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DON'T QUARREL 'BOUT THE LITTLE FARM.

BY JOHN D. MISSIMER.

"No, brothers, don't fall out 'bout it, or quarrel here to-day,
Be civil toward each other, and listen what I say:
You know as well as I do—that it's wrong this way to speak,
And if you have disputes to make—why make them in the week.

"Just wait, at least, till father's cold; just put it off—pray do,
And what is your's no doubt you'll get; but wait a day or two!
Have more respect for mother, for she's old and weak and ill,
And don't take foul advantage, just because there is no will.

"Now, Freddie, you're the oldest! You should good example show;
For what's the good of quarreling, I'd really like to know.
You all have full and plenty, so then what need complain
Or the paltry share that's in the home, from mother try to gain

"I'm poorer than the poorest one, yet she shall have my part;
I'll work and toil 'mong strangers, with a merry, cheerful heart:
If I only live to know that she can call this place her own,
I'll gladly give her all my share, that she may have a home.

"I don't know much about the law, for I never went to school,
And you know more about the way that's followed as a rule.
I think, they'll sell the place right out and share it, so I'm told,
And that would throw out mother, boys, and leave *her* in the cold.

"Now I can't see how this is right; she earned as much as he;
She paid, I'm sure, those last three notes, endorsed by 'Squire Lee.
And father often told us so; besides he always said,
He hoped that she would suffer naught, when he was with the dead.

"And that's one reason why, I think, he left no will behind;
Because his boys were rich enough, and therefore would be kind.
He did not wish to give offenses, by willing all to her,
But thought we here, with one accord, would give and not demur.

"Now I know I'm not a scholar, boys; few things I understand;
I don't know much 'bout real estate, or the price of farming land;
Yet this I know, ten acres with a house and barn and ware,
Will not bring much to nine of us, not counting mother's share.

"I'd like my little part or it—a great deal with it, too,
For I never had the chance to earn, that father gave to you:
No! I always had to stay at home, and work the live long day,
And for it got but board and clothes—that's more than you can say!

"And if I am the youngest one, with not a cent ahead,
I'll give my share to mother, now! and go and earn my bread;
And you needn't think because I plead, that I just want a home,
No! No! I'll leave—though hard 'twill be, for her to live alone

"This living 'round with married sons, ain't what it's thought to be!
And mother's old, near sixty years, and not as strong as we:
Besides, she ought to have a home—her own—to live in no one's way,
And be protected from harsh words, you all might some times say.

"Then let us give the home to her—come, who will follow me!
I give my share to mother, now! My hand is up, you see!
You're losing but a paltry sum—a little mite of land—
Whoever's willing, a I am, can raise his own right hand!"

And not a hand remained in place, but up they went as one,
And brothers looked and marvled, and wondered how 'twas done!
All quarrel ceased, the brothers knelt, and found themselves in prayer;
For with mother, and the home; and peace came to them there!

IN THE WRONG HOUSE.

BY F. DELACY.

Major John Parkinson was a good looking bachelor, and had lived forty-five years, but one who had taken such good care of himself that he was really quite a young man.

He had gone out to India when only fifteen years old, and was now returning after a thirty years' absence, the possessor of an ample fortune, most of which he had already sent to America for investment.

The Major did not like boarding houses, and had, therefore, written to his agent in New York to purchase and have fitted up for him a comfortable residence in some good neighborhood.

On a cold, rainy November evening the Ghundaree entered the harbor, bringing the Major once more to his native land. He eagerly hastened to the office of his agent for information regarding the location of his new home, determined to pass the first night of his arrival under his own roof.

On reaching the office of Mr. Smith, his agent, he learned that he was absent, but the key had been left for him, accompanied by a note, regretting that business in the country compelled the writer to relinquish the pleasure of personally greeting the Major on his arrival, but assuring him that he would find his house in complete order, with servants to administer to his wants.

Though sorry the agent had not been able to meet him personally, the Major made the best of it, and turned to the card attached to the key for instructions as to the location of his residence, and saw written thereon: "No—Wakely street;" but *what* number, unfortunately, the card did not say! "However," muttered the Major, "I can't go *very far* wrong, as it says between Hudson and Vandam streets. At the worst it is only trying the doors along with my key until I come to the right one."

