

FIRESIDE MISCELLANY.

THE BUTTERFLY.

The Butterfly was a gentleman Of no very good repute; And he roved in the sunshine all day long...

GRANDMA'S DREAM.

I wonder what grandma is thinking about, As she sits in the corner there, With the faint light in her eyes...

THE ACTOR'S STRATAGEM.

Many old theatre-goers of the West will remember James Willis, a favorite comedian well known in that section.

When the Texas excitement was at fever heat, he one day found himself in a condition to which actors are often subject—"dead broke."

While standing on the wharf of a growing city on the Mississippi, with his solemn visage extended, planning how he could get down the river without money, he heard the sound of a drum and life.

He saw a small party of half-uniformed soldiers, bearing a Texas banner, and about to embark for New Orleans. A thought struck him.

The next day Willis sent his trunk on board the first boat to start. Then, just as the captain struck the bell for the last time, he stepped on board, dragged his box into an unoccupied state room, took from his theatrical wardrobe a soldier's coat with a buff breast and three rows of buttons, a cocked-hat with an immense plume, a red sash, and a pair of false whiskers.

By the time the boat got under way, Jim was fully equipped, with a stage sword hanging gracefully at his side. Drawing on his white gloves, he hesitated a moment, but relying on his own peculiar powers, he opened the door into the cabin, which was filled with passengers.

In an instant all eyes were turned toward him, but he walked up to the steamer's bar, and drank a glass of brandy and water.

In the meanwhile all was bustle and confusion to find out who the officer was.

A general rush was made for the register, but he had not yet put down his name. The captain was consulted, but did not know anything. At length, however, feeling a little curious himself, he walked up to him, bowed politely, and said:

"Sir, to you," said Jim, touching his *chapeau*, and saluting *a la militaire*. "Will you do me the favor to register your name, so that I can provide a suitable state-room for you?" said the captain.

"Oh, with pleasure," responded Jim, and walking up to the register, he flourished in round text:

"Chas. P. Edwards, Major, Texas Army."

The crowd passed around the table; they read the name; universal enthusiasm prevailed, and three tremendous cheers were given for Texas and liberty.

Jim took off his shako, acknowledged the compliment with a bow and a very few patriotic remarks.

It is almost needless to say that from that time the *soldatant* Major became a lion. "Every one sought his acquaintance. The ladies opened the cabin door to get a peep at him. He was placed at the head of the table, and at night was liberally treated with champagne.

Next day Jim was promoting the hurricane deck, linked arm in arm with the captain and a warm Southerner, who resided in Vicksburg.

"Major," said the Southerner, "I know you have been on a mission to collect arms, ammunition and recruits; but on this subject you must, of course, keep mum, in consequence of the treaty between Mexico and the United States. For my part, though, I could see every yellow skinned rascal hang like a dog, on a tree."

"Whatever my business may have been, I find that I have exhausted my means in the cause. In fact, I fear that I shall not be able to pay my passage until I get to New Orleans," said the artful Jim.

"Don't mention it," cried the captain. "I could not for one moment think of taking anything from you."

"I have it!" exclaimed the Southerner. "Come along with me."

The trio adjourned to the clerk's office, where a stirring appeal for aid to Texas was written.

The Southern gentleman carried it among the passengers, and soon collected a hundred and fifty dollars, which was handed over to Willis.

Then a grand supper was given, at which speeches were made and toasts were drunk. The cabin was decorated with the flag of the lone star of Texas, manufactured for the occasion by the ladies, out of certain of their red and white garments.

At twelve o'clock the company commenced singing, and at length the Major was called on to favor them. He complied by giving them his favorite song of "Billy Barlow."

"Bravo!" said one. "Excellent!" cried another. "Capital!" said a third.

"I could do a deuced sight better," said Jim, who was fast approaching the fourth stage of intoxication, "if I had the proper togs on."

After giving three faint huzzas for Texas, the party broke up.

Next morning the clerk went into Jim's state room to call him to breakfast. Imagine his surprise when he discovered that the Major had "turned in all standing," with his boots, shako and sword on, and his feet snugly laid upon the pillow. He was a Texan Major and of course no fault was found.

Thus things went on, and Willis reached New Orleans in triumph. There he doffed his uniform, and returned to Vicksburg, where he obtained an engagement at the theatre.

He became a great favorite, and when he was at the zenith of his glory the Southern gentleman whom he had met on the boat went one evening to see the play.

Between the pieces Willis sang "Billy Barlow." The old Southerner was bewildered. The after-piece came on, and Jim appeared in the identical suit in which he had enacted the Texan Major.

