have got quite comfortable, for tilting his chair back against the wall, crossing his legs and folding his hands he fell into a snooze, having achieved one of the cheapest dinners on record. In a little while he began to snore harmoniously, resounding blasts of victory.
"I say Jack," said one waiter to anoth-

er, "who is that snoozer out there agin the

"I don't know. Thought you did, he makes himself so much at home. He called for a plate of hash about two hours ago. Said something about not being in a hurry to go to the City Hall-clerk, perhaps."

"I noticed he swallowed all the bread and milk and pickles, and thinned that butter down."

"What makes him snore so?"

"I s'pose it's the pickles quarreling with with the milk."

At this moment Leonidas sneezed with such violence that his chair tilted forward, and he awoke amidst a peal of laughter from the waiters-the customers having long before gone about their business.

"Had a good sleep, sir?" gravely inquired a waiter, as Leonidas strode up to the counter to settle for his hash.

"Sleep? Mo? Yes, I believe I did doze a little. Ten cents, I believe?"

"For the bash," said the clerk, laying

particular emphasis on the word. "Ye-e-es," said Leonidas, nirily, stroking his English whiskers. "One plate, only, I believe, of the hash ?"

"Ten cents a plate for hash only," replied the clerk, winking slily to the waiters, who were making all sorts of grimaces. Leonidas put his hand in his pocket, and after fumbling a while, he drew out from a corner a dilapidated ten cent stamp, so wretchedly withered and defaced-such a mutilated evidence of the evils of civil war -that the clerk started, aghast at the

"That ain't worth more than five cents," said he feebly. "It looks sick-had the small-pox, or must have been badly vaccinated."

"O, never mind," said Leonidas, with lofty carelessness, and yawning. "I shall come in and take dinner here every day .-I'll pay you the other five cents next time. I like your hash, and when I like a place I stick to it." His threat of coming every day, increased

the clerk's alarm, and he thought it best to be rid of such a customer as soon as possi-

ble. "Very well," said he, forcing a smile. "It's a small affair, any way."

"Of course, replied Leonidas, with a happy coincidence of opinion. "Have you got such a useful trifle as a penknife about

The clerk looked rather savage at Ithis and felt as if a carving knife would have been more servicable just then. He thought of Felix Larkin and John Glass, but with heroic self command he smoothed down the bristles of his indignation and presented his knife. Leonidas took it and commenced pairing and cleaning his nalls, apparently unconscious of being "eynosure of neighboring eyes."

"Jack," shouted the clerk flercely, put another cord of pickles and another mountain of bread on the table out there and see that we take an extra gallon of milk after this !"

"Yes, sir," shouted Jack; "Sure not to forget it."

"Thunk you, sir," said Leonidas, returning the penknife.. "Oh, by the way, I suppose you don't care about that evening paper out there. There's an article in it I am anxious to preserve-a money ar-

"Jack." cried the clerk, biting his lip in despair, "hand this gentleman the evening paper."

"Yes, sir," exclaimed Jack, rushing and presenting the paper to Leonidas with so much alacrity as if waiting upon the Grand Duke.

"Jack," said Leonidas familiarly, "now I'll trouble you for a bit of your tobacco."

And Leonidas helped himself liberally. "I shall be around again to-morrow," said Leonidas, "but I must go now and attend to my city accounts." And waving his hand gracefully to the clerk, he left the establishment.

"Round again? Heaven prevent him !" said the clerk as he disappeared.

"He didn't pay for the tooth brush," said Jack, "and washed his-ah! here he comes again."

"I say, my friend, it is just beginning to rain," said Leonidas, popping his head in at the door.

"Can't you lend me an umbrella? In

again, you know, to morrow. "Umbrella? No, sir, havn't got any.

I say, you didn't pay for that tooth brush." "The tooth-brush? Tooth-brush. Oh. no, so I didn't, did I? Well, the fact was, you see, I tried it, but the bristles were altogether too soft. I like your hash,

however; I could live on that hash! Good bye! In again to-morrow," And again waving his hand gracefully shaking out his clean wet handkerchief, Leonidas Lunch departed in the direction

of Printing House Square. Unlucky John.

On the 28th of November, 1870, Jason McCord, a wealthy gentleman of Chicago, departed this life. Before his death he made no will, and, it was left for the courts to say who should inherit his riches. An appraisal of his real and personal property showed that he had died worth upwards of \$600,000. Costly buildings in the southern and western parts of the city; blocks of city land and acres of country farms; railway, insurance and bank shares; live stock and steamboats were scheduled to a vast amount, while those who made out the papers wished they were his next kin.

