

A LITTLE WISE WOMAN.

Louisa Clare had gone out for a walk quite early in the morning, and as it was Saturday, she had lingered over her enjoyment of the beautiful day, the fresh, sweet air, and the cool breeze from the sea. Louisa was a school teacher, and I am quite sure not one of the noisy, wild creatures whom she sought to guide in the paths of knowledge, enjoyed the weekly holiday as she did.

But even Saturday was not all holiday—she had brought home exercises to correct, and copy-books to look over; and she began to reflect that she could not afford to stay out much longer, even on holiday morning. She had sat down to rest for her long walk had tired her—on a seat formed by an old tree-trunk that had lain long enough to be all green and moss-covered, and only a little way in front of her the sea washed up against the rough, shingly beach. Louisa still lingered, and flung little, loose stones into the water, and as each skimmed the surface and disappeared she thought, "I must really go—this will be the last."

Then, with an effort, she rose, and turned resolutely toward home; and as she did so she became aware of the figure of a man at a little distance. He was walking rapidly toward her, and though she scarcely recognized him, she was conscious of a familiar look about his appearance—his figure, his walk—altogether he looked like some one she ought to remember, yet could not. As he came quite close, she uttered an exclamation which signified at once recognition and surprise; and she stood still staring at him and wondering.

It was Mr. Glover—Glover the millionaire, as some people called him; but he was scarcely worth a million, although he was past all doubt, the great man and the rich man of the place. Among other things, he was a power in the school where Louisa taught; and in that way she had seen him occasionally, and had exchanged words with him now and then. But never in all her experience had Louisa seen Mr. Glover—or any one else—look as that gentleman now looked. His face wore the pallor of the dead; his eyes were wild and haggard; his dress disordered and his movements uncertain and shaky like a drunken man's. He would have passed her by, unconscious of her presence, without a look; but Louisa stepped forward, laid her hand on his arm and called him sharply by his name.

In long years after she often said that something told her she must do so.

Mr. Glover stopped and looked at her stupidly, as though the sound of his own name was strange to him, and he was trying to think what it had to do with him, or why it was spoken to him.

Louisa was frightened at herself, as well as at him, and began to tremble; and then her eyes filled up with tears that presently rolled down over her cheeks.

"O, Mr. Glover," she sobbed, "what is the matter—what is the matter?"

And then Mr. Glover—who was a good deal of a gentleman by nature—seeing a woman in tears, forgot his own trouble and looked at her attentively.

"Why, it is Miss Clare—little Miss Clare, the school ma'am!" he said, as he recognized her. "And what is the matter with you, my dear? Why do you cry, and who has been annoying you?"

"No one—oh, no indeed—and there's nothing the matter except that you seem to be in such deep trouble sir, and—I was afraid."

"And that's why you are afraid—you cry for me?" asked Mr. Glover; "can it be possible?"

He sat down on the moss covered tree-trunk where Louisa had been resting, and motioned to her to also, he said:

"Sit down, Miss Clare, sit down."

Louisa obeyed instantly.

"Are you very unhappy, Miss Clare?" asked Mr. Glover.

"Unhappy, sir—about what?"

"Oh! nothing in particular. I mean merely in a general way."

"I am not unhappy at all, sir."

"Is it possible? And yet, your salary—let me think. I believe it is something about three hundred dollars a year that they give you?"

"Just three hundred dollars a year, sir."

"And yet you are not unhappy—are you?"

"Very seldom. I am very happy on the contrary. Ah! sir, it is not alone the possession of money that makes people happy."

And then, fearing she had said something so personal it might be rude—for Mr. Glover was so rich and so evidently not happy—Louisa felt the color mount to her cheeks, and her eyes drooped before the intent gaze of her companion.

"Do you think a man might ever be happy, and yet quite poor?" asked Mr. Glover—"so poor that, compared with what he had been, his position would be one almost of poverty?"

"Oh! yes, sir," said Louisa, with a gentle confidence in her own words; "I am quite sure of that; for what does the most extravagant wealth give more than one can enjoy by simply having enough? One can only eat, or drink, or sleep enough—at least one ought not to do so any more than enough," she added with a smile, "and those who do are not happier for it."

Mr. Glover looked at her as though she had solved the great problem of existence.

