THE DESTINY MAKER.

She passed; and I, who lingered there,
I saw that she was very fair;
And, with my sighs that pride suppressed,
Fluttered a weary wish for rest.
But I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
I turned me to my task and wrought,
And so forgot the passing thought.

She paused; and I who questioned there,
I heard she was as good as fair,
And in my soul a still, small voice,
Did chide because I checked my choice.
But I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
I bade the gentle guardian down,
And tried to think about renown.

She left; and I, who wander, fear,
There's nothing more to see or hear,
Those walls that ward my paradise,
Are very high, nor open twice.
And I, who had resolved to be
The maker of my destiny,
Can only wait without the gate,
And sit and sigh—Too late! too late!

Geo. L. Raymond.

A FLIRTATION, AND HOW IT ENDED.

CHAPTER I.

We had never been acquainted; but it seems fate threw her continually in my path. Wherever I would go, she would certainly be there. She would cast such a sweet, inspiring glance at me, that it fairly tortured me. My pain was implacable. I suffered sleepless nights. I was unfit for business. Everything that I touched or even looked at bore that fatal name, which I will call by the sobriquet "Dot." She had conquered me; over-powered me; fascinated me. I was lost! What was I to do? I waited patiently for the third party to introduce us, but he was evidently not to be found. I knew that there was only one course left for me, and that was to introduce myself. So I sat down and deliberately wrote the following letter:

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 20, 1879.

My Dear Dot: It seems that it is impossible for us to become acquainted. But why should we wait? Why not introduce ourselves? I see nothing wrong in doing so, and I hope that you do not. Did you ever hear the story of the Frenchman? Here it is: "More consistent was the Frenchman who related to another how he had seen a man drown in the Seine. Said the disciple of Chesterfield: "I saw the poor man fall into the river and struggle close to the bank for two or three minutes, and then he sank and was drowned." "But couldn't you have helped him if you had tried much?" asked the other with some surprise. "Oh, yes," replied the fastidious Frenchman; "I could have helped him out without any danger to myself; but then you must know *I had never been introduced to the gentleman.*" Now of course you can see that this was mere folly, and in the same way relates to us, therefore I beg of you tell me, when, and where can I meet you. Do not disappoint me, and if I have been too rude, forgive me. With kind regards, I am your sincere friend,

Patiently and anxiously, I waited for a reply, but alas! None came. Could I have mistaken her? That very afternoon I met her on the street, and instead of passing me, and "lifting those blue windows of the soul" up at me, she avoided me altogether; whether it was done intentionally or not, I never learned. I felt abashed; cowered. I imagined all sorts of things. She must be insulted, I opined! Perhaps it was *messieur de trop.* I was regarding myself as an insolent fellow.

CHAPTER II.

A few days afterwards was Thanksgiving day, and I was allowed a half holiday. I felt supremely happy. But where was I going to spend the afternoon? I was hopelessly despondent. Just as I was pondering over this weighty question, I felt a light tap upon my shoulder, and turning around I saw D——, my particular friend.

"Where do you intend going this afternoon," says he.

"That is just what I have been thinking about," I replied.

He looked at me curiously, and in a tone which bore mystery with it, told me to go to Platt's Hall. I asked him why.

"Why," says he, "do you not know that there is a fair in progress there?"

I replied in the negative.

"Why, yes," answered he, "there is a fair, and I was told to inform you, that if possible you should come there."

I had my suspicions, and as I am very credulous, I determined to go. To say that I hurried there would not express it.

I literally flew thence—in a street car—But first taking the precaution to have a friend with me. I asked the price of admission.

"Nothing,"

I paid and walked in, expecting to meet 'Dot at the door. But I was doomed to disappointment, for she was nowhere to be seen. I began to suspect foul play. I felt miserable. Presently my friend discovered a lady acquaintance and was soon deeply buried in conversation. Meanwhile, I helped to support the railing of the stage, and eagerly watched the door. My friend's conversation grew so intensely interesting that he actually became reckless and went to the extravagance of buying a doll for his friend's child.

