

### A PAINTER'S STORY.

Some landscape but half finished—what's the meaning?  
You ask me, of dim wood and waterfall,  
And why that canvas has so long been leaning  
In desolation against my studio wall?  
Is there an older story than vows broken,  
Than one heart sore when two friends had  
To part—  
Than words of tenderness so lightly spoken,  
Yet burnt forever on its tortured heart?  
Painting that wood, a fair face bent above  
me,  
And came between me and the summer  
sky;  
Before that landscape sweet lips vowed to  
love me,  
The vows were broken ere the paint  
was dry.  
Such, good my patron, is a painter's story.  
And here's her portrait taken from the  
life,  
With eyes diviner than a saint's in glory—  
Your wife! By jove! Is Isabel your wife?  
And you would buy this? In that she was  
driven  
From my side to win you and all your  
gold,  
'Tis yours by right—a marriage present  
given.  
I will not sell her face as she was sold.

### THE DUEL.

"I had gone," said Captain Porter, "with half a dozen other fellows, all navy officers, to spend a week at Shrewsbury—a little half-pony town in Jersey here; and one evening, as we were sitting in the bar-room of the tavern, smoking, telling anecdotes, and talking between whites with the natives, who should come sauntering in but old Boyle."  
"Any room for me?" he asked.  
"Why, yes; come in," we all cried; and we were soon telling him the news, Boyle in turn relating his adventures, perhaps romancing a little, and at last ending with,  
"Well, anybody here worth knowing?"  
"Yes," I answered; "there is one Jersey giant, six feet two in his stockings, and the greatest bully on record."  
"Ah! what's his name?"  
"That's the best of it. His name is George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum."  
"Phoebus! what a name! exclaimed Boyle, bursting out laughing. 'What is the gentleman's profession?'"  
"He spends his time cultivating a bean patch, threatening the poor villagers, and browbeating the women and children."  
"Does—does he? Well, he's the very boy for me. I wish he would come in, I'd like to have a little talk with him."  
"Why, my dear fellow," said I, "he'd make three of you. Fact is, we all keep to the windward side of him—no use getting shot for such a landlubber."  
"At this the lanky party with a portentous nose, who had been listening to every word, remarked through his nose,  
"Wa'al, I s'pose you naval men think yourselves thunderin' brave, but I kin tell you our curnel could fight all on you onst, with his right han' tied behind him. You naval men needn't think you're going to 'nopolize all the brass and bluster."  
"Boyle's ears prick'd up at this, for, as you know, Rowan, he is a regular old sea lion, afraid of nothing, from a powder-monkey to a sea-serpent at sea, and a mouse to an elephant on shore. So he bounced round on our nasal friend, and snapped out at him, like a pugnacious bull terrier,  
"What's that? Want to try our brass and bluster? Where's your big gun? Trot him out. I'd like to see him."  
"Wa'al, there he is," said the man, with a sort of snort of triumph; and sure enough, in swaggered the round-shouldered, putty-faced giant. He had tufts of dry grass for beard, a large, flabby, pusillanimous nose, small, oblique eyes, and two hay-colored knobs of hair, one on each temple, known to scientific explorers of the New York Bowery as "soap-locks." He was eating peanuts or pop-corn as he entered; and jerking a chair round, he threw himself into it with a contemptuous nod to the company, and ordered a glass of toddy hot, in a voice of thunder.  
"Little Boyle sat quiet, watchful, observing, a curious smile curving his good humored mouth; while the other, half shutting his eyes in lofty disdain, slowly sipped the hot toddy.  
"Oh, pshaw!" sneered our nasal friend in a whisper to Boyle; "you darsn't tackle him. He'd make you look wobble-eroft in a jiffy."  
"But Boyle, seeming not to hear this impertinence, turned to us, saying, with a lazy air, "I'm going to see if there is any grit in him; and approaching the chair upon which Colonel George Washington Kosciusko, etc., reclined, he perched himself on the edge of a table near, and said pleasantly, "Good evening, sir."  
"Who are you, sir?" returned the other, with a viperish look out of his slant eyes.  
"I'm a gentleman, and my name is Junius Brutus Boyle."  
"And my name is George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum, and you'd better mind what you're about."  
"I will, thank you. I understand that you are pretty considerable of a fellow."  
"Sir, you air a ruther free an' easy sort of cuss; ruther too forrad."  
"Yes, oh, yes. I might be as stiff as the north pole, or as distant as two mile stones; but then, you know, the other is my way."  
"Wa'al, sir, I don't like your way."  
"No? How queer! Well, I won't be disobliging, and I give you permission to lump it, then."  
"Sir, you air—you air sassy. You'd better curb them propensities of yourn."  
"Just so. You have a propensi-