Outside of Chicago, some eighteen miles or more, there has lived for many years a poor hard-working farmer named John McCord. Despite his tolling and his constant tilling of the soil, "Unlucky John," as his neighbors called him, grew poorer and poorer as he grew old in years. The only thing in which he prospered was in raising of a large family. Horses and cattle and hogs sickened and died, but children to the number of ten lusty boys and girls were born beneath their father's lucky star. When the boys were big enough they too worked on the farm-only it was hard to

raise enough for so many. A few weeks since, the court decided that John McCord, brother of the deceased, and his only living relative, was heir to all his possessions. And the farmer, who is no longer "Unlucky John," but "Lucky Mister McCord," is often seen dressed in a fine suit of clothes, in the County Clerk's office, waiting until the last entry is made in the title books, to take full possession.

Your Kid Gloves.

I N the first place they're not kid, prob-ably, but lamb-skin. Or, if they're extra nice three-button gloves, from Paris, they undoubtedly grew on the back of a

I don't know as that's anything against them. I don't see why the skin of a lamb isn't as pretty as the skin of a kid; and colts, for all I know, have as good skins as either of them.

You see there are not kids enough in the whole world to supply the glove-makers, and that's why they make war on lambs

I'm afraid there would't be many coltskin gloves, if they come to America for skins. We are too fond of horses to kill colts for their skins. But they get them easily from Tartary, for the people of that country eat their colts, as we do lambs.

Besides kids, lambs and colts, sheepskins are made into gloves in Germany and Italy, and sold in America for kid. They have the advantage for being cheap, so that Biddy can buy gloves for a dollar, that look as well at a little distance as yours that cost three dollars.

But whether sheep, kid, lamb, or colt, the skins have to go through the several operations before they are put in snug packages of one dozen pairs of gloves.

In the first place they are collected from the ends of the earth, and sent to the glove-maker, we'll say in Paris, since all gloves profess to come from that city.

The first operation in this factory, is to remove the hair. If it was a common skin for shoes, it would be taken off with lime, but delicate skins require a different method. So it is soaked in water and Indian meal. What it does to it I'm sure I don,t know, but when the meal is well beaten out, the hair comes off with perfect ease.

The skin has next to be cut down a little thinner, and is then ready to be colored. For this operation it is laid right side up on a large, flat stone, while the color is put on with a brush, painted as you may say. That's why gloves of whatever color, are always white inside.

When the color is dry the skin is ready to cut out, and that is a very funny oper-

The glove-cutter has a steel frame, shaped like a pair of open hands, and all around the outside of the frame is a sharp edge. Having laid the prepared skin on the frame, he takes up a club-a droll club it is too, all stuffed and padded so as to be soft-and with it he gives the stretched-out skin one blow. The sharp edges of course cut, and the glove is ready for the sewer. The strips for the inside of the fingers are cut from the edges of the skin. Then they are tied up in bundles of a dozen pairs, and sent out to be sewed.

This is done in the country, at their own homes. Perhaps you have noticed-you girls I mean-that when your glove rips, you can never sew it so nicely as it was at first. That is because the woman who first sewed it had a very ingenious little machine to help her. This machine is a sort of a clamp, that holds the edges of the seams together, with little notches for every stitch. The sewer puts her needle in every notch, and she can't get it uneven and clumsy.

dealer, who puts them up in the packages you've seen in the shops, a dozen different colors in a package.

There are-for ladies-ten different sizes made. The smallest is five and threeeights, and the largest is eight and onequarter, though the larger numbers are not sent to America. In fact, we use the smallest gloves made.

Do you know how to tell what size of glove you need? Take a tape-measure and measure your hand around the knuckle. The number of inches and quarters of an inch that it measures, is exactly the size of the glove. That is, if it is five inches and three-quarters around, you want gloves

There's one little thing I want to tell you girls, privately, and that is, nothing makes a young lady's hand look worse than a glove too small. When the palm of the hand is squeezed double, and the first button don't come down fairly on the wrist, it looks like-well, you, ll think it's vulgar-but it does look like a stuffed sausage, and the wearer looks like a weak-minded

An exchange "goes for" onion eaters after this fashion : A man or woman who will eat onlons and go into company, Church, or any other place where people are offended by the perfume, should be beaten over the head with a dead cat, or sprinkled with the essence of skunk. Whenever a customer enters a store and a clerk comes to play the agreeable, who has been eating onions, the customer should vamose at once and not purchase goods or look at any under such difficulties. How any persons claiming to have regard for the amenities of life and the rules of civilization, can gormandize onions and come in contact with ladies and gentleman in the business pursuits of life, is a problem we cannot understand. Bah ! If you must eat onions go into retirement until the smell has left you!