I began to enjoy the affair hugely; it was just receiving a bit of romance.

Presently I saw a form rush through the door. Her face aglow; her eyes sparkled. I in turn trembled, and hung on to the railing for dear life. My heart beat; my eyes swam. However, I soon recovered my senses and searched the hall for the third party. He had not yet arrived. What was I to do? My position became more perilous. Suddenly I perceived "Dot" rush to where I was standing—hold out her hand with a "how do you do, Mr. Z." How well do I remember that hand, so frail, fair and tender! I clasped it like a wolf clutches his meat.

I told her I was "quite well," and thus we became acquainted.

CHAPTER III.

I planned an engagement with her for the next evening, and as I have had a military education, I was punctually at the agreed spot. I have never yet known a woman to keep an engagement on time. She is almost always detained by company or perhaps a headache! Of course, "Dot" was no exception to the rule, for she did not make her appearance until nearly half an hour after the appointed time. But I was stoical. Without saying good evening, she took my offered arm, and began pouring into my ears those indefatigable excuses which man must ever bear. It is needless to say, I accepted them; for who could refuse any excuse from such an angel. We walked up and down one street, then upon another, chatting and caressing all the time. I never felt happier in my life.

It was a beautiful evening, one that I shall never forget. The moon was full of those little clouds which gave the heaven a sombre hue. It was cold and chilly, and the snow lay on the ground frozen and hard. It was love-making under distressing circumstances, the thermometer being down to zero. I parted from her that evening with a heavy heart, to say nothing of my frozen feet! Next evening we met again, but "purely accidental." She was just going to church, and I—well—I don't know definitely where I was going. She asked me to escort her, which I did most graciously and happily. She was in a very talkative mood; in fact she was as charming in conversation as she was sweet, and

"In my mind's eye is the sweetest lady that I ever looked on."

I bade her good night at the church door, but I would a thousand times rather taken her hand and led her to the altar.

In answer to my question, as to who intended seeing her home, she answered, and intuitively, "My father!" I could see no objection and received the answer satisfactorily. But imagine my surprise when I saw her an hour afterwards walking down Kearny street with my rival, Marc Antony! I could hardly control my passion. But I was not to be out-done. I eagerly watched their action, and was soon "shadowing" them. Seeing that they intended going straight home, I turned up a side street and walked in the direction of my residence. I then took a cigarette from my pocket, commenced smoking and walked slowly, as if I was just coming from home. We met, face to face. She bowed; so did I. That was all. But I felt a bitter sting in my breast, and it has not entirely vanished yet.

CHAPTER IV.

Our acquaintance grew stronger. We met nearly every evening. I began to feel that I was fully prepared to answer Mr. Mallock's great question: "Is life worth living?" After mature reflection I discovered that I was deeply in love; desperately so. Now this was dangerous, for I was treading on forbidden ground and eating forbidden fruit. But how could one help loving one so good, kind, pure and true? At least I *credited* her with all these virtues, although I *knew* she was faithless in some of them.

So one day, after a desperate and continued struggle with myself, I concluded to propose. I determined to do so that very evening. So I worked hard all day, and wore myself completely out. I then drank several glasses of good ginger tea. I smoked continually. I mashed my hand: I had my hair cut and was cleanly shaven. Donned my Sunday apparel, and had my boots nicely and tastefully blacked—just for the occasion. The bootblack said I looked charming; and I am certain he never flatters. I paid him a dollar for the unasked for but accepted compliment. 'Round went the clock, and 'round came seven. As usual, "Dot" was late. She said I looked "awful cute." I thanked her for her keen observation. I thought I was progressing. Presently my heart grew bolder; I felt brave. I consented to present her with a piece of candy. I then watched the play of her features. Her eyes swam with delight; so did her tongue. I then asked her in a free-spoken out-and-out manner if she would consent to be my better-half for the rest of her natural life. For the moment she seemed sorely perplexed. I had evidently startled her. She turned her head evasively, and in a voice so unnatural that I was almost ashamed of myself for having proposed, she told me that she was already engaged, and then bowed her head and wept. Was I thunder-struck; and did I cry "Great Heavens?" Oh, no, I simply escorted her home, and bid her "good-night." Although I felt my disappointment bitterly, yet I bore it like a man. I did not even ask her who it was that had told the story before me. It was useless, I could easily conjecture, "Alas! poor Yorick," like Othello, "I loved not wisely, but too well."

