

WANTED.
Man wants but little here below,
How much he little long,
Not too much exactly so,
But 'tis so in the song.
My wants are many, and my food
Would number many a score.
What first I want is daily bread—
And carnal things I need—
And all the realm of nature's good
Before me when I dine.
Four courses scarcely can provide
My appetite to quell;
With four courses from France besides
To dress my dinner well.
What next I want, at princely cost,
Is elegant attire;
Black sable fur for winter frock,
And silks for summer's wear.
And cashmere shawls and Brussels lace
My bosom's front to deck;
And diamond rings my hands to grace,
And rubies for my neck.
I want (who does not want) a wife—
An affectionate and true;
To sooth all my woes of life,
And all the joys.
Of temper sweet, of yielding will,
Of firm yet gentle mind;
With all my faults to love me still,
With sentiment and pride.
And as time's car incessant runs,
And Fortune fills my store,
I want of daughters and of sons
To cheer my life and cheer.
I want (alas, can mortals dare
Such bliss on earth to crave?)
That all the girls be chaste and fair—
The boys all wise and brave.

MEVEY'S VENTURE.
It is a year ago this November since McVey gave up the editorship of the Tarrytown News. He was then a young man, a bright, energetic fellow, who had just finished his college course at New York University. He had a great deal of money, and he was determined to make a fortune. He had a plan, a grand plan, and he was determined to carry it out. He had a great deal of money, and he was determined to make a fortune. He had a plan, a grand plan, and he was determined to carry it out. He had a great deal of money, and he was determined to make a fortune. He had a plan, a grand plan, and he was determined to carry it out.

patch at him at midnight and called for opium in an hour. His rounded periods were doctored, his wit voted heavy, his gods and goddesses laughed at by these clever touch-and-go lads no older than his son. He was asked to resign at last. Since last May he has haunted the newspaper offices, struggling to get in as news editor, dramatic critic, reporter, earning five dollars a week and then by an odd letter or book notice. He has been in lack of a meal sometimes; ill and friendless. "Even with the salary of the *Clarion's* 'chief,'" he wrote to Mary, "I could not support you here."
A fortnight ago a committee from Tarrytown offered him the *News* again, and he went back a gaunt, haggard, but happy man. He took a square meal of Mary's turkeys, pies, and marvellous preserves, surrounded by his rosy girls and boys, and went down to the office. The big wooden chair opened its arms to welcome him; the yellow maples nodded in at the window; the very sun shining through the red mist over the hill slopes was full of friendliness. Every boy and dog knew him and was glad. There was a state, in fact, the hotel night. From the corner him, and Mac made a speech full of his old fire. "How brilliant," he said, "are the temptations of the great world! How bitter (like apples of Sodom) are the fruits of triumph! For me no better world of fate than you live in Tarrytown and die among my own people."—*New York Tribune*.

The details of the abduction of Charlie Ross, and of the subsequent discovery of his kidnappers, excel in romantic interest any story of crime that has been published in this country. The disappearance of the child, the alternations of hope and despair in the hearts of the afflicted parents, as news came from time to time that their boy had been discovered, the various threads of rumor which the officers unraveled only to find that they led to nothing, the pursuit of the real kidnappers for months by the detectives acting in the city, the capture of the Walling, of New York, and the manner in which they avoided them and finally the tragic denouement a few days ago, which discovered them, and at the same time brought a swift and terrible revenge upon them, form a series of chapters in one of the most thrilling episodes of crime ever known in this country. The result of the denouement, however, like the result of every other step in the strange story, is not so surprising as it might seem. No sooner had the sky lightened up than it clouded over again. A ray of sunlight entered the afflicted home as the news came that the kidnappers had been found, but it is only temporary. The kidnappers have been found at last, but the boy is still missing. It will be remembered that, when Charlie Ross was abducted, the crime was witnessed by several persons, who furnished the police with pretty accurate descriptions. These descriptions were sent all over the country, and then followed all kinds of haphazard work. Charlie Ross was found everywhere, in the remotest parts of the East and West, in Southern plantations, out in the Rocky Mountains, among the mines, and in numerous other places, including the partner, metals and respectable people, fortune-tellers, peddlers, tramps, and gypsies. Meantime, one detective, Inspector Walling, on the right track, and numerous descriptions from the information he had received, he was convinced that the two kidnappers were two professional criminals—William Mosher, a low-browed, brutal fellow, the hero of a number of sensational crimes, and his partner, who has been recognized after death, and Joseph Douglas, a man equally desperate in his acts of criminality, and who has been recognized after death, and Joseph Douglas, a man equally desperate in his acts of criminality, and who has been recognized after death.

