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Home Circle.

Home is the sacred refuge of our life.
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UNCLE CARL'S HEIRESS.

"And you'll be careful of the money, Carl, and lay it in a warm nest?" said the old man—old Van Carl Webber, who, lying upon his death-bed, had just made his will in favor of his nephew and namesake. "You will not run riot with it, I know. I've scraped and saved all my life for it. I never was extravagant. When I came to this country a poor boy, fatherless and motherless, I had just five dollars, and I went to work with that capital. In the warm weather I made lemonade. I didn't make it too sour nor put too much lemon in it either, and I sold it on the street corners; and in winter I started a coffee stand, and I put by a little and a little and a little more, and at last I had a shop with a counter to it, at which people sat and drank tea, or chocolate, or coffee, and ate cakes. And then a regular restaurant, and after that a fine place—a very fine place indeed—and there I made my fortune. But I've always been saving, always. But you won't waste the poor old man's money, eh, Carl?"

"I hope you will recover, uncle," said Carl, from his heart; "but I thank you for meaning so well to me, and I will do my best."

"Yes, yes," said the old man, "but I can't recover, and we must talk now. You will take the money, and do your best; and, Carl, this is what I have set my heart on—you will marry Eliza Patch. She's a fine girl, and I know what Patch will leave her. Not being pretty don't matter; an excellent, economical person—well, a little older than you, but, bless us, what is that? Yes, you'll offer yourself to Eliza Patch, and, my word for it, she'll not say no, and then—"

"Uncle Carl," said the young man, "don't mislead yourself. I cannot allow you to do it. I would not be fair or honest. I shall never offer myself to Miss Eliza Patch, for I do not love her."

"Romantic nonsense!" said the old man. "Love—bah! I am an old bachelor myself, but I don't suppose that after the first year or two men ever are in love with their wives, and pretty women make as ugly old women as the old girls. Patch is my very good friend. We've talked the matter over. You'll marry Eliza, I know—at least I hope you are not entangled anywhere?"

"I am not engaged as yet," said Carl, slowly; "but my vanity may mislead me into thinking I am liked, and I have offered attentions not to be misunderstood to a young lady whom I love very much, and I shall offer myself to her."

"You shall?" said the uncle, sharply. "Ah, well, you are not a fool, I know. Perhaps she is as well off as Eliza."

"She has not a penny," said Carl. "She is a governess, and earns enough to dress herself; no more."

"Carl," said the old man, "I have made you my heir; I demand a little obedience. Leave this girl, and offer yourself to Eliza."

"Uncle," said the young man, "I have hitherto been obedient; now I must refuse to obey. Love cannot be coerced; and if it could, an honorable man would not lead a girl on to believe he loved her, and then coolly back out without leaving her a chance to say 'No.'"

"I dislike to hear nonsense," said the old man. "Let these absurdities pass. You will marry Eliza Patch, or you will not. If you refuse I shall alter my will; I shall leave you penniless, and, as the business will no longer be carried on, without a situation. Take your choice. Go away now; return to me in half an hour, and tell me what it is. You know I am a man of my word, Carl; and I talked the matter over with Patch; he expects it. I will put up with no nonsense. I've a little grand-niece somewhere; I'll leave all to her—all, Carl—unless you marry Eliza."

Carl said nothing. He left the room, and sat alone in the parlor below until his uncle's bell summoned him. He thought over his altered prospects the while, and looked matters bravely in the face.

Of course he could not marry Eliza Patch. Of course he would, whenever he could, marry his little sweetheart, if she would have him; but now it was possible that he might have to wait a long time. Carl was not so very young that it seemed very easy to wait either; he was a man of eight and twenty.

The interview with his uncle was a brief one; but it was decisive. It ended by the lawyer being sent for and the will altered.

"I must leave my money to one of my blood," said the old man. "I've only one other relative. My sister Pauline married a Garth, and they had one daughter. The daughter married and died, leaving a little girl. She's grown up now. I forget her mother's married name, but you'll find it in some of those old letters. Everything to her! everything to her! And make haste, that I may sign it."

Old Carl Van Webber lived just long enough to put his name to the bottom of the great sheet of parchment that made young Carl a poor man, and enriched his unknown grand-niece, and then passed away, his wrath quite unappeased, his dying hand withheld from that of his nephew.

The lawyer, knowing the story, thought Carl an idiot. He might, at least, have forborne to contradict his uncle.