"What a wise little woman!" he said; and then drawing a pistol from his pocket, he rose took a few steps forward, and flung the weapon far from him with such force that it went singing through the air, and fell into the water beyond.

Louisa had started up with a scarcely repressed cry of fright; but as Mr. Glover returned and reseated himself, she sat down beside him.

"Miss Clare," he said, earnestly and

gratefully, "you have saved me from committing a great crime. I came out here to kill myself with that pistol that you have seen me throw away; and but for the intervention, the tears in your gentle eyes, and the hopeful courage in your voice, I would have done it. I will tell you now—what all the world will know to-morrow—I am a ruined man. But I will not die like a coward; I will live and face the music, as they say. Good-bye, you wise little woman. You have saved a life—more, perhaps—you have saved an immortal soul this morning simply by being the brave, contented, hopeful being that you are. Goodbye! goodbye."

He wrung her hand hard enough to bring the tears in her eyes, and turned away, while Louisa went home rather dizzy, her heart in a whirl, and altogether too much amazed by the scene just ended to think much about her own share of it.

When the state of Mr. Glover's money affairs became public there was the usual nine days' wonder. He yielded everything to his creditors, and found that they were more nearly satisfied than he had hoped for; they even left him a little house which was once rented at a low rate to Louisa Clare's mother, and which Louisa, in her wildest dreams of future grandeur, had once or twice wished some day might become hers. Beyond that he had absolutely nothing; but he was still an able man. He had failed honorably, and people were willing to trust him. And after it was all over he went one day to see Louisa and told her that he found she was right; his state of mind was far from desperate. In fact, he was almost happy.

After that he went to see the little school teacher quite often—indeed so often that he seriously interfered with her duties; and when she came to know him quite well she used to tell him so, with the sanest toss of her head, and a faint blush in her pink cheeks.

"I can't help it, dear," said Mr. Glover—he often called her so, for he was many years older than Louisa—she was such a child-like little creature. "You are my counselor—my comforter—my all in the world. More than wealth, or houses, or lands—and though it looks as if I was going to be a rich man some time again, Louisa, it will be nothing to me without the wisest little woman in the world to show me what to do with my money, and the best way to make it a real source of happiness to myself and others."

So it came to pass that Louisa said, "Yes," being much entreated; and she went to live in the house she had vaguely dreamed of years before.

A Duel on Horseback.

The Earl of Glencairn challenged Lieutenant-General Sir George Munro for grossly opprobrious language used by him toward the Highland troops, as being "no other than a pack of thieves and robbers." They met in a field near Dornock, "by gray daylight." They were both well mounted on horseback; each of them were to have one pistol, after discharging of which they were to fight with broad-swords. The pistols were fired without doing hurt. They then engaged with their swords, and after a few passes, my Lord had the good fortune to give Sir George a sore stroke upon his bridle-hand, whereupon Sir George cried out that he was not able to command his horse; "and I hope," says he, "you will fight me on foot."

"Ye earl," says my Lord, "I will let you know that I am a match for you either on foot or horseback."

Whereupon they both alighted, and at the first bout my Lord gave him a sore stroke on the brow, about an inch above his eyes, which bled so much that he could not see. His Lordship was going to thrust him through the body, but John White, his man, pushed up his sword, and said:

"You have enough of him, my Lord."

His Lordship, in a passion, gave John a stroke over the shoulders, and then took his horse and came to his quarters. Munro and his brother went to headquarters, but with much ado, for the bleeding at head and hand.

Their only attendants as seconds were Lord Glencairn's trumpeter and valet—his man John above mentioned—and Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Munro, a younger brother of Sir George. [Notes and Queries.]

A Colporteur's Death and Fortune.

In the year 1849 Rev. Giles, wife and daughter resided in Setanket, Long Island. On the 28th of September, in that year, the husband and father left home by stage for Stony Point, Long Island Sound, five miles distant, intending to return by water with a sail boat, and has never since been seen by his family. Many years passed, but Mr. Giles was never heard from, and it was at last supposed that he had been drowned. The fact that the sail boat had been found capsized led to this belief. Accepting this as true, Mrs. Giles became the wife of the late David F. Lyon, of Schenectady. On Tuesday, Nov. 9th, a man known as the Rev. John Edward Giles died of acute apoplexy at Niskayuna Centre, Schenectady county. Upon his person was found nearly \$20,000 in government bonds and bank notes. He was slightly deranged, and for years has followed the occupation of a colporteur. He was always reticent as to his family relations, saying he "did not like to speak of them," although he admitted he had a wife and child living. The body was taken to Schenectady and deposited in the vault temporarily, and finally Mrs. Lyon and daughter, whose name is Giles, learned of the circumstances. They finally viewed the remains, and fully recognized the body as that of the long lost husband and father.

