

All Manner of Things.
From the Home Journal.

AVIATORS (Greece)—Twenty-two journals.

"Borneo or later," says the Times, "the lawyers know all."

It is stated that Lord Brougham intends visiting the United States this fall.

Upwards of 500 barrels of beer are annually disposed of in Newburyport.

The supply of water in Paris now is nearly seven times more than it was in 1810.

There are in Liverpool two thousand able bodied persons, who are unemployed every day.

The John O'Grout Journal states that in all Scotland, north of Inverness, there is not a fire engine.

It has recently been discovered that gun cotton may be used in the silencing of looking glasses.

It is computed that the rats in the United States consume six millions of dollars worth of grain a year.

There have been six thousand seven hundred and eighty-two suicides in France during the last thirty years.

A Frenchman wishing to tell a fat lady she was very considerable, said:—"Madam, you are very considerable."

While you are in the habit of intemperance, you often drink up an acre of land in a night.—Foster Mathew.

The Austrian soldiers receive but four cents a day. Killing their brethren for four cents a day? What an occupation!

Col. Duncan's remains are to be brought from Mobile to New York city by order of the Common Council of the latter place.

The passions, like heavy bodies down steep hills, once in motion, move themselves, and know no ground but the bottom.—Foster.

Love is the great instrument and engine of nature, the bud and cement of society, the spring and spirit of the universe.—Dr. South.

By examining the tongue of the patient physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

There are one hundred and six thousand seven hundred poor, sick, criminal and debauched people in B. C., the model city in Germany.

EPICUREAN.
Lose Scripture scraps by many an elf,
Are cited to back truth or lies.
"Julius went west and hang'd him if,"
So, now, "Go thou and do like else."

In the Leeds Intelligencer, of the 9th of October, 1764, the following notice appears: "Lately died at Liverpool, Mrs. Mayo, wife of Mr. Mayo who was her nineteenth husband."

The average duration of life amongst the working classes of England—the most numerous classes—is estimated at about twenty-eight years—the duration of the aristocracy is estimated at forty-six.

THOSORON DRAUGHT.—A new patent stove for the convenience of travellers has just been invented. It is placed under the feet, and a mustard plaster upon the head draws the heat through the whole system.

Wire-work is now being successfully substituted for wood lath in the ceiling of houses and public buildings. The wire is either galvanized or immersed in a chemical preparation, which prevents it from corrosion.

Galignani mentions that on the Quai Napoleon there is on the point of being finished a large house on the site of that which was the residence of Abelard. A marble table announces that Abelard dwelt there in 1118.

PRICE OF A POLISH GENERAL.—The Emperor of Russia has issued a proclamation offering twenty-seven thousand dollars for the head of General Bem, the Polish General, at the present time heading one of the Hungarian armies.

Africa needs to be explored. There are not less than three opinions upon the point of its population. By some it is stated at forty millions, and by others at ninety millions, and again at one hundred and thirty millions.—National Intelligencer.

Every pound weight of cochineal contains seventy thousand insects boiled to death; so that the annual sacrifice of insectual life, to procure our scarlet and crimson dyes, amounts to about forty-nine millions of these small members of the creation.

Books.—The Journal of Commerce is informed that the effect of the prevailing epidemic is as sensibly felt on their business as on the branches of trade, although light literature meets its usual demand.—Transcript.

Wire fences have been introduced upon farms in many parts of the country, and prove very useful as well as ornamental. The testimony in their favor is very strong. They can be built cheaper than common fences, and answer every purpose as well if not better.

THE COURSE OF TIME.—Like an inundation of the Indus is the course of time. We look for the homes of our childhood, they are gone. The loves and animosities of youth, where are they? Swept away like the camps that have been pitched in the sandy bed of the river.

The Standard Dispatch contains an account of an accident on the Mad river railroad, by which four cars were precipi-

ated down a steep bank, smashing the engine and car into pieces, and so miring up a party of German emigrants, that it took a considerable time to sort them.

GREAT MEN.—Great men stand like solitary towers in the city of God, and secret passages running deep beneath external nature give their thoughts intercourse with higher intelligence, which strengthens and consoles them, and of which the laborers on the surface, do not even dream.

IMAGINATION.—Thus he dallied with his thoughts and with all things, and wasted his strength on trifles; like the lazy sea, that plays with its pebbles on its beach, but under the inspiration of the wind might lift great navies on its outstretched palms and toss them into the air as playthings.