The funeral was over. All was done that could be done to show respect to the old man's memory. Carl, who had only fifty dollars in the world, bestirred himself to find a book-keeper's place, and in a little while found one. The salary was small, but on consideration he decided that it was enough for two; and one evening, walking with Letty West in the moonlit park, he told her so. "I hoped to be a rich man when I first knew and loved you, Letty," he said; "and perhaps I am not right to ask you to share a poor man's lot. If you dread it, say so, Letty."

But the little hands were clasped over his arm most closely, and in a few moments Carl knew that Letty dreaded nothing, if he but loved her well.

The two were married, and, when Carl Webber looked at his fair young wife, there were no lingering thoughts in his mind of Eliza Patch and the wealth he had lost. There were no more luxuries for him, it is true; no riding and driving, no wines and costly cigars, none of the idling to which, as the rich uncle's heir, he had been used. And there was hard work and close economy, but what did it matter? They were so happy.

But when a man earns only enough to meet the week's expenses, week by week, he stands on the brink of a precipice. One day young Van Webber, in hurrying across the upper floor of his place of business, slipped and fell through a hatchway. He was seriously injured, and a long confinement to his bed seemed certain. His employers behaved, as they believed, liberally. They gave him a month's wages, and promised him his post again when he recovered. But his illness was not over in a month, and doctor's bills are expensive things, and at last the time came when poverty stared the two handsome lovers in the face, and only the little sewing Letty could do beside her husband's bedside kept them from starvation.

"Ah, Carl," said the young wife one morning, as she brought the sick man the tea and dry toast, which were all she had to give him, "don't you wish you had forgotten poor me, and married Miss Eliza Patch? You would have been rich then. I have brought all this upon you."

"It is only your share of the trouble that troubles me," said Carl. "Letty, love, don't you wish you had said 'No?'" But he knew she did not, as she took his poor, thin hand and put it to her lips and kissed it. At that moment—

"Van Webber!" shouted a voice without.

"It is the postman, Carl," said Letty. "But who can have written to us? I thought everybody had forgotten us."

She ran into the entry, and came back with a large letter, sealed with red wax, in her hand.

"What can it be, dear?" she said. "It looks so strange it frightens me."

Then she opened it. As Carl looked at her he saw her turn first white and then red, and then the tears came into her eyes, and she gave a cry and flew toward him.

"Carl, dear," she cried, "I used to read fairy tales when I was a child. They were no stranger than this. Can you bear good news, dear? I am an heiress; and whose do you think? Your uncle's, Carl. We are, we must be, second cousins, from what the lawyer tells me. I knew my uncle had a nephew who was rich, but I did not suppose that he ever thought of me. And my mother died when I was a baby, Carl, so we never talked about him. But to think they have been hunting for me all this while, in all sorts of places—and—and— Oh, do you understand, Carl? We are rich! It is just as well for you as if you had chosen Miss Patch."

It was stranger than a fairy tale, Carl indeed thought, when he found that little Letty was indeed his cousin, and Uncle Carl's heiress.

One More about the Commodore.—Arbitrary as the Czar, he was wont to govern in his private affairs with a rod of iron. The husband of one of the daughters of the Commodore being unfortunate in business many years ago, the daughter went to her father for assistance, which was refused in a manner more forcible than elegant. She abruptly withdrew to fight for complete independence. Next morning the New York of those days was highly surprised to read the following advertisement specially displayed:

MRS. —— desires to state that she has excellent table board and accommodations for families or single gentlemen. Refers to her father, C. Vanderbilt.

That advertisement appeared exactly one time, for the Commodore realized the situation, and advanced backward promptly, and there was no more dissension in that branch of the family forever afterward.

Lawyers at a Discount.—A Texas papers informs its readers what kind of people they want in that State. They have twice too many doctors and nineteen times too many lawyers. In fact, they propose to "swap off" lawyers at the rate of forty lawyers for one Northern farmer. They would like a few more good preachers and a great many less poor ones. But the great want is farmers; "five million good farmers" will receive a welcome within the borders of Texas. But they want "early-rising, hard-working, sober, good-managing men."

A CONVICT'S STORY.

