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Adventures of Jeremy Green.

JEREMY GREEN left the potato field just a quarter before twelve by the sun, and went in to dinner. Instead of resorting to the "weed" as a solace for weariness he devoted his spare time to the *Weekly Narrator*, the only newspaper he ever took. As he was pouring over its contents that eventful noon he all at once leaped about three feet in the air, and in his descent brought down his fist with such force on the table that he overturned a huge pan of soup that his mother had prepared for dinner, besides breaking a few dishes.

"What is that boy about?" fairly thundered the father.

"He has spilt the soup, broke the blue platter, and, dear me, I don't know what else!" replied his mother in a calm, though vexed tone.

Jeremy's next sensation was that of an affectionate caress from the lash of an immense horsewhip. This was the first appeal for good behavior he had received from his pa in four or five years. For a moment he looked savagely at the old gentleman, and tho't of his own superiority of strength, but soon quelled his pugilistic desires and sat down again to the *Narrator*, or rather to the advertisement that so elated him. It was a call for agents. Ten dollars a day guaranteed, etc. For particulars, Roy & Co., No. 8, Village avenue, A—— N. Y., were to be consulted. Jeremy had always been confined to the farm, and, feeling tired of it, considered this a chance for him, so he resolved at once to give it a trial. He planted potatoes all the afternoon, keeping one or two rows ahead of his father, and milked the cows as usual that night, but the next morning, before daylight, he was on the way to the city. About noon of the same day he entered the village of Smytheville, just twenty-five miles from home, feeling tired, hungry and a little disturbed in conscience. In this condition he called at Farmer Smythe's, where he procured dinner and an invitation to remain until the following morning and rest himself. His father and Farmer Smythe once went to school together; Jeremy now profited by it. But we hardly think he would have tarried, so anxious was he to get to the city, only that Farmer Smythe had three very pretty girls. Heptalina, the oldest, was eighteen, just a year younger than himself, and so fast did their acquaintance progress that he became the owner of a card bearing her name and address before they parted. Jeremy stowed it away in his left vest pocket, feeling that the donor was, to say the least, an angel, and that he somehow or other had taken a leap into paradise.

The remainder of his journey was passed in kind of a delightful trance, from which he did not thoroughly awake until he found himself in view of the city. Then his heart gave a great throb, for was he not soon to know his destiny? He never had been to the city before, and the sights were so new and so startling that he was in a tremor of excitement by the time he reached the locality indicated in the advertisement. He found the avenue a dirty one, No. 8, a dilapidated concern, and the woman at the door of very haggard appearance; but he summoned courage to inquire if a man was living there who employed agents. She replied that there was, and showed him into a small, shabbily furnished apartment, where an oily-tongued old fellow informed him that the article to be canvassed for was a grease extractor of the greatest merit; he considered it the most marvelous discovery of the age, and the rapidity of its sale was unprecedented; agents were making fortunes. The article was put up in 50 cent bottles; he would be pleased to furnish Jeremy with a few dozen, appoint territory, etc. He charged agents half price, so their profits were enormous.

Jeremy told the old gentleman he would take but a dozen bottles, as he had not the means for a large investment. The territory he would decide upon before he left. The old gentleman hinted for Jeremy that it might be as well for him to begin to canvass in some small country place, as he was, well, a little verdant. Jeremy's temper rose slightly, but he made no reply, for who wants to be told he is "green" even if he knows he is?

After hinting this, the old gentleman left the room to get the bottles in readiness for Jeremy. He had no sooner gone than a girl entered the room by another door. Coming close to Jeremy, she whispered, "Are you going to be an agent for the grease extractor?" Jeremy replied that he was intending to be. "Well, now; if you will never tell the old man nor woman, I'll tell you where you can look through a keyhole and see him prepare it," she said, adding that he would not think it wrong when he knew the cheat there was about it.

She then directed him to the door where he could see the article prepared. In the first place, the professor, as the girl sneeringly called him, took a bar of common bar soap, immersed it in a pail of water, shook the pail, and then filled, corked and sealed the bottle.