tude, I understand, to consider yourself a great man?"  
"Sir, you air a impudent—  
"Take care, sir," shouted Boyle. "I won't stand any insult."  
"Sho! What'll you do?"  
"Do! I'll fight you; I'll blow you to the other end of nowhere."  
"Ho! ho! Kin you fight?" sneered the giant, now on his feet, rocking back and forth, his grant bony hands opening and shutting as if they were in contact with an electrical battery. "Ha! ho! you'd better be keeful, you had. I kin cut a cent in half, I kin."  
"Ha! ho!" laughed Boyle, imitating the bully. "I'm sufferin' turrible to see you do it. I'd rather have a shot than a sugar plum from such a fire-eater as you."  
"Wa'al, sir, I've got a nateral tack with fire-arms; I kin fight with any thing from a cambric needle to a forty-two pounder; and he thumped the table, upsetting the glasses, and glared down on Boyle, sure that he had 'frustrated him, I bet, and no mistake nuther,' as our nasal friend observed under his breath.  
"But he lost his bet, for bold as Mars or Baron Munchausen, Boyle immediately exclaimed, "Jingo! you don't say so! I thought you had about as much real courage as one could put in a homoeopathic pill. Come out now, my fine cock of the walk; and give us a touch of your quality!"  
"Wa'al! Lawful sakes!" ejaculated the colonel; "you can't fight at night! What a hystical idee!"  
"Oh, yes, you can. Nonsense! I'll manage it. We'll take two lanterns, stand back to back, then each walk away twenty paces, wheel round and fire."  
"Darned if I do! Ain't a goin' to be ding-donged into standin' up like a consumed fool in a dark night. You jess wait till to-morrow."  
"Or the fifty-third week of this year. No, sir!" thundered Boyle, stamping his foot, which like Mother Carey's chickens was the sure precursor of a storm—"no, sir! You shall fight now! I should never have taken the slightest notice of you, if I had not been told of your cowardly bullying of women and little children. Don't stand mooning there! In one minute more I shall box your large ears, and then flap you over the head with this horsewhip; and he seized one standing in the corner.  
"The world did not appear to go upon double-jointed castors just then with George Washington Kosciusko and the rest. His little angry eyes went blinking round the room, he teetered up and down upon his heels and toes, he moistened his dry lips with his tongue, and his hands worked more nervously than ever, as he detected a look of scornful, half-surprised derision on the faces of some of the Jerseymen. But a glance at his challenger's determined visage, showed him that there was no delivrance to be hoped for, and he shuffled out of the room, followed by Boyle and the rest of us, who did not mean to lose sight of him. We obtained two old muskets, and well knowing that our man would take sure aim and fire, whatever the other did, we loaded them only with powder, communicating this little ruse to no one, for Boyle would have fought us all in turn if he had discovered it.  
"Out we went into the dark and lonely road. In solemn silence we placed the combatants back to back, George Washington, etc., heaving ponderous, frightful sighs, enough to have driven a sloop from its moorings. We gave them each a lighted lantern, and with an emphatic one, two, three! they started upon their twenty paces. We all counted, and at the twentieth loudly called, "Stop!"  
"Boyle wheeled round, as we could just discern by the dim light of his lantern, but George Washington Kosciusko Peter Bonaparte Solomon Job Slimcum kept on walking.  
"Hullo!" cried Boyle; "haven't you got twenty paces yet?"  
"No answer; but the walking, as we could see by the swinging of the lantern, had turned into prodigious strides. The next moment the light was extinguished.  
"Hullo!" shouted Boyle again. "Stop, you villain—stop! Yah! whir-roo! You scoundrel! you miserable landlubber!"  
"Bang! went his gun, and we all made a simultaneous, rush down the road; but, like a snow-flake in the river," George Washington, etc., had 'evanished,' and from that day to this he was never more seen in Shrewsbury."  
The story was told amidst shouts and screams of laughter from the officers and us women, and if that fire-eater, little Boyle, ever sees the account of his duel here, I know that he and Admiral Porter will forgive me for telling it again.—[Harper's Monthly.

