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"AN OLD NUISANCE."

Mind, I quote these three words. They are none of mine. Only, thinking over three or four equally appropriate titles, I chose this one as being the oddest, and I always had a fancy for odd things. And now for my story.

On what my aunt (by marriage) and her family founded their claims to aristocracy I could never discover. My uncle had been a merchant, it is true, and one of considerable prominence in his day. I have been told, and so had been his father before him, and his father's father before that. That his business in the most prosperous time was intimately connected with China is impressed upon my mind (I became an inmate of his house when I was about six years old, in consequence of the death of both my parents within a week of each other, leaving me with no means of support and no other relative), by the fact that every first of June saw bright new matting laid on our floors, to remain there until cold weather came again, and that our mantels and whatnots were decorated with many pretty, dainty little porcelain cups, thin as egg-shells—rattles in those days, but in those plenty and cheap enough.

Now, according to all I have learned on the subject, real "Simon pure" aristocrats look down on trade, even if on the grandest scale, and never have anything to do with it further than once in a while marrying one of its sons or daughters who have come into possession of millions enough to offset the honor. However, our family (I venture to include myself, none of my consins being within hearing) assumed all the airs of the blue bloods of the old country.

Eleanor, our second, was a look of deep indignation for several years after a manly, clever, good looking fellow, the brother of one of her old schoolmates, with a comfortable income, but who was junior partner of a firm, keeping a retail store on Sixth avenue, proposed for her hand.

"The presumption of the man!" she exclaimed, raising her arched eyebrows in astonishment, and curling her full red upper lip in scorn. "To imagine for a moment that because I honored him with my company to the opera two or three times, I would marry him! If his business had been wholesale, it would have been bad enough; but fancy a person who sells pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard! Never! I would die first."

Minerva, fourth, was equally horrified at the effrontery of a young book-keeper whom her brother Lawrence had introduced into the family circle—a rare thing for one of her brothers to do, for, like all other men, as far as my limited experience goes, she scorned even thought their companions good enough to be the companions of their sisters—when he ventured to express his admiration for her. The young man soon after succeeded to a very handsome property, and became a great swell—"a perfect too-too," as I believe the fashionable way of expressing it now is—a kind of being after Minerva's own heart; but then she was never invited to ride behind his fast horse, and what was much worse, never again asked to take the head of his table.

And in like manner the graceful and enthusiastic professor of music, the scout, good-natured proprietor of the extensive iron works, the wholesale and retail on the next block, the young artist, who has since risen to wealth and fame, and sunny others, all falling short of the aristocratic standard set up by our family, were snubbed by my lady consins, aided by their brothers, and not wholly unassisted by their mother.

I never had had at the time this story commenced—being then in my eighteenth year—a chance to snub any one; for, lacking the personal attractions of my relatives, as well as their high-toned natures—truth to tell, having decidedly democratic tendencies—I was kept in the back ground on all occasions.

Let it be remarked in passing that Eleanor eventually married, when quite an old girl, a widower in the milk business—very wholesome, however, and the father of four children. At the same time Minerva, a few years younger, deigned to become the wife of an elderly bachelor, something or other in the shoe manufactory. But they held their heads as high as ever, and declared that they had sacrificed themselves for the family, alone having failed for the second time—through no fault of his own, dear old man—a few months before the double wedding.

That their sacrifice was for the good of the family I don't deny; but there was left at home after their departure three old maids, a young one, and two helpless young men, who having been brought up to do nothing, did it to perfection.

After the failure, uncle got a situation as superintendent of one of the many departments in the large establishment of the gentleman who sold "pins and needles by the paper, and lace by the yard" (he was now at the head of the firm, and had a pretty like wife and two pretty children), and we dismissed one of our servants, and were obliged to move into a smaller house.

But, in spite of all our efforts at economy, our income proved vastly inadequate to our expenses, and this was the cause of so much bewailing and bemoaning that our house seemed bereft of all gladness and sunshine. And one evening, after Ethel, our youngest daughter, had burst into tears because Aunt had declared it would be impossible to have ice-cream, wine parties, and similar dainties every day for dessert for the sufficient reason that we could not afford them, I ventured to suggest to the weeping damsel that if she found life positively unbearable without the above

mentioned luxuries (all the Egberts, by the way, were extravagantly fond of good things to eat) she might crochet some of the worsted articles she was in the habit of making so artistically for herself, and sell them to Mr. Lee—uncle's employer, I was about to say, when I was interrupted by a shrill shriek—

"Work for a store!" she cried, "I would starve first."