And the Major strolled briskly off through the rain, humming to himself, "Home, sweet home."

After much inquiry of policemen and consulting of directories at corner drug-stores, and studying of cabalistic characters on the street lamps, our Major succeeded in discovering Wakely street—a broad, handsome street, lined on each side with substantial looking brown-stone houses.

"A very good neighborhood," thought the Major, approvingly; "very good, indeed. I don't object to this sort of thing at all. Smith is certainly a capital judge of real estate. Now I wonder which of these houses belong to *me?*"

They were all painfully alike—all with handsome bay windows on the first floor; imposing flights of stone steps, and vestibules of blue and white checked marble. The Major crept softly up the steps of one and applied his key under the silver-plated knob.

It wouldn't fit. This certainly could not be the house; moreover he felt unpleasantly like a burglar as he sneaked down the steps.

He tried the second door, and then the third. Both obstinately declined to yield to the gentle persuasion of the key.

"This is beginning to get awkward," though the perturbed Major, wiping the beady drops from his brow. "Suppose I should be obliged to spend the night out here, trying to get in! Besides, if I'm not careful, I shall be arrested, and spend my first night for thirty years in my native land in the station house. I'll try one more door, and if that doesn't prove to be the right one, I'll go to the hotel."

He slipped the key into the keyhole; it revolved noiselessly, and the door swung softly open upon its polished hinges.

"The right one at last, as I live!" chuckled the Major. "Furnished like the Governor General's, and all lighted up, by Jove. That good-hearted rascal, Smith, means to give me a surprise. I see through it all now; but I don't intend to be surprised at anything after this."

He looked around. The gaslights were burning brightly in hall, reception-room and parlors; the soft summer-like atmosphere of a furnace dispelled any lingering idea of cold or wet; and there were groans of merry guests moving to and fro to the inspiring notes of a grand piano.

"Smith never told me a word of the place," thought Major Parkinson; "but it's a good idea—a capital idea. Called unexpectedly into the country, eh? Ah, he's a sly dog, is Smith!"

He placed his dripping umbrella in the stand, and deliberately hung up his hat and overcoat on the elegant black walnut hall rack, and then he came and stood in the doorway, both hands serenely joined under his coat tails, and a beaming smile upon his countenance, which showed all the white teeth to a very good advantage.

"Goodness gracious!" exclaimed a portly lady, in black velvet—"Who is that in the doorway?"

"Aha," laughed Major Parkinson, complacently rubbing his hands; "you intended to surprise me, but you didn't after all. My dear madam, how do you do?" "Sir, I don't know who you are," said the lady of black velvet, rather grimly, failing to recognize the Major's proffered hand.

"Dear me, Aunt Rosa," chirped a younger lady—she certainly could not have been more than eighteen, and was as fresh and blooming as a rosebud—tripping forward, "Don't you see it's cousin John?"

The Major looked puzzled; but it would have been rude for him to back churlishly out, when such a ripe pair of cherry lips were put up for him to kiss, and such a dimpled pair of arms were around his caparison waist.

"I never knew that I had such a pretty cousin," was the Major's internal reflection; "but I dare say it's all right. Smith knows."

"And here's cousin George and Stephen, and Margaret, and her girls?" cried the cherry-lipped damsel, eagerly pulling him forward.

Major Parkinson shook hands with them all around, feeling that he had just come into a large and unexpected inheritance of relations.

"I knew the Ghundaree would be in to-night," cried one of the girls, clapping her hands. "We have been counting the days, cousin John."

"The Ghundaree! Then I'm all right, after all," thought the perplexed Major. "I was beginning to think that there might be some awkward mistake here, but the Ghundaree settles matters."

"Oh! here's mamma!" exclaimed the irresistible cherry lips, dancing backward and forward like a pretty little Dervish. "Granma, he's come. I knew he would be here to night. Come and speak to grandma, quick, John."

And the Major was pulled along by the sleeve of his coat toward a silver-haired old lady, with a white lace cap, and a string of enormous gold beads around her shriveled throat.