### AARON BURR.

The Great Advocate and fallen Statesman in Court at Utica.

### HIS DEADLY AIM EXHIBITED BY ONE SHOT AT A TARGET.

In the autumn of 1818 a term of the Supreme Court held its sitting at Utica, N. Y., which was largely attended by legal gentlemen from all parts of the State. As the second day of the term was drawing to a close, a gentleman whose appearance indicated that he had just arrived in town, entered the Court-room, and, walking directly to the bar, seated himself among the lawyers. There was something in his appearance that attracted attention. The most casual observer could not fail to detect in his bearing a natural ease, an undefinable superiority, which so silently and yet truthfully evinces familiarity with refined society and gives indubitable evidence of genteel breeding. He had apparently numbered fifty years, and yet time had "lightly pressed its signet seal" upon him, for much of the vivacity of youth still lingered on his visage. His hair had begun to turn gray, and at the sides of his head was slightly bushy, but worn back from his face and temples it left his broad, white forehead quite bare, giving a classical cast to his features. His cheek was pale and thin, his brow thoughtful and tinged with the shadows of care, perhaps of sorrow, while his black, brilliant and singularly fascinating eye lighted up a face—once seen could never be forgotten. He was below the ordinary stature, though well knit and finely proportioned. Finally, the *tout ensemble* was that of a gentleman—a man of intellect, acquainted with the world, with men, and withal, a penetrating judge of character.  
As he entered the bar Martin Van Buren was in the act of closing an argument that had occupied the attention of the Court for several hours. Turning to take his seat, he recognized the stranger who sat near him.  
"Col. Burr!" said Van Buren, in a low voice, extending his hand, "I am very glad to see you. Our cause was reached this morning, but, as I would not think of defaulting you in your absence, which I believe to be unavoidable, I exchanged our cause for the one first argued. I hope, Colonel, you are well."  
"Quite well, I thank you. I am obliged to you for your courtesy. I did not leave New York as soon as I expected, and it is a long way here. Madame Justice is getting mercurial, I fancy, since she is establishing her temples so far in the interior of the State. But I suppose ours is the next case to be heard?"  
"No, Colonel, I am sorry to say that there is a preferred case of some kind that is to be disposed of next."  
At this period of the conversation the crier announced an adjournment of Court until the next morning, and the two lawyers left the Court together.  
Col. Burr was at this time unknown in the politics of the nation, though he had occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States; had contended with Jefferson for the Presidential chair, missing the great prize by one vote, and gaining the Vice-Presidency with little opposition. He was now merely a lawyer, but, as we have said, one of the ablest in the profession, and the rival of Alexander Hamilton. It has been said that each of these great men had a high, if not exalted, opinion of the other's talents.  
Burr divested the reason and philosophy of the law of that brilliancy with which Hamilton, by dazzling the senses, carried them captive at his will. The former valued himself little upon his oratorical powers, and yet he was exceedingly eloquent. His pleading at the bar was more in the style of conversation than oratory—the conversation of an enlightened, well educated, thoroughly disciplined lawyer. In replying to Hamilton's splendid legal speeches, he would select the vulnerable, yet vital, points, and quietly demolish them, leaving nothing untouched. In a twenty-minute speech, he has been known to completely neutralize the effect of one of Hamilton's long, elaborate and ornate addresses.  
Col. Burr was compelled to remain at Utica for several days. During this time he divested himself of that reticence and coldness which usually characterized his intercourse with strangers, and he became a general favorite of the members of the bar present. One afternoon a number of young lawyers were amusing themselves by shooting at a mark with a pistol. As the exercise continued long after the adjournment of Court for the day, many lawyers and others were witnesses of the sport. Amongst the most deeply interested spectators was Col. Burr. While keenly watching the effect of each shot a young lawyer approaching him said:  
"Col. Burr, we should be very happy to witness your skill at target shooting."  
"My skill at target shooting? How came you to suppose I have any skill as a marksman?" said Burr, fixing his keen eye upon the young man.  
"You are an old soldier, Col. Burr, and I have always heard you spoken of as the best shot in America," said the young man.  
"It is many years since I was a soldier, and I have had but little practice with the pistol since leaving the army. Times of peace do not, or at least, they should not, furnish occasions for its use, since those occasions often leave a regret. But I will