After the play was over the Southerner sought an interview with him. "You infernal rascal!" said he, "I ought to shoot you; but the trick was so clever that I forgive you. So shake hands; let's take a drink, and say no more about it."

Jim looked at him a moment with a grave and serious expression of countenance, then replied:

"One man in his time plays many parts."

THE LITTLE BOY'S REBUKE.

There was once a very old man who lived in the house of his son. The old man was deaf, his eyes were dim, and his legs weak and thin. When he was at the table, he could hardly hold his spoon, so much did his hands shake; and at times he would spill his soup on the tablecloth.

All this vexed his son and his son's wife; they made the old man sit in the corner behind the stove. There he ate his food from an earthenware dish, and he had not always too much to eat, as you may guess.

Well, one day his trembling hands could not hold the dish; it fell on the floor and broke. At this his son and son's wife were so vexed that they spoke harshly to the poor old man. His only answer was a deep, sad sigh. They then brought him a bowl made of wood, out of which he had to eat his food.

Not long after this his little grandson, a boy of about four years of age, was seen at work with a chisel and hammer, following out a log of wood.

His parents could not guess what he was trying to do. The little boy said nothing to any one, but kept on at work on the log, and looked very grave, as if he had some great work on hand.

"What are you doing there?" asked the father. The little boy did not want to tell. Then the mother asked: "What are you doing there, my son?"

"Oh," said he, "I am only making a little trough, such as our pigs eat out of."

"But what are you making it for, my son?"

"I am making it," said he, "for you and father to eat out of when I am a man."

The parents looked at each other, and burst into tears.

From that time forth they treated the old man well. He had the best place at the table, a nice dish, and plenty of food.

A man who was not very careful in personal appearance tells this story of himself: "I went to the drug store early one morning for a dose of morphine for a sick friend. The night clerk objected to giving it to me without prescription, evidently fearing I meant to destroy myself. 'Pshaw,' said I, 'do I look like a man who would kill myself?' Gazing at me steadily for half a moment, he replied, 'I don't know. Seems to me if I looked like you I should be greatly tempted to kill myself.'"

A critic says of a certain singer, "that she sings a few airs and puts on a great many y's."

Courtship is bliss, but matrimony is blister.

THE DAUGHTER OF AARON BURR.

Theodosia Burr's habits of life were, I have heard my mother say, much like those of Mrs. Kemble. She was a famous walker and skater, and accompanied her father on hunting and fishing excursions. As a horse-woman, she was unsurpassed; and, on her visit to her New England friends, sometimes astonished their quiet neighbors by riding over the country, taking walls and ditches in flying leaps. Yet she was, in the best sense of the word, feminine and essentially a lady.

The last days of this grand woman were very sad, and her fate is even yet wrapped in awful obscurity. It is only known that, when broken in health and almost in heart, by the loss of her only son, she embarked for Charleston, to join her unhappy father in New York, on a small sailing vessel, accompanied only by her physician and servant.

That vessel never was heard of more, and it has always been supposed that it foundered in a gale, off Cape Hatteras. But some twenty-five or thirty years ago a seaman, dying in a hospital at New Orleans, confessed to having been a pirate; and among other terrible things, he told of his ship having run down a schooner bound to New York from Charleston, and of having scuttled her after taking possession of every thing valuable. The few passengers, he said, and such of the crew as were disinclined to enlist under their black banner, were compelled to walk the plank. Among the passengers was one lady, who remonstrated against having her hand-bound and being blindfolded, promising to offer no resistance. So they let her have her way, hesitating; and she stepped quietly on to the plank, and with her eyes wide open, walked off into the sea. I have always believed that that woman who met her fate in this grand Roman way was the daughter of Aaron Burr, Theodosia Allston.—Grace Greenwood.

HER OWN CALL.—The *Winstville Gazette* relates the following incident: Henry Marvin, of this village, is widely known as one of the best auctioneers in the country. It seems not long since, he was called upon to exercise his vocation at a place near Onondaga Hill. Among the articles to be sold was a heifer, very attractive in appearance, and consequently our friend Marvin dwelt quite extensively on her many excellencies in the customary vernacular of an experienced auctioneer, winding up his eloquent description with the flourish that she was as "gentle as a lamb." Thereupon, a long slab-sided countryman—who had listened open mouthed to the wordy display of our friend Marvin—whose legs were two inches longer than his pants—handling her teats. Bossy, not relishing such familiarity, lifted her hoofs and laid "Greeny" sprawling some ten feet off.

