

TO THE OLD VINTNER FIREMEN.

Let warriors hunt their fields of blood,
With mingled corpses spread,
They're not the only heroes,
Who followed or who led.

ENGAGED TO BOTH.

Dick Powers dropped his letter with a groan.
It fell by the side of its long, slim envelope on the table.

Again the young man groaned, throwing his arms on the table and hiding his distressed face in his sleeve.

The other occupant of the room sat with his heels on the window-sill and his chair tilted back at a fearful angle.

The letter, half folding upon its precise and lady-like creases, lay face upward, and the lines betrayed the same quaintly girlish handwriting.

"Dear Richard," it began, "I haven't heard from you for so long."

"Grandpa isn't very well since he had that sickness last winter, and when he coughs so it shakes him all over."

"By-and-by the young man in the fitted chair, eyeing his friend meditatively, said:

"Your letter don't seem to make you happy, somehow, Dick."

"Oh, all if you could only know what a villain I am!" was the rejoinder in a muffled tone from the folds of his sleeve.

"At this one eyebrow went up and one came down. 'Well, it's very likely.' He looked lazily through the window at a group of loungers before the hotel opposite, and then continued indifferently:

"Just read that!" was the reply, as Dick passed, 'affectionately your own Marthy's' letter toward him.

Fisher read the letter through carefully. 'I should say this was a very sweet little girl,' he remarked, musingly.

"So she is, so she is!" said Dick straightening up. "She's just the sweetest and most confiding little thing in the world, is Martha. That's what dancing with them, making love to them and dressing like a dandy when you ought to be in the Green mountains, wearing butternut and carrying Marthy's milk-pail."

"Dick groaned in anguish of spirit. 'And I've always told her I couldn't afford to come after her quite yet. Give it to me, you can't hit too hard; but, oh! do help me out of this scrape.'

"H'll you out? Well, I should think you'd be glad to be in it. Just to think of that little Vermont blossom, tasting like cream and maple sugar, I'll warrant, if blossoms ever do taste; just think of her dropping down any minute among all the furbelows, the frizzes, the paints and the powders of the ladies in our set!"

"Oh, Lord! Al, don't harrow up a fellow so. I don't believe you imagine yet how deep I'm in for it. There's Kate Richardson, now, when you talk about flowers; she's a tiger lily; she's a red cactus; she's a tea rose; she's magnificent; she's gorgeous; she's radiant. Ah, Al Fisher, can't you see how I love her?"

"And she?"—the question was like a flame springing from a bed of coals.

"Well, I just thought I never was so in love in my life. I wasn't sure about her; but one night a month ago I was carried away. I forgot all about Marthy and I asked her to marry me. By George! she said she would, and I should have been too happy altogether, if, after my first transport, little Marthy hadn't occurred to me again. Now I'm engaged to both of them, don't you see, and it's a deuce of a mess. I wouldn't give up Kate if I could, and I don't see how I could give up Marthy if I would."

A silence fell between the two then, in which the falling of a cigar ash might have echoed, and the twilight, stealing down, came like a veil over silence.

It was fully six months later when Kate Richardson walked into a sleeping car at Omaha, followed by baggage and a porter. Her step was so quick and confident, her accompaniments were so appropriate, and the porter followed her with so deferential an air, that the passengers, making themselves comfortable on either side the aisle, looked after her with great respect for her style.

"Very common sort of people; she's not the acquaintance of any of them." Miss Richardson thought, as she observed them in a glance without seeming to. She passed near the middle of the car.

"Put my things here," she said to the porter. "I have the whole section, and you may pile them all on the front seat."

She sat down upon the back seat, and spread her skirts comfortably, took out her silk handkerchief and wiped her lips, sighed as enduring a penance, smoothed the collar of her ulster, and thought what a bore crossing the continent was. The prominent setting of a ring visible under her glove made one forefinger noticeable, and it might have been tenderness or not, but she placed her elbow on the arm of the seat and rested her lips upon it.