accept your invitation—at least I will shoot once at the target. That will be sufficient for my unpracticed hand. Let me see your pistols."  
Several were brought him. Selecting one of them, he balanced it carefully a moment in his hand, sighted across its barrel, then also taking his stand at the line from which contestants fired, he raised his arm and presented the pistol. It was a moment of intense, almost dramatic interest. Before the spectators, pistol in hand, stood Aaron Burr; the very arm outstretched which, on the heights of Weehawken, laid the illustrious Hamilton cold in death. The very eye that was now sighting the pistol had gleamed along a deathful weapon in mortal combat—beheld his foe sink at his feet bathed in blood. But a quick flash—a sharp report broke the spell that held the spectators—the bullet had sped; Aaron Burr had sent it home to the center of the target. A faint smile passed over his features as an exclamation of astonishment announced the unerring shot. Handing the weapon to its owner he turned and left the field.  
HIRING A COOK.  
Mr. Peterson Chaffey advertised recently for a colored servant. Among the so called colored ladies who applied was Miss Susannah Crow. She was willing to do the work and receive \$15 a month, provided her conditions were conceded to. She wanted quite a number of concessions and among them immunity from anything like work. "I want it understood that I ain't gwine ter fetch no water nor wood inter de kitchen, and somebody has got ter git up in de morning and make de fire in de stove." "Of course not Susannah. Nobody would expect you to do those things. Whenever you want a fire made, or wood and water brought in, just ring the bell for Mrs. Chaffey and order her to bring in what you want." "And I se no gwine ter do no scrubbin'; and no washing ob de dishes. No cullud lady in Austin does de like ob dat." "Of course not, Miss Crow. I always make my wife and daughters do the drudgery about the house. If at any time they do not speak respectfully to you, just let me know, and I will see that it does not occur again." "I believes I'll come de fust ob de mornin'." "Before hiring you, Miss Crow, I want to ask you a few questions." "What does yer wont to know?" "Can you play on the piano? Can you render Beethoven's immortal symphonies with the proper musical expression?" "No, sah; but I sings camp-meeting tunes." "Then I am afraid you will not suit the family at all. While my wife is washing the dishes, and doing the scrubbing, I want the cook to play on the piano and receive company. I am afraid you will not fill the bill. Just get out of here, you old charcoal fraud!" So he opened the gate and turned her out into the street, black looks, sass and all.—[Texas Siftings.

### DEFERENCE TO WOMEN.

A pleasing feature of Swiss life is the deference shown to women. The men seem most considerate of their comfort, and their looks betoken kind, gentle treatment. Of course, they all work hard, but this they always have done. The necessities of the case demand it, and in this beautiful climate, where the women are so robust, nothing is thought of it. No more charming picture is anywhere presented than that seen in the harvest field, where all the members of a family labor together with so much zeal, always sweetening their task with lively songs, which they sing so merrily and cheerily. The girls in their broad brims, "raking the meadow sweet with hay," their comely figures tastefully attired in the characteristic peasant uniform, and their cheeks ruddy with the glow of health, are anything but objects of pity. Nothing could induce these simple-hearted girls to forsake the peace and quiet of their mountain homes for the excitement and diversions of city life. The little Swiss chalet, with its tender associations, is home enough for them. This they love ardently and with genuine affection, feeling also that the fearful rigors are counterbalanced by the delightful summer, and by the indescribable attractions with which kind nature has surrounded them.

### ENTERTAINING COMPANY.

The whole philosophy of hospitality is summed up by Emerson in the following: "I pray you, O excellent wife! not toumber yourself and me to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, nor a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things, if they are curious in, they can get for a dollar at the village. But let this stranger see, if he will, in your looks, in your accent and behavior, your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, what he cannot buy at any price, at any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and work hard in order to behold. Certainly let the board be spread and the bed be dressed for the traveler, but let not the emphasis of hospitality be in these things. Honor to the house where they are simple to the verge of hardship, so that the intellect is awake and sees the laws of the universe, the soul worships truth and love, honor and courtesy flow into all deeds." One of the greatest comforts of having a home should be that we have a place for friends and even strangers—rooms, more than supply the needs of the family, and extra "leaves" to the extension table. The secret of true hospitality, as Emerson has stated is in its coming from the heart.

