Who money gains through others woes? Who's paid for telling what he knows? Who for advice gets "quid pro ques!" The lawyer.

Who, like G. Washington, can't lie, But always ready is to try, If he be paid exceedingly high? The lawyer.

Who goes about with bag of green, With clients greener still, I ween, Who growth fat as they grow lean? The lawyer.

Whether in silks or rags arrayed. To all he gladly lends his aid, And simply asks: "Shall I be paid?" The lawyer.

Who manufactures our laws ? Who makes them intricate because The fee is bigger which he draws?
The lawyer.

At asking questions who is sharp? Who loves to quibble, eatch and carp? Whose pien does conscience never warp ! The lawyer.

From labor who will have surcoase When all the world shall be at peace? Who then mankind no more shall fleece! The lawyer.

THE MY-TERIOUS BOX.

We noticed him, I remember, from the very first; and we had three good reasons for doing so. In the first place, he was the very last passenger to come on board, arriving, indeed, just when the bell was ringing as a signal to clear the ship.

In the second place he was rather a re markable-looking fellow altogether-tall, gaunt, sallow and stern, with a long, lean face and a cold, gray eye, and, as we all declared, a manifest air of mystery about him, even from the begin-

Last, but by no means least, of our grounds of suspicion, was the fact that our mysterious fellow-passenger brought on board with him an oblong wooden box very much like an overgrown pistolcase, of which he seemed far more careful than of the well-worn leather portmanteau, which was the only other article of baggage that he seemed to

It was evidently not very heavy, for one sailor shouldered it with ease. It could not be called inconveniently large, for when its master begged to be allowed to keep it in his stateroom instead of stowing it in the hold, neither captain

nor purser made the slightest objection. It was not labeled "Glass, with care." or anything of that sort, as we could all see for ourselves; and yet its master's nervous anxiety lest it should be damaged, or even bumped against some thing hard, was so marked that everyone began to have dismal suspicions as to its possible contents.

But just at first we had something else to think about, for the first three days of our voyage were a perfect chapter of accidents.

To begin with, we were thrown late at starting, by having to wait more than an hour for the mail. Then, when we were just outside the Narrows, on came a fog as thick as buckwheat porridge, which forced us to lie to till late in the afternoon, keeping up all the while a chorus of bells and fog horns worthy of a Chi-

nese wedding. And as soon as the fog cleared, it was succeeded by a pour of rain which inspired a facetious saloon passenger to ask the captain at dinner time, whether fishing was allowed on the after-deck.

At length the rain went off in its turn, and now we began to hope that this was the end of our troubles; but we soon found it to be only the beginning of them.

The red and augry sunset on the second night, the ghostly haze around the full moon when it rose, the short, uneasy panting of the wind, all forboded further mischief: and the older "salts" looked meaningly to the windward and prophesied "dirty" weather.

e prophesy was not long in fulfilling itself. About midnight I was awakened by a crash as if twenty cart-loads of bricks had tumbled through the roofs of as many glass houses, and found myself standing bolt-upright in my berth like a soldier in a sentry-box. The next moment I had a fine perspective view of my toes high overhead, while a kind of waterfall of cushions, blankets, pillows, soap, towels, boots, and what not, went pouring through every part of the room. Then burst forth a deafening chorus of shouts, groans, screaming women, crying children, the rattle of dishes, the crash and jingle of broken glass, and we were fairly "in for it" at last.

For the next twenty-four hours, in the graphic words of our old boatswain, "everything blessed on board was inside ont and upside down." Plates and enps, knives and forks and spoons, eddied ceaselessly from side to side of the table

Hasty feeders stuck their forks into themselves in place of their meat; the soup meant for the mouths of the guests emptied itself into their laps instead; and just as one dignified old gedtleman raising his coffee cup to his lips as solemnly as if he were taking poison, the ship gave a sudden lurch, and the boiling coffee flew like a fountain-jet into his spotless shirt-front, making him wriggle

like a speared cel. But by the morning of the fourth day the gale seemed to have spent its force, we were at liberty to turn our attention once more to the mysterious passenger and his equally mysterious

The former seemed quite as anxious to preserve himself from contact with anything on board as he had been to preserve his package, for he never spoke to any one, and always answered as shortly as possible (when he answered at all) when any one spoke to him.

As for the box itself, it was a greater puzzle than ever. The stewards reported that he had warned them so earnestly against touching it, or even going near it, as to imply that the contents, whatever they might be, were something very dangerous, indeed. But, as if he had his doubts whether even the fear of some unknown peril would be strong enough to keep them from meddling with the precious package, if they got the chance, he spent most of his time below, and as he had taken a whole stateroom for himself (or rather, for himself and his box), there was no risk of any

one disturbing him there. "I think he's a Fenian carrying over "I think he's a Fenian carrying over from taking anything that came within the winter of life approaches, and conone of those dynamite torpedoes to Livyour reach," replied Fogg, "I think tentment and virtue scatter flowers along erpool," said a young British officer, homewardbound from Canada.