According to the returns made by individuals stationed for that specific purpose at different steamboat piers between Chelsea and London bridge, it was ascertained that three hundred and twenty-four thousand persons landed and embarked from the steam vessels plying between those places during Sunday last.

TAKE EXERCISE LADIES.—The London correspondent of the National Intelligencer says: "The way English ladies live in the open air, the daily fatigue they endure, and the pleasure they find in it, would astonish some of the delicate dames near you; not more, however, than the healthy feelings and good looks they reap from it would."

NOT ORIGINAL IN THIS PAPER.—"A young lady in one of the eastern cities, while eating some whortleberries, had the misfortune to have one remain in her throat, from which grew a profuse bush. Two quarts of berries were gathered from it, at one picking, and the family lived on the puddings for a week besides giving a quantity to the neighbors."

FEMALE BEAUTY.—The Lynn Pioneer informs us that "English women do not marry so early as the American. And Dr. Johnson, of the Medical-Chirurgical Review tells us, that 'for every month' a woman spends in the married state between seventeen and twenty-one years of age, a year will be taken from the duration of her beauty and personal attractions."

A Mormon orator, while haranguing a crowd at Montrose, alleged that the blessings of his creed were so great that a true believer might swallow poison with impunity. The mob took him at his word or rather resolved to test it; and some prussic acid having been produced, he was strongly pressed to swallow a little. A policeman rescued the disconcerted boaster from his persecutors.

In England they grow grass on the line of railway to prevent the dust rising on the passage of the cars. A London journal announces that hay-making was in full operation on the line between Exeter and Crediton. We understand that the reason this protection from dust is not resorted to in America is, that the roads are so imperfectly constructed that it is necessary to keep men daily traversing the line, whereby the grass is killed.

There are three million five hundred and sixty-six thousand four hundred letters in the Bible. Five hundred and ninety-two thousand four hundred and nine words in the Old Testament, and one hundred and eighty-one thousand two hundred and fifty-two in the New. We don't know who made this new discovery; but the statement is going the round of the papers.

Impressions are made on children as on rocks, by constant dropping of the little influences. What can one drop do?—You scarcely see it fall; and presently it rolls away or is evaporated; you cannot even with a microscope, measure the little indentation it has made. Yet it is the constant repetition of this trifling agency which furrows, and at length billows out the granite.

THINGS LOST FOREVER.—Lost wealth may be regained by a course of industry, the wreck of health repaired by temperance—forgotten knowledge restored by study—alienated friendship soothed into forgiveness—even forfeited reputation won back by penitence and virtue. But who ever again looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years, and stamped them with wisdom—or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of a wasted life?—Mrs. Sigourney.

LIFE IN CALIFORNIA.—The average receipts of the French restaurant are one dollar per minute. Mr. Jarvis informs us that his first dinner in San Francisco, ordered from a hotel, for two gentlemen, two ladies, and four children consisting only of meats and pastry, cost ninety dollars. Eggs three dollars per dozen.—Boat hire to go to steamer, thirty minutes' pull, eight dollars. Ordinary day labor six dollars—varying from that to twenty dollars. Mechanics in proportion.—Boston Traveller.

The present Minister of France for Foreign Affairs (De Tocqueville) says we are so proud of our country that we stand ready to censure any one who may happen to find fault with the soil or climate, just as if they were among the home products of the national genius.—This is a mistake; there is scarce a press in New York that is not continually finding fault with the condition of the streets, a domestic manufacture of no very high order. The streets of London were as bad as ours twenty-five years since; those of Paris were far worse.—Tribune.

Terms of a divorce have been agreed upon by the counsel in the case of Pierce Butler vs. Fanny Kemble Butler, satisfactory to both parties. The principal con-

ditions are, that Mrs. Butler is to allow Mrs. Butler fifteen hundred dollars annually, he to retain possession of their children (two daughters), excepting two months in each year, which they are to spend with their mother. The arrangement was agreed to some months since—both preferring it to further contest before the courts—and the daughters are now with their mother in Massachusetts, where she purposes taking up her residence.

THE CUSTARD WHOSE CRUST WE LIVE ON.—It is contended by scientific men that the whole earth was once in a state of fusion, and that the interior, except a shell on the surface, is in that condition now. At the depth of one hundred miles there is a temperature equal to the greatest artificial heat yet observed—a temperature capable of fusing platinum, porcelain, and indeed the hardest substances known to science. These temperatures show us that the earth is fluid at the depth of one hundred miles, and little more than the soil on which we tread is fit for the habitation of organized beings.