"That soap," said the girl, "he buys in quantities of a soap-maker and it is a most excellent soap for washing clothes; but will no more remove grease spots than any other common soap. An agent never goes with it but once. But by advertising he makes fools of a good many, and considerable money out of it."

"Do you tell everybody that comes the same you have me?" asked Jeremy.

"No, I don't often get a chance," she replied; "you see, the old woman just went out, or I should not have got in here. I mean to get away from them pretty soon, as soon as I can get another place. They both drink and abuse me shamefully."

Jeremy did not stop to hear more, but took his hat and ran into the street, and went at such a pace until he was out of sight of the house, that a policeman on the corner had a great notion to arrest him on suspicion of some crime.

He never heard what the professor of the grease-extractor thought of his conduct. Dear, good Jeremy; he felt he was too honest a fellow to peddle soapsuds at fifty cents a half-pint bottle, even if his dreams of wealth were all dispelled in a moment. He, of course, felt a pang of disappointment, and resolved to return home again, after making a tour of the city. So he wandered up and down the streets, looking into shop windows and up at the gold-lettered signs and placards, till sundown. Then he entered a bakery, invested four cents in biscuits, which he speedily devoured, and inquired for a place where he would be apt to get a night's lodging. A sharpish woman behind the counter advised him to go to the Montrose House, across the way. Proceeding thither, he stalked into the doorway, as he imagined a millionaire would, and asked the clerk, "How much will you ask to keep me here to-night?" A little, slick-haired, dandy-looking fellow, whom Jeremy already had his eyes on as a pickpocket, or some body of about that stamp, stood by, saying, "Aw, how green," etc. Jeremy stood it as long as he could, until the clerk told him his lodging would be seventy-five cents; then, turning upon the dandy a disdainful look, offered to lick him for just two cents. The clerk immediately informed Jeremy that no fighting was allowed in the house, but if he wished to indulge in that recreation, he might as well go to the Porter House, just a block away. Suddenly taking the hint, Jeremy went as directed. Meeting at the door an object that he took either for the proprietor or a whiskey-barrel, he abruptly inquired:

"Keep a fellow here to-night who is ready to fight any ——city dandy who dared to insult him?"

"Well, yes; them's just the kind. Here, Jim, show him to room 26," was the reply.

In ten minutes Jeremy was in bed and asleep. Half an hour later he was awake, and bid fair to stay so. An attack from those venomous insects vulgarly termed bed-bugs required his wakeful attention. They were apparently so numerous that, unless hasty and vigilant means were resorted to, Jeremy felt that he must be annihilated. Thus he fought in good earnest. All night long the siege lasted. The slaughter was terrible. The number of them slain amounted to about 9,070, according to Jeremy's estimate. The gory sheets were a sight to behold.

Musing upon this conquest in the morning, Jeremy concluded he had well earned his night's lodging. So he dress-himself, crept softly down the stairway, whisked out the door, and scampered down the street without settling his bill.

About ten o'clock, as he was sauntering up Arlington avenue, a heavy hand grasped his shoulder, a pair of hand-cuffs were on his wrists, and a voice, loud enough to arouse the seven sleepers, exclaimed: "You are my prisoner."

"Prisoners must be scarce," replied Jeremy, "since a simple country lad like me cannot walk the streets without being arrested."

"Perhaps it is more of a offense than you think to leave a hotel without paying your bill," the officer replied, marching Jeremy along to the lock-up. After reaching that vile abode, which appeared to be filled with profane, drunken wretches, poor Jeremy began to think his father's potato field was a more becoming place for him. But he was compelled to remain there until next day, when he was taken to the police court. The case was the first on the docket, and to Jeremy's great relief shortly disposed of. After a little parley by the lawyers, the prisoner was allowed to plead his own case, and the following was the sum and substance of his speech:

"Gentlemen, I suppose I committed a great mistake by not paying my bill at the Porter House. But when I relate the suffering I endured that night, and you realize my hair-breadth escape, you must admit I am the aggrieved party. No soldier on the battle-field ever fought for his life as I fought for mine between the hours of eight in the evening and six in the morning, utterly annihilating between nine and ten thousand of the longest billed, ravenous insects, which country people innocently call bed-bugs, that I ever encountered. Oh, it was a hard night's work. I would rather have hoed potatoes three days (laughter,) and I thought I had earned my night's lodging, and that the proprietor of the hotel would think I did him a great favor. So I left the house as quietly as possible, feeling I had done my duty, hoping the next weary traveler, who occupied No. 26, would not meet with so hearty a reception as fell to me. Gentlemen, the affection those insects have for mankind is indeed marvelous, and I find in my case that their demonstrations are very exhausting to one's vitality."