In the meantime the car was rapidly filling. There was much talk between passengers and porter, and from her square of window she could see piles of trunks being carted forward. By and by the cars gave a little shake and quiver as if rousing; then a jerk, a dizzy, gliding motion, and then Miss Richardson became conscious that some one spoke to her. It was a voice that was an apology itself as it said: "Oh, if you please, ma'am, it's a mistake, and I've made so many mistakes; and it was almost a cry for help. It had color in its cheeks and lips, a little, little mouth, and a shy light in its hazel eyes. It carried a portmanteau, and the porter towered above all with a patronizing air."

Miss Richardson was disturbed. "Ent, Porter," said she, "I had engaged the whole of this section. I don't want any one in with me. I shall have no place for my things."

The hazel eyes were turned pitilessly upon her, but the voice was tinged with a bit of dignity, albeit touched with tears, as it answered: "Never mind; perhaps there's another half section unoccupied."

"They ain't no other, 'bout it's a gentleman's in the lower berth, if you don't mind that, miss," said the porter. The distressed free was a picture.

"Oh, very well," interposed Miss Richardson, in a bored tone; "I suppose I shall be able to manage, and I dare say we shall be comfortable enough."

The portmanteau was placed as sung neighbor to the stylish straps in the front seat, and the little woman made herself quite small in the corner furthest from her grand companion, never so much as attempting to steal a glance at the window monopolized by Miss Richardson's elbow. But presently she leaned toward Miss Richardson and touched her shoulder softly:

"I'm very much obliged to you," she said, gratefully, "and I am sure I shan't incommode you any more than I can help."

Miss Richardson made her a gracious answer, and became interested in her book.

At length she yawned, and closed it. The afternoon was passing. The scene was rich in billowy green and stretching plain, and across the green level the day was mellowing away to its close, the sunlight falling upon it like winnowed grain. Miss Richardson felt the timid and confiding little touch again upon her arm, and turned to meet with her handsome eyes the wistful, appealing ones looking toward her.

"Would you let me go into the dining room to dinner with you?" asked the flute voice with a trembling of apprehension in it.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Richardson, smiling. "I'd just as lief you would as not."

"Oh! thank you so much," was the reply, after a breath of relief. "I should never have courage to go in and eat alone. The waiters are in such a hurry, and I don't know where to sit, and I can never find my own car when I'm ready to come back!"

So it was that Miss Richardson came to have a charge, and, somehow, so much clinging timidity opposed to her own independence seemed a sort of bond. Before the second day was out she had given her dainty and pretty companion a petting tap or two, short and contented laughter: rippled up between them, confidential undertones of talk passed from one to the other, and finally Miss Richardson leaned forward and said:

"I haven't any idea what your name is. I think it ought to be Popsy, though."

And then the small woman laughed as she answered: "It isn't though, it's Marthy—Marthy Fairchild."

And then the magnificent gorgon, radiant Kate replied, just as she would have caressed a bird: "Ah! and I shall call you Marthy, then—shall I not?"

Not one dim thought of warning had she, not a single swift feeling of recoil, she knew not; that she was hugging to her heart a rival—she who held sway among men with waltz and tete-a-tete and repartee.

But under the feet of those who tread volucrales the ground will sometimes break; one cannot forever safely walk the edge of the precipice; this ice will part.

They were sitting side by side, as usual, one evening; the window framed a calm, mild star. Sitting so silently, how strange if they had known each name saying over and over the same name.

The star was shining kindly—shining and twinkling like an eye mildly shrewd, and then it gave place to another and another, till the night sky seemed shaken full with a lustered dust. Presently Miss Richardson began to hum a little, in her soft contralto, and Marthy's bird-like soprano took it up like a carol, under a breath. The men under the dull lamp in the further end of the car held their fingers on their cards for a moment, and the fretful baby ceased its crying. Two women hushed gossiping, and stared, and, under pretense of a flare, the passing porter turned down the flame in a lamp while he stopped to listen.