"Well, John, I do declare!" cried grandma. "Who would have thought the climate of India would have changed you so? Why, you used to be so tall and slim like a bean pole; but I suppose it's hurricanes and earthquakes, and all that sort of things that has settled you down so short and stout.

Major Parkinson did not know exactly what to say to this, so he shook the old lady's hand, saying:

"How do you find yourself this evening, ma'am?"

"And you haven't even asked after Clara, poor Clara?" chimed in the eighteen year old girl.

"Oh, ah, pardon me?" stammered our hero. "I was just going to inquire after Clara."

The lass with the cherry lips beckoned to a tall, and graceful girl in the bay window, not exactly young but still passing pleasant to look upon, with large gray eyes, and soft drooping curls of glossy brown.

"Clara!" she cried, "come, havn't you a word of welcome for cousin John?"

But the graceful girl shrank back, blushing and confused.

"Don't mind her!" said the other one, in an undertone.

"No, I won't," said the Major.

"She'll be all right presently."

"I dare say she will," answered our hero.

"But it's such nonsense!" went on the elf, whom the matrons addressed as "Grace."

"Now, Clara, you know it is, when you are to be married to him in less than a week!"

Oho? This was beginning to grow a little serious.

Married! In less than a week! He, Major John Parkinson, who had lived a life of contented celibacy for five and forty years!

In spite of his resolution not to allow himself to be surprised, the Major felt the sensation rapidly creeping over him, not only of surprise, but also a species of dismay! Married! He blushed more vividly than Clara's sell.

Surely it was time for an explanation now; and he was just opening his lips, when Grace whirled him round, standing on tiptoe to whisper knowingly in his ear.

"Don't you want to see the wedding-cake, Cousin John, and the wreath? and the veil?

Without waiting for an answer, she tiptoed him into another room, pulling him along by the coat tail.

It was very embarrassing, to be sure; but then how pleasant it was!

The veil was a heap of snowy lace, like a cloud of vapor; the wreath was all orange blossoms, woven in with tiny green buds; but the cake! the cake was a miniature mountain of icing, and frosted flowers and cupids, chiseled in sparkling white sugar, clinging around the boquet of white flowers on the crest.

"Only think of it," said Grace, a little thoughtfully, as she pulled an orange blossom into its place in the chaplet, "to have the wedding day so near after an engagement of fifteen years! Oh, Cousin John, you ought to be a very happy man!"

"I will explain," thought the bewildered Major, breaking into a cold perspiration. "Yes," he began aloud, "but I—"

"You'll show me the ring, won't you?" coaxed Grace, as if with a sudden thought. "That's a darling! for of course you have got it in your vest pocket. And what have you brought for Clara? An India shawl; of course; and I hope it's very, *very* splendid, for there's nothing in all the world too good for our Clara."

"Grace," said the Major, confidentially taking her hand in his, "I want to tell you something. It's very awkward, but it really isn't my fault, and I'm sure you will forgive me when you come to hear how entirely I have been the victim of circumstances."

Grace's blue eyes grew big; her cherry lips parted—what could it be?

"Well;" she ejaculated, breathlessly.

"I'm not Cousin John at all!" said the Major with a jerk. "It's a mistake! I'm Major Parkinson!" You—are—*not* John Milward!"

"No, I'm nothing of the sort," said our Major, visibly brightening up. "But I know John Milward very well. I came over with him in the Ghundaree, and if he's your Cousin John, you've got a splendid fellow for a cousin!"

And then the Major told Grace just exactly how it all happened, and she blushed and laughed, and wondered how they could all have been so stupid, and confessed that "after all, she didn't think he had been so very much to blame!"

"Except that you oughtn't to have kissed me back so heartily," Grace added, maliciously.

"I won't next time," said the Major, humbly.

"But fifteen years in India—it would of course, alter any one so completely," she said; "and what can have become of the real John?"

She conducted him back to the parlor, where he made his excuses as fluently as he could. Grandma was a little inclined to be offended at first, and Stephen, a muscular young man, muttered some half inaudible words about punching the Major's head for him. But fuller explanations restored a friendly feeling once more, and the jolter familias, sensible man, insisted on the Major remaining.

