

BETTER MAKE THE BEST OF IT.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

I. If some pleasure come your way, Though 'tis but a holiday, Just an hour or two of play, Better make the best of it.

II. Of ungrateful you have been: Though your home was sweet and clean, Thought it only small and mean, Better make the best of it.

III. Perhaps you have gone with weary feet Through the hay, and corn, and wheat; When the harvest is complete, Make the very best of it.

IV. Two things since the world began No one frets for, if a man— What he can't help—what he can— But he makes the best of it.

V. What you can help, help, if you Would unto yourself be true; A mistake has still its due— 'Tis to make the best of it.

VI. There's no grief that can befall, Less, or wrong, wounded pride, But will have a brighter side; Find it; make the best of it.

THE DUEL.

In the year 1801, when the peace of Tilait put a stop to the conquests of Napoleon in Germany, the King of Prussia, exhausted by his astonishing efforts to maintain the war against France, reduced his army to the peace establishment.

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place at the appointed hour. But it is not supposed that all slept equally well during the night.

He requested the officers to accept of some refreshments; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind and good breeding.

About eight o'clock he rose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him.

When they arrived on the ground, the Englishman asked the Prussian what distance he would prefer. He answered: "Fifteen paces."

"The distance is too great," resumed the Englishman; "you will miss me. Call it ten, if you please."

And his proposition was accepted. The major now made the observation that the captain had no second.

"This is of little consequence," said the Englishman. "If I fall, my valet has my orders."

The major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and that if such a formality were neglected the duel could not take place, but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out, and each of the principals had taken his station, the captain asked his antagonist significantly if he had good pistols;

"Yes," said he, "I have a pair which I often use, which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excellence."

He then called his servant, and ordered him to throw something in the air. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket.

"This is too large," said the captain; "and something else."

He took from his pocket a dried prune. "That will do," exclaimed the master.

these hair-brained youths, now addressed the Baron in a low voice, but which, notwithstanding, could be heard in all parts of the room.

"My young friend you are insulting a stranger without provocation; you are foolishly guilty of a greater impertinence, and your conduct with that of your applauding comrades, begins to disgust me. I beg you to pursue this foolish joke no further."

The Baron, with his companions, accordingly adjourned to a neighboring room, and commenced playing cards. To judge from their numerous jokes, followed by loud peals of laughter, it would seem that the young officer's folly and imprudence were already forgotten.

An hour passed away, all was mirth and jollity, the Baron had gained a considerable sum, and his spirits were proportionately buoyant, when the little man in black entered the room, and slowly approaching his chair, tapped him gently on the shoulder, and requested to speak with him in another apartment.

The Baron regarded him with a look of disdain over his shoulder, uttered an ill-timed jest, and laughed in his face.

"Sir," said the man in black in a decided and manly tone, "you labor under a trifling mistake, which I must take the liberty to correct. I am neither a tailor nor a school-master. I have the honor to be a post-captain in the English navy, very much at your service. You have insulted me and I demand satisfaction. To-morrow morning at seven o'clock I shall await you here. Bring pistols with you."

The astonished Baron, who during this address had raised from his chair, changed countenance more than once, and then answered only by a low bow of acquiescence; he dared not trust himself to speak, lest his tongue should betray his terror.

With him departed all the gaiety of the lieutenant. He became thoughtful and taciturn; his mind wandered from his game, and he soon lost more than he had gained. He was unnerved with terror, while reflecting on the consequences of his folly.

When the company separated, they all agreed to meet at the same place at the appointed hour. But it is not supposed that all slept equally well during the night.

He requested the officers to accept of some refreshments; and they entered into conversation, when the Englishman gave indications of possessing a cultivated mind and good breeding.

About eight o'clock he rose from his chair, and begged the Prussian officer to select the spot where their quarrel must be decided, adding that he was a stranger in the city, and that all places were alike to him.

When they arrived on the ground, the Englishman asked the Prussian what distance he would prefer. He answered: "Fifteen paces."