"You wretched girl, how could you think of such a thing!" added my aunt. "Ethel, my darling, calm yourself."

"It is not enough that strangers should presume upon our poverty," joined in Cleante, also frowning upon me, "but one bound to us by the ties of blood, though it must be confessed more alien than many a stranger would be, must advance ideas that shock and wound us. Imagine—turning to her brother, Roland, who lay on the only lounge in the room, complacently regarding himself in the mirror on the opposite wall—here this morning, with the air of doing a kindness, to offer me a position as teacher in her academy!"

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Roland, springing to his feet—and the cause must be a mighty one that brings Roland to his feet, "One of my sisters a teacher! Good heavens!" and he went stamping around the room in the new suit of clothes aunt had paid for by parting with her handsome pearl ring.

"Whatever is done, we can do nothing," sobbed Ethel.

"Of course not," replied Roland, grandly; "the women of our family never work."

I thought so myself. "Nor the men either, except poor old uncle, who is fagging at a desk from morning until night."

"But our income must be increased," said Alethea, looking up from her novel, and joining in the conversation for the first time. Alethea was our eldest, and still wore her hair in the fashion of her youth, a loose curl draped over each cheek-bone, being fully persuaded that no other fashion was half so becoming or graceful.

"Discharge the chambermaid," proposed Ethel, "and let Dorothea (I am Dorothea) do her work. It is about all she is fit for. She never had a bit of fine feeling or style about her."

"No, she never had; she always would bite her bread," sighed my aunt, "and she has seemed sadly out of place among my children. She comes of a working race, and her ideas and tastes smack of trade, trade, trade."

I discovered in after years that my aunt's grandmother on the maternal side made a fortune out of tobacco.

"But discharging the chambermaid won't help very much," said Alethea.

"It will not," agreed Roland. "What is saved thereby will no more than find me in the little extras no society man can do without."

"Dear! dear!" aunt took up the burden again, "could I have foreseen that your father would have come down in this way, I never would have married him. I really don't know who is to be done, unless we emigrate to some country place where we are unknown, and where it doesn't matter how or in what style we live."

"The country!" screamed her children in chorus. "Better die at once!"

I can't imagine where I got the courage to do so after my late sharp rebuffs, but at this moment I burst out something that had been in my mind for several weeks.

"Why could not Alethea and Ethel room together, and Alethea's room, which is the pleasantest in the house, be let to a lodger—one who would be let to a lodger?"—one who would be let to a lodger?

Here I paused abruptly. Alethea had fainted in the arms of my aunt, who, glancing at me over the top of her eldest daughter's head, commanded me in her deepest tone (aunt had rather a bass voice) to leave the room immediately.

But in a short time, during which things had been getting worse and worse, and we had been reduced to rice puddings for dessert on week days and apple tarts on Sundays, I was allowed to prepare an advertisement for the morning paper in which was offered to "an excellent gentleman, who must have excellent references, a fine room in the house of a family of refinement, who had never before taken a lodger; for the privilege of occupying which he would be expected to pay a liberal equivalent."

I disapproved highly of the wording of this call for help, but my aunt and consins insisted upon its being conched in these very terms, and so I was compelled to yield, inwardly convinced that it would bring no reply.

But it did. The very afternoon of the morning it appeared in the paper, a carriage with a trunk strapped on behind drove up to our door. An old gentleman got out, hobbled up our steps, and rang our door bell.

"You must see him, Dorothea," said my aunt, leaving the parlor, followed by a train of her children. "It is your affair altogether. I will have nothing to do with it."

"We none of us will have anything to do with it," chimed in my consins. "We were not born with the souls of boarding-house keepers;" and away they sailed as I opened the door to the second—a little louder than the first—ring of the caller.

He was a short, slightly formed old gentleman, with big, bright black eyes, bushy eyebrows, and a long white moustache and beard.

"You have a room to let?" he asked.

"I have," I answered, ushering him into the parlor, where he glanced keenly around, and then as keenly into my face, while he announced in a decisive tone: "I have come to take it. My luggage is at the door. Be so kind as to tell me where to direct the man to carry it."

"But—" I began in a hesitating way,

utterly confused by the stranger's brusque, not to say high-toned manner. "But me no buts," quoted the old gentleman. "I am Amos Griffin, lately from England, where I have been living for the last twenty years. Since I landed in New York a month ago to-day, I have been boarding at the St. Nicholas. But where is your mother?"