"For if you are not *our* cousin John, you came over in the same steamer with him, and that ought to insure you a welcome," he said cheerily. "So sit down, sit down, Major. You are the rich East India nabob, then, who has bought the house next door! We've teased Gracie a good deal about setting her cap for the new neighbor, haven't we, Grace?"

"Papa!" remonstrated Gracie, coloring up as bright a scarlet as a flamingo's wing.

"I'm glad to make your acquaintance," went on the comfortable old gentleman, "even if the manner isn't quite so formal, as etiquette books insist on! My name is Corey—Peter Corey—and now let me introduce you to our family circle and friends!"

So in less than five minutes, the Major, entirely free from the trammels of his false position, was made cordially at home, in the merry party and exceedingly sung and jolly he found it.

Presently a ring at the door bell announced a new arrival, and the real genuine cousin John rushed in, all aglow with his rapid walk, and dripping from head to foot with rain drops.

"Had no end of trouble at the custom house with my luggage—couldn't come a second sooner!" he explained, hugging grandma and Clara, and Grace all at once, with two or three little ones swarming over his back and legs the while. "Why hallo! Major Parkinson, how the deuce came *you* here?" Then of course ensued a third edition of explanations and comments, and then they were merrier than ever.

"Of course the Major will stay here," cried Mr. Corey, when finally his guest made a move to go. "To-night, at least!"

"Of course, of course!" echoed John Milward. "Mustn't he, Grace?"

"He must do as he pleases," said that young lady demurely.

"Yes," said the Major, "I will." And he sat down again.

Major Parkinson attended the wedding the next week, and he helped to decorate the drawing room with flowers, and he carried chairs back and forth, and went on errands, losing himself invariably, on their way, and he sent the bride a solid silver tea service, and altogether he made himself so useful that Mrs. Corey said, feelingly:

"What *should* we have done without that dear Major?"

Grace, the gipsey, insisted on calling him cousin John just the same as ever; but from all appearance there will be another wedding before the year is out in the Corey family, and Major Parkinson's brown stone house will be graced by the mistress who was first seen by the Major in the wrong house.

MIGHTY SOCIABLE.

The following extract is from Mark Twain's new book, entitled "Roughing It," now in process of publication. It is an amusing illustration of a back-settler's view of New York Life:

In Nevada there used to be current the story of an adventure of two of her nabobs, which may or may not have occurred. I give it for what it is worth:

Colonel Jim had seen somewhat of the world, and knew more or less of its ways; but Colonel Jack was from the back settlements of the States, had led a life of arduous toil, and had never seen a city. These two, blessed with sudden wealth, projected a visit to New York—Colonel Jack to see the sights, and Colonel Jim to guard his unsophistication from misfortune. They reached San Francisco in the night, and sailed in the morning. Arriving in New York, Colonel Jack said:

I've heard tell of carriages all my life, and now I mean to have a ride in one; I don't care what it costs. Come along.

They stepped out on the sidewalk and Colonel Jim called a stylish barouche. But Colonel Jack said:

No, sir! None of your cheap John turnouts for me. I'm here to have a good time, and money ain't any object. I mean to have the noblest rig that's going. Now, here comes the very trick. Stop that yaller one with the pictures on it—don't you fret—I'll stand all expenses.

So Colonel Jim stopped the empty omnibus and they got in. Said Colonel Jack:

Ain't it gay, though? Oh, no, I reckon not! Cushions, and windows, and pictures, till you can't rest. What would the boys say if they could see us cutting a swell like this in New York? By George, I wish they could see us.

Then he put his head out of the window, and shouted to the driver—

Say, Johnny, this suits me!—suits you'n truly, you bet! I want this shebang all day. I'm *on* it, old man! Let 'em out! Make 'em go! We'll make it all right with *you*, sonny!

The driver put his hand through the strap-hole, and tapped for his fare. It was before the gongs came into common use. Colonel Jack took the hand, and shook it cordially. He said:

You twig me, old pard! All right between gents. Smell of *that* and see how you like it!

And he put his twenty dollar gold piece into the driver's hand. After a moment the driver said he could not make change.

Bother the change! Ride it out. Put it in your pocket.