One dark, stormy night two men came up the river in their little black sloop, which had been engaged in many a menacing expedition, and landed at Bar Bridge in the rear of the unoccupied residence of Judge Van Brunt, with the intention of robbing it. Not knowing that the house was provided with a burglar alarm connected with the adjoining residence of the Judge's brother, the two burglars entered. The alarm did its work. The family was aroused, and the Judge, his son, and the hostler armed themselves, went over to the house at last, fired at the waiting for the burglars to come out, opened the doors and provoked an encounter which resulted in the death of the two burglars. They were Mosher and Douglas. Mosher was killed instantly, and Douglas lived long enough to confess he assisted in the abduction of Charlie Ross, but died without disclosing the whereabouts of the boy. The identity of the two burglars has been established beyond doubt. Charlie Ross' brother, uncle, and others having identified them as the abductors, and their relatives having identified them as the abductors, and their relatives having identified them as the abductors.

The Whale Fishery.
The *Pall Mall Gazette* gives some statistics on the whale-fishery, which, though limited to England, serve to indicate the decline of this industry among all nations. In 1814, 143 English ships were engaged in whaling, with a result of the capture of 1,981 fish, and the produce of 10,408 tons of oil. As an example of "the luck" of the fishery, it is mentioned that one whaler imported a "clean," another obtained but one fish, whilst a third captured forty. In 1824, the British whaling fleet had dropped to 111 vessels, and the number of fish was 707. In 1834, the number of whalers was reduced to 76; in 1844, to 32. The take of fish this last year amounted to 125, yielding 2,000 tons of oil and 89 tons of whalebone. In 1854, the British whalers numbered 53, and the catch was 97 whales. The best record of the capture of seals by English occurs in 1841, when the Peterhead boats pulled 19,180. Seal-oil was down that time from \$135 to \$200 per ton. In 1849, the capture of 48 seals is recorded; in 1854, of 59,801.
During the last twenty years the whale fishery has still further declined, and the whaling industry has become so reduced in numbers as to make their capture an unprofitable adventure, whilst no industry of the sea is so fraught with disaster to those who engage in it.

A Chemical Difficulty.
A lively exchange takes the following story: "One of our merchants recently sold a gross of matches to a woman, who, on reaching her home, could not make them burn. In a fortnight, she returned and demanded, 'Why did you cheat me with these worthless matches?' 'Matches,' responded the grocer pleasantly, 'are sold at a fancy price to Miss Tusand recently. And thus they went foot and foot together: 'Two soles with a single squeak, Brogan's chat chump as one.' 'SUNDAY school teacher—'Next Sunday we'll have the death of Moses,' Overjoyed pupil—'Then he did die at last.' 'HEAVEN bless you,' said John Henry, 'it was the proudest fight you ever saw. She punched away at the ivory keys like mad, and the pianoforte went.' DR. JOHN HALL says that in England people are divided into two classes, the dissenters, but that in America they might properly be divided into churchmen and absenters.

Care of the Ear.
The *Scientific American* thinks that the ear is quite as liable to injury from draughts of air as from cold water. The modern style of cutting the hair of men and of arranging the hair of women, is much to be deprecated, because it is intended by nature that the hair should fall over the ear and form thus a protection to it. But as we cannot throw down so great a goddess as fashion, we must use care and artificial means for the preservation of this delicate organ. If sitting in a draught is unavoidable, the handkerchief should be applied to the ear exposed, or a rag of cotton inserted within it. The ordinary manner of washing the face does no harm to the ear, because the canal leading to the drum of the ear is partially protected by wax, and water does not penetrate far; but all the water which enters, whether with dry cloth or lint moistened with hot or cold water, or other fluid, is by no means to be advised, as it removes the wax, the necessary safeguard to the internal ear.

A Needed Railroad Reform.
The news that the great American dead-head has driven to despair all the managers of all the railroads, and compelled them to recognize him as bell-rogue, is rendered less alluring by the further information that one great line has struck a blow at the sleeping-car monopoly and reduced its rates from \$2 for each berth to \$1.50. Sleeping cars, and also the rates, are a source of earning money, their life is longer than that of other rolling stock, and they are always filled to their utmost capacity, so that there is no earthly reason why their occupancy should be less than the rate of \$2 a night, plus fifty cents or \$1 to the porter. Great as is their convenience for the business traveler who desires fully to economize his time, their expense is by no means light on his pocket, and if so desirable a reform as a reduction can be brought about and made general, the traveling public, East and West, will be deeply indebted to the Illinois Central Company.—*New York World*.