WHAT THE FRENCH THINK OF US.—La Mode, a leading French paper, thus speaks of the United States:—"We who know America, know that as to manners, politics and sociability, it is one of the most detestable countries in the world—a country made up of selfishness and falsehood, of corruption and barbarism, without intelligence, courage or genius."

One French paper, La Revue de Deux Mondes, even taunts us for our ignorance of our own language. We neither write nor speak the language as purely as the English. Ah! To the Revue de Deux Mondes several members of the French ministry contribute.

The Roger Williams, Captain Woolsey, continues to run to Newburg every evening, from the foot of Warren street.—This boat leaves at four o'clock, and making the trip so much earlier than any other boat, renders the trip the pleasantest that can be taken by any one who wishes to leave the city for a night, and return in time for business the next day.

Mr. Jessup, the second captain, is particularly deserving of remembrance, for the courtesy with which he treats all who come within his care, and the steward, Mr. Banks, commends himself to the taste of all who choose to sit at his table.—Post.

HE'S NOBODY BUT A PRINTER.—Who was William Caxton, one of the fathers of literature? "Nobody but a printer!" Who was Earl Stanhope? "Nobody but a printer!" Who was Samuel Woodworth, the poet? "Nobody but a printer!" Who was Benjamin Franklin, the great American philosopher and statesman? "Nobody but a printer!" Who was Governor Armstrong of Massachusetts? "Nobody but a printer!" Geo. P. Morris, James Harper, Horace Greeley, N. P. Willis, Robert Burns, and Senator Cameron, Dix and Niles, and a host of no less conspicuous names—who are they? "Nobody but printers, say low!"

BACCHUS OF PROMISE.—In a trial for breach of promise of marriage, the court laid down the following law:—"If a man offers to marry a woman, or promises to do it unless she agrees to accept him.—It takes two to make a marriage contract as well as any other bargain. Where a man has a contract of marriage with a woman and merely puts it off, and she becomes impatient, she cannot drag him into court and demand damages, unless she has formally offered to perform the contract on her part, and he dishonestly refused, and she puts an end to the contract; because, perchance, he would prefer the marriage to the suit, and he ought to have a chance to make a choice."

Frederic William of Prussia is a very odd character, partaking somewhat of the nature of Alexander; with the best, the tenderest, and most philanthropic intentions at one moment, but of the harshest and most rigid bent of mind at another.—Like Alexander, too, he is generally under the sway of some superior mind; and this kind of sway is changeable; not constant. In his past constitution-mongering he trusted liberal men, but the bad success of their schemes disgusted him. Of late, and during the incubation of his imperial charter, has been under the influence of Von Radowicz. But the star, at the court of Potsdam or Charlottenberg, is now said to be on the wane, and the Russian ambassador is reported to be most graciously listened to.

JAMES THE NOVELIST.—An English journal says:—"It is a subject of continual wonder, how he manages with his brain. Every third month produces a new succession of volumes bearing his name, the very manuscript work of which would seem to require more time than any one man could have devoted to it. There is no doubt that he dictates to amanuensis, and the habitual rapidity of thought and of imagination, brilliant and varied, sparkling and rich, is astonishing. Whatever may be thought of his amazing power of production, there is no doubt of his being a man of great ability, and everybody reads his novels, and almost everybody likes them." James, we understand is under contract to write four novels a year, and they are produced with unvarying punctuality.

HOW TO ACQUIRE WEALTH AND A WIFE AT ONCE.—"A scheme has been projected," says a Barcelona paper, "by a poor but talented young man here, 'anxious to form a matrimonial alliance with a lady, likewise without fortune, which has for its aim the assurance of a competence to the contracting parties. For this purpose the would-be bridegroom proposes making a raffle of himself, and with this view has issued five thousand tickets at a dollar each. The female who shall draw the prize, no matter what her position may be, will be entitled to full information re-

specting the personal and moral qualities of the gentleman, who, on his side, will also be afforded the same advantages.—If both agree to conclude the projected alliance, they will possess a capital of five thousand dollars to support the charges incident to matrimony; but should either object, the money is to be divided equally between them, each being thus furnished with a dowry to enable them to make a choice in which chance shall take no part. The plan is an ingenious one, though its accomplishment is beset with difficulties. To what a pitch has calculation and speculation reached!"