I hastened to assure him that I was empowered to negotiate with him.

"Ah, indeed! Well, then, I'll go on, though it appears to me you are rather young for the business. You have never taken a lodger before. I am glad of it, for reasons which it is not necessary to explain. You want a liberal equivalent for your dear room; I am prepared to give it. That leaves only one thing to be arranged. I should like my breakfast at eight precisely every morning."

"But we did not propose to give breakfast."

"I know you didn't; but I'll give you another liberal equivalent for it. You can't be very well off, or you wouldn't take a lodger; and the more liberal equivalents you can get from him the better. Will you be kind enough to show me to my room?"

"Yes, sir," I replied meekly, completely succumbing to the big black eyes and strong will power of the frail looking old man, and totally forgetting to ask for the "references" insisted upon in the advertisement. Whereupon he stepped to the front door and beckoned to the man outside, who, taking the trunk upon his back, followed him, as he followed me, to the second story front room.

"Ah," said our lodger, as he entered it, "this is not bad—not at all bad."

And it wasn't. As I have said before, it was the pleasantest room in the house, and I had arranged it as prettily as I could with the means at my command. Fortunately this included a number of nice engravings and vases, and a capacious bamboo chair with a crimson cushion, and a footstool of like color. And the fragrance of honeysuckles that stole in at the window from the bilboey, and the two or three sunbeams that had found their way through the balcony blinds, and danced in triumph on the wall, and a half-dozen gayly bound books (mine) on the mantel, and the ivy growing from a red pot on the bracket in the corner, all combined to make the room a pleasant place indeed.

Mr. Griffin had been our lodger exactly two years, during which I had prepared and superintended the serving of his breakfasts, and taken the entire charge of his room "as well as if I had been brought up to that sort of thing," as my cousin Cleante remarked; and the rest of the family, with the exception of uncle, who became quite friendly with him, had not yet learned to doze times—when which times they assumed their most dignified dignity—when he was suddenly taken sick.

"It's an old complaint that will carry me off sometime," he said to me, "but I hope not this time. Anyhow, Little Honesty," (a name he had given me from the first—I don't know where it came from), "I intend to remain here. Nowhere else could I be as comfortable. You must engage an extra servant, and you and she together must nurse me. I should certainly die with a professional. By-the-by, who is your family physician?"

I told him.

"I am not better, send for him to-morrow. I am going out—only a few steps," meeting my look of surprise. "I want to see my lawyer, and I shall take to my bed for several days yet."

That afternoon, taking care not to repeat the old gentleman's exact words, but putting his remarks in the form of a request to be allowed to remain, I stated the case to the family.

"Going to be ill?" exclaimed Alethea.

"Dear me! how disagreeable!"

"I'm sure I don't want him to stay; he might die here," said my aunt, who had the utmost horror of death.

"He's an old nuisance, however," proclaimed Ethel, "and always has been, and I blush that any relative of mine should degrade herself so far as to become his servant maid."

Here I will mention that my cousin Roland, a few weeks before this, had married a young lady with a large fortune, and out of this fortune he generously proposed to make a liberal yearly allowance, beside which came many gifts from the married sisters, whose husbands had prospered, and thereupon had been obliged by their wives to share their prosperity with us, that we might live at least, as Minerva expressed it, "with elegant economy." And so we were not entirely dependent upon our lodger for desserts and several other things. But to go back.

"He is not an old nuisance," said I, indignantly. "He is a kind-hearted old man, and I am very fond of him."

"Good gracious!"

"Yes, Miss Ethel," I went on. "I repeat it, I am very fond of him, and if my aunt will allow me—I am sure my uncle will—I will take all the extra care resulting from his sickness upon myself, and no one else shall be annoyed in the least. After living beneath our roof for two years and contributing so bountifully to our comforts—you needn't glare at me, Cleante, he has for I am quite certain no one else would have paid so liberally—it would be the greatest ingratitude, not to say cruelty, to send him among strangers now that he most needs care and kindness."

"Are you quite through, Miss Reynolds?" asked my aunt, sarcastically. "I had no idea you were so eloquent, never having heard you preach before. But on one thing I am determined—you shall not call in our doctor to your patient. He is a perfect aristocrat and has no idea that we keep a lodger, and I do not wish him to know it."