### A TABLE LUXURY.

Snails Served at Delmonico's at Sixty Cents a Portion.

### THEY ARE BROUGHT TO NEW YORK BY THE FRENCH STEAMERS.

"I have often wondered that so little is known in this country of the use of snails as food," said Henry Poulton, the learned barber.  
"And have you eaten snails?" asked we.  
"Oh, yes many times in the old City of Rodez, in the south of France, where I learned my trade, my employer, who was a consumptive, was in the habit of eating snails as a medicine, for consumption. It is a common thing there for physicians to prescribe raw snails as a remedy for throat and lung troubles. It is believed that the snail medicine has a softening effect, and it is freely sold in the druggists' shops. There are various preparations of it. My employer, however, used to eat the snails raw. He would walk into the garden, and pick a snail from a grapevine and pick out the meat with a long pin. This he would do half a dozen times a day."  
"Are snails eaten raw as food?"  
"Not often, although some people prefer them that way. Sometimes ladies will take raw snails, and pick out the meat by a dexterous use of their hairpins (you know there are many things that women do with hairpins), and dispose of the delicious morsel at one swallow. People who eat raw snails do not chew them. My employer ate them every day for three years before he died."  
"Do you think the eating of the snails killed him?"  
"By no means; it prolonged his life."  
"How are the snails cooked as food?"  
"They are either broiled or fried. It is usual to starve snails a long time before using them as food. Sometimes they are kept for months. There was a specimen of an Egyptian snail that remained four years dormant in the British Museum. By starvation the watery portions of the animal disappear, and the product is a surprisingly hard flesh. The old Romans used snails for food, and fattened them on cooked meat and flour. The methods of cooking snails vary with the genius of the cook. There is no end to the variety of sauces that may be eaten with them. They are called *escargot* in France, and every French cook has his favorite method of serving *escargot*. My old friend Frere, President of the Societe Culinnaire, could write a book on the cooking of snails."  
"Are snails widely used as food?"  
"Certainly, in many countries of Europe, especially in France. Some are used in Germany; but, of course, the Germans do not know how to cook them, as the Germans can not cook anything. Perhaps they serve them with sauer kraut. In Roman Catholic communities where snails are plenty they are used during Lent as fish. They are a sort of a land shell-fish. But they do not taste like fish. They are, in fact, rather insipid and tasteless, and furnish merely the groundwork or excuse for the artistic cook to construct a palatable meal."  
"Upon what do snails feed?"  
"Upon the leaves of vegetables mainly. They are very fond of grape leaves, and flourish in the vine districts. The Burgundy snails are famous. The snails are encouraged because, while they eat some leaves, they keep the vines free from parasites. There is one species that is destructive, but most snails are harmless. They are reproduced toward the end of spring. Naturalists have described about 1500 species, but the best for food is found in France. I have never heard of the American snails being used as food. They are generally not large enough."  
"How large have you seen snails grow?"  
"Oh, as big as my stick or pomatum here, but that is a rare size."  
"At what price are food snails sold?"  
"In New York at 50 cents a hundred—say the price of oysters. It depends upon where you buy them. In France they are sold as low as 10 cents or 15 cents a hundred. They are gathered by poor people like nuts."  
"Are they regularly imported here?"  
"Oh, yes; there are some brought in that way, but most of them are brought by the officers and crews of the French steamers, who take pleasure in supplying *escargot* to their friends in this country. Every time a French steamer arrives somebody gets a nice meal of *escargot*."  
"Do you know any good snail story?"  
"Yes, sir; I can tell you a marvelous snail story, and as true as it is marvelous. There was a member of the Paris Commune named Jules Alixe, who had a theory of establishing a snail telegraph. The snail, has, as you know, a very acute sense of touch, especially with its tentacles. There are four of these retractile tentacles, two of which have eyes at the apex. Alixe had a theory that there were sympathetic snails; that when the delicate tentacular organism of one snail was touched, the corresponding organ of another snail would respond by shrinking in the same way. Upon this theory he constructed the ideal of a sympathetic snail telegraph. He used to talk about his sympathetic snails and everybody laughed at him, as I have observed people always do at anybody who has ideas above the common level. Philosophers never do. They rather