The following anecdote is going its rounds in Vienna concerning Bem. For many years he has had forebodings of his death. He himself has for many years assigned the year 1850 as the term of his existence. During his stay in Paris he once dined with the North American ambassador. The conversation fell on forebodings, omens, and the like. The ambassador laughed at them, but Bem declared he firmly believed in them, and related how he had thrice seen, when in his twentieth year, his own grave-stone, with his name, and the date of 1850 on it. Bem received in Transylvania several dangerous wounds. The physician shook his head, but Bem answered it quite calmly by saying he had another year to live. On the faith of this vision, Bem exposes himself in battle to the hottest fire, and declares that the ball which shall hit him mortally will not do so before the year 1850.

A man's looks is the work of years. It is stamped on the countenance by the events of his life: nay, more, by the hand of nature, and it is not to be got rid of easily. There is, as it has been remarked repeatedly, something in a person's appearance, at first sight, which we do not like, and which gives an odd tinge to which is overlooked in a multitude of other circumstances till the mask is thrown off, and we see this lurking character verified in the plainest manner in the sequel. We are struck at first, and by chance, with what is peculiar and characteristic; also, with permanent traits and general effects. These afterwards go off in a set of unmeaning commonplace details. This sort of prima facie evidence, then, shows what a man is, better than what he says or does—for it shows us the habit of his mind, which is the same under all circumstances and disguises.—Hastid.

ENGLISH VIEW OF CALIFORNIA.—The whole western slope of the mountain chain called the Sierra Nevada, being about four hundred miles in length, and forty miles in average breadth, is really found to contain the precious metal, in greater or less abundance, and what is remarkable, at an extremely small depth below the surface. The accounts transmitted to this country of the character of the mining operations appear to have been in no degree exaggerated, for the Governor himself supplies a boring-knife as one of the most convenient instruments for extracting the gold. It is only to be hoped that now so valuable an employment has been discovered for these weapons, they may be diverted from the more professional, but less creditable, uses to which they were turned. It is not every nation which is blessed with such direct opportunities of turning its swords into ploughshares.—Los Times.

CALIFORNIA, MATRIMONY AND PROSPERITY.—What is most wanted to better the social condition of mankind, is an improved distribution of wealth, with a large production and rapid increase that shall be permanent and go on in accelerating ratio, in order to meet the demands of an increasing population. A stationary condition tends not to happiness; for instinct induces each one to strive for improvement. The natural and normal condition of mankind is therefore progressive.—California seems destined to produce such a rapid and permanent increase of wealth as to lead us to hope that pauperism will be driven from the world. That the world will rapidly become more populous, under such circumstances, cannot be doubted, for it has now been proven beyond the possibility of a doubt, that the surest index to a nation's prosperity is the large number of marriages which take place. That such is the case is clearly shown in the eighth annual report of the Registrar-General of England.

Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler and her domestic affairs have once more come up as the topics of some speculation and gossip hereabout. She has been spending some time lately in Philadelphia, and made her appearance here a day or two ago, accompanied by both her daughters, who have so long been prevented by their father from having any thing to do with her. She appeared to be in the fullest flow of spirits, and the young ladies no less so. They have gone to Massachusetts. Side by side with these facts another is talked of, which may and may not have some relation to them. Last Friday evening, the Distina, of whose splendid performances on the Sax-hornage you have heard so much, were engaged by Mr. Pierce Butler to give a serenade in Philadelphia. The artists were performing at Castle Garden wharf, and their immediate departure was insisted on, and they were offered their own terms and all their expenses paid; but the affair must come off on Friday evening, as the lady to whom the compliment was to be paid was to leave town the next day. The serenade was given, and a beautiful one it is said to have been.

THE CODE.—The London News, after copying the article from the New-York Code of Procedure relating to forms of action and pleading says:—"Why this is enough to stir the bones of Sir Edward Coke and Jeremy Bentham in their graves"

though after a very different fashion—'those with joy, with very those'—a statement of the facts constituting the cause of action in ordinary and concise language, without repetition, and in such a manner as to enable a person of common understanding to know what is intended. Thirty years ago, in this country, the lawyers would have stoutly maintained that this was impossible. But within the last half century so many things have been taken out of the category of the impossible, that even the stoutest dogmatists are beginning to see difficulties in the way of strictly defining the boundary line between it and the possible. And our readers will be glad to perceive by the observations, which we transcribe from the Jurist of the 16th June, that practical lawyers are now seriously turning their attention to the correction of the great evil of a complicated and heartily verbose, and proportionally costly, system of pleading."