"The distance is too great," resumed the Englishman; "you will miss me. Call it ten, if you please."

And his proposition was accepted. The major now made the observation that the captain had no second.

"This is of little consequence," said the Englishman. "If I fall, my valet has my orders."

The major represented that such a proceeding was contrary to the usage in affairs of this kind, and that if such a formality were neglected the duel could not take place, but he politely offered to assist in that capacity.

When the ground was marked out, and each of the principals had taken his station, the captain asked his antagonist significantly if he had good pistols;

"Yes," said he, "I have a pair which I often use, which never miss their man. I will give you a proof of their excellence."

He then called his servant, and ordered him to throw something in the air. The man took a handkerchief from his pocket.

"This is too large," said the captain; "and something else."

He took from his pocket a dried prune. "That will do," exclaimed the master.

The fruit was thrown in the air, the pistol was fired, and the prune was shattered into pieces. At this extraordinary proof of address, the spectators were struck with astonishment.

receive from my hand, already surrounded you with shadows. The grim tyrant's icy hand is already extended over you. Your lips are pale, your eyes are glazed, your visage as livid as the winding sheet which in a few hours will envelop your body.

"You are wrong, my love. I simply wished to point out when you reproached me with neglecting your comfort that I came to the theater, said, 'Give me two of the best seats in the house!' and paid down my 16 francs, as I would have paid 60 to give you comfort."

She—So you squandered 16 franc without knowing what seats you were getting, so that if when we arrived they had opened a dark cupboard and said, 'Get up on the second shelf!' we would have no recourse but to do so!

He—That is going to an extreme, my love. When you pay to see a play, it is manifest that they can't put you into a dark cupboard. Any one of common sense can see that.

She—Oh, thank you! So I don't possess common sense. But I see what it is—I understand it all. You are to take the 16 francs you have wasted out of me. As I was to blame because some one else swindled you by giving you such seats.

He—No one swindled me; I selected them myself from the diagram.

She—Yes, you parted with your money on the strength of a diagram without looking to see the seats and find out if they were comfortable.

He—But it is not customary.

She—When you buy a two-franc chicken you feel it to see if it is tender—

He—And in the day-time the theaters are dark.

She—Easy enough to get a lantern.

He—Bosh! Do you want me to believe that in a city the size of Paris such a thing as a lantern isn't to be found? But, no! The least little thing costs too much trouble—you would sooner see an unhappy woman, whose health and happiness the law has confided to your keeping, suffer agony on a seat harder than a road.

He—I'll go for a cushion, my dear.

She—Oh, thank you. Do bring me a cushion every one has sat on. And while you are all about it, see if you can find a cast-off bouquet that has been lying under a seat for a few weeks.

He—You want flowers? How stupid of me to forget! I'll get them this—

She—If you took the trouble to reflect about such a trifling matter as my health, you would know that the smell of flowers makes me sick.

He—Forgive me, my love. I had forgotten—

She—Your confession was not needed to convince me of your neglect. Any other husband, on finding that the wife of his bosom was placed alongside of a fat woman escaped from a circus and reeking with patchouli, would have seen to it that a door was opened.

He—I will, with pleasure, my love, but as the act has been begun, I shall have to disturb every one.

She—Rather than incommode strangers, you would see the mother of your children suffer. I suppose that's her husband there—that grinning idiot—

He—And a nice play it is, too; no one can make head or tail out of it.

He—If you were to listen instead of talking—

Reserved seats. (Argument: The husband has treated his wife to the theater. The action takes place in two front seats during the first act of the play.)

She—Considering that this is the first time that you have deigned to take me anywhere, I am surprised that you paid so little attention to my comfort. A devoted husband would have secured better seats, but you said, of course, 'Oh, anything is good enough for her!'

He—But, my dear, these are the best seats in the house and I cannot see what more you can ask, for I hardly suppose you would wish to occupy the Emperor's box.

She—You mean that I am not good enough for it! I don't thank you for bringing me here, since it was only to have an opportunity of paying me such compliments.