A DOWN-SOUTH "JUBILEE."

Our correspondent, "Mt. Hood," sends us the following article from away down South in North Carolina.

I presume you have heard of the "boy evangelist," who created such a furore at a negro campmeeting in Arkansas. It was a good joke, and stirred within me the feeling of visiting such a meeting at the first opportunity that presented itself. I had just arrived at a certain town in N. C., when I was informed that a negro campmeeting was to be held at about a mile from town. I was delighted—at last my curiosity could be satisfied. I sprang at the opportunity, and caught it just at that moment when it was in its zenith. It had been rumored for some time, so I was informed, that a campmeeting was to be held. Consequently on the opening day the roads leading to the church were thronged with the traditional rusty umbrellas and ANCIENT CARPET BAGS.

All traveling to one common point, where all men are equal. At the time of our arrival the church and its vicinity were crowded to its utmost by the weary worshippers. It was decided to hold the service outside beneath the trees. Two sermons were preached, one at eleven and one at three. The congregation was a perfect study. It would require Hoffman's rare and fantastic genius to describe worthily the countenances of some of those present. There sat an old gray-headed fellow, with large rolling eyes, and lips like a huge oyster-shell. There sat a youthful Cloud, whose coat had evidently been worn by his forefathers, and cut and made after the style of that worn by Joseph. There, again, a dusky maiden, dressed in purple and fine linen; there a youth whose mouth would make a fortune on a minstrel stage. There were young nigs and old nigs, big and small nigs; light darkies, and darkies upon whose countenance charcoal would leave a white mark. It had been understood that the evening meeting would be quite interesting, so we decided to remain.

AT EARLY CANDLE LIGHT

The church was opened. The "church" was a log hut, about twenty by fifteen feet. At one end was a high fire-place; at the other was a window sash minus the glass. The pews were simply constructed by a piece of plank, without any back, and supported by four shakely legs. The whole edifice was lighted by four tallow candles. And now for the sermon: The preliminary remarks of the preacher were in "reference" to a collection for the missionary fund. During this brilliant discourse, two stray dogs, unbelievers, began growling near his stand, when suddenly stopping in the midst of his remarks, he changed his tone and cried, "Get out ob dat." It had the desired effect. The collection proved that the brethren ever in Africa would be entitled to draw sixty-four cents from the funds on hand. The minister was delighted with his success. He then commenced his sermon proper, by saying that he would not

MAINTAIN THE PEOPLE

Long, but he wished that they would "insist" him as much as possible. He informed us that he never went to school a day in his life, which remark was totally uncalculated for, as any one present was easily convinced of that. His sermon was a lengthy description of St. Paul's journey to "Demascus." Once he was interrupted by some members of the congregation moving about; stopping abruptly he told them to be quiet, saying "it is annoying me, body and soul." When in his remarks he "waxed warm," a low, singing sound came up from among the women. This was the forerunner of the storm which was soon to break. During a stirring appeal, there was a shriek and a shout; and a darky girl jumped from her seat, clapping her hands and making more noise than a volunteer fire department. By this exhibition, we knew she was happy, for we had been informed that

THESE WERE THE SYMPTOMS.

The sister took her stand in the center of the floor and stamped, shouted and cried until one of the pillars of the church started the lively hymn, "Hab you got a ticket to de promised land?" This proved quite reviving. Soon another sister got the power. She bounced up, and shouted and then struck the floor. Here she rolled and yelled like a wild tiger. About this time the fun became general. Most all the women were happy, and those that were not, enjoyed themselves by taking out the benches and making room. One started from one side of the house to the other, swinging her arms like a wind-mill. With one blow she sent a candle flying across the house. This did not stop her. She continued on until a bench seriously objected, and then she landed all in a heap on the other side. About this time the evangelist was singing in

HIS LOUDEST VOICE:

"When de good ole Moses come out ob de wilderness!" In this and all other songs the congregation kept time with their feet, and as the songs are sung rather rapidly, the accompaniment creates considerable stir. During the noisiest part of the exercises we counted a dozen women down on the hard, bare floor, rolling about. When they would come in contact with each other, it seemed to give them a fresh start, and they would dive around and cause the congregation to beat a hasty retreat. One old woman, in particular, we noticed, who could not keep quiet while the brethren were singing "Dar will be camp meetings in de promised land," was keeping time to the music by jumping up and down, swinging back and forth, with the regularity and precision of a pendulum. Imagine, if you can, twelve or fifteen persons rolling around, engaged in

GRAND AND LOFTY TUMBLING,

All shouting and singing at the same time. The spectacle was something, when once seen, can never be forgotten. While one young woman was doing the grand walk around to the tune of "Roll, Jordan, Roll," she accidentally struck the only remaining candle and extinguished it. We were then where Moses was "when de light went out," and consequently held our breath for fear that some floating, broken cloud would take us for unconverted brethren, and submit us to the embracing process. But fortunately a light was brought, and we were relieved from our suspense and fear. The floor presented a strange spectacle. All were rolling about and enjoying themselves in an extraordinary pugilistic manner. We left the scene of action at eleven o'clock. At that time there was no sign of abatement. The performance was then at its highest. In our youthful days we thought the negro characters delineated by Joe Murphy, Emerson, Cassell and others of histrionic fame, to be perfect, but we can now see wherein we were mistaken. The wandering minstrel would stand an excellent chance of starving to death here. They certainly would should they play in a community in which a negro campmeeting was in progress.

Kearney and Kallloch.

Kearney has passed off the stage, at least for the present. He made more trouble than a thousand like him could cure, he caused more injury to the welfare of California than the labor of ten thousand skulking villains like him could restore were they to work for a thousand years. And yet he reigned gloriously for a long time. Up to about the time of the assault upon Kallloch by De Young he held under his spell ten thousand swarthy scoundrels. So long as he could hold the fort and threaten to bring about a riot, to make the streets run with blood, to denounce any man who owned a little property and now and then appeared in a clean shirt; he was a terrible fellow. Capital fled before him (for capital is the big coward of the earth) respectability was ready to make excuses for its appearance; the press and politicians pandered to him, and he was—the craven bandit that he is—a terror and a power. But on one lucky day some one thought of the work-house in connection with him; a complaint was made out, a trial had and Kearney was sent there. His hair was cropped and he was clothed in the variegated costume which distinguishes that institution. That killed Kearney. By the way we said at the time that it would. Had he only been convicted of something peculiarly wicked, something which would have banged him, he would have been attended daily by an anxious crowd until the day of execution; his journey to the scaffold would have been a triumphal procession, and for years to come the cry of "Kearney" would have been a Shibboleth which would have rallied every loafer and every free lunch fiend of San Francisco, as the blare of a trumpet thrills the soul of a veteran soldier. But the cropped hair, the striped clothing and the prison order, which made Kearney look and smell precisely like a common vagrant; even Kearney's followers could not stand that. It brought to their minds too vivid a realization of the condition they themselves might be in within twenty-four hours, to make the contemplation pleasant to them, then too, there was the man who was going to wade in blood, fire out a whole race, and make wealth and respectability criminal possessions, suddenly brought down to striped clothing and cropped hair like a common thief. That experience finished the brute and so *vale* to him. But San Francisco has a worse man than ever Kearney was. It has a man who has an education, who has a brain to plan and courage enough to act, but whose heart is as foul as was Kearney's mouth. Why does not San Francisco try a dose of work house on him? It would be just lovely. Kallloch in striped garments and cropped hair would make a better picture than Kearney made, and Justice, setting up on high, would smile approval. The odor of the prison would sweeten the atmosphere around Kallloch and no eccentricity of prison dress would fitly symbol the distortion of Kallloch's soul. But the spectacle would be splendid and the discipline most salutary and it should be tried.

Experience teaches us that stock

entering into winter quarters in good condition can be kept without difficulty, while an animal beginning the winter in a poor condition notwithstanding an abundance of food, careful housing and the best attention, will invariably be in poor order the following spring. Particularly is this case with common stock. Fat stock consumes a less amount of food than lean stock.

A Domestic Experiment.