FAIR SUMMERS UP.—Who would seek for pleasure away from home comforts in this hot weather, and in these cholera times? To be blinded in the cars or choked in the boat—to be victimized by porters and hackmen—to be stared at, on your arrival at some fashionable hotel, in some dusty and barren watering place, by the loungers on the piazza, who thus pay you with interest the scrutiny they endure, perhaps the day before—to meet a set of people at dinner who would affect surprise if you were not en grand tenue, but who themselves violate all existing rules for the preservation of health and decency in the grand business of life, by committing all sorts of indiscretions, of which a commencement of soup and champagne is among the least. No, no—the true way to bid defiance to the cholera—to laugh at old Sol's embraces—to enjoy the true dolce far niente—above all to pass the time comfortably, rationally, healthfully, and prudently, is to pitch your tent upon some farm of sufficient extent and variety for exercise and amusement, to these advantages if you can add those of boating and bathing, what more can be wanted? The mind as well as the body becomes invigorated, and, as the quickened faculties invest the meanest incidents with interest, ennui, that fashionable complaint, is entirely unknown.—Boston Post.

WAR IN EUROPE.—There is a possibility, nay, a probability of a war in Europe that will involve England, and which, once begun, must unite all liberal governments against that great despotism, Russia. The Czar demands the extradition of the Hungarian refugees, who are now on Turkish soil. He demands with a tone, which speaks obedience, or war as the alternatives. Turkey refuses to yield Kosuth and his co-conspirators to an Austrian halter. England and France, but particularly the former, are said to be the backers of Turkey, and with such backers she may be easily routed in her defiance of Russia. If there is to be war, it will come very soon. Russia is nearer the first field of action, than England. Her fleets and armies can reach Constantinople in forty-eight hours, and they are in readiness. Turkey has 80,000 men in the field, who will fight hard for nationality, but harder for the Moslem faith. She has also a powerful fleet too, in the Bosphorus.

An English fleet could not reach Constantinople under twenty days, and for that length of time Turkey, with Polish and Hungarian assistance, will be able to defend herself. In the matter of naval force, England is equal to all the powers of Europe, leaving out France, and France will either stand neutral and witness the success of Turkey and England, or she will give them her aid. Who can say that through such a door bonded Europe may not escape? And if the war comes, will not its burthen upon the nations opposed to Russia and her bloody ally, Austria, be a just punishment for their abandonment of Hungary to destruction. The sky looks well. There is hope ahead, even in the red shadow of prospective war.

OUR ENVOY TO NICARAGUA.—The Nicaraguans have received our envoy, E. E. Squier, with great distinction and enthusiasm. In the speeches which passed between him and the President of Nicaragua, there was a unanimity of expression as regarded the mutual policy and interest of the United States, and its sister republics on this hemisphere. It was agreed that both should be steadfastly united to prevent the encroachment of foreign power on soil this side of the Atlantic. Nicaragua leans with affection towards the United States, and strengthened by alliance with us, sees new prosperity for herself and for us. No discussion has yet been had between our Legation and the authorities of Nicaragua as to the position assumed by England in the Mosquito territory, but it is understood that Mr. Squier is instructed to take a firm stand against that position. An attempt at insurrection has been made by a factious chief, whose aim appears to be personal plunder rather than political power. The authorities were on the alert to put him down, and would no doubt succeed.—Sun.

Paying an Old Debt.
A merchant, very extensively engaged in commerce, and located upon the Long Wharf, died February 18, 1806, at the age of seventy-five, intestate. His oldest son administered upon the estate. This old gentleman used pleasantly to say, that, for many years, he had had a very large number of the Catholics, on the shores of the Mediterranean, during Lent, referring to his very extensive connection with the Holy Land. In his day he was certainly well known; and to the present time is well remembered, by some of the "old ones down along shore," from the

Quaker's Nose to Head Point. Among his papers, a package, of very considerable size, was found after his death, fully tied up, and labelled as follows:—"Notes, due-bills, and accounts against sundry persons, down along shore. Some of these may be got by suit or arrest dunning. But the people are poor; most of them have had fishermen's luck. Perhaps they will think with me, that it is best to burn the package entire."