I sought comfort in Tennyson, who says—

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."

THE WIFE'S POWER.—Miss Kate Field had an interview with Hepworth Dixon, the brilliant editor of the London *Athæneum*, shortly before his death. She says: "He was exceedingly fortunate in his domestic life. His home was one of the pleasantest in London. Once in conversation with him I asked whether he thought the majority of marriages were happy or unhappy. 'Happy, certainly,' was the reply. 'I think most men marry for love, and get the right woman, with whom they are perfectly satisfied through life. Of course, however, there are wives who fail to fail to hold the hearts of their husbands.' 'Will you tell me,' I said, 'in what you think is the secret of a woman's lasting power—what quality it is in her which makes her hold her husband's heart forever?' 'That she should be a pillow,' answered Mr. Dixon, seriously. 'I mean that in her, as on a pillow, her husband must find repose. He gets hard knocks enough in the world; people stick their sharp corners into him; they hurt his pride or wound his sensibilities. Let him be able to go home feeling that there, at least, is some one who believes in him utterly. He has no need to tax himself, if he is tired. She will be contented even if he does not tell her his best stories, or tells her the old ones three times over. She asks nothing of him but that he will be himself. Do you think years make such refuge of less worth? No; a man will never stay long away from such companionship—the sincerest flatter, the most perfect rest.'"

No human scheme can be so accurately projected but some little circumstance may intervene to spoil it.—Bossuet.

"This is a high-handed outrage," as the boy remarked when he found that his mother had put the cookies on the upper shelf.

Busts on postage stamps: On ones, Franklin; twos, Jackson; threes, Washington; fives, Taylor; sixes, Lincoln; tens, Jefferson; fifteens, Webster; thirties, Hamilton; nineties, Commodore O. H. Perry.

Jeannie's Lover.

Did you ever see a pretty young Scotch girl, who had been carefully educated and brought up in the middle class of Scottish society? If you have never had the good fortune to see one, your life has not yet reached the zenith of its possibilities. A bonnie Scotch lassie with the "lint white locks" that Bobbie Burns loved to speak of, with big blue eyes, that are almost childish in their modesty and shyness, with pretty, round cheeks that wear the lovely pink tints of perfect health, with a supple, slender figure and neat foot, encased in a sensible, thick soled boot, and a slim hand, slightly browned by the absence of gloves. A "lassie" with all this is as pleasant a sight as one could wish for on these cloudy, disagreeable days. Just such a dainty "lassie" could have been seen in a household in Allegheny a little more than a week ago. She is not there now. She does not exist save in the memory of her friends and in that great receptacle of sorrow, the past. In her place there is a woman with nothing of brightness or happiness about her. She has "big blue eyes," but they are dull and expressionless, all their brilliancy being washed away by frequent weepings. Her face is pale, colorless and thin. The sprightly grace that once gave a charm to her walk and her figure, has gone, and she walks about like an old woman who has lost all the hope and has discovered that the world is full of bitterness and care. The first and second pictures are of the same person so far as actual identity and name are concerned, but oh! how they are at variance in heart and soul! The change is striking, and it came about so suddenly, that the writer sought to learn the cause of it all, and this is the story that was told to him: Sometime ago a gentleman who lives in Allegheny went abroad for a pleasure trip, taking with him his wife and young children. Some of the gentleman's immediate ancestors had been born in Scotland, and he desired to spend considerable time in that country, and did so. During the visit of the party one of the children was taken sick at Dunkeld, a little town in Perthshire, on the left bank of Tay. The town had but few accommodations, but as the child was too weak to be moved, the family were compelled to take lodgings in a hotel and wait for the little one's recovery. The mother became worn out with watching the sick boy, and his father asked the doctor if he knew of any one who could be obtained as a nurse, and promised liberal pay. The doctor said he knew just the right kind of a person, provided she would consent to serve as nurse. She was Jeannie, daughter of the clergyman who had formerly had charge of the kirk, and who had died, leaving his only child an orphan, poor and almost friendless. She had always been good to the poor and needy during her father's lifetime, and after he had left her she had gone to the house of a friend to remain until she could obtain some kind of work. The doctor told Jeannie how matters stood and she at once declared her willingness to nurse the sick child, and accordingly took her place at his bedside. The bright, cheerful face of the girl and her winning manners made her a great favorite with the children and their parents, and when they were about to leave Dunkeld, the mother insisted on Jennie coming to this country with her as governess of the children and a companion for herself. To this Jeannie objected stoutly, and said, with many blushes and much confusion, that she could not leave Dunkeld. Then the reason came out. She was engaged to be married to the young man whom she had known since childhood, and who was to marry her as soon as he was able. He was a guard on the North British Railroad.