Col. Bob Ingersoll says he keeps a pocket-book in an open drawer and his children go and help themselves to money whenever they want it. "They eat when they want to; they may sleep all day if they choose, and sit up all night if they desire. I don't try to coerce them. I never punish, never scold. They buy their own clothes and are masters of themselves."

A gentleman living on Marshall street, who has a boy that is full as kitten as his father, read the article and pondered deeply. He knew that Col. Ingersoll was a success at raising children in the way they should go, and he thought he would try it. The boy had caused him considerable annoyance, and he made up his mind that he had not treated the boy right, so he called the boy in from the street; where he was putting soft soap on a lamp-post in order to see the lamplighter climb it, and said to him:

"My son, I have decided to adopt a different course with you. Heretofore I have been careful about giving you money, and have wanted to know where every cent went to, and my supervision has, no doubt, been annoying to you. Now I'm going to leave my pocket book in the bureau drawer, with plenty of money in it, and you are at liberty to use all you want without asking me. I want you to buy anything you desire to: buy your own clothes, and feel as though the money was yours, and that you had not got to account for it. Just make yourself at home now and try and have a good time."

The boy looked at the old gentleman, put his hand on his head, as though he had "got 'em sure," and went out to see the lamplighter climb that soft soap. The next day the stern parent went out into the country shooting, and returned on the midnight train three days later. He opened the door with a latch key, and a strange yellow dog grabbed him by the elbow of his pants and shook him, he said, "like the agur."

The dog barked and chewed until the son came down in his night shirt and called him off. He told his father he had bought that dog of a fireman for \$11 and it was probably the best dog bargain that had been made this season. He said the fireman told him he could find a man that wanted that kind of a dog.

The parent took off his pants, what the dog had not removed, and in the hall he stumbled over a birch bark canoe the boy bought of an Indian for \$9, and an army musket with an iron ramrod fell down from the corner. The boy had paid \$6 for that. He had also bought himself an overcoat with a sealskin collar and cuffs and a complete outfit of calico shirts and silk stockings.

In his room the parent found the marble top of a soda fountain, wheelbarrow and a shelf filled with all kinds of canned meat, preserves and crackers and a barrel of apples. A wall tent and six pairs of blankets were rolled up, ready for camping out, and a buckskin shirt and a pair of corduroy pants lay on the bed ready for pulling on. Six fish-poles and a basketful of fish-lines were ready for business, and an oyster can full of grub-worms, for bait, were squirming on the wash stand. The old gentleman looked the lay-out over, looked at his pocket-book in the bureau drawer, as empty as a contribution-box, and remarked:

"Young man, the times have been too flush. We will now return to a specie basis. When you want money, come to me, and I will give you a nickel, and you will tell me what you intend to buy with it, or I'll warn you 'You hear me?'— [Springfield Republican.]

A Nice, Light, Toast Lunch.

It often happens that after a late heavy dinner, or when arriving home late in the evening, or when one is an invalid or dyspeptic, and especially when a troublesome tooth or other mouth ailment prevents proper mastication of harder food, one wants a light, easily digested and easily masticated dish of lunch. Well cooked oat-meal, the grains nearly whole and not "all in a mush," is quite good but is not always accessible, and is not liked by all. Lately we have found the following very good, especially for a late supper or lunch, eaten only an hour or two before retiring: Toast some slices of bread pretty well, scraping off any blackened, charred portion; lay the slices on a plate, preferably a soup-plate, and pour on cold milk enough to wet it through, and leave half an inch or so in depth of milk in the plate. Good milk; a little extra cream in it is all the better, and a very trifling amount of salt improves it for our taste. Put over the toast thus prepared an inverted large earthen bowl, or tin basin large enough to cover it, and set down upon the plate all round. Put this in a warm, not very hot, stove oven, two, three or more hours in advance. The milk will cook and evaporate, and its substance be condensed in the toast, while the cover will keep the toast moist. It is then very good, and eats well without butter, though a little may be used if desired. [American Agriculturist.]

Gilholly lives down on Galveston avenue, not far from a milkman. Yesterday he met the milkman, and taking him off to one side asked him seriously: "Wasn't there a fire in your barn early yesterday? I had a great notion to rush over to your assistance?" "Why, there wasn't no fire about the barn," said the milkman, his eyes sticking out like door knobs; "what made you think so?" "Nothing, except I saw you pump two buckets of water right quick and rush into the stable with them where you milk your cows."

Endeavor to be what you appear to be.