suspect they are getting on a place when the horde does not. Alixe worked away with his snails and lectures the last I heard of him. I never heard that he had any very successful experiments. He was an enthusiast on the subject and would talk about it as long as could get anybody to listen to the rich."  
"Are snails eaten by the poor?"  
"By both, like oysters. You can buy one for a penny at a street, or you can get a Delmonico's round it with the embellishments of the culinary art."  
WIT AND HUMOR.  
A New York girl has made \$1,000 by a single oil transaction. It can of it exploded and killed her aunt.  
Corns on the feet not only impede man's walk, but also frequently exert a bad influence on his complexion.  
Mr. Gladstone felled a tree to weather the other day, and the bago immediately felled him. It is the kind of a feller he is.  
The man who can't afford a suit is now obliged to have a cold to account for his leaving a suit at home instead of wearing it.  
A young man of Spring Place, Ind. procured a marriage license because having consulted his intended and the next few days he spent nothing to sell the delusive document.  
A Philadelphia youth who has to the Hub tells us that the quality of the Boston girl begins the breakfast table and lasts until old folks go to bed. After that, right fellow is in the parlor as light is turned low, she "acts like other girl."  
A man attempted suicide because he had a dispute with a lady and he preyed upon his mind, well that the generality of men not so sensitive. Were this the morgue the size of the Meacham pavilion would not be large enough for the city's necessities.  
An undertaker in San Antonio, Texas, lightens his existence by companionship of a parrot. Whenever there is a telephone call parrot immediately begins at the of his voice: "Hello! hello! This is Kregolo's; hello! hello!"  
A new member of the Connecticut Legislature was much surprised, eating a hearty meal in the restaurant, at being called on to for it. "Why," said he to the waiter, "I thought the State furnished with our meals when we were there. That's what I supposed this place for."  
Actress—You say that you are enough to retire from the stage, have got so used to traveling from place to place that you are not satisfied unless constant, the move. The way out of your odist is very simple: Marry a Methodist minister with no influence conference.  
A woman at Kingston, New York, has excited the admiration of town by her achievements. She just completed a log-cabin, doing the work herself except putting the logs. She cut the logs, hauled them and made the shingles for roof. She has a husband who takes care of the children.  
A new baby recently arrived in a family of a Louisville journalist, papa was excessively proud over event. Turning to the old nurse, "Aunt," said he, stroking little pate, "this boy seems to be a journalistic head." "Oh," cried untutored old Aunt, soothing "never your mind 'bout dat; de come all right in time."  
A New York music teacher says has taught fifteen hundred boys play the violin in the last five years. We suspect he is on his death-bed; he would not have made such a big curdling confession. That woman who confessed, just by dying, that she murdered a select sortment of her family and relatives never dreamed of anything so diabolical.  
A little girl recently went to her grandfather in the country. Is fond of milk, but firmly refuses to drink any while there, without any reason. When she returned home was asked, "You had nice milk to drink, didn't you?" "I guess didn't drink any of that milk," indignantly replied. "Do you know where grandpa got it? I saw squeeze it out of an old cow."  
"Pa," said a Milwaukee avenue "in about seventeen years it will be 1900, won't it?" "Yes, my son; it will be the year of our Lord 1900." "You be alive when that time comes?" "I'm afraid not, my son; I'm afraid not. The chances are against me." "Will I be alive then?" "I hope so. There is everything for your favor." "What will you do in 1900?" "What will you do? Well, I'll tell you what you might. You might stand on the front porch and tell creditors who call to collect bills that I am dead."  
A matter-of-fact young man of New York, during a recent visit to Boston, received an invitation from a lady—an old acquaintance—who just blossomed out into a type specimen of the Boston aesthete, questioning his presence at her house a certain evening "to meet your minds." It happened that he just accepted an invitation to go elsewhere on the same evening, so he replied, expressing his regret that he could not avail himself of opportunity "to meet two minds owing to a previous engagement meet four stomachs."