

candle continued to burn. Steadily and without hesitation, the united hands were lowered, knuckles downward into the dangerous barrel, in such wise that the opening between the fingers was carefully passed over the wick with its dull red cap, without touching it, till the fingers rested on the gunpowder between and around it. The fingers were then softly but firmly closed upon the tallow, and with the candle thus inclosed the hands were gently withdrawn.

All this was done in less time than it has taken to describe, whilst the mode of doing it was afterwards made out partly from Susan's own account, confirmed by the fact that after her achievement she astonished the group of still waiting, terrified men, by appearing in the midst of them (with the burning candle end still compressed between her fingers. Before they could ask a question, poor Susan suddenly fell fainting to the floor. The strength of her will, and the tension of her nerves, having borne her up till the deed was done, will excite little surprise that such a collapse should follow.

#### A NICE GIRL.

Somebody, who appears to understand and appreciate the subject, writes the following chapter on "nice girls." Though by no means extinct, still the class is not near so numerous as might be wished:

"There is nothing half so sweet in life, half so beautiful or delightful, or so loveable as a 'nice girl.' Not a pretty, or a dashing or an elegant girl, but a nice girl. One of those lovely, lively, good-hearted, sweet-faced, amiable, neat, natty, domestic creatures met within the sphere of 'home,' diffusing around the influence of her goodness, like the essence of sweet flowers.

A nice girl is not the languishing beauty, dawdling on a sofa, and discussing the last novel or opera or the giraffe-like creature sweeping majestically through a drawing-room. The nice girl may not even dance or play well, and knows nothing about 'using her eyes,' or coquetting with a fan. She never languishes! She is too active. She is not given to 'sensation novels,' she is too busy. At the opera, she is not in front, showing her shoulders, but sits quiet and unobtrusive—at the back of the box, most likely. In fact, it is not often in such scenes that we discover her. Home is her place.

Who rises betimes, and superintends the morning meal? Who makes the toast, and the tea, and buttons the boy's shirts, and waters the flowers, and feeds the chickens, and brightens up the parlor and sitting-room? Is it the languisher, or the giraffe, or the elegant? Not a bit of it; it's the nice girl.

Her unmaided toilet is made in the shortest possible time, yet how charmingly it is done, and how elegantly her neat dress and plain collar! What kisses she distributes among the family! Not presenting a cheek of a brow like 'a fine girl,' but an audible smack, which says plainly, 'I love you ever so much.' If I ever coveted anything, it is one of the nice girls' kisses.

Breakfast over, down in the kitchen to see about dinner; and all day long she is up and down, always cheerful and light-hearted. She never ceases to be active and useful until the day is gone, when she will polka with the boys, singing old songs, and play old tunes to her father, for hours together. She is a perfect treasure, is the 'nice girl.' When illness comes, it is she that attends with unwearying patience to the sick chamber. There is no risk, no fatigue, that she will not undergo; no sacrifice that she will not make. She is all love, all devotion. I have

often thought it would be happiness to be ill, to be watched by such loving eyes and tended by such fair hands.

One of the most strongly marked characteristics of a 'nice girl' is tidiness and simplicity of dress. She is invariably associated in my mind with a high frock, plain collar and the neatest of neck ribbons, bound with the most modest little brooch in the world. I never knew a 'nice girl' who displayed a profusion of rings and bracelets, or who wore low dresses, or a splendid bonnet.

I say again, there is nothing in the world half so beautiful, half so intrinsically good, as a 'nice girl.' She is the sweetest flower in the path of life. There are others far more stately, far more gorgeous; but these we merely admire as we go by. It is where the daisy grows that we lie down to rest."

#### LEARN A TRADE.

I never look at my old steel composing rule that I do not bless myself that, while my strength lasts, I am not at the mercy of the world. If my pen is not wanted I can go back to the type case and be sure to find work; for I learned the printer's trade thoroughly—newspaper work, job work, book work, and press work. I am glad I have a good trade. It is as a rock upon which the possessor can stand firmly. There is health and vigor for both body and mind in an honest trade. It is the strongest and surest part of the self-made man. Go from the academy to the printing office or the artisan's bench, or, if you please, to the farm—for, to be sure, true farming is a trade, and a grand one at that. Lay thus a sure foundation, and after that branch off into whatever profession you please.

You have heard, perhaps, of the clerk who had faithfully served Stephen Girard from boyhood to manhood. On the twenty-first anniversary of his birth-day, he went to his master and told him his time was up, and he certainly expected important promotion in the merchant's service. But Stephen Girard said to him:

"Very well. Now go and learn a trade."

"What trade, sir?"

"Good barrels and butts must be in demand while you live. Go and learn the cooper's trade; and when you have made a perfect barrel, bring it to me."

The young man went away and learned the trade, and in time brought to his old master a splendid barrel of his own make.

Girard examined it, and gave the maker two thousand dollars for it, and then said to him:

"Now, sir, I want you in my counting-room; but henceforth you will not be dependent upon the whim of Stephen Girard. Let what will come, you have a good trade always in reserve."

The young man saw the wisdom, and understood.

Years ago, when the middle-aged men of to-day were boys, Horace Greeley wrote:

"It is a great source of consolation to us that when the public shall be tired of us as an editor, we can make a satisfactory livelihood at setting type or farming; so that while our strength lasts, ten thousand blockheads, taking offence at some article they do not understand, could not drive us into the poorhouse."

And so many a man become truly independent.

A reporter, being called to account for the statement that a certain meeting "was a large and respectable one," when only one other person besides himself was present, insisted that his report was literally true; "for," said he, "I was large, and the other man was respectable."