The omnibus stopped and a young lady got in. Colonel Jack started for a moment, then nudged Colonel Jim with his elbow.

Don't say a word, he whispered. Let her ride if she wants to. Gracious, there's room enough.

The young lady got out her portemonnaie and handed her fare to Colonel Jack.

What's this for? said he.

Give it to the driver, please.

Take back your money, madame. We can't allow it. You're welcome to ride here as long as you please, but this shebang's chartered. We shan't let you pay a cent.

The girl shrunk into a corner, bewildered. An old lady with a basket climed in, and proffered her fare.

Excuse me, said Colonel Jack. You are perfectly welcome here, madame, but we can't allow you to pay. Sot right down there, mum, and don't be the least uneasy. Make yourself as free as if you were in your own turnout.

Within two minutes, three gentlemen, two fat women and a couple of children entered.

Come right along friends, said Colonel Jack; don't mind *us*. This is a free blow out. Then he whispered to Colonel Jim, New York ain't no *sociable place*; I don't reckon—it ain't no *name* for it.

He resisted every effort to pass fares to the driver, and made everybody cordially welcome. The situation dawned on the people, and they pocketed their money, and delivered themselves up to covert enjoyment of the episode. Half a dozen more passengers entered.

Oh, there is *plenty* of room, said Colonel Jack. Walk right in and make yourself at home. A blow-out ain't anything as a blow-out unless a body has company. Then in a whisper to Colonel Jim, But ain't these New Yorkers friendly? And ain't they cool about it, too? Icebergs ain't anywhere. I reckon they'd tackle a hearse, if it was going their way.

More passengers got in, more yet, and still more. Both seats were filled, and a file of men were standing up holding on to the cleats overhead. Parties with baskets and bundles were climbing up on the roof. Half-suppressed laughter rippled up from all sides.

Well, for clean, cool, out-and-out cheek, if this don't bang anything that ever I saw, I'm an Injun, whispered Colonel Jack.

A Chinaman crowded his way in.

I weaken, said Colonel Jack. Hold on, driver! Keep your seats, ladies and gents. Just make yourselves free—everything's paid for. Driver, rustle these folks around just as long as they're a mind to go—friends of ours, you know. Take them anywhere; and if you want more money, come to the St. Nicholas, and we'll make it all right. Pleasant journey to you, ladies and gents; go it just as long as you please—it shan't cost you a cent.

The two comrades got out, and Colonel Jack said—Jimmy, it's the *sociablest place* I ever saw. The Chinaman waltzed in as comfortable as anybody. B'George, we'll have to barricade our doors to-night or some of these ducks will be trying to sleep with us.

THE three hotels of Grand Ledge, Michigan, have all taken down their signs, and shut up their houses against travellers because they can't sell whisky. The local paper, however, informs travellers that they need not stay away, as there are private houses open to receive them.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR HOUSE.

A Sequel to Over the Hill to the Poor House.

BY RACHEL A. SMITH.

Over the hill at the poor house,
In the twilight so dim and gray,
A woman is quietly lying
And breathing her life away.

All alone in the sick ward,
With nobody near to aid,
And no one to care but Our Father,
Who heareth the prayer she said;

"God bless these my heartless children;
They can't help but feel remorse
When they look at the shroud and white winglings
That cover my stiffened corpse.

"They'll come on 'em comin to the funeral—
My Charley and his pretty wife—
And they'll wish, as they cry by my coffin,
That I coffin come back to life.

"Farewell to my dearest children,
I did just the best I could,
I know that I raised 'em all thrifty,
I tried hard to raise 'em good.

"But children will never listen
To half what their mother says;
And maybe I whipped 'em too seldom,
And gave 'em too really praise."

The last kind exercise was spoken,
And still was the winter air,
But the spirit had left the poor body,
An' only a corpse was there.

The poor master sent the message
To each of the children five;
"Their mother had somehow grown lately,
Been grumpy, and didn't thrive.

"And so she had died that morain'—
Would be buried t'out followin' eve—
And any might come to the funeral
Who could most conveniently leave."

But Charles an' his wife were traveling,
While Thomas was shamed to go,
And tell the truth he never could stand it
To be among folks so low.