"It is a good many years back. The prison was new, and the management was not what it is now, of course. Somebody was escaping every week or so, and it was easy enough to smuggle in money and tools, and cook up conspiracies. There were a hundred and seventy-nine of us, and the wickedest man in prison was a horse thief and highway robber, named Ben Mason. He was in for fifteen years, I believe, and, feeling desperate-like, he was ugly as Satan. They had him in the kitchen as cook, and in those days the prisoners had little or no work, and were locked up most of the time. Ben hadn't been in the prison more than a hundred days before he worked up one of the ugliest conspiracies you ever heard of. He was to head a rebellion, and we were to murder every prison official, arm as well as we could, and then march down and plunder and burn the town."

The old man paused a moment as the door opened, and then continued:

"All the details of the plan were soon communicated to every convict, and every single man was agreed. Ben made a key, or two or three of them, by which he could unlock all the cells. Only two guards were on duty in the corridor at night; and they were at one end. They were changed at one o'clock at night, and it often happened at this that the new guards were ten or fifteen minutes in getting in, thus leaving an interval to be taken advantage of. Well, the programme was for Ben Mason to unlock his cell door just before one o'clock. He could easily do that from the inside with the old locks then in use. As the old guard passed out he was to fly from door to door, let out as many convicts as he had time, and then overpower the new guards as they came in. This done, all the convicts would be liberated, and we would sweep the prison with a rush. A certain Thursday night was the date fixed upon, and I tell you there was murder in the air!"

He held his hands over his face, as if thinking, and there was a long pause before he said:

"That same Thursday afternoon, when every man was trembling with expectation, two ladies and a little girl were admitted as visitors. Ben Mason was that day doing some extra work—something that took him into the yard. The ladies passed him, and there was something about his face, fierce as it was, to attract the little girl. She ran to him, looked up into his face, and innocently asked: 'Haven't you got a little girl, too?' Now Ben did have, and her words cut him like a knife. The wee thing grasped his hand to detain him, and, holding up a little doll which she carried on her arm, she said: 'You may take this home to your little girl!' Ben took the plaything from her hand, and you could have knocked him down with a straw. Though bold and bad, he was big hearted, and loved his wife and children.

"Well, sir, he was floored. He turned booby right away, and I'll be hanged if I didn't see big tears running down his cheeks! At one o'clock that night, when he was to let us out and head the rebellion, he was on his bed hugging that doll and crying like a child, and so our plans went for nothing. I think he was a regular old woman, sir—a regular idiot."

And yet when I looked into the old man's eyes he was wiping the tears away.

ANECDOTES OF CROWNED HEADS.

The Empress Josephine was passionately fond of dress. Milliners, dressmakers and others often took advantage of this very feminine weakness. On one occasion the court dressmaker exhibited before her a marvel of loveliness in the shape of an Indian cashmere robe covered with gold embroidery, worked in the form of roses, with a costly pearl in the heart of each rose. At sight of this dress the Empress uttered an exclamation of delight. Unfortunately for her the Emperor was present.

"How much is that dress?" he asked with an air of curiosity.

"Twenty thousand pounds, sire," responded the dressmaker, with a profound bow.

"Very well, madame; take it elsewhere," said Napoleon, brusquely. "My wife is not rich enough to indulge in such folly. It will do for the wife of Bourrienne," he added sarcastically.

He had recently quarreled with Bourrienne, who, for a long time, had been his secretary and friend, and was not sorry of an opportunity to give him a blow, although it had to be given over Madame Bourrienne's shoulder. This lady was called the homeliest and most extravagant woman in Paris. However, she was not a Parisian, but was born in Leipzig.

The dressmaker left the imperial presence, considerably chagrined at the rebuff. She carried the robe to Madame Bourrienne, to whom she repeated the Emperor's words. The wife of the secretary instantly purchased the dress that was considered too costly for an empress. The Bourrienne family possessed a princely fortune, but were completely ruined soon after this.

At the universal exposition in London in 1856, Madame Sayant, a French embroiderer, exhibited a robe of fine India muslin, elaborately worked in lace stitch. The Queen of England greatly admired the dress, and desired to purchase it. She sent for the owner, and demanded the price, which was eight thousand francs.

"It is too expensive for me," said Her Majesty, smilingly. "My purse will not admit of such extravagance."

Then she commanded Madame Sayant to make her a dress similar in style, but limited the price to three thousand francs. Afterwards an American merchant purchased the dress costing eight thousand francs for a lady in New Orleans.

A DESPERATE GAMBLER.