"There's a young saw-bones a few doors below, drowled my youngest gentleman cousin, who resented my waiting upon any one but himself; 'he'll do for your fine old nuisance.'"

That very evening Mr. Griffin had a bad turn, and I sent for the "young saw-bones" a few doors below, "in great haste. He proved to be a Dr. Rice, a frank-looking, brown-haired, gray-eyed, broad-browed, young man, with gentle voice and quick light step. And the old gentleman, taking a great fancy to him, decided on retaining him—a decision that relieved me greatly, bearing in mind as I did my aunt's command in regard to our family physician.

"And from that time for three months, although very seldom confined to his bed, our lodger never had a well day. At the end of the three months, however, he began to mend slowly, and at the end of two more he was on his feet again. And then he told me he had made up his mind to return again to England."

"I am sorry, very sorry, to part with you," I replied, "but I suppose it is right that you should go."

"Well said, Little Honesty. And now let's begin to pack," said he.

Dr. Rice and I went with the old gentleman to the steamer that was to carry him away, and waved a last farewell to him—in the midst of a crowd also waving last farewells—from the pier, as the vessel slowly moved out into the stream; and then we returned to our respective homes to read the respective letters he had placed in our respective hands with his final good-by.

Mino I read in the privacy of my own room at first; and when I had partially recovered from my astonishment and delight, I flew down stairs, called the family together, and read it to them. It was as follows:

"DEAR LITTLE HONESTY:—Had I died—which I didn't, thanks under God to you and Dr. Rice—I should have left each of my dear young friends ten thousand dollars in my will. But having lived, I am going to do a much pleasanter thing—I am going to give them the ten thousand at once. My lawyer will see you to-morrow."

AMOS GRIFFIN.

"P. S. I have also left a slight bequest to Miss Ethel Egbert. She will find it on the lower shelf of the closet in the room I occupied when I was her cousin Dorothea's lodger."

Ethel for once forgot her graceful, gliding step. She started hastily for the stairs, but her younger brother was before her, and she was fain to start back as he slid down the baluster, and landed in our midst with something in his arms.

It was a large framed photograph of Amos Griffin, with a card attached bearing these words: "An excellent picture of 'An Old Nuisance.'"

I married Dr. Rice.

An Artist's Young Lady's Room.

People furnish their rooms now according to their caprices. The personal comes out. The rich literary young lady fits up her room with furniture of an antique pattern, with bookcases in dark wood or oak, with a tiled fireplace and brass andirons, a Venetian mirror and deep, luxurious rugs. She has rare engravings and a Sevres writing table. "Simple, but choice," one says on entering. If she is a fashionable belle, her room will be festooned with pink or blue silk, covered with lace, or tufted satin led into the walls. Long mirrors well bound and the furniture will be of ovmol. The spirit of Pompadour breathes from the interior; it is all roses and blue ribbons. The artistic young lady has three important caprices—a bunch of peacock's feathers, a brass pot full of cattails and a medieval candlestick. These are the essentials. Japanese fans as a matter of detail; an easel, a few straight-backed chairs, a brown curtain embroidered with sunflowers and a Persian cat. With all the stiffness and the preference for a certain dirty yellow which has become the passion of the followers of Cimmabrown, these modern esthetes do sometimes make very pretty rooms. They are quaint and individual, but there is no doubt that the "high artistic craze" has produced some very ugly effects.

The severe stiffness of the catall has entered much into modern embroidery. Every one feels for the stork which has stood so long on one leg.

"The little lamb and sun, wet spray," each stork and sun wet spray," all are stiff and dismal. They are the pendants to the "lean disciples of Burne-Jones." The Postlethwaites and Bantornes and their female adorers look like a stork on one leg. The hero of a modern esthetic comedy says, as a high synonym of despair, "I feel like a room without a dado."

It is one of the pleasantest caprices of modern luxury that women have their bedrooms and boudoirs furnished in colors which will set off their favorite dresses, and add, china to match the bedroom.

The faculty of Purdue College, in Indiana, decided that the Greek letter societies wielded an evil influence over the students, and accordingly demanded from them a pledge to withdraw from membership, on pain of dismissal. The boys refused, a test case was made in the court, and the students upheld on the ground that the faculty had assumed unwarrantable authority. It is said that the faculty will take the case into the United States Supreme Court.

A young man in Western Illinois advertised for a wife, his sister answered the "ad," and now the young man thinks there is no balm in advertisements, while the old folks think it's pretty hard to have two fools in the family.—(Boston Post.)