Every one in the court-room was convulsed with laugther as the prisoner sat down, apparently from sheer weariness, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeves. he was released by paying one dollar and costs, which took the last penny he had.

In a few hours he left the city shaking the dust from his No. 11 bovine-hide boots, convinced that the country was the place for him. The following night he slept in a barn twelve miles from the city, suffering much from the cravings of hunger, and was hotly pursued the next morning about daylight by the proprietress of the place, with an uplifted broom, and the fiercest imprecations. She allowed no tramps on her premises over night, and the next time he came that way he had better not call. Jeremy assured her he would not.

We think he would have been quite disheartened at the continuance of ill-luck only that he was but a few miles from farmer Smythe's, a paradise he hoped to reach, even in his enfeebled condition, at noon, and he was not disappointed in his calculations.

At twelve precisely, that day, he dined off a luscious dish of ham and eggs, with the Smythe family. To them he related the story of his adventures in the city, not even omitting the disagreeable details of his encounter at the Porter House, incarceration at the lockup, etc.

Heptalina was more affected and interested in the recital than either of the others, and wept and laughed alternately, her sympathies all with Jeremy.

"Well, Jeremy, you have found a good haven at last. I will be glad to have you with me as long as you can content yourself, and will pay you for helping me on the farm, my work being behindhand."

This Farmey Smythe said, patting his young friend on the shoulder in a very friendly way.

Jeremy said he would remain a week or two and then return home, as no doubt his parents were anxious about him.

At the end of a month Jeremy started homeward with his great heart overflowing with happiness. He and Heptalina had made a contract for life. Just one month from then she would become his bride.

He was not long walking the twenty-five miles, and as soon as he was in sight of the old homestead his father and mother both hastened to meet him, and rain tears of love on his neck.

Jeremy was reminded of the account given of the Prodigal Son, still was aware that their cases varied, as he had not wasted much in riotous living. Nor was the fatted calf killed, although the joy of those parents' heart was great at his return, for Jeremy had been a good, obedient boy and was all their dependence.

He could not gather courage at first, to tell them of his engagement to Heptalina, but when he did he was told by them both that the old house should be enlarged, and that they would all live and die in the same place.

Thus Jeremy resumed his labor on the old farm, never leaving it again to secure an agency. After haying he brought home his bride, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

DESCENDING THE HUMBOLT MINE.

ENTERING a rough wooden building, you see a steam-engine turning an immense drum, around which is coiled a wire rope. On a chair sits, with each hand on a lever, the bright, watchful engineer, his eyes fixed on the drum, now nearly covered with the coil. In another minute, click! the machinery has stopped, and out of an opening in front, like Harlequin in a Christmas pantomime, has come a grimy figure, who stands there smiling at you, with a lamp fixed on the front of his cap, and his feet on the rim of a great iron bucket. He steps off, the bucket is emptied of the load, not of rich ore, but of very dirty water, which it has brought up, and there is an air of expectancy among the workmen, and an inquiring smile on the face of Mr. Thornton, the superintendent.—Something is clearly expected of you, for it is established that you are not what is called by the miners a "specimen fiend," or unmitigated sample-collecting nuisance, and it is assumed that when you came hither to investigate you "meant business." You take the hint, and follow Mr. Thornton to a room, where, amid a good deal of joking, you put on some clothes—and such clothes! If you have one spark of personal vanity, "all hope abandon, ye who enter here," for even your kind guide has to turn away to hide a smile when he sees you in overalls which will not meet in front, and are precariously tied with a ragged string, and ancient flannel shirt, the sleeves of which hang in tatters around your wristbands, and a cap which might have come over in the *May Flower*, and has a smoky lamp hooked into its fast decomposing visor. As you approach the mouth of the shaft, the engineer genially remarks that there "ain't much danger," and when the bucket has come up and been partially emptied, the by-standers repeatedly advise you to be careful about getting in.—As you climb perilously over the side, you think of the Frenchman who, starting in the fox-hunt, cried out: "Take noteece, mes amis, zat I leaf everyzing to my vife!" And when you are crouched down so that Mr. Thornton can stand on the rim above, you do not think at all, but know, that you are what Mr. Mantalini called "a dem'd moist, unpleasant body." Mr. Thornton makes a grim remark about it being as well to have some matches in case the lamps go out, gives the word, and down you go. Understand that there is just about room for the bucket in the shaft, that the latter is slightly inclined, and that you catch and jar and shake in a nerve-trying way; and understand, further, that a person should carefully study his temperament and possible disabilities before he takes a contract to go into a deep shaft.