"Marthy," said Miss Richardson, very gently, "where did you learn that? It's such an old-fashioned, sentimental thing. I shouldn't wonder if it had been a love song in 1776."

"Oh, yes; I shouldn't wonder if it had. I learned it way back in Vermont—oh, how far away that seems now! I used to sing it with Richard—but that seems only yesterday, though it has been years and years. I've never told you about Richard, have I? His name is Powers, and it is he that I'm coming to California to meet. A long, long time ago, when I was such a little girl, I scarcely remember it, some kind of sickness broke out, and mother and father took it and died. I can just see mother lying with a white flower in her hand as they closed the coffin lid, and then in a day or two some woman said she wondered what was to be done with me."

Somehow or other I got to grandpa's in among the hills, and the cows that gave me a living, Grandpa was just my mother to me over again, and there I stayed and was so happy with him. I have always been a little girl, and I shall never be anything else. When I am an old woman it seems as though I shall still be a little girl. How it all came about I never could imagine, but it was just as the flowers came up in the spring, and as the fruit gets ripe in the fall. Grandpa said one morning he should have a young man come to help me with the milking, and before night I knew Richard; and, somehow, I think I must have been ripening ready to know him, for my heart was all open to him from the first. He came up to me when it was twilight, and said he, 'Good evening, Marthy,' and then I seemed to fall into a flutter, and to feel that he seemed to know it. Oh! I can never tell you how Richard seemed to me. Every night, after that, as I went along the meadow path he came and said, 'Good evening, Marthy'—just so; and I took to listening so hard for his coming that my heart hurt me, and beat in my lips and cheeks, and all the time grandpa never knew. One day the sky was so blue and the air was so sweet I was certain that something was going to happen, and whether it was the birds singing or my heart beating out a rhythm I do not know, but in a moment I seemed to be standing among the flowers, for Richard had taken me in his arms.

"Oh, life had just begun to me then, and not one day since, not even the day grandpa died, has been all sorrow, though dark days there have been, too, for in a few weeks more my Richard went away, so that by and by he could marry his 'bud of a girl'—that's what he always called me. Oh, how tender and true he is! What a grand place his heart is to live in! What a little queen he has crowned me! His letters have been so loving and so sweet that one can never come without carrying me through the space of heaven; and they were such sorry little ones I could write in answer. So many noble women must have loved him. But he has loved his little Marthy all the time. Ah, Miss Richardson, and her earnest, reverent tone deepened in its half whisper, "can you imagine anything at all about what I tell you?"

"No," replied Miss Richardson, bitterly, "for there is no romance, not one grain of it, in my life. The romance I had was spoiled just a short time ago. Keep your faith in your Richard, Marthy, but I have none left for you. You must go on now and let me know the rest."

"I would rather die than lose my faith in Richard," said Marthy tremulously. "There is such a little more to tell," she went on then; "all the time his letters told me he could not afford to come; he was waiting in hopes, and, oh, if the time was to him as to me, then to both it was a dreary, dreary waiting. And grandpa began to fret; he wanted to see me married before he died. But one day, a month ago, he died, and left me alone with the cows. Then, to show Richard how much I yet loved him, and how little I cared whether he was rich or whether he was poor, I wrote him a glad letter, that I was coming to him at last. And, oh, I am coming to him soon, soon. When I reach the end of my journey, there he will be to take me home—his home. I am almost so glad to see you, so glad to find me again."

She was moving restlessly about like the wind, and her hands were winding their fingers about each other, her eyes shining, and her chin with its cleft pointing into a ray of the moon.

"I think I know your Richard," said Miss Richardson, by-and-by. "He is a tall, handsome man with blonde eyes and hair, and a pleasant, bright way with him. You know I live in Sacramento, too."

In a few minutes the porter came along again, and Miss Richardson gave orders to have only the lower berth made, "for we will sleep together to-night, Marthy," she said, quietly.