"There," said Henry, "that shows one of her best traits; she'll never allow a strange calf to come near her!" "Greeny" meanwhile picked himself up, and giving his bushy pate a harrowing scratch, exclaimed:

"No wonder she won't, when her own calf has been bleating around her the whole day!"

A huge roar broke from the crowd, and our neighbor Marvin gracefully "gave in."

One of the most interesting fruits of the attention now paid to the velocipede is a new invention just made by two ingenious mechanics of this city, of which yesterday examined a model. It is a monocycolo, or single machine, consisting of a wheel eight feet in diameter, with a tire some six inches wide, or two narrow tires on its outer edges, with two sets of spokes connecting with a double center which fills the place of a hub, the two sides of which are some two feet a half apart. The operator is in the middle, and propels the wheel by a simple, yet curious apparatus, in which both his weight and his muscle are brought into play. Any more precise description would manifestly be out of place until the patent has been issued. The inventors anticipate that their machine will exceed in swiftness every other device of the kind. They do not think that sixty miles an hour on a smooth road will be impossible.—N. Y. Sun.

SENSIBLE YOUNG MAN.—In the great shipyard of Webb, the famous master builder, there works a young man whose father, one of these days, in the course of nature, will leave a fortune so large that it would turn the brain of an ordinary man to think of. This young apprentice to the shipbuilding trade is the only heir. He might wear fine clothes now, and have his fine stable of fine horses, and all the round of elegant pleasures he would. But every morning he sees his father's splendid mansion on Twentieth street, bright and early and joins the throng of hurrying mechanics bound to their work. When night comes he washes off the traces of work, and takes his position in society. Why he does it is this: He wants a trade, so certain, so well learned, that if the fine fortune of the father should ever take to itself wings, his own living in the world would be secured beyond question of doubt.

A STRANGE STORY.—The London Herald tells the following singular and touching story:

Not many years since certain miners, working far underground, came upon the body of a poor fellow who had perished in the suffocating pit forty years before. Some chemical agent to which the body had been subjected—an agent prepared in the laboratory of nature—had effectually arrested the progress of decay. They brought it up to the surface, and for a while, till it crumbled through exposure to the atmosphere, it lay there the image of a fine, sturdy young man. No convulsion had passed over the face of death—the features were tranquil; the hair was black as jet. No one recognized the face—a generation had grown since the day on which the miner went down his shaft for the last time. But a tottering old woman; who had hurried from her cottage at hearing the news, came up, and she knew again the face which through all these long years she had not quite forgotten. The poor miner was to have been her husband on the day after that on which he died. They were rough people of course, who were looking on; a liberal education and refined feelings are not deemed essential to the man whose work is to get out coals, or even tin; but there were no dry eyes when the gray headed pilgrim cast herself upon the youthful corpse and poured into its deaf ear many words of endearment unnumbered for forty-six years. It was a touching contrast: the one so old, the other so young. They had both been young ere these long years, but time had gone on with the living, and stood still with the dead.

READ AN HOUR A DAY.—There was a lad who, at fourteen, was apprenticed to a soap-boiler. One of his resolutions was to read an hour a day, or at least at that rate, and he had an old watch left to him by his uncle, which he timed his readings by. He stayed seven years with his master, and said when he was 21 he knew as much as the young squire did. Now let us see how much time he had to read in seven years, at the rate of an hour per day. It would be 1,555 hours, which at the rate of eight reading hours per day, would be equal to 310 days, equal to 45 weeks; equal to 12 months; nearly a year's reading. That time spent in treasuring up useful knowledge would pile up a very large store. Try what you can do. Begin now. In after years you will look back upon the task as the most pleasant and the most profitable you ever performed.

Rev. James Blank once told an anecdote of Mr. James Harper. "I asked the Mayor," said Dr. Blank, "what he did? I said to him that Mr. John Harper attends to the business; Mr. Wesley Harper looks after the correspondence; Mr. Fletcher Harper receives the authors, looks after the new books and the magazines—but you Mr. Mayor; I have never discovered what you do." "I'll tell you," answered the Mayor in a whisper, "but you must not let it out: I entertain the forces."

A tall Eastern girl, named Short, loved a certain big Mr. Little, while Little, little thinking of Short, loved a little lass named Long. To make a long story short, Little proposed to Long, and Short longed to be even with Little's shortcomings. So Short, meeting Long, threatened to marry Little before long, which caused Little in a short time to marry Long. Quey—Did tall Short love big Little less, because big Little loved little Long?