"About a month," said my informant, "after our father died, the sons met together, and, after some general remarks, our elder brother, the administrator, produced this package, of whose existence we were already apprised, read the superscription, and asked what course should be taken in regard to it. Another brother, a few years younger than the eldest, a man of strong impulsive temperament, unable at the moment to express his feeling by words, while he brushed the tears from his eyes with one hand, by a spasmodic jerk of the other, towards the fireplace, indicated his wish to have the package put into the flames. It was suggested, by another of our number, that it might be well, first, to make a list of the debtors' names, and of the dates, and amounts, that we might be enabled, as the intended discharge was for all, to inform such as might offer payment, that their debts were forgiven. On the following day, we again assembled—the list had been prepared—and all the notes, due-bills, and accounts, whose amount, including interest, amounted to thirty-two thousand dollars, were committed to the flames.

"It was about four months after our father's death," continued my informant, "in the month of June, that, as I was sitting in my eldest brother's counting-room, waiting for an opportunity to speak with him, there came in a hard-favored, little old man, who looked as if time and rough weather had been to windward of him for seventy years. He asked if my brother was not the executor. He replied that he was administrator, as our father died intestate. 'Well,' said the stranger, 'I've come up from the Cape to pay a debt I owed the old gentleman.' My brother," continued my informant, "requested him to take a seat, being at the moment engaged with other persons at the desk.

"The old man sat down, and putting on his glasses, drew out a very ancient leather pocket-book, and began to count over his money. When he had done—and there was quite a parcel of bank notes—as he sat, waiting his turn, slowly twisting his thumbs, with his old gray, meditative eyes upon the floor, he sighed; and I knew the money, as the phrase runs, came hard—and secretly wished the old man's name might be found upon the forgiven list. My brother was soon at leisure, and asked him the common questions—his name, etc. The original debt was four hundred and forty dollars—it had stood a long time, and, with the interest amounted to a sum between seven and eight hundred. My brother went to his desk, and, after examining the forgiven list attentively, a sudden smile lighted up his countenance, and told me the truth at a glance—the old man's name was there! My brother quietly took a chair by his side, and a conversation ensued between them, which I never shall forget. 'Your note is outlawed,' said my brother; 'it was dated twelve years ago, payable in two years; there is no witness, and no interest has ever been paid; you are not bound to pay this note; we cannot recover the amount.' 'Sir,' said the old man, 'I wish to pay it. It is the only heavy debt I have in the world. It may be outlawed here, but I have no child, and my old woman and I hope we have made our peace with God, and wish to do so with man. I should like to pay it,' and he laid his bank notes before my brother, requesting him to count them over. 'I cannot take this money,' said my brother. The old man became alarmed. 'I have cast simple interest for twelve years and a little over,' said the old man. 'I will pay you compound interest, if you say so. The debt ought to have been paid long ago, but your father, sir, was very indulgent—he knew I'd been unlucky, and told me not to worry about it.'

"My brother then set the whole matter plainly before him, and, taking the bank bills, returned them to the old man's pocket-book, telling him that, although our father left no formal will, he had recommended to his children to destroy certain notes, due bills, and other evidences of debt, and release those who might be legally bound to pay them. For a moment the worthy old man appeared to be stupefied. After he had collected himself, and wiped a few tears from his eyes, he stated that, from the time he had heard of our father's death, he had raved and raved, and pinched and spared, to get the money together, for the payment of this debt. 'About ten days ago,' said he, 'I had made up the sum within twenty dollars. My wife knew how much the payment of this debt lay upon my spirits, and advised me to sell a cow and make up the difference, and get the heavy burthen off my spirits. I did so—and now what will my old woman say? I must get back to the Cape and tell her this good news. She'll probably say over the very words she said when she put her hand on my shoulder as we parted—I have never seen the righteous man forsaken or his seed bearing bread.' After a hoarse shake of the head, and a blessing upon our old father's memory, he went upon his way rejoicing.

"After a short silence—taking his pencil and making a cast—'There,' said my brother, 'your part of the amount would be so much—conceive a plan to convey to me your share of the pleasure, derived from this operation, and the money is at your service.'"

"Such is the simple tale which I have told, as it was told to me.—Boston Transcript.