"Why could not Stewart come to?" said the father of the boy whom Jeannie had so faithfully watched. "I will find work for him in Pittsburg, and you need not be separated."

Then it came out that Stewart had a sister who was bedridden, and who he had to support, and this was the reason why the marriage had not taken place before. Jeannie was persuaded to go to Dundee to see Stewart and ask his advice, and he was urgent in his counsel that she should accept the liberal offer that had been made to her and go to America. He told her he would follow her here when he was able to provide for his sister. Stewart added that the doctors said that the sick girl could not outlive the winter. Poor Jeannie was all tears and sorrow when she left with her friends, but she heard regularly from Stewart, and on arriving here she soon became accustomed to her new life and liked it greatly. About a month ago Stewart wrote to her that his sister was dead and that he would leave for America about the first of January. Jeannie's songs and smiles became more frequent, and she looked forward eagerly for the arrival of the new year.

On Tuesday last the papers contained the account of the terrible accident to the Edinburgh train on the bridge over the Frith of Tay. Jeannie heard about it, and hurriedly read the meager account that had been sent by cable. She did not say much when she finished the dispatch until her mistress told her not to worry about Stewart, as he was probably all right. Then she began to sob and cried out.

"It isna' all right; it was Stewart's train and Stewart's drowned!"

Next morning came the particulars of the disaster, and a list of the names of those drowned. Stewart's name was among the list of the trainmen, and when Jeannie read it she went to her room and would not see any one until the following morning. Then she came quietly down stairs and went about her usual duties without a word to anybody. She looked ten years older than she did before, but she made no complaints, and has not referred to her loss since that first day, and her friends in their pity and warm sympathy are watching her anxiously to see that she does not do herself some harm. And thus even this far-away calamity shows how long reaching are the shadowy arms of affliction and sorrow.—*Pittsburg Telegraph.*

How Far Twenty-five Cents Will Go.

The wife of the man next door has a fertile brain, which is kept actively employed in a variety of directions. Among her household goods are a dozen of plants in pots, and a variety of these in a box mounted on a pedestal. The box she got at the store; the pedestal she and the boy together made. After it was done she wanted it painted.

She might have sent it to the painter for that purpose, but he would charge more than it was worth. To save the extra cost she would do it herself. She could get a pound of paint mixed in a pot and a brush for twenty cents—the pot and brush to be returned after the work was done. It was a simple thing to paint, and she could put it on as easily and nicely as a trained hand could do it. The man next door didn't think about it. It was not in his line, but he got the paint.

It was a great surprise to the wife of the man next door to see how little of the paint was required to cover the box and pedestal, and how much was left after the work was done. What should she do with it? Not return it, of course, for she would not be allowed anything for it. Now that she had it, she might as well use it. There was undoubtedly something it could be used on.