A Banker's Daughter.

In the Silver chapel is the tomb and marble effigy of that beautiful woman, Philippina Welser, whose photograph you see in all the shop windows of Innsbruck. Her eyes were divine, it is said, dark blue, her hair golden chestnut, and the skin so transparent that "the red wine could be seen as it ran down the lovely throat." In the photograph her beautiful face rises up, like a lovely flower, out of a high ruff, a superb jeweled collar, with pendant jewels is bound close about the high-mounted neck of the rich dark velvet robe; the hair is parted and rolled back from a high, broad, intelligent forehead that has nothing Greek about it, but is a clear, good, Anglo-Saxon brow; on the head is a net cap made of small gold rosettes, with pearls, and a jeweled border around it. The arch of the delicate eye-brows is perfect; the eyes have a bewitching expression that is both courteous and pleading; she has a shapely nose, a lovely mouth and chin, and an expression of dignity, refinement, and gentleness; perfect womanly loveliness characterizes this pictured semblance of a woman who was the most beautiful of her day, and whose romantic history has inspired many a poet and dramatist. She was the daughter of a rich Augsburg banker, Ferdinand, nephew of Charles V., fell madly in love with her, and they were married secretly. She was the mother of two sons, whose portraits you can see at Ambras, the charming castle on the Middlegebirge mountain slopes, a short distance from Innsbruck, where Philippina and Ferdinand spent their long, happy married life. The emperor Ferdinand was naturally very angry at this marriage, but during one of his visits to Innsbruck, the lovely woman came with her two young boys and begged him to forgive her. History tells a pretty, touching story how he had only to look at Philippina to justify his son. When Ferdinand, the emperor, died she lost her best and most powerful friend. Her mother-in-law was forever taunting her. So one morning the poor woman lay down in her bath-tub and drowned herself in order that her dear husband might marry a royal wife. You can see the bath room at Schloss Ambras, but the custode denies the legend I am happy to say, and I am unwilling to believe it. Her husband the Count of Tyrol, mourned her loss. Tradition says he was frantic with grief and buried the beautiful Sibergs chapel where each is buried. True, he married again only two years after her death, and his second wife was one of his own rank, the daughter of Duke William, of Mantua; but he never lived again at Schloss Ambras.—(Innsbruck Correspondence Boston Advertiser.)

The Energy that Succeeds.

The energy that wins success begins to develop very early in life. The characteristics of the boy will commonly prove those of the man, and the best characteristics of young life should be encouraged and educated in the wisest possible manner. The following story strongly illustrates this truth:

About thirty years ago, said Judge P., I stepped into a bookstore in Cincinnati in search of some books that I wanted. While there, a little ragged boy of twelve years of age came in and inquired for a geography.

"Plenty of them," was the salesman's reply.

"How much do they cost?"

"One dollar, my lad."

"I didn't know they were so much."

He turned to go out, and even opened the door, but closed it again and came back.

"I've got sixty-one cents," said he; "could you let me have a geography, and wait a little while for the rest of the money?"

How eager his little bright eyes looked for an answer, and how he seemed to shrink within his ragged clothes, when the man, not sure kindly, told him he could not. The disappointed little fellow looked up at me with a very poor attempt to smile, and left the store. I followed and overtook him.

"And what now?" I asked.

"Try another place, sir."

"Shall I go too, and see how you succeed?"

"Oh, yes, if you like," he said in surprise.

Four different stores I entered with him, and each time he was refused.

"Will you try again?" I asked.

"Yes sir; I shall try them all, or I should not know whether I could get one."

We entered the fifth store, and the little fellow walked up manfully and told the gentleman just what he wanted and how much he had.

"You want the book very much?" asked the proprietor.

"Yes, very much."

"Why do you want it so very much?"

"To study, sir. I can't go to school, but I study when I can at home. All the boys have got one, and they will get ahead of me. Besides, my father was a sailor, and I want to learn of the places where he used to go."

"Well, my lad, I will tell you what I will do: I will let you have a new geography, and you may pay me the remainder of the money when you can, or I will let you have one that is not quite new for fifty cents."

"Are the leaves all in it, and just like the other, only not new?"

"Yes, just like the new one."

"It will do just as well, then, and I will have eleven cents left towards buying some other books. I am glad they did not let me have one at the other places."