Before I can I'll be dead out,
And so as I will go it alone,
But then they were near the horse
To haul the wi' let's wood."

Over the hill from the poor house
A funeral wings its way,
And the mother of *five living children*
Is buried by *strangers* to-day.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

Mr. Edge was late at breakfast; that was not an unusual occurrence; and he was disposed to be cross, that was also nothing new, so he retired behind the newspaper and devoured his eggs and toast without vouchsafing any reply to the remarks of the fresh looking little lady opposite. But she was gathering together her forces for the final onslaught, and when at length Mr. Edge had got down to the last paragraph, and laid aside the newspaper, it came.

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

"What furs?" rather sharply was this spoken. "Oh, pshaw! What is the use of being 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 [illegible] 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 ever 'pick up my handkerchief,' nor notice my dress as you once did."

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

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

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

"And in the stage yesterday, you never asked me if I was warm, 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 Harry, as he drew on his overcoat, to escape the tempest which was fast approaching. "Am I the sort of a 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 nervous start.

"Raining again! I do believe we are going to have a second edition of the deluge," said Mr. Edge to himself that evening, as he ensconced his 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 the lamp falling on the pearly forehead, and shining golden hair of the new comer, he altered his mind and moved up.

"What lovely eyes," quoth he, mentally, as she bestowed a single acknowledging smile. "Real violet, the very color I most admire! Bless me! what business have married men like me 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 are pretty eyes!"

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

"Are you cold, 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, arranging it on her tempting 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 her hair and eyes—plague take the veil.

But "plague," whoever that mystical power may be, did not take possession of the veil, so Mr. Edge'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."

"I 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 shoulders touched his own shaggy overcoat in a hesitating sort of 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 in the very street where he intended to stop. And under the circumstances we hardly blame him, when the cars stopped too 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. Edge, courteously relieving her of her burden, as he spoke; "and—and—maybe you'll 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 would be at the window, on the lookout, as she often was, how would she interpret matters? She couldn't make her believe that he only wanted to be polite to the fair traveler. Besides, his sweeping declarations in the morning—she will 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 Apollo! He burst into a cold prespiration at the idea of the young lady's error.

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

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

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

"And I am happy to see that you have not forgotten all your gallantry towards us ladies," pursued the merciless little, puss, her blue eyes (they were pretty) all in a dance with suppression of roguery.

Edge looked from ceiling to floor in search for a hoop hole to retreat, but in vain.

"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 very 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 fine furs that filled the hearts of all her female friends with envy. And perhaps it was what made Mr. Edge such a courteous husband ever since.

A STUPID HUSBAND.—Riding horseback just at night through the woods in Saginaw county, Michigan, I came into a clearing, in the middle of which stood a log house, the owner sitting in the open door smoking his pipe. Stopping my horse before him the following conversation ensued:

"Good evening, sir," said I.

"Good evening."

"Can I get a glass of milk of you to drink?"

"Well, I don't know. Ask the old woman."

By this time his wife was standing by his side.

While drinking it I asked:

"Think we are going to get a storm?"

"Well, I really don't know. Ask the old woman—she can tell."

"I guess we shall get one right away," said the wife.

Again I asked:

"How much land have you got cleared here?"

"Well! I don't really know. Ask the old woman—she knows."

"About nineteen acres," said she, again answering.

Just then a troop of children came running and shouting around the corner of the shanty.

"All these your children," I said.

"Don't know. Ask the old woman—she knows best."

I did not wait to hear her reply, but drew rein, and left immediately.

THE "SILVER RULE."—You all know the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would wish them to do to you." Here is a rule which is almost a part of the golden rule, but which we will put by itself, and because of its value, call it the "Silver Rule." "Think and say all you can of the good qualities of others; forget and keep quiet concerning their bad qualities." You can not conceive how much such a course will heighten your own happiness, and raise you in the esteem of your mates. Did you ever think any more of a boy or girl because he or she found fault with others? Never call your schoolmates or playmates ugly, or cross, neither to their faces, nor behind their backs. If they are ugly, or stingy, or cross, it does not make them better to talk or think about it, while it makes you love to dwell upon faults of others, and causes your own soul to grow smaller, and you become like the foul bird that prefers carion for food."