So all the night long she lay awake, with her arms around little Mar-by. All the night long, thinking and thinking, she lay with the sweet breath of the trusting child woman falling on her left hand—the hand was now shorn of its sparkling ring.

"I loved him, too," she cried to herself, suddenly, and then the arm tightened upon the child-heart beating under it, and the throbs ran through her like an appeal for mercy. The ears tramped into and through the night, and by-and-by the morning came, as fair and fresh as though Kate Richardson had not made a sacrifice the night before.

When the train pulled into the depot at Sacramento, Miss Richardson espied Dick Powers waiting, and by his side was Al Fisher. He was haggard and in distress; he was thin, and had grown five years older than when she had left him two months before. He saw her, too, and ran along by the window, grasping the hand she held out to him.

"Oh, Kate! Kate!" he pleaded, imploringly.

She went to the door to meet him, and drew him along the aisle. "Dick, here is Marthy," said she.

He looked at the wild rose blooming so sweetly for him, and as he saw the hazel eyes brimming up with drops, the falling corners of the shy mouth quivering, the old sweet beauty grew upon him again, and a hungry smile dawned in his eyes.

"Oh, Marthy! little Marthy!" he murmured.

"At last, dear Richard, at last!" she cried, and he gathered her in his arms. Al Fisher took Miss Richardson home, and she was wretchedly polite and smiling all the way. But it was two years before she allowed him to draw the last drop of bitterness out of her heart; and, even then, she gave the last kiss before her marriage to Baby Marthy.

Powers never would think of calling her any name beside Kate Richardson.—[Belgravia Magazine.]

Sharp Examination.

The Arkansas lawyer, especially in cross-examination, is considered superior.

"You say that you live in the State?"

"Yes, sir."

"This State?"

"Yes, sir."

"This State?"

"Yes, sir."

"This State?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take the witness."—[Arkansas Traveller.]

MUSIC AND MATRIMONY.

"I am sure there can be no harm in it, mamma."

Maria's cheek was slightly flushed as she spoke the words, and something that was almost a tear, gave a humid softness to her hazel eyes. She was a slight, delicate young girl, slender and willowy in her figure, and with a complexion that was transparently pale, save when some sudden emotion sent the crimson tide over its surface. Her dress of deep mourning was plain, and even coarse in its details, but there was womanly taste down to the very arrangement of its somber folds.

"Harm? of course there is no harm," sighed Mrs. Cooper, mechanically raising her handkerchief to her eyes. "But who would ever have supposed that Harry Cooper's daughter would be reduced to giving music lessons, and to advertising for pupils in the daily newspapers? If your poor, dear papa had but lived!"

"But, mamma, only listen!" said Maria taking up the paper; "it is nothing so very terrible, after all—Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply, by letter, to M. C.,—street. You see, mamma, I have only given the initials of my name."

"It is just as degrading," sighed Mrs. Cooper.

"I do not see any degradation," pleaded Maria, earnestly. "Since it has become necessary for me to earn our daily bread, where is the harm of availing myself of one of the accomplishments on which so much money has been expended? Indeed, mamma, I feel quite proud to think I can make my knowledge of music serviceable."

"Just like you, Maria—you never had the least bit of aristocratic blood in you!" groaned the lady in the widow's cap and bombazine draperies. "You are the very counterpart of your poor, dear father."

Maria, who had been gazing listlessly out of the window, suddenly sprang up at this moment.

"Mercy on us, child! what's the matter?"

"It's the postman, mamma, he is coming here. Perhaps my advertisement may have been answered—who knows? This is the second day of its insertion, you know."

She ran lightly down stairs, and opened the door before the red-armed servant-maid had got fairly across the kitchen threshold.

"M—C—?" said the postman inquiringly, as he sorted a note from his neatly-tied packets.

Maria caught the letter and ran up to her mother's room with it, her eyes sparkling with animation.