She looked around for the object in question, and was not long in finding it. There are more or less dingy, battered articles around a house which a coat of paint would improve. Her house was no exception. Her eyes lighted on a box holding her scouring sand. In a few moments it was a delightful green.

Then she looked round for other fields to conquer, and presently she found them, and continued to find them as long as the presence of paint made it necessary to search for them. She was nearly the whole afternoon using up that pot of paint, but it was time well employed.

And it was amazing, as she admitted to herself, how far twenty cents worth of paint would go, judiciously applied. She knew her husband would be surprised when he came home at night at all she had done.

And he was.

When he observed the green clock case and looked at the green paper rack, and found that he had a green writing desk, and contemplated the green footstool, and saw the green coal scuttle, and got against the green clothes-horse, he was too full to say a word.

Then he picked up his green bootjack, and when he did that he gave a wild, scared look about the room, sank down in a chair and found his voice.

He said:

"Holy fish-hooks!"—*Danbury News.*

Where Did Man Originate?

The various writers and thinkers on the subject of prehistoric man generally concede that the races of to-day have radiated over the globe from some point in Asia. Indeed, the traditions of different nations lead to the conclusion that this point of dispersion was located in the high central regions of that country. There, apparently, the dog, horse and ox were first domesticated, and can at present time be found in their natural, wild state. Hudson Tuttle says, in his "Arcana of nature," that "man originated near the equator, where the climate was better adapted to his defenseless condition and food abundant." This conclusion seemed to be based upon the impression that the different zones of the earth occupy the same relative positions now that they have always done, and can hardly hold good in view of recent developments. Colorado, an almost unexplored country, comparatively speaking, to the scientific world will be apt to change the logical reasonings that have so far been advanced upon this interesting subject. Senor Altamirano, of Mexico, the best Aztec scholar living, claims the proof is conclusive that the Aztecs did not come to Mexico from Asia, as has long been universally believed, but that they were a race originated in the unsubmerged parts of America, as old as the Asiatics themselves, and that that country may even have been peopled from this. From the ruins recently found, the most northern of any yet discovered, the indications of improved architecture, the work of different ages, can be traced in a continual chain to Mexico, where they culminate in massive and imposing structures, thus giving some proof by circumstantial evidence to Altamiranio's reasoning.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts! therefore guard accordingly, and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature—[Marcus Antonius.

Nothing could be more natural or proper, when a defaulting clerk fails to keep his accounts straight, than to send his to the house of correction.

Good intentions are at last the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them, and leave it to the soil and season whether they come up or no, or whether he or any others gather the fruit.

An Ancient Love Story.

In an old seaport town like Newport one may often listen to tales of painful vicissitudes—tales of privation and suffering, of ships that went down to the sea, never to return, of the sad, heart-rending suspense that grows out of an uncertainty, whether the loved ones who went out into the world are yet alive, may yet return, or have gone down unwept into the great deep. Here is a case in point:

One of the Southern families that early came to Newport to enjoy the advantages of its climate was that of Colonel Thomas Pollock. He was not the Pollock to whom reference was made by Mr. Burke, in his speech before the House of Commons in 1781, as having formerly lived in Rhode Island, and as having been stripped by the British at the taking of St. Eustatius; but he came from North Carolina, where his grandfather, who had been a deputy of Lord Carteret for a period of twenty years, was elected Governor of the Colony in 1712.

Colonel Pollock, who had frequent business relations with the merchants of Newport and Boston, and who passed much of his time in Newport, became involved in 1771 or 1772, when John Scollay of Boston sued him in the Courts of Rhode Island, and recovered judgment to the amount of more than £500 sterling. Walter Chaloner, then Sheriff, went bail for Pollock, who took himself off, and was never after seen in Newport. When the time of payment came round Chaloner was thrown into jail, and there remained till the British took possession of the island, when, learning that the Sheriff was a royalist, they released him.