#### SICK HEADACHE.

Sick headache is sickness at the stomach, a tendency to vomit, combined with a pain in some parts of the head, generally at the left side. It is caused by there being too much bile in the system, from the fact that this bile is manufactured too rapidly, or is not worked out of the system fast enough by steady active exercise. Hence sedentary persons, those who do not walk about a great deal, but are seated in the house nearly all the time, are almost exclusively the victims of this distressing malady. It usually begins soon after waking in the morning, and lasts a day or two more. There are many cases; the most frequent is, derangement of the stomach by late and hearty suppers; by eating too soon after a regular meal, five hours should at least intervene; eating without an appetite; forcing food; eating after one is conscious of having enough; eating too much of any favorite dish; eating something which the stomach cannot digest, or sour stomach. Any of these things may induce sick headache; all of them can be avoided. Over-fatigue or great mental emotion of any kind, or severe mental application, have brought on sick headache, of the most distressing character, in an hour; it is caused by indulgence in spirituous liquors. When a person has sick headache there is no appetite; the very sight of food is hateful; the tongue is furred; the feet and hands are cold, and there is a feeling of universal discomfort, with an utter indisposition to do anything whatever. A glass of warm water, into which has been rapidly stirred a heaping tea-spoon each of salt and kitchen mustard, by causing instantaneous vomiting, empties the stomach of the bile or undigested food, and a grateful relief is often experienced on the spot; and rest, with a few hours sound, refreshing sleep, completes the cure, especially if the principal part of the version and out-door activities, not eating an atom of food (but drinking of cold water and hot teas) until you feel as if a plain cold piece of bread and butter would "taste really good." Nine times in ten the cause of sick headache is the fact, that the stomach was not able to digest the food last introduced into it, either from its having been unsuitable or excessive in quantity. When the stomach is weak, a spoonful of the mildest, blandest food would cause an attack of sick headache, when ten times the amount would have been taken in health, not only with impunity but with positive advantage.

Those who are "subject to headache" eat too much and exercise too little, and have cold feet and constipation.

A diet of cold bread and butter, and ripe fruits and berries, with moderate continuous exercise in the open air, sufficient to keep a very gentle perspiration of themselves, cure almost every case within thirty-six hours. Two tea-spoonfuls of pulverized charcoal, stirred in half a glass of water, and drank, generally gives instant relief.

The latest in note paper and envelopes is unique. The form is a Continental hat in miniature, or, to be more explicit and lucid, an old-fashioned New England bun. The paper is heavy, and, like Joseph's coat, of many colors. You have your monogram in the upper left-hand corner, and your autograph *res-a-vis*. You put it in the envelope of the same form, and then sit down and wonder where the place is for the postage stamp!

A North Carolina editor, who had been raced down the street by a woman and a cowhide, found himself alluded to in a rival paper as "our racy contemporary."

Some indignant person wrote to know who was the author of a sharp article in a Texas paper, to which the journal in question replied: "The man who wrote that article was in early life a hard-working blacksmith; later he was a deck hand on a steamboat; then he was a cow-boy on the frontier; but of late years he has followed the profession of prize-fighter. He only became an editor to reduce his flesh by starvation, so as to become more successful in his peculiar line." No further inquiries were made.

A paper gives the following advice to a correspondent: "We shall have to decline your article on the 'Decline of the Aristocracy.' We have left out several of our own articles this week, and yours is worse than any of them. Take our advice, and write a few short pieces; write only on one side of the sheet; write plainly; and then take your pieces and burn them in the kitchen fire."

Nowadays, when statesmen put out feelers in reference to a pet and untried policy, and find it indignantly and universally repudiated, they elevate their eyebrows, thrust their hands deep down into their trousers' pockets, and softly ejaculate—mere newspaper rumor. Of course the unpopular plan is shelved.

The person who sent an effusion, entitled "Nothing but Flowers," to a paper for publication, is on the ragged edge of mortification. The poem appeared as "Nothing but Fleas." When the compositor was reasoned with, he said he thought there had ought to be something lively about the poem.

An Irishman, to whom some wonderful story was told on the authority of a cheap paper, declined to believe it, saying that he distrusted all he saw in the "chape prints." "Why shouldn't you believe the cheap papers," he was asked, "as soon as any other?" "Because," was his ready reply, "I don't think they can afford to speak the truth for the money."

Causes of suicide are said to be hereditary influence, education, love troubles, literature, domestic troubles, intoxication, financial losses and embarrassments, occupation, habitation, imitation, race, nationality, and atmospheric influences.

The despots of the nineteenth century do not dread assassination half as much as they fear the influence of a free press. The former may deprive them of life, the latter annihilates their selfish and cruel system of government.

Many a gifted man, able to conduct the movements of an army of tens of thousands, could not, for the life of him, keep a single slender column in a newspaper in decent shape.

Newspapers pave the way for naturalization papers. Reading of the privileges flowing from American citizenship, every foreign emigrant of intelligence desires to avail himself of them.

A Detroit cockroach is not a particular animal. He takes in everything from a cigar stub to roller composition, and washes down his food with most any sort of ink he can find.

The latest specimen of word-making is "disestablishmentarian." In course of time, last year's dictionary will be of as little use as last year's almanac.

Spring brings joy to the heart of a Western editor, who sings, "Soon the dusky squaw will be seen straining maple sugar through her Winter stockings."

A Connecticut paper offers "a very handsome two-bladed pocket-knife" as a premium to subscribers. This is rough on the chromo dealers.