He—You are wrong, my love. I simply wished to point out when you reproached me with neglecting your comfort that I came to the theater, said, 'Give me two of the best seats in the house!' and paid down my 16 francs, as I would have paid 60 to give you comfort."

She—So you squandered 16 franc without knowing what seats you were getting, so that if when we arrived they had opened a dark cupboard and said, 'Get up on the second shelf!' we would have no recourse but to do so!

He—That is going to an extreme, my love. When you pay to see a play, it is manifest that they can't put you into a dark cupboard. Any one of common sense can see that.

She—Oh, thank you! So I don't possess common sense. But I see what it is—I understand it all. You are to take the 16 francs you have wasted out of me. As I was to blame because some one else swindled you by giving you such seats.

He—No one swindled me; I selected them myself from the diagram.

She—Yes, you parted with your money on the strength of a diagram without looking to see the seats and find out if they were comfortable.

He—But it is not customary.

She—When you buy a two-franc chicken you feel it to see if it is tender—

He—And in the day-time the theaters are dark.

She—Easy enough to get a lantern.

He—Bosh! Do you want me to believe that in a city the size of Paris such a thing as a lantern isn't to be found? But, no! The least little thing costs too much trouble—you would sooner see an unhappy woman, whose health and happiness the law has confided to your keeping, suffer agony on a seat harder than a road.

He—I'll go for a cushion, my dear.

She—Oh, thank you. Do bring me a cushion every one has sat on. And while you are all about it, see if you can find a cast-off bouquet that has been lying under a seat for a few weeks.

He—You want flowers? How stupid of me to forget! I'll get them this—

She—If you took the trouble to reflect about such a trifling matter as my health, you would know that the smell of flowers makes me sick.

He—Forgive me, my love. I had forgotten—

She—Your confession was not needed to convince me of your neglect. Any other husband, on finding that the wife of his bosom was placed alongside of a fat woman escaped from a circus and reeking with patchouli, would have seen to it that a door was opened.

He—I will, with pleasure, my love, but as the act has been begun, I shall have to disturb every one.

household—not even a servant to answer the door. I hope the notary's clients do not leave their securities with him.

He—Oh, if you come down to such trifles—

She—Trifles! You consider it a trifle to call on a lady while she is dressing. But I am not surprised. You have no sense of decency. I am only astonished that you haven't quitted me hours ago to go and meander round the Countess. I have been waiting to hear you say you had an engagement with the notary.

He—Hush, my dear. Everybody is staring at us. You forgot that we are at the theater.

She—Now I see why you were ready to spend 16 francs to take me to the theater. It was with the triple object in view of breaking me on a stone bench, poisoning me with patchouli and perverting my moral sense. You wished to reduce me to the level of your countess, who opens her doors to whole cities—

He—I beg of you my dear— They are laughing at us.

She—I won't stay here another instant. I'll go and get the money back; let them deduct the price of the act we have seen, if they are mean enough to exact it. Oh, heavens! There, all five of them are kissing the Countess.

He—You see she has just recognized her five long lost brothers.

She—Don't tell me! No woman ever recognized five long lost brothers at once. If she pretends they are her brothers it is only because there is some faint spark of shame left in her.

He—If you understood the plot you—

She—So I'm an idiot, am I? Here, let me out.

He—Wait till the end of the act.

She—I won't.

He—We will have to derange everybody—

She—Come this moment, or I'll prance along the knees of the audience. O—oh! (Goes into hysterics and is removed to a carriage by her husband and a stranger.)

Stranger—I hope the air will revive your wife, sir. If I can be of any further service to you, here is my card.

He—Thank you, sir. (Reads) "Mr. King, Wild Beast Tamer!" (Curtain.)

Garfield's Narrow Escap from Death. Only the night before the terrible tragedy of July 2d, Capt. E. C. Henry, Marshal of the District of Columbia, and an intimate friend of the late President, dined with him and spent part of the evening. As the conversation drifted on from one topic to another, General Garfield suddenly began to talk about the remarkable escapes from death through which he had passed.