An occurrence has lately transpired at Nice, France, which is very near to Manaco, the great gaming center of Europe. A notorious habitue of the Casino, who had made his money principally there, had set up an English vehicle, a pair of horses, "tiger" and all, and cut quite a swell driving in the neighborhood. One day he was driving in the environs of the town upon the fine roads, when his servant, sitting upon the raised box behind, who had been feeling somewhat uneasy at not receiving his wages for some time, seeing his master quite alone, ventured to ask him through the back window if he would not make it convenient to pay him. The master was in a good humor, and asked:

"How much is it, La Fleur?"

"One hundred and twenty-five livres, may it please you, monsieur."

"Very well, here it is," said the master, spreading the sum in paper currency upon the seat of the vehicle. "Now, La Fleur, have you a pack of cards with you?"

"Certainly," answered the obsequious lackey, "I always carry them, monsieur," producing the cards at once.

"That is well. Now I will be banker, and you shall play against me. I will take the front seat, the back one shall serve for our table, and you can look through this back window."

The lackey assented to this, amazed at his master's condescension. Luck was rather on the master's side, but both men became quite eager in the game, thinking of that and that only. Little by little the footman's money was going, until all that was left of his wages were five livres. He began to feel anxious, when suddenly the luck turned, and he won the whole sum back, with every sou his master had about him.

Piqued at his loss, the master wagered a horse, which the lackey won, then its mate, next the harness, and lastly the carriage itself. Luck ran all one way, and the servant, La Fleur, won everything. The master took out his watch and put it down against a given sum. The cards were shuffled, the lackey won.

"I have nothing more, La Fleur; you have cleaned me out," said the half-desperate gambler.

The servant was in high spirits at his strange run of luck.

"Here are a hundred livres, monsieur; I will stake them against your position. If you win they are yours. If you lose we change seats!"

"Agreed!"

The cards were shuffled. La Fleur won, and the vehicle returned to Nice with its former master sitting in the servant's box behind, and La Fleur inside!

Bears' Ingenuity.—A gentleman once making inquiries in Russia about the method of catching bears in that country, was told that, to entrap them, a pit was dug several feet deep, and after covering it over with turf, leaves, etc., some food was placed on the top. The bear, if tempted by the bait, very easily fell into the snare.

"But," was added, "if four or five happen to get in together, they will all get out again."

"How is that?" asked the gentleman.

"They form a sort of a ladder by stepping on each other's shoulders, and thus make their escape."

"But how does the bottom one manage to get out?"

"Ah! these bears, though not possessing a mind and soul, can feel gratitude; and they won't forget the one who has been the chief means of procuring their liberty. Scampering off, they bring the branch of a tree which they let down to their poor brother, enabling him to speedily join them in the freedom in which they rejoice."

A Counter Irritant.—Not long ago two ladies stood at the shawl-counter at one of the two leading dry goods stores in St. Louis. They were unknown to each other, but were each intent in the examination of shawls. One of the ladies was finally handed something that struck her fancy. She turned the article over and over, with an admiring eye upon it, and asked the price. She was told what it was, and with a sigh laid it down again. "I like it," said she; "it suits me perfectly, but I cannot afford it. My husband tells me that we must retrench as much as possible." The sympathetic saleswoman was about replacing the shawl upon the shelf when the other lady spoke. "You do not intend to take the shawl, then, madame?" "No," was the response. "Then I think I'll take it. It suits me, too, and I was only waiting for your determination." Then turning to the saleswoman, the last speaker told her to do up the purchase, adding, "Charge it to M. ——." The effect the name had upon the first lady was electric. "That's my husband," she shrieked, and there was a scene upon which the curtain did not fall at once, by any means.
—*St. Louis Republican.*

Woman's Love.—A French woman will love her husband if he is either witty or chivalrous; a German woman, if he is constant and faithful; a Dutch woman, if he does not disturb her ease and comfort too much; a Spanish woman, if he wreaks vengeance on those who incur her displeasure; an Italian woman, if he is dreamy and poetical; a Danish woman, if he thinks that her native country is the brightest and happiest on earth; a Russian woman, if he despises all Westerners as miserable barbarians; an American woman, if he has plenty of money.

There's a good wide ditch between saying and doing.

BEARDING THE LION.