Colonel Pollock left a son and daughter in Newport, the latter being the eldest. Dr. Olyphant was the family physician, and the interest the doctor had taken in the father led him to be kind and fatherly to the children, particularly to the son, who had shown a love for reading. One of the places of resort for the young was a book store and circulating library, kept by Joseph J. Tdod, near the Postoffice. This was in 1797. Todd's library contained about 800 volumes. There was more than one circulating library in the place; but the only one that Todd had to contend with was kept by Jacob Richardson, the Postmaster, who asserted that the library contained more than 1000 volumes. Todd, not to be outdone, promised to increase his collection to 2000 volumes, and, in a spirit of enterprise, issued proposals for publishing the poems of Ossian. In this shop young Pollock almost lived, so fond was he of reading, devouring books not only in his own language but also in French, for, after the arrival of the frigate Medusa in 1795, with a number of distinguished Frenchmen on board, he applied himself to learning the French language under M. Bounemot, who taught classes alternately in Newport and Providence.

The shops of book-sellers in those days were like reading rooms, and were frequented by both old and young readers; and it was in Todd's library that young Pollock met Ethel Fergurson, the pride and solace of her widowed mother. Ethel was the only daughter of Adam Fergurson. Adam and John Fergurson were snuff-makers, who came to America from Scotland and settled in Newport. Dr. Moffat, another Scotchman, had previously carried on the business of snuff-making in Rhode Island, and for a time was very successful. The Fergursons had a shop on the Long Wharf in 1774, where they made snuff, but their retail trade was carried on chiefly in a little shop near Trinity Church. Almost every one took snuff in those days, and the Fergursons had the satisfaction of knowing that they could sell an article "equal to anything imported from England" at a less price than the imported article bore. Adam died here, and John, when he closed the business, found there was little to go to the widow and orphan. With his part he removed to New York, and there went into business. With care and prudence Mrs. Fergurson and Ethel could just live on their smal income. Ethel was fond of reading, and, as I have said, she and young Pollock met frequently in Todd's book shop. Pollock, from long familiarity with the library, aided Todd in his duties, and thus it was that he and Ethel had long talks over their favorite authors. Is it to be wondered at that they soon began to love each other? But this was not of long duration, for as soon as it was known Ethel was not permitted to go again to the library, and Pollock was told it would be time enough to look for a wife when he was in a position to support one. In a moment he took it all in, and knowing there was no opening for him at home, he determined to push out into the world, and at once shipped on board the Russell, a fine ship, then up for Batavia. This was in March, 1799.

The Russell sailed in a few days, and on the 8th of the following August, while lying at anchor off Anger Point, on the island of Java, under the guns of the fort, she was captured by the French privateer Hazard. All on board the ship with the exception of the captain, supercargo and two boys, were put on shore at Batavia, and the ship was carried to the Isle of France. The long story of the difficulties that beset the captain, and how he obtained the release of his ship, I need not here relate. He finally brought her home, reaching Newport in August, 1800. The blow to Ethel, when it was known to her what had befallen the crew, was painful, indeed; hard as had been her trials, this was the severest of them all.

Pollock was stripped of everything but the clothes in which he stood, when he stepped ashore in Batavia, but it was something to know that he had reached the port for which he sailed. His willingness to work, his good address, and his knowledge of English and French, soon gained for him employment, and, saving little by little, he had with him a respectable sum when he sailed for England. But the vessel was captured by Spanish gunboats and sent to Algeria, where everything was taken from all on board, who were then reduced to slavery. Pollock at length escaped and found himself on board an English vessel, bound for Liverpool. Till then he knew nothing of the war between the United States and England, and he had scarcely learned the particulars, when the vessel which was bearing him from slavery was taken, close in under the Irish coast, by the American privateer Yankee, of Bristol. This was a lucky turn in the affairs of Pollock, who at once signed the schooner's papers, and fought as bravely as any one on board when the opportunity offered. After a cruise lasting three months she returned to Rhode Island in August, 1813, "as deep as she could swim" with valuable goods on board, and she had also sent in seven prizes.