At a certain depth—it may be 500 or 1000 feet (in some Nevada mines it is 2500)—you stop at side drifts or cross-cuttings in which men are at work, and here you see, walled in by rock, the fissure vein. Some are "stopping," or cutting pieces away with the pick, others striking them trememdous blows with sledge-hammers. They are, by-the-way, in the habit of accompanying these blows with guttural sounds, the hearing of which induced a special correspondent of the gentler sex—ignoring the fact that they receive three dollars per diem, own chronometer watches, and have fine bank accounts, and silver spoons on their tables—to write a soul-moving description of the poor down-trodden miner, imprisoned far from the light of the blessed day, uttering terrible groans as he toiled his life away for the enrichment of the bloated and pampered capitalist. Other men, again, are drilling, loading, and tamping for the "shots," which are to tear the rock in pieces; and you will probably remember a pressing engagement to "meet a man" at some distance from the mine, and induce Mr. Thornton to ring for that moist car, and take you up before they light the match.—A. A. HAYES, JR., in *Harper's Magazine for February.*

A Darkey Describes a Shell.

ONE day, down in the Peninsula, after McClellan's battles, a wounded darkey was brought into camp. He had been shot in the leg with a piece of shell and was really very badly hurt. He was a plantation negro and entirely a non-combatant. After he got better, he was describing to the doctor one afternoon how he had been hurt, and did it in this manner;

"Ye see, Boss, I was on de ole plantation when dem Yankee gun-boats dey cum up de ribber. Ole Massa and Misses had done gone days afore and we niggers were lef on de plantation. When we see de Yankees a comin' up de ribber we all run away and hid in de woods. By-um-by de boats begin to shell de woods and Lor a massa what a noise dey did make. Shells as big as flour barrels were frowed into de wood and knocked de trees down. It was awful hot, I tell you, and I thought de world was a comin' to de end. De niggers prayed, but it didn't do no good, as de Yankees only frowed de more shells, and de Lord seemed deaf to de partitions of de colliud persons. Some of dem shells would go high up in de air and say, 'Whar is he? whar is he?' like as if dey was a lookin' fo somebody. Den, by-um-by dey would say, 'I see him, I see him,' and wid dat would bust and all de little pieces go skirmishin' around de woods after de niggers. It was one of dese little pieces dat kotch me in de leg, and dat's how I got hurt. It was a powerful warm day, Massa, a powerful warm day, I tell yer."

Hours And Minutes.

Why is one hour divided into sixty minutes? and each minute again into sixty seconds? Why not divide our *time* as we do our *money*, by *tens*, counting ten, or fifty, or one hundred minutes to the hour? The answer is this:

We have sixty divisions on the dials of our clocks and watches, because the old Greek astronomer, Hipparchus, who lived in the second century before Christ, accepted the babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexigesimal. The Babylonians were acquainted with the decimal system; but for common and practical purposes, they counted by *sossi* and *sari*, the *sossos*, representing sixty, and the *saros*, sixty times sixty, is thirty-six hundred. From Hipparchus, that mode of reckoning found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A. D., and thence was carried down the stream of science and civilization, and found its way to the dial plates of our clocks and watches.