If an ambitious young artist would like to eclipse the fame of the late Sir Edwin Landseer, he would do well to ponder an anecdote related in some memoirs lately published, or about to be published, of which the celebrated Martin, the "Dompteur," is the hero. It is said that Martin, while he was staying at Ghent, in 1825, noticed among the most constant attendants at his menagerie a young man who, by reason of the drawing materials he brought with him and freely employed, stood confessed an artist. Martin yearned towards him, and the two became thick as thieves. One day the enthusiastic artist, while taking the portrait of a noble lion called Nero, complained bitterly that the bars of the cage were in the way. "Don't let them be any obstacle," said the "dompteur" sympathizingly; "if you will come with me into Nero's 'apartment' and allow me to introduce you, I can answer for it that he will show how flattered he is by a visit from so excellent an artist, and will give you every facility for handing down his features to posterity." The artist, strange to say, jumped at the offer; and Martin, who was not the man to lose an opportunity of advertising himself, sent word to the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, Governor of Ghent, and to other notabilities, that he would on a given day go into Nero's cage and take "un amateur etranger" with him. The duke did not fail to put in an appearance; the plucky pair walked into the cage, and Nero was at first inclined to be what is called nasty.

But, reassured by his master's voice, the lion went and lay down in a corner; and the painter, sitting down opposite, coolly proceeded to—cut his pencil. Having performed this little preliminary to his satisfaction, he executed a sketch of Nero, which was pronounced to be very like. The "dompteur" and the painter then took a polite leave of the lion; and the Duke, having complimented the artist on the pluck as well as talent displayed, would fain have purchased the sketch. But it was no more to be had for money than the water which David's mighty men drew from the well of Bethlehem was to be treated like common drinking-water, and the artist kept it himself as the converse of a *memento mori*. His name was Verboeckhoven, afterwards famous as a Belgian animal painter. How much of his success he owed to his daring feat there is no telling, but it very likely gave him the start which talent required; and yet one would hardly like to whisper to the young aspirant of to-day, Go thou, and do likewise.

Fortunes and Misfortunes of New York Gamblers.—Chamberlain, the great gambler, has failed, and failed badly. His debts are astounding—$10,000 for meats, $10,000 for liquors, $6,000 for clothes. The fact is, Chamberlain's business, as the colored people sing, is "sometimes up and sometimes down." One night his bank is loaded down with gold; the next night he could not buy a box of cigars. Yet the glitter, glare, and glow of the institution, the fine furniture, the clink of the gold, and the sumptuous tables—free as a hydrant—do their work on the unwary as readily as if gambling was a paying business. There are men in New York, however, who follow gambling as a trade—have done so for years, and have made money by it. Not one in ten thousand could imitate them. These men live in fine style in fashionable New York. Their houses are elegantly furnished and their tables sumptuously supplied. Their business is unknown, and they pass as brokers. Their families move in good society, and occupy a high-priced pew in a fashionable church. These men act on a rigid rule, from which they never depart. They do not drink, they smoke sparingly, keep their heads clear, and have command over their nerves. They play every night. They play while they win, if it is until daylight. They limit their losses. They can lose $50, $100, $300, and not feel it. Blow high or blow low, they never go beyond this. They believe in luck, and when the luck is against them they retire. Out of the thousands of gamblers not ten have made money over the "green cloth."
—*New York Letter.*

A Tall Robbery.—The Duke and Duchess of Cleveland were entertaining company in the drawing room at Battle Abbey, near Hastings; the servants were at supper in the kitchen; the upper floors were untenanted; it was early in the evening, but very dark; two ladders taken from spots half a mile distant were tied together and placed against the windows of the Duchess's dressing room in the south wing; the thieves mounted the ladders, forced open the window, locked the door, ransacked an old carved chest, and carried off the Duchess's jewels, valued at £10,000. Among the jewels was a necklace of diamonds and rubies which the Queen had given to the Duchess, who was one of the bridesmaids at her Majesty's marriage. At half-past 9 o'clock a servant passed along the corridor, and saw no appearance of anything wrong. An hour later another servant found the door fastened, and gave the alarm, whereupon an entrance was forced, and the room was then discovered to have been ransacked.

How little is known of what is in the bosoms of those around us! We might explain many a coldness, could we look into the heart concealed from us; we should often pity where we hate, love when we curl the lip with scorn and indignation. To judge without reserve of any human action is a culpable temerity, of all our sins the most unfeeling and frequent.

The heart is a crystal palace; once broken it can never be mended.

A FIGHT WITH AN INDIAN.