"A real, veritable answer, mamma—my first pupil! What do you think now? See, I am to go to Fifth avenue this afternoon at 3 o'clock to give three lessons a week. The writer wishes to know if I consider three dollars a lesson enough. Enough! Why, mamma, I feel rich! Isn't it splendid?"

"Who is it?" languidly questioned the mother.

"The letter is signed C. Harvey—probably some lady who wishes her little girl to attain a knowledge of music, mamma. That is quite encouraging."

Mrs. Cooper, however, only heaved a deep sigh, and stitched industriously away at her sewing, with an ominous shake of her head.

As the hour-hand of the little gilded clock—one of the few relics they had ventured to preserve of more prosperous days—jumped toward the figure three, Maria arranged her pretty hair with even more care than she usually bestowed, and donned bonnet and shawl, to set forth on her mission.

"Good-by, mamma."

"Good-by, Maria. I only hope you'll not be disappointed."

It was a little discouraging to Maria to have cold water sprinkled on her buoyant hopes in this sort of way, much as she was accustomed to her mother's shady views of life; but she bit her cherry-red lips violently, and winked back the tears that sprang to her eyes, trying to remember that she was no longer little Miss Cooper, but a dignified music mistress.

She rang the bell at No. — Fifth avenue, a handsome house, with a vestibule paved with mosaic marble.

"I wish to see Mrs. Harvey."

"Mrs. Harvey?" repeated the servant, with a puzzled air.

Maria handed him the letter.

"You see I call on business," she said, quietly. "I presume I am expected?"

The man, a gray-headed, respectable-looking old servant, glanced from the letter to the young lady and back again, in some astonishment. However, he returned the letter with a bow.

"What name shall I give, ma'am?"

"No name; announce me as the music teacher, if you please."

She followed the man through a wide hall to a door, which he threw open with the words:

"The music teacher, sir."

make no difference, but—well, I may as well speak at once—I am the pupil."

"You, sir!"

Maria stood dismayed, her soft, hazel eyes fixed wonderingly on the tall six-footer who towered above her, as he stood leaning against the mantle-piece.

"The fact is," said he, speaking rapidly, to cover his embarrassment, "my life has nearly all been spent in India, and now, on my return, I am anxious to acquire some of the accomplishments which I have always coveted. And—but you are weeping!"

It was too true. The disappointment had been too keen for Maria's self-control, and the tears had begun to drop noiselessly on her bonnet ribbon. She brushed them nervously away.

"It is nothing," she faltered; "only the—disappointment. We are poor, and I had so counted on a music scholar, and—"

"Poor little Maria! she fairly broke down here, and hid her face behind her crape veil."

"But I do not see why we should both be disappointed, I in a teacher, and you in a pupil," said the gentleman, earnestly. "Of course you will not care to come here to give an old bachelor his lessons, but is there any good reason why an old bachelor shouldn't come to your residence? I assure you I'm already convinced that you will make an excellent teacher."

Maria smiled through her tears. There was something very ridiculous in the idea of that stalwart, handsome fellow calling himself an old bachelor.

"May I come?" persisted he, as he moved toward the door.

"I will see if mamma considers it proper," she said.

"I should like to state the question to mamma myself," said the gentleman. "May I not accompany you home, and—perhaps—take my first lesson?"

Maria was half uncertain whether she was doing right or wrong, but the bright frank eyes of the stranger pleaded powerfully in his behalf; so she said, a little ungraciously:

"Yes, if you choose."

Mrs. Cooper was considerably astonished to see her daughter return home with red eyes and a tall escort, but after mature deliberation, she decided that Mr. Harvey might, with propriety, receive lessons from her daughter, provided that she presided over the piano.

And so—

But what is the use of spinning a story into endless length when our whole purpose will be answered precisely as well by a peep into the handsome drawing room in Fifth avenue, about three years subsequently.