Pollock rowed in the first boat that came on shore, and it was with fear and agitation that he asked for Ethel. Fourteen years had elapsed, and no one could tell him anything about her. At last he learned that, finding their income inadequate to their support, they had gone to New York, and from there to Long Island. Nor was this his only disappointment; his sister Elizabeth had died in 1801, and his kind friend—one who had been to him a father—Dr. Olyphant, had gone to rest in 1805. Over the grave of his sister in Trinity Churchyard, where there is a slab to her memory, placed there by his hand, he gave vent to his tears and then sailed for Long Island. There, after a persistent search, for he had nothing to guide him, he found the object of his affections living with her mother in straightened circumstances. The meeting was as happy as it was unexpected to Ethel, and when the first excitement was over they had much to say to each other, and a tale to tell of suffering and painful disappointments. To Newport they never returned, but when their hands, as well as their hearts, were joined, they left for North Carolina, where Pollock hoped to recover some of the property that had once belonged to his ancestors.

The Count Johannes.

The Count Joannes, who died in New York recently, was a man of little value in the world, yet one may say with Prince Hal, when he supposed Falstaff dead, we "could have better spared a better man." He was born George Jones in London, sixty-three years ago last March, and began an actor at 22 in Boston, where he had his education. He was a good actor, too, and married a wife who had a good line on the stage, and together they "starred" through this country and Great Britain and Ireland with success. Their daughter Avonia, named after the Avon of Shakespeare, who was also an excellent actress, married Gustavus Vaughan Brooke, the tragedian, and died young. Mr. Jones was the original "Claude Melnotte" in this country. He was somewhat eccentric as an actor, and started out as an author with a tract to prove that the American Aboriginies were identical with the lost tribes of Israel. This was a symptom of the obtrusive lunacy that made the man a nuisance for years afterward, solely from his love of notriety. He was one of Louis Napoleons friends during that Prince's exile in this country, and after he became Emperor, he was made a Count Palatine by some swell German Prince, who had the right to confer that title. Ever after he wrote his name "George, the Count Joannes, citizen of the United States." He turned lawyer, and made a good living at that in Boston, and afterward in New York. He sued a Boston paper for calling him a "so-disant Count," and called Governor Andrew, General Butler and others for witnesses, making a very amusing plea for himself, in which he asked the jury to consider how it would sound to call Mr. Andrew a "so-disant Governor," etc. The Count brought so many suits to sustain his personal dignity that he was finally put through for barratry, that is, as a common suer of of baseless litigation. He was a familiar figure in the New York lower courts, and among the stories told of his eccentric appearances, is that of a contested election case tried before Judge Brady, who interrupted a squabble between the lawyers by saying: "Well, gentlemen, let us go into the merits of the case, I suppose that all either party want is an honest count." At this point the Count Joannes, who was in the room, arose with his hand upon his breast, and bowing low, said: "May it please the Court, *ecce homo!*" Three years ago he made a starring tour as actor with an "adopted daughter," Miss Avonia Fairbanks, appearing in this city one evening, and greeted everywhere with cabbage boquets and other unsavory marks of distinction. He made money out of his trip, and more of the notriety that was his life, out of Sothern's personation of "The Crushed Tragedian," in which he was the model for "Fitz-Altamont." He was a strange looking person in his later years; he prided himself on his marked resemblance to Ex-Governor Hoffman, and when he first saw Southern in the above mentioned part, he turned to that gentleman, who was standing beside him, and exclaimed: "Heavens! Hoffman, is that you or I, or our third?" Lately, he has been in a sort of harmless dementia, sitting in a New York square playing with the birds and children, like George Francis Train.—*Springfield Republican.*

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to what it teaches.—[James Burgh.

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray.—[Cyprian.

The best of all players is to act with a pure intention, and with a continual reference to the will of God.—[Fenelon.

As sins proceed they ever multiply; like figures in arithmetic, the last stands for more than all that went before it.

If Christians must contend, let it be like the olive and vine, which shall bear most and best fruits; not like the aspen and elm, which shall make the most noise in the wind.