It was in the spring of 1876, that a party left Omaha to explore the course of the Big Sioux, Upper Missouri and the Yellowstone rivers. The party was led by the famous Wild Phil and William Havens. These two worthies were noted for their reckless bravery, and being both powerful men they were chosen by the party to accompany the expedition. The party left early on the morning of the 5th of April, and for two weeks nothing occurred beyond the usual events of prairie life, when they began to be annoyed by something visiting the traps that the party had set for the purpose of procuring game. Night after night they took their turn at watching for nearly a week. Wild Phil's turn had come for the second time, and just after sundown he took up his position in a thick clump of bushes that overlooked the river. He had remained there about two hours, when the moon began to rise, throwing a strange, flitting light over the water. As he sat there, with his trusty rifle resting over his arm, he saw an Indian canoe gradually floating down the stream, with an Indian sitting in the stern. His paddle was motionless. Phil raised his rifle to fire, when the thought flashed across his mind that it was not a live Indian but a dummy, so taking down his rifle he again peered through the faint light, when he saw the canoe gradually nearing the opposite bank, and it soon disappeared beneath the bushes that overhung the water. A few minutes later and the canoe again appeared, with a live Indian seated in the prow, who swiftly paddled the canoe across the river. Phil again raised his rifle, and just as the Indian was stepping out of the canoe upon the muddy shore he fired. There was a loud report that rang out upon the air, a shriek, and an Indian measured his length upon the ground. Phil quickly left his place of concealment, and advancing to the Indian lifted him into the canoe. Picking up the paddle he quietly and stealthily forced the canoe up the rapid stream toward the camp; but he had scarcely reached the channel, when he was seized from behind by a pair of brawny arms. Phil dropped his paddle into the river, and a struggle ensued. Both were powerful men, and as they struggled the canoe was rapidly nearing the falls. Phil saw this, and made a desperate effort to free himself from the iron grip of the Indian. This he finally did, and made a desperate leap into the water. Grasping a rock that projected about two feet above the water, he climbed to the top and sat watching the Indian, who was standing erect in the canoe, singing his death song, when the canoe plunged over the falls and the Indian was seen no more. The report of the rifle brought the party to the spot, and a canoe was sent to the rescue of the half-drowned scout, who was taken to the camp. This ended the annoyance for the time.

An Uncivil Bank Teller.—The Boston *Journal* describes a little incident thus: "A few days since a gentleman connected with one of the largest safe manufacturing concerns in Boston entered a bank, and presenting a check for $100 waited to receive the money. The paying teller took the check, looked at it and then at the gentleman, and, tossing the check back to him, said very curtly, 'I don't know anything about you.' 'Well,' replied the gentleman, 'I'm pretty well known; there's a man who knows me,' pointing to the cashier. The party appealed to identified the applicant, and being informed that he was the person to whom the check was made payable, the teller accepted the same and threw out a package of bills, which the applicant took, and stepping to a side desk began to count. A shade of vexation at the incivility of the teller, followed by a look of surprise, was observed by the cashier, who inquired if anything was the matter. 'I should say there was,' was the reply; 'my check called for $100 and I have received $1,000.' It was now the cashier's turn to manifest his chagrin that such a mistake should occur. He, however, consoled himself with the reflection that the money had fallen into honest hands, which he was prompt in declaring. The receiver returned to the teller, and, having apprised him of the mistake he had made, proceeded to admonish him of the danger to which the funds of the bank were exposed by his carelessness in paying $100 checks with packages of $1,000. The gentleman also took occasion to read the young man a lesson in civility; a cheap commodity in which he was advised to invest. He then handed the teller $900, and left him in a state of painful confusion, from which he has not yet recovered sufficiently to apologize for his rudeness, and acknowledge his obligation to the gentleman for returning the amount overpaid."

It is in the minute circumstances of a man's conduct that we are to inquire for his real character. In these he is under the influence of his natural disposition, and acts from himself; while in his more open and important actions he may be drawn by public opinion, and many other external motives, from that bias which his disposition would have taken.

Any work, no matter how humble, that a man honors by efficient labor will be found important enough to secure respect for himself and credit for his name.

Flattery is a safe coin which our own vanity has made current, and which will never be out of credit as long as there are knaves to offer it and fools to receive it.

Breaking bad news is like half-cutting your throat before you are hanged, making you die two deaths instead of one.

AN AUDIENCE OF ONE.