"More likely a bank-clerk absconding with specie," grunted a big, red-faced cotton-spinner from Lancashire.

"Box ain't heavy enough for that,"ob jected a lanky New Yorker. 'Perhaps, after all, it's nothing more wonderful than a rare statue or picture

for some museum. Every one looked disappointed, for this last idea, which had somehow never occurred to us, now seemed natural and likely enough, and it was a sad come-down after all our romantic imag-

But just then a new turn was given to the discussion by a long, wiry, keen-eyed Cape Codder, who had hitherto been perfectly silent. Taking his short pipe out of his mouth, he said, slowly and emphatically:

"Tain't that, boys; but I reckon could tell yer what it is. "What? What?" cried every one eagerly.
"A baby," answered the Yankee, with

the solemnity of perfect conviction. At this there was a shout of laughter so uproarious that a passing steward peered amazedly into the smoking-room to see what all the fun could be about. But the gentleman from Cape Cod was and was crawling about in his first storm

not a whit abashed. "Laugh as much as you like, boys; but what I say I stick to. Every day, reg'lar, at breakfast and at tea, I've seen that air critter, after he'd had his share, start for his state-room with a cup o' milk and a hunk o' bread, and if that don't mean a baby somewhar 'roun' I'm

There was a general start, for we now this, and wondered that we had not noticed it before.

For a few moments every one was in high glee at the apparent solution of the riddle; but the remorseless New Yorker speedily blighted our new-born happi-

"Gues von're consid'able out there stranger," objected he. "For the baby that could be four days aboard ship, or anywhere else, either, without raising one squall, has got to be discovered yet I've got three of 'em myself, and I guess I ought to know.

This upanswerable argument threw us all back to where we were before, and a sullen silence followed, broken at length by a dashing young sophomore from Harvard—one of the briskest and boldest

spirits of our company,
"Baby or no baby," said he, firmly 'I'm bound to get at the ins and outs of this job, somehow. Either I'll know what's inside that box before he goes ashore, or I'll never wear the crimson of old Harvard again.

But this valiant pledge seemed likely to go unredeemed, after all; for, as if the man of mystery had known of the plot hatching against him, he seemed to be, if possible, more vilgilant than ever.

Day followed day, until at length we came in sight of Queenstown, where the stranger was to land, and the secret of the box was a secret still.

But the time came at last. The breakfast was hardly over that morning when a steward (sent on purpose by the ingenious sophomore) tapped at the door of the stranger-who had retired as usual with his milk and bread-announcing that the captain wanted him. Scarcely had he disappeared when the Harvard

youth popped into his room. The next moment a terrible cry startled us all, and rushing to the spot, we found the mystic box open, and the sophomore struggling in the coils of a huge black Pompeii.

and white snake For a moment all was confusion, but the stranger, who had just returned, sprang like lightning to the breakfasttable, filled a cup with milk and set it in front of the snake. Instantly the latter unwound itself from its captive, who reeled helplessly against the wall.

"You're more frightened than hurt young feller," said his rescuer, coolly, "for this snake's quite a harmless sort, and as tame as a pet cat in the bargain. I kept him dark while I could, for I didn't want him burt, after stumpin' all Louisi ana to git him for the London Zoologi cal, but you'd best not touch him again for his breed's mighty fond of a fool, and I guess that's why he was so spry to get hold of you!"

Latest from Josh Billings I have never known a seckond wife bu

what was boss of the situashun. After a man gits to be 40 years old 1 kant form any new habits much; the best he kan do is to steer his old ones. Any man who kan swap horses, or catch fish, and not lie about it, is as pious as men ever git to be in this

The sassyest man I ever met is a henpecked husband when he is away from home. Those people who try to get to heaven

on their kreed will find out at last that they don't have a through ticket. Too long courtships are not always The parties often tire out judicious. . skoreing before the trot begins.

One quart of cheap whisky, cheaper the better), judiciously applied, will do more business for the devil than the smartest deacon he has got. Young men, learn to wait; if you undertake to set a hen before she is ready, you will lose your time and confuse the hen be-

Nature seldom makes a fool; she simply furnishes the raw materials and lets the fellows finish the job.

A wealthy old deacon in Maine has done his best to enforce total abstinence among his grandchildren. He has left in trust for them a large sum of money on the sole condition that they abstain from strong drink, tobacco, betting and gambling. The first offense is to cut them off from six months' income from the invested fund. The second offense deprives them of a year's income. For subsequent offenses the penalty becomes more severe, amounting in due course to the total loss of the benefits of the bequest. The experiment of this kind of masion is not often tried, but it does not been found in some instances that the appetite of the legatees for forbidden things is so consuming as to lead to the poor fellows to risk the loss of their property in yielding to the tempation.