HOW TO ENLARGE VEGETABLES.—A vast increase of food may be obtained by managing judiciously and systematically carrying out for a time the principles of increase. Take for instance a pea. Plant it in very rich ground. Allow it to bear the first year, say half a dozen pods only. Remove all others. Save the largest single pea of these. Sow it the next year and retain one pod. Again select the largest and the next year the sort by this time will have tripled its size and weight. Ever afterwards sow the largest seed. By these means you will get peas, or anything else, of a bulk of which we at present have no conception.

HOW TO DRESS OLD FOWLS.—It does not matter how old the fowl is. Let it hang for a few days. Lard it with bacon like a guinea fowl is done and put it in a stew-pan with a close fitting lid, with pepper, salt, and shreds of bacon that are left, and a little seasoning—no water to be used. Stew it gently for a couple of hours. Make a little good gravy with bones (or gravy beef if you wish it to be very good), seasoned with onion, and put to the braize before dishing up. The fowl ought to come to the table with a rich brown gravy.

TO KEEP POTATOES FOR YEARS.—Dust over the floor of the bin with lime; put in about six or seven inches deep of potatoes and lime again, and repeat the operation till all are stowed away. One bushel of lime will do for forty bushels of potatoes, though more will not hurt them, the lime rather improving the flavor than otherwise.

FIFTEEN YEARS WITH THE INDIANS.

The following singular story is told by the *Bellville, Ill., Advocate*. James Gull, an old resident of this city, who left here some fifteen years ago for California by the overland route, returned last Saturday. The company with whom he went was attacked by Indians and several of them killed, among others, as was supposed, Mr. Gull. His body was subsequently found pierced with over twenty arrows, and fully identified by other members of the party. More positive evidence of death, perhaps never existed than in his case. We are glad to say, however that he has been fully able to prove his identity. He now finds that time has wrought many sad changes during his absence. The young wife, formerly Mary Andrew, after mourning the death of her husband three years, married Simeon Dunfor, of Second street, who now finds himself husband of another man's wife; thus furnishing another Enoch Arden case to the many already recorded. Mrs. Gull-Dunfor is the mother of eight children, only one of whom belongs to Mr. Gull, who finds his domestic affairs in a very unfortunate condition. Happily, all the parties interested are disposed to make the best of it, and it is understood that matters will be as satisfactorily arranged as can possibly be done under the circumstances.

Of course Mr. Gull, who was the son of one of our oldest, wealthiest and most respectable citizens, received many callers, and has many strange encounters to relate, some of which would be almost impossible to believe were it not that he has remarkable vouchers for all his statements. It seems that when the attack was made by the Indians, he fought with the ferocity of a lion, but was finally overcome and made captive. He was then carried away, suffering for weeks all that Indian prisoners can be made to suffer. The destination of the party was beyond the mountains in the southwestern part of Colorado, beyond the reach of civilization. To his utter astonishment he there found the ruins of a large city, evidently of Indian origin, and supposed to have been built by the Aztecs, before the discovery of America, as they more nearly resembled the ruins found in Mexico than any other.

Here, too, he saw many relics of civilization, such as he knew could never have been obtained from traveling the plains. He afterwards learned that these came from huge caves two or three hundred miles away, in the sides of the mountains. Mr. Gull frequently descends these caves some five years ago, which he describes as being very remarkable, and still filled with old rusty guns, pistols, skeletons, whole pots of gold and silver coin, specimens of which he has, and which can be seen at Baker & Bayley's drug store. He now wears a large antique looking ring which he found there, on which is rudely carved the name of Capt. Kidd.

But perhaps the most interesting of all his relics are the manuscripts which he preserved, and which throw a flood of light upon the career of the mysterious Capt. Kidd. These consist of over twenty pages of fine but distinct writing, carefully preserved between oiled silk. Upon discovering this, Mr. Gull contrived to fasten it to his person in such a manner that it has never been noticed by the Indians, and so that it has been little subject to wear. Of the contents of these manuscripts we have no room to speak. They will no doubt be printed in full. Mr. Gull called upon us last Wednesday. He says there are untold riches yet in the caves referred to, and we learn that several of our citizens are anxious to form a company and go for them. We have only to add that, years ago, Mr. Gull adopted the habits of the Indians, has hunted and fought with them, but not until the late attack by Gen. Custer upon Black Kettle has he met a white man. Although in the habit of an Indian warrior, he was recognized as a white man, narrowly escaping being shot by calling out in English to a soldier who had his piece raised almost ready to fire.