Last year I went to Europe on one of the finest vessels that ever plowed the

waters of the Atlantic. We had very beautiful weather until very near the end of the voyage; then came a terrible storm that would have sunk all on board had it not been for the captain. Every spar was laid low, the rudder was almost useless, and a great leak had shown itself, threatening to fill the ship. The crew were all strong, willing men, and the mates were all practical seamen of the first class; but after pumping out for one whole night, and the water still gaining upon them, they gave up in despair and prepared to take the boats, though they might have known no small boat could live in such a sea.

The captain who had been below with a chart, now came up. He saw how matters stood, and with a voice that I distinctly heard above the roar of the tempest, ordered every man to his post.

"I will land you safe at the dock in Liverpool," said he, "if you will be men."

He did moor us safely, but the vessel sank moored to the dock. The captain stood on the deck of the sinking vessel, receiving the thanks and blessings of the passengers as they passed down the gang plank. As I passed, he grasped me by the hand and said:

"Judge P., do you recognize me?"

"I told him I was not aware that I ever saw him until I stepped aboard of his vessel."

"Do you not remember that boy in Cincinnati?"

"Very well, sir; William Haverley."

"I am he," he said. "God bless you!"

And God bless noble Captain Haverley.

A Steeple Climber Hanging in Mid-Air Far Above the Ground.

"The longer you live the more you find out," remarked Mr. Joe Weston, the steeple-climber, to a couple of newspaper men lately. "I had an accident lately which taught me something."

"What was it?" was the simultaneous inquiry.

"It was a curious one. You see I was on top of St. Paul's spire on Spring street. We had rigged ropes to remove the planks of the scaffolding. The way we do that is to fasten a block to a post or tree on the other side of the street, and another to the steeple, and splice the ends of the rope together to make an endless rope of it. If you fasten to it anything you want to send below the weight of the load takes it down. I had tied the last plank to the rope, and it was going down. I was a handkerchief tied loosely around my throat. The wind blew out an end of it and it caught on the removing rope and wrapped around it. I was immediately caught up first the handkerchief and then my head passing into the block. Now, if I had an assistant in the street below he would have noticed the plank stop when I was caught that way, and as he could not see anything wrong above he would have pulled on the rope. Then I should have been choked to death by my handkerchief and my head, and part of my face would have been torn off. Persons in the street below would have noticed, perhaps, that I was very quiet, but they would not have suspected that I was hanging by my neck."

"That pull stretched me eighteen inches. As soon as I realized the trouble I reached below, and taking hold of the rope, pulled back on it until my handkerchief came out the sheave, and I dropped onto the hooks below. I could barely touch them with my feet."

"Do you mean to say that you had nothing but hooks to stand on?"

"Yes, the hooks of the scaffold. You see, we had sent all the planks below. I was saved by the skin of my teeth."—(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

At Brigham Young's Grave.

They say that Brigham Young's grave is looking as bare and desolate as a boulevard now. At first, while her grief was fresh, the widow used to march out there five abreast, and just naturally deluge the grave with scalding tears, and at that time the green grass grew luxuriantly and the pigweed waved in the soft summer air; but as she learned to control her emotions the humidity of the atmosphere disappeared and grief's grand irrigation failed to give down.

We should learn from this that the man who flatters himself that in marrying a whole precinct during life he is piling up for the future a large volume of unguaranteed woe is liable to get left. The prophet's tomb looks to-day like a deserted buffalo wallow, while his widow has dried her tears and is trying to make a mash on the Utah commission. Such is life in the far West, and such the fitting resting place of a red-headed old galvanized prophet who marries a squint-eyed fly-up-the-creek, and afterwards gets a special revelation requiring him to marry a female mass meeting. Let us be thankful for what we have instead of yearning for a great wealth of wife. Then the life insurance will not have to be scattered so, and our friends will be spared the humiliating spectacle of a bereft and sorrowing herd of widow, turned loose by the cold hand of death to monkey-o'er our tomb.—(Bill Nye.)

It is stated that when a young man in General Robert Toombs' presence objected to Milton's "Paradise Lost," that it was obscure, Toombs said with pity: "Milton was blind; he couldn't see to write for fools."

Plantation Philosophy—Laziness is de mother of promises. Der man who tries to be a boy ain't got half as much sense as de boy what tries to be a man. De man wid eddycation ain't got nigh as much excuse for tellin' a lie as de ignorant man, 'case de larned man hab got a bigger range of truth.