A bright light glowed in the grate, and beside the window sat Mrs. Cooper, stately as ever, with a baby grandson crowing on her knee, and making vain snatches at her gold spectacles. Mr. Harvey was at his writing desk, busily engaged in letter-writing. The door opened, and a pretty, hazel-eyed young wife came in—our old friend Maria.

"Harry, I want to cut a pattern," she said, taking an old newspaper from one of the compartments of the open desk. "May I have this paper? It is about the right size."

He looked up into her brilliant eyes with arch tenderness.

"My love, I would rather give you almost anything else in my possession."

"Why?" she asked, leaning over his shoulder as he unfolded the rescued paper and glanced eagerly over it.

"Because, dearest, if it hadn't been for this paper, I should never have had the sweetest wife in the world."

And he pointed smilingly to the tiny little advertisement in an obscure corner: "Wanted, a few pupils on the piano, at moderate prices. Apply to M. C., No. —, — street."

The Laramie Liar.

A tireless historian has produced an abstract of the marriage notes of Alice Oates, and has found that before she procured a corner in the connubial trade her name was Alice Merritt.

Judas Iscariot has been heard from through a spiritualist medium, and says now that he was inspired. He didn't think to tell any one of it, however, for 2000 years, and so, of course, the defense is practically useless at this time.

When a Dutchman fails and tries to settle with his customers he talks broken German, and when he falls over into a show case of crockery it is broken China. (Persons desiring to use this joke can do so if they will agree to furnish their own amica and court plaster. We can't furnish medical treatment with our jokes.)

Insiders say that Western Union is purposely depressed, so that some large blocks of stock will not be called on outside privileges which mature this week. Unfortunately it is our outside privilege to sit on a barbed wire fence which encloses capital and see the Western Union go thundering down the ages, making more money in one week than we make in two weeks.

Clara Bell says: "I know a girl who prided herself on the deftness with which she could embroider in the presence of her chief suitor without ever disclosing to him that the garment all cleverly bunched in her lap was the trouser species." That may be true. Clara, but the day will come some time when that same suitor (if he seems to) will run around behind the house to club a cow out of the yard and the clothes line will take him under the chin and the two departments of that same garment will clasp him around the neck and he will wish that he was dead.—[Boomerang.]

ARAB WOMEN.—Most Arab women tattoo; the old women dye their hair a deep red color, and frizzle and pull it down over their faces. Nothing can be more hideously ugly than an old Arab woman; but I cannot imagine anything more beautiful than a young Arab girl, say from thirteen to sixteen years of age, and who has been brought up in the same house. They have beautiful forms, small feet and hands, large black eyes, round chin, small rosy lips, white teeth, and very smooth, good complexion. They wear their hair plaited and thrown back, to hang down over their shoulders and back. They soon fade, however, and become as ugly as they were before beautiful. In towns the women cover their faces when on the street in the sight of men, but they like to have Christians to see them, and will uncover their faces if no Musselman is looking.

The jacket for organ grinders—A monkey jacket.

Victoria's Own.

A letter from London to the New York Tribune says:

The prime subject of extra political gossip has been the attitude of the Queen with respect to her sons. As I intimated in a previous letter, the Prince of Wales is still greatly irritated at being condemned to the position of a mere feather-bed soldier—the figurehead of a field marshal. The Prince, who is full of spirit and activity, grunts to think that he has never set a squadron in the field, and may be accused of not knowing the division of a battle "no more than a spinster." There is nothing so abhorred in this country as swagger of any kind. What would he thought only dashing soldierly style of carriage abroad would be condemned here as vulgar bluster and "bad form." We are, forsooth, very modest and retiring; but no commonly brave man—and the royal family never shown the white feather—likes to be passed over when dangerous duty is to be done. The Prince, while steadily preserving an attitude of loving obedience to the Queen, has beyond doubt pressed Her Majesty very hard this time, and is sorely disappointed at her refusal to let him go out with the army of Egypt. He insisted strongly once before on the absurd figure he would present in the event of a European war by the side of his brother-in-law, the Imperial Crown Prince of Germany; but he has been met with an appeal to precedent. There is some mouldy rule about the heir apparent leaving the country for more than a certain time, and it is certainly a precedent for him to take the command of the army in the field, although George IV. died in the belief that he was at Waterloo. Desperately out up and disappointed, the Prince has been compelled to submit with the best grace possible under the circumstances.