THE RIGHT TESTIMONY.

The case pending before our court interested the people deeply. A few months previously Jacob Ames had died, leaving property to the amount of fifty to sixty thousand dollars, all of which was readily available. At first it was supposed that the old man—he was eighty-seven—had died without having made a will, as he had often been heard to remark that making a will seemed like a preparation for death, and as there could be no question about the inheritance of his property, he did not choose to make any such, to him, ghostly testament. His direct and only legitimate heirs were two orphans, both girls, children of his only daughter. One of them was a cripple, requiring almost the undivided care and attention of the other, and both were beloved by all who knew them. While people were feeling glad that the orphan sisters were to be thus grandly provided for, a man named James Arnold presented a will for probate, said to be the Last Will and Testament of Jacob Ames, made several years before. This Arnold was a nephew-in-law of old Jacob, the child of a wife's sister, and had for several years been employed as business agent and general accountant of the deceased; and when he caused the will to be presented, he produced a number of witnesses who declared that they had often heard old Ames say that he had made the only will he should make, and that James Arnold was his heir; and what seemed to make the matter sure, two witnesses to the will, former servants or employes of the testator, swore, point blank to having seen Ames place his signature to the document, after which they signed their own names. Honest people shook their heads at this, for these two witnesses—a man and his wife—were not above suspicion. In fact it was generally believed that a small sum of ready money would buy them, body and soul.

I entered the court room late in the afternoon of the third day, just as the last witness was about to leave the witness box; and this witness was Thomas Cloudman, the servant just alluded to. He had been questioned by a juryman, and had made a plain statement. Everything was against the poor deserving orphans, and all in favor of the despised nephew. In fact, no honest man, under the evidence, could have brought in a verdict against Arnold's claim.

The juryman who had questioned this witness sat at the end of the box; and close to him, among the spectators, stood old Harvey Goodrich, who was at that time engaged in the paper mill of Day & Lyon, at Portland. I had known him years before, when he worked for Rice, of Newport. The juror held the will in his hand, open, and Goodrich cast his eye upon it. I saw the old paper maker start and tremble.

Let me look at that! I heard him whisper, for I stood close by.

The juror, without considering, handed him the document; and before the counsel could interpose and regain it, Goodrich had seen all he desired, and his first movement, after relinquishing the will, was to hasten to the side of the orphan's attorney, and whispered, hurriedly and excitedly, in his ear. I saw the attorney, whose name was Shipman, bend his head attentively, and start to his feet. What was it? In those few brief moments the whole audience had caught the fever of excitement, for it was clearly evident that something of importance was on the tapis.

May it please your honor, said Shipman, very quietly—so calmly and so quietly that we feared it could be nothing of importance, after all—I must ask the indulgence of the court. I wish to present new and important testimony.

There was a slight war of words between the opposing counsel, after which, by permission of the court, the old paper maker took the witness box. He gave his name, residence, occupation, etc., and then Mr. Shipman placed the will in his hands.

Mr. Goodrich, will you please examine that document?

I have done so, sir.

What is the written date of that will?

September fifth, eighteen hundred and forty one, answered the witness, reading from the instrument.

Now, Mr. Goodrich, will you please inform the jury, and the court, if you observe anything else, in or upon that paper which you hold in your hand, that would positively affect the reliability of that written date. Make your own statement, in your own way, only make it concise and clear.

Your honor, and gentlemen of the jury, commenced the witness, this piece of paper which I now hold in my hand was manufactured by myself and was calendered upon a machine of my own invention. The water-lines, in place of the ordinary blue ruling, was included in my improvement. You will also observe, upon close inspection—though the ink upon the surface has somewhat obscured it—my own stamp in water-marks. Your Honor can examine it for yourself.

The Judge took the document, and held it up against the strong light; and involuntarily he read aloud, so as to be heard by all in the room—for every breath was hushed—H. Goodrich's Patent. Eighteen hundred and forty-three!

Yes, your Honor, broke in Goodrich, whose professional integrity was now in the balance. I can solemnly swear that that sheet of paper was not made until at least two years after the date of the instrument which has been written upon its face.