SUM TOTAL OF GREAT LIBRARIES.—We have had much to do with dictionaries, first and last; have turned over a thousand pounds of them perhaps; have watched new editions rising in stately fashions, and found the best were set on Webster's sure foundations. What we have written of Webster's work, while it has been in truthfulness, has also been in all love. We have a warm filial feeling for it and him; grateful to Webster for earliest lessons and latest teaching; grateful to God, that while he gave us English for our mother tongue, he gave us a man so worthy to record and expound it; men so worthy to continue the work he so nobly begun. And we put that mother tongue to a sacred use when we utter the truthful words that these three books are the sum total of great libraries—the Bible, Shakespeare, and Webster's Royal Quarto.—Chicago Evening Journal

When a lady indulges in a yawn or two, gentlemen are justified in guessing their hats are needed on their heads, and that the right side of the door is the outside.

Humorous Sayings and Doings.

A gentleman in Westfield takes exception to the publication in a newspaper of an account of a surprise visit made to him and his wife, as he has got no wife, and the announcement, he thinks, will injure his chances of getting one.

George Selwyn, a celebrated wit, once affirmed in company that no woman ever wrote a letter without a postscript. "My next letter shall refute you," said Lady G. Selwyn soon after received a letter from her ladyship, when after the signature stood, "P. S.—Who was right now, you or I?"

Farmers want sowing machines, as well as their daughters.

Rousseau says, "to write a good love-letter you ought to begin without knowing what you mean to say, and finish without knowing what you have said."

A Yankee peddler in his cart, overtaking another of his class, was addressed, "Hallo! what do you carry?" "Drugs and medicines," was the reply, "Go ahead," was the rejoinder: "I carry grave-stones."

Why are bankrupts more to be pitied than idiots? The bankrupts are broken, while idiots are only cracked.

An age young ladies desire—Marriage.

A learned doctor, referring to tight lacing, avers that it is a public benefit, inasmuch as it kills all the foolish girls and leaves all the wise ones to grow up to be women.

Bacheloric exclamation—"A lass!" Maidenly exclamation—"Ah, men!"

Don't be too anxious to solve a conundrum. We know a man who got two black eyes in endeavoring to find out the difference between a man and woman who were fighting in the street.

A "colored lady" called at a store in Appleton, Wis., last week to buy a pair of "flesh-colored" hose. The matter of fact clerk innocently took down a box of black stockings for her inspection. Miss Dinah indignantly left the store.

Tables that are always being turned over—Time tables.

Mrs. Partington has been reading the health officer's weekly reports, and thinks that "Total" must be an awful malignant disease, since as many die of it as all the rest put together.

The woman who undertook to scour the woods has abandoned the job, owing to the high price of soap. The last time heard from, she was skimming the sea.

A model surgical operation—to take the cheek out of a young man and the jaw out of a woman.

Why is a vain young lady like a confirmed drunkard? Because neither of them is satisfied with a moderate use of the glass.

The Hartford bridegroom who courted eighteen years is reported to have said that he felt pretty well acquainted with the girl, or he should not have got married.

When is a young lady the sweetest? When she is candid (candid).

A young lady who was rebuked by her mother for kissing her intended, justified herself by quoting the passage, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

Why do would be wise people try to look stern? Because the wisest of men was a Solomon-un.

The oldest woman's club—the broomstick.

Mr. Weevil having been out to a tea party, with a few friends, upon getting into bed at one a. m., hoists his umbrella. Mrs. W. pleasantly desires to know "why he is making such a ridiculous ass of himself." "Well, you see, my dear, I expect a storm, and came prepared."

"It is undeniable," says Prentice, "that in America it takes three to make a pair—he, she, and a hired girl. Had Adam been a modern, there would have been a hired girl in Paradise, to look after little Abel and raise Cain."

A simple fellow once said of a famous belle: "I could have courted and married her easy enough, if I'd wanted to." "And pray why didn't you?" asked his friend. "Oh, when I began to speak her, you see, she took me on one side and politely asked to be excused, and so I excused her."

"Where are you going?" said a young gentleman to an elderly one in a white cravat, whom he overtook a few miles from Little-Rock. "I am going to heaven, my son." "I have been on the way there for eighteen years." "Well, good bye, old fellow." "If you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years, and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Prudence is that virtue by which we discern what is proper to be done under the various circumstances of time and place.

The Lowell Courier thinks the reason why "murder will out" is because "blood will tell."

Dr. Johnson, in speaking of a quarrelsome fellow, said: "If he had two ideas in his head they would fall out with each other."