To the Duke of Connaught's going out no similar objection could be raised. Royal dukes have at all times been plentiful enough, and have been sent on various military expeditions. But the Queen was strong opposed to the departure of the Duke of Connaught, whom she had previously refused permission to go to South Africa. There was then a great hubbub, and it was urged that his marriage was a reasonable objection. This time the Queen only yielded on strong representations being made to her that she was making her son the laughing-stock of Europe. The Prince of Wales at Cowes, the Duke of Edinburgh safe ashore in Germany, and the Duke of Connaught at Aldenot, would certainly have been a pretty sight to set before our soldiers and sailors.

Embarking for Egypt, the Duke of Albany does not count, as he is in delicate health, and neither a soldier nor a sailor; but the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught were being made simply ridiculous, for the former is known to be a very good naval officer, and the latter to be a very fair soldier as far as drill and "the bookish theory" are concerned. The Duke of Edinburgh was ousted out of the reach of danger at the first hint of trouble in the East, and is now at leisure to play the fiddle in Germany; and a strong effort was made to keep the Duke of Connaught at home, as if he were the only son, like young Norval. Fortunately the Queen has yielded to good counsel, and the royal princes are spared exposure to the laughter of Europe.

When it was decided that the Duke of Connaught should go, he was sent in the most blundering manner possible. In spite of precedents and common justice to the Guards Generals, he is given the command of the Brigade of Guards, which, as the guards say openly, will deprive them of all chances of distinction as "H. R. H. must be kept out of danger." To accentuate the extreme unwisdom which seems to have suddenly come over that most estimable and generally sound practical, common-sense lady, the Queen, she has decreed that the Duke of Connaught shall have an escort of Hussars—just as if his brigade of guards could not take sufficient care of their commander.

Household Adornment.

When any one has a slight knowledge of drawing, or even the faculty of selecting and simply tracing patterns, it is an easy matter to adorn a house cheaply and tastefully, or to make many objects which will meet with a ready sale. For many years I have made a study of adapting to the use of the decorative arts objects which have been generally wasted, and I am now almost convinced that there is hardly anything which is not to be traced to account. Nature strangely enough always gives two useful qualities to everybody. The ox is not only a yielder of flesh, but his skin provides leather. The sheep gives mutton and wool; the tree fruit and wood. And, following up this thought, we may find that there are minor and secondary uses in almost all that man rejects. In Roman days the seaweed was called by Terrence "trills alga"—the worthless—but now it has a double value as manure and for iodine. And, to come to a practical illustration, let me show what can be done with the tin cans which are to be found on every lot around town, and indeed wherever man has been. Most people know that leather of any kind if soaked for some time in warm water becomes very soft indeed. In this state it may be worked almost like putty or paste. When it dries it becomes hard again, retaining any marks which have been impressed on it. If soaked in alum water it becomes still harder. Now, if we take a sheet of leather, soaked and soft, and draw upon it a pattern, and then indent the background of this pattern with a stamp or punch, the pattern will, of course, be in relief, while the background is depressed a little, and if the stamp is rough, it will be corrugated. That is to say, it will bear a close resemblance to any ordinary panel carving in wood, the ground of which is generally indented so as to make a dark relief to the shining and elevated patterns.—[Our Continent.]

Mrs. McCobb, an Austin lady, rebuked her colored cook, Matilda Snowball, in the following words:

"When I hired you, you said you didn't have any male friends, and now I find a man in the kitchen half the time."

"Lor bress your soul, he ain't no male friend of mine."

"Who is he, then