The paper was given to the jury, who were all upon their feet. Arnold's counsel demanded to see it. Mr. Cloudman and his wife got up, and tried to leave the room, but were prevented. Judge and bar were in a state of ferment; while the dense audience swayed to and fro in eager, painful, suspense. Would this old man's testimony have its legitimate weight?

Ah! how could it be otherwise? There was a witness more potent to an intelligent court and jury than speech of tongue. The contested will bore in its innermost heart—in its "heart of hearts"—the emphatic evidence of the base lie upon its written face. Other witnesses were called—one paper maker and two paper dealers—but the thing was settled. The water-lined date of the paper was evidence enough. A little while and the Judge gave his charge—about as brief a charge as I ever heard. A little longer, and we know that the orphans were the true and legally established heirs to Jacob Ames' fortune. I will not attempt to describe the scene that followed. Suffice it for me to say, that the perjured parties were severely published, while the sun of joy and gladness cast its gracious beams upon the beloved and deserving sisters.

FEATS OF MEMORY.

Memory is nearly as much a puzzle as ever. Why in some men memory should be strong and in others weak; why the memory should be stronger at one time than another; why the same man should have a strong memory for some subjects, and a weak one for others; why illness should obliterate some subjects completely from the mind—are problems still undergoing patient and attentive scrutiny.

The memory for figures, or power of mental calculation, is well-known to all of us, either by its presence or its absence. Jedediah Buxton, George Parker Bidder and Zerah Colburn, are instances too familiarly known to need detail here. George Watson, the Sussex calculator, could tell the dates of every day since he was a child, and what he was doing on that day; he could show many other strange freaks of memory, but was a heavy, ignorant fellow generally, very vain of his one acquirement.

The memory of languages is quite a distinct faculty, so far as can be judged from recorded instances. Mithridates, we are told, could converse in his own language to the natives of twenty-three countries which were under his sway. Cardinal Mezzofanti appears to have had this faculty in a stronger degree than any other person that ever lived. While educating for the priesthood he learned Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Spanish, French, German and Swedish. As a professor at some of the Italian universities he constantly added to his store, until at the age of forty-three he could read in twenty languages and converse in eighteen. In 1841, when he was sixty-seven years old, he was as well acquainted with Portugese, English, Dutch, Danish, Russian, Polish, Bohemian, Servian, Magyar, Turkish, Isish, Welsh, Wallachian, Albanian, Bulgarian, Illyrian, Lettish, Lappish, as with the languages which he had first learned; while to Arabic he added Persian, Sanskrit, Koordis, Georgian, Syric, Chaldee, Samaritan, Chinese, Coptic, Ethiopic, Abyssinian, and other Asiatic and African tongues. At the time of his death, in 1849, Mezzofanti could write eloquently and converse fluently in more then seventy languages.

All the other accounts of memory for words are poor compared with this; nevertheless, many of them are sufficiently remarkable. John Kemble used to say that he could learn a whole number of the *Morning Post* in four days, and General Christie made a similar assertion; but it is not known how far either of them verified this statement. Robert Dillon could repeat in the morning six columns of a newspaper which he had read over night. During the repeal debates in the house of commons thirty-seven years ago one of the members wrote out his speech, sent it to the newspapers and repeated it to the house in the evening; it was found to be the same *verbatim* as that which he had written out. John Fuller, a land agent in Norfolk, could remember every word of a sermon, and write it out correctly after going home; this was tested by comparing his written account with the clergyman's manuscript. Scaliger could repeat a hundred verses or more after having read them a single time. Seneca could repeat 2,000 words after hearing them once. Magliabechi, who had a prodigious memory, was once put to a severe test. A gentleman lent him a manuscript, which was read and returned; the owner sometime afterwards, pretending he had lost it, begged Magliabechi to write out as much as he could remember; whereupon the latter, appealing to his memory, wrote out the whole essay. Cyrus, if some of the old historians are to be credited, could remember the name of every soldier in his immense army. There was a Corsican boy who could rehearse forty thousand words, whether sense or nonsense, as they were dictated, and then repeat them in the reversal order without making a single mistake. A physician of Massachusetts, about half a century ago