SUNDAY READING.

The Art of Not Hearing.

Read what an intelligent observer says on this subject:-"The art of not hearing is as fully important to domestic happiness as a cultivated ear, for which so much time and money is expended. There are so many things which are so painful to hear, many of which, if heard, will disturp the temper, and detract from contentment and happiness, that every one should be educated to take in or shut out sounds at will. If a man falls into a violent passion, and calls me all manner of names, the first words shut my ears and I hear no more. If in my quiet voyage of life I am caught in one of these domestic whirlwinds of scolding, I shut my ears, as a sailor would furl his sail, and making all tight, scud before the gale. If a hot and restless man begins to enflame my feelings, I consider what mischief these sparks might do in the magazine below where my temper is kept, and instantly close the door. Does a gadding, mischlef-making fellow begin to inform me what people are saying about me, down drops the portcullis of my ear, and he cant get in any further. Some people feel so very anxious to hear everything that will vex and annoy them, they set about searching and find it out. If all the petty things said of one by the heedless or ill-natured idlers were to be brought home to him; he would become a mere walking pin-cushion, stuck full of sharp remarks. I should as soon thank a man for emptying on my head a bushel of nettles, or setting loose a swarm of musquitoes in my chamber, or raising a pungent in my house generally, as to bring upon me all the tattle of spiteful people. If you would be happy, when among good men open your ears; when among bad, shut them. It is not worth while to hear what your servants say when they have slammed the door; what a begger says whose petition you have rejected; what your neighbors say about your children; what your rivals say about your business or dress. I have noticed that a well-bred person never hears an impertinent remark. A kind of discreet deafness saves one from not a little apparent connivance in dishonerable conversation."

The Worst of the Lot.

In the early part of the reign of Louis XVI., a German prince travelling through France, visited the arsenal at Toulon, where the galleys were kept. The commandant, as a compliment to his rank, said he was welcome to set free any one galley slave whom he should choose to select.

The prince willing to make the best use of the privilege, spoke to many of them in in succession, inquiring why they were condemned to the galleys. Injustice, oppresion, false accusations, were assigned by one after the another as the causes of their being there. In fact they were all injured and ill-treated persons.

At last he came to one, when, asked the same question, answered to this effect. "Your highest, I have no reason to complain, I have been a very wicked desperate wretch. I have deserved to be broken alive on the wheel. I account it a great mercy that I am here." The prince fixed his eyes upon him and said, "You wicked wretch! It is a pity you should be placed among so many honest men; by your own confession you are bad enough to corrupt them all; but you shall not stay with them another day." Then turning to the officer, he said, "This is the man whom I wish to be released."

Was not this a wise decision? Must not all who hear the story allow that the man who was sensible of his guilt, and so submissive to his punishment, was, in all probability, the most worthy of pardon, and the most likely not to abuse it?

Sense of sin is the first step towards forgiveness. There is hope of a man who confesses his guilt, and feels that punishment is his desert. And the deeper the conviction of sin, the more hopeful often is the condition.

A Little Boy's Prayer.

More than thirty years ago a goodly minister, illustrating the efficacy of prayer, related the case of a little boy with a sore hand, which had become so bad that the physician decided that it must be amputated to save the boys life. The day was fixed for the operation.

On hearing this, the little boy went to a retired spot in the garden, fell on his knees, and begged God for Jesus' sake to save his little hand.

The next day the physician came and examined the hand, when to the astonishment of all it was found to be so much better that amputation was unnecessary. The hand got quite well again, and the

little boy grew up to be a man, "and," continued the minister, holding up his hand: "this unworthy hand can now be shown to you as a monument of prayer answered through divine grace.

Hooker used to say, "If I had no other motive for being religious, I would most earnestly strive to do so for the sake of my mother, that I might requite her care for me, and cause her widow's heart to sing for joy."

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