He never heard him speak of these in the way he did that night, writes Captain Henry, in a letter to the Cleveland Herald, and the first and most remarkable one he had never told me before. He dwelt upon the uncertainty of life, doubtless constrained thereby by the terrible accident that had recently happened to his favorite uncle, Thomas Garfield, and to his cousin, Mrs. Artois.

It appeared that the first escape occurred when he was only nine years old. His mother did not own a horse, and he thought there was nothing in the world quite so nice as riding on horseback. His uncle, Mr. Boynton, who owned a farm next to his mother's, had a wild four-year-old colt, which had never been handled at all. He ran loose in a pasture near Mrs. Garfield's house. The boy-President by gradual degrees got the animal so he would come to the fence to be rubbed and petted. He continued to pet him for many days, and finally used to climb the fence and rub his back. At length he put his bare foot over the top of the fence and upon the colt's back. The animal crouched somewhat and did not seem to relish the proceeding, but did not run away. The colt had at first been disposed to bite every time he was touched, and the boy now thought he had so tamed him that the next day he would attempt to ride. By the most gradual stages the act of mounting was accomplished. Finally the bare foot was placed upon the back, and the leg slipped gradually down upon the opposite side of the animal, and in an instant he was in the spot where saddle had never been. The colt was as wild as the Ukraine to whose back Mazepa was tied.

The boy placed his hands firmly in the mane of the colt, while the latter at first crouching low down and sidled away, until finding that the load was firmly fixed upon his back, he began a series of most vigorous rearings and kicking. Finding that this was not likely to accomplish the desired end, the colt started as fast as he could run across the field in the direction of a large oak tree with widespread branches which came down close to the ground. The boy made up his mind that he was destined to be swept off by the oak, and he determined to escape such a fate. He accordingly let go the mane, and gradually slipped back and down over the rump of the colt as he ran. Just as he struck the ground the colt gave a vigorous kick with both feet. The boy felt the breeze that the swift blow created in his face, but he was unharmed. He did not spend any more time courting the colt, however.

A Typographical Injury. There are plenty of the old "seminary" boys who will remember Charley Bender, a ten-year old, in knickerbockers, who went from here to California in 1862 with his brothers, Wilson S. and "Punch" Bender. Charley is in business in Reno, Nevada, now, and was the happiest man in the State until about two weeks ago, when he fell a victim to a typographical blunder. Charley lit upon a scheme to advertise his business, and told the editor of the Reno Gazette to announce that he would give a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby at the fair that most resembled her. The announcement appeared among the fair notes, and read: "Charles T. Bender offers a special premium to the lady exhibiting a baby that most resembles him." Charley was out of the city for several days, and when he came back couldn't understand why the ladies, with whom he had always been a great favorite, looked at their noses when they passed him, and the matter grew absolutely serious when a very intimate lady friend to whom he proffered his hand, exclaimed, "Don't you dare to shake hands with me, sir, you vile thing!" It was all made as plain as day when Charley saw the typographical error, and he is not to be blamed for hunting up the editor with his revolver.—[South Bend Tribune.]

HUMOROUS.

When a bank goes up it generally falls to come down. A matter of more than ordinary interest—your note bearing twelve per cent. Whisky that makes a man seasick may be properly termed a spurious article.

Some things are past finding out. The love for whisky is what staggers a man. —[Picaunne.] Right in the main—gas.—[The Score.] But very apt to be wrong in the metre.—[Advertiser.]

President Garfield's portrait is to be placed upon the five-cent international postage letter stamps. A San Francisco woman calls her husband her darkest hour, because he generally comes just before dawn.

"This apple is pretty well worn out," said a five-year-old, as she finished eating and was about to throw away the core. Fact. The Omaha Republican says the spirit of mortals is proud because it costs fifteen cents a glass. This puts the matter in a new light.

A Coroner's verdict reads thus: "The deceased came to his death by excessive drinking, producing apoplexy in the minds of the jury." Jones, getting up from his dinner, in a quiet way remarked to his landlady that he had found everything on the table cold except the ice cream.