Governor Joseph C. Foster, the veteran American manager, actor and author, some years ago organized a theatrical company to play short engagements in the various cities and towns of the West. They arrived at Bucyrus, Ohio, a small city on the Sandusky river, where bills were printed, a hall rented, and properties engaged. During their stay a novel incident occurred. Mr. Foster was sitting in the hotel, (the Sim's House), ruminating, in all probability, upon the full house he was to have, when a stranger entered the room with a bill of the evening's performance in his hand. "Are you the manager of the theatre?" asked the stranger. "I am, sir," replied Foster. "You are to play 'Richard III.' to-night?" "Yes, sir." "I am and always have been fond of theatricals, but never had an opportunity of seeing 'Richard III.'" "Very well, sir, come to-night." "Unfortunately, I leave town this evening by the 6:45 train. Now, how much money would induce your company to play 'Richard III.' for me this afternoon?" Foster, thinking the stranger was joking, replied that he would do it for twenty-five dollars. The stranger looked at the bill again, and inquired what would be the charge for the "Rough Diamond." To carry out the joke, Foster replied ten dollars. To his surprise, the stranger "pulled his weasel," counted out thirty-five dollars, and, handing it to him, remarked that he would like to have the play commence no later than 2 o'clock. Foster got the company together, and related the circumstance. The idea of playing "Richard" to an audience of one was so excessively ridiculous, and so new in their experience, that they one and all consented. Two o'clock came, and the solitary audience assembled. Choosing an eligible position, and cocking his feet upon the back of the seat in front of him, he waited for the performance to begin. The bell rang, up went the curtain, and the play commenced. Never did actors do better. They all exerted themselves to give their patron an entertainment fully worth the price paid for it, and they succeeded. The stranger applauded vigorously at different points, and at the close of the play called the *Richard*, Mr. Joseph T. Fannin, before the curtain, who responded in a neat little speech. A dance and a song followed, after which the farce of the "Rough Diamond" was played. The audience laughed, roared and applauded, and left in time to reach the 6:45 train.

A WONDERFUL LAMP.

"Talk about your dreams," said Harvey, who had been listening while a party of us had related some remarkable dreams that we had experienced, "I had a very curious dream once."

Of course we bantered him to tell it.

"It was while I was traveling out West," he continued, complying with our invitation. "I was in company with another chap by the name of Bill, and we had walked a long way that day. At night we found a nice place to camp, a spot of green grass close to a clear running brook. We made a fire, and after having a lunch we stretched ourselves out and were soon lost in sleep. Now it was that I had my queer dream. I dreamed that I was at the gates of Heaven. I rapped at the gate, and when St. Peter opened it and let me in I found myself in a large place, where millions of little lamps stood around on the floor. I asked St. Peter why they were there, and he told me that each lamp represented a life on earth, and that when one of them went out, a life went out on earth. Now, as I felt quite inquisitive, I asked him if he had any objections to showing me my lamp, and he said, 'No, none in the least.'

"So he took me along a short distance, and showed me a lamp, the oil of which was nearly exhausted, showing conclusively that I had only a short time longer to live. Just then there came another rap at the gate, and Peter excused himself and turned away to admit a new comer.

"I was left alone. My lamp was nearly burned out, and, of course, I contemplated it with feelings of sorrow, while next to mine stood one that was almost full of the vital oil. Why not remove some of it and replenish mine with it? I was all alone, no one was near to observe. I resolved to do so, and thus prolong my life. I looked around for some instrument wherewith to make the exchange, but could find nothing suitable. At length I began thrusting my finger in the oil contained in the well-filled lamp, and then sprinkling it off into my own. Already my lamp burned brighter, and while rejoicing over the success of my ruse, I received a smart blow on the back of my head. I jumped up and looked around, thinking St. Peter had returned and caught me at my game, but instead of St. Peter, there stood Bill, spitting and swearing like a heathen.

"I soon learned what the trouble was. In my sleep I had overturned the water can, and while dreaming that I was dipping out the oil, and sprinkling it into my lamp, I was dipping up the mud that the water had made, and was scraping it off into Bill's face and mouth."

Happiness is the perpetual possession of beings well deceived, for it is manifest what mighty advantages fiction has over truth; and the reason is at our elbow, because imagination can build nobler scenes and produce more wonderful revolutions than fortune or nature can be at the expense to furnish.

Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are, in the sum of life, obstacles to happiness. Those who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver; and the act by which kindness was sought puts an end to confidence.