A Fortunate Dream.
The Montpelier (Vt.) *Watchman* tells the following: "One of our insurance companies had a heavy insurance upon a certain dwelling house in this State. Recently, a lady living in the house, the owner being temporarily absent, dreamed that there was a hole in the chimney in the attic, with kindlings piled about it, apparently for the purpose of firing the house. So she dreamed a dream, and she could only be satisfied by a personal inspection of the spot, when, to the surprise of all, she found everything just as she had dreamed; a hole broken through the chimney and filled with kindlings, paper and wood, and the whole carefully covered up with a board, and the board held in place by a stone, all ingeniously arranged for a very mysterious configuration. It is needless to add that the insurance company regarded this discovery as good cause for at once canceling the policy."

A NEW YEAR'S MYTH.
(The peasants of Transylvania have a superstition that, at the moment when the old year merges into the new, the cattle speak, but in a language unknown to men, and that whoever hears them dies.)
Pills won on the fire, Wilhelmus.
Here's Caspar come home from the plain
The wind whistles over the hills,
The frost-fairies tap on the pane.
To-night the Old Year is departing
And the New Year is coming,
Between the wild gusts of the night-wind,
His footfalls are heard on the moor.
The heedsman have gone from the pasture
To his hut on the edge of the wood,
The milkers scrouck close in their hovels;
The sheep are huddled in their folds.
For, to-night, when the Old Year expires
The Young Year waves his farewell,
Uplifting their heads to the cow-pen
The cattle strain to utter a wail.
In words so unearthly and weird
That the wolves to their covets will flee,
And the fox-lights will fade in the marshes,
And the owl will cover its nest tree.
And if unto ears that are human
Go floating the mystical words,
That, from the lips of the herds—
Gush forth like the words of the herds—
Death's dart like a thunderbolt flashes
And life-as the lightning falls,
And his shadow treads up on the wail.
Ho! Caspar, the herds must be talking,
The step of the New Year arrive—
No, no, as the *Gazette* writes, 'The herds speak, but in a language unknown to men, and that whoever hears them dies.'—*Appleton's Journal*.

Pith and Point.
A CITY that soots people—Pittsburgh.
Best known general—General Deblity.
An article you can always borrow—Troyble.
A mother-in-law in a house is a well-spring of jawy.
The last gentleman in a lady's thoughts is generally the first as well.
"COGN BREW" said an Irish writer; "we haven't got it; an' isn't it corn bad for you?"
THE bed on which a Parisian husband passed his nights, was sold at a fancy price to Miss Tusand recently. And thus they went foot and foot together: "Two soles with a single squeak, Brogan's chat chump as one."
SUNDAY school teacher—"Next Sunday we'll have the death of Moses," Overjoyed pupil—"Then he did die at last."
"HEAVEN bless you," said John Henry, "it was the proudest fight you ever saw. She punched away at the ivory keys like mad, and the pianoforte went."
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Origin of Typhoid Fever.
A controversy as to the origin of typhoid fever is held by various men of science in the columns of the *London Times*. Dr. Lionel Beale takes the position that fever-germs will not be developed from filth. The influence of bad air arising from defective sewerage, the vicinity of foul matters, etc., etc., is to prepare the human system for the action of fever-germs when imported, and to render it favorable to their growth and multiplication. When the body is perfectly healthy and strong, it is able to resist successfully the action of fever-germs, but, when it is disordered and weakened through continued living in disregard of sanitary laws, it is ready to fall a victim to disease and the generation of fever-poison. The deduction is perfectly clear; keep the air and water pure as a fundamental precaution against all diseases.

True Hospitality.
True hospitality of the home is never loudly and noisily demonstrative. It never overwhelms you with its greeting, though you have not a doubt of its perfect sincerity. You are not disturbed by the crackling of the domestic machinery, suddenly driven at you, nor do you feel any embarrassment. Quietly it does its work, that it may put you in a peaceable possession of its results. It is not the true host, she is not the light, the quiet, dignified, and unobtrusive, who takes you by the hand and leads you with hurried action, and hurried manner, and heated contention, as if to say, "See how hospitable I can be!" but rather the one who takes your complaint in quiet dignity and noiseless patience, who never obtrudes attention, yet is very attentive all the while; who makes you, in one word—the most expressive word in the English tongue—the most comfortable of all there is no richer, deeper, larger hospitality than that.

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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters.
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