The following typographical error shows the vast importance of a comma. At a banquet this toast was given: "Woman—without her man, is a brute." No Fee! runs a Chinese laundry in Boston. He shall have all our washing. —[Lowell Courier.] Send it along. One more shirt will probably not increase his labors much.—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.]

It might have been: A fashionable young lady accidentally dropped one of her false eye-brows in her opera-box and greatly frightened her beau, who on seeing it, supposed it was his mustache.

"Gold in thirty three counties in this State; copper in thirteen; iron in forty-three; diamonds in twenty-six; whisky in all of them, and the last gets away with all the rest."—[Georgia Sentinel.] An old maid, not attractive, recently read in a temperance lodge an original poem, entitled, "The Lips that Touch Liquor Shall Never Touch Mine," and the young men present gave her three cheers.

Young husband to young wife—"You ought not to tease the baby by letting him suck an empty bottle." Young wife—"He can get as much enjoyment out of that as he can out of his thumb, can't he?" A certain handsome Boston actor recently said to his valet: "I'm going to stay with Tom to-night. Take such things as I may want to his room." And the valet took a night dress, tooth-brush, and a cork-screw.

The astronomical side of a woman's character shines forth with radiance when she succeeds in fastening an 18-inch belt around a 22-inch waist. Her justifiable pride in making both ends meet deserves commendation.

The clergyman who prayed at Haverhill: "We approach Thee, O Lord, under the auspices of the Essex County Agricultural Society," must have thought that the members have a good deal of influence in celestial matters.—[Lawrence Eagle.] A Rockland man saw advertised "a sure cure for drunkenness." He forwarded the necessary dollar and received by return mail, written on a valuable postal card in beautiful violet ink, the magic words—"Don't Drink!"—[Rockland Courier.]

"Here's my wife and I," said a husband with complacency to his silver wedding guests, "who have been married five-and-twenty years, and in all that time haven't had a single unkind word with each other." "By Jove!" exclaimed one of the guests, "what a stupid time you must have had of it!"

A superstitious person desiring to learn less of the future he already knows, visits the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter and explains his mission. "Twenty francs, please!" "Twenty francs! That's pretty steep. Say ten!" "Rash mortal, ten francs wouldn't pay the spirits for the labor of lifting the veil of futurity, to say nothing of the wear and tear of the veil.

An elderly Scotch woman went one day to an apothecary's shop with a prescription for two grains of calomel for a child. Seeing the druggist weigh the medicine with scrupulous exactness, and not thinking it did this from anxiety not to get an overdose, but from his penuriousness or desire to give as little as possible for the money, she said: "Dianna be sae mean wi't, man; it's for a pair fatherless bairn."

A poet in a November magazine asks, "When the true poet comes, how shall we know him?" Oh, you'll know him. He may be distinguished from the other fellows by the clean linen collar he wears and the absence of tobacco juice stains on his shirt front. And also from the fact that he is too sensible to fool away his time writing poetry.—[Norristown Herald.]

An officer of the army relates that upon one occasion, after a charge upon the enemy's works, a fierce encounter and a fall back for reinforcement, a bright young Irish soldier was found to have a rebel flag captured from the foe. Approaching him he said: "I'll send that to the rear as one of our trophies; give me the flag." "Sure I'll not give it ye," said Pat; "if ye are wanting one, there's plenty av 'em behind that ridge over beyond where I got this; sure ye can go and get one for yourself."

A Little too Fresh.—Jones was sitting on the front steps the other night, waiting for his sweetheart to come out. She knew what time to come, and Jones didn't wish to ring the bell for fear of alarming the old folks. Presently he heard the door open, and the old man muttered something about somebody's being "too fresh." "Do you address yourself to me?" said Jones, springing up with a flashing eye. "No," said the old gentleman, mildly. "I was thinking of the paint on the steps. It was put there this afternoon." Jones clasped his hands to the spot, and, realizing the force of the old man's remarks, reached his room in five minutes.