"Do you think there is any danger in my going to Blankville?" asks Brown; they have the smallpox there, they say. "As I have never known you to refrain A Heroic Deed.

On the night of the 14th of October the steamship Cyprian, Capt. John A. Strachan, left the Mersey, bound for Genoa and the Mediterranean ports. Aboard her, beside her paid and articled crew, there was a wretched little stowaway, whom nobody seemed to know anything about. At the time the Cyprian left the port it was blowing half a gale of wind, and as soon as she got outside it increased to a hurricane. Hatches were battened down and seas dashed over her with such force that very soon the only safe place was the waist of the ship. For some hours the vessel had been laboring with tremendous seas, when suddenly her fore steering-gear gave way. Luckily, they could still steer from the after-part of the boat, and so they kept her up to the wind for a while.

But very soon another catastrophe darkens the horizon of hope, for not long afterward the engineer steals quietly on deck to whisper to the overstrained captain that one of the boiler-tubes had burst and extinguished the fire adjoining it. No one now had time to notice the stowaway who had crept out of his hole,

The other boiler was still right, and with this and the first one which had been patched up, they endeavored to get along; suddenly, horror! the after steering-gear broke and thevessel drifted broadside at the mercy of the sea.

Still her brave crew tried to save her. A few reefs were let out of an after sail to get her head up to the wind, but remembered to have seen the stranger do she fell off again and again for want of steering power, and sea after sea was shipped, washing into the engine room and drowning out her fires.

Now, indeed, was all hope lost. Gradually the doomed vessel drifted nearer and nearer to the rocks of that fearful looking Welch coast. The lifebelts were served out, one falling, of course, to the brave captain who had or three crops of grain grown, and then tried so hard to save his ship.

At last the steamer grounded on a rock off Nevin, about two miles from the shore. There were two hundred people on the shore ready and willing to save, but it was impossible. The distress signal could not be recognized, and not even a life-boat could live in that surf. It was then, indeed a case of "sauve qui pent." The scene reminded one of that quite liable to winter kill in changeable terrible verse of Byron's commencing:

Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell

brave. Those who had life-belts on sprang headlong overboard, and those who had not seized spar or oar and leaped into that angry sea that was everywhere aging around them.

The engineer's boy said good-by to his companions and leaped trusting to a lifebelt and an old oar, while two firemen who went down below were never seen

Meanwhile what was John Alexander Strachan, aged thirty, Master Mariner of Great Crosby, near Liverpool, doing? Aye, ask again what he was doing.

Doing what has made his name "as familier in our mouths as household words;" made it a name to be handed active down with reverence to our children, as one worthy to stand beside that of the American lake pilot who stood at the wheel while the fire scorched the flash from his bones, and saved his precious prove of early sowing of clover se freight; aye, worthy to be written together with that of the sentinel of by late frosts in spring, but I am con-

There he stood with his life belt around him ready to spring, the last man on board-no, what is this thing that mes crawling along by the life lines?

It is a boy. Who are you?" demands the captain. "Please, sir, I'm the stowaway, "The stowaway !"

A few hours ago he was a little sneak a fool, who, had he been discovered, would have had to pay for his folly by doing the dirtiest work abroad, but now he was a-fellow creature.

There was no time for words; this lad had a life-to be saved. "Here," said the captain, deliberately unbuckling his life belt-his life-and lashing it securely round the lad, "Here, take this; I can

Over went the stowaway, lifted like ork upon the waves, and over went the captain, enfeebled by long watching and anxiety, but strugging with all the force of his own great will. But swimming was impossible in such a sea. The boatswain struggling for his life, clutched at the captain, who was still making headway, and they both went down, never to be seen again.

The stowaway, with the life-beit round him, was flung, battered, but alive, on the Weish coast, to tell the story of his savior's heroism. As one of the papers

The moral of such a story is contained in its recital. Words would be wasted in saying more of the perfect humanity and fearlesness of a man who gave up his best chance of life without besitation for one of the unworthiest of "those little ones," who stood helpleasly by when man and boy were in the presence of

John Strachan, of Great Crosby, un lashing his life-belt, with two miles of water between him and the sea shore -to tie it upon the little rascal who had stolen a passage with him.

Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and bated breath, How manhood's strenger far than storms, and love is mightier than death.

A Massachusetts clergyman on going into his pulpit, the other Sunday, found it already occupied by another man who announced his intention to preach. Thinking he had to deal with a "crank," he handled him very judiciously, and finally told him that he wasn't aware that he had asked anybody to preach for him. The stranger said that he had come to take Mr. Marsh's place, and on learning that Marsh usually preached over the way, the stranger rushed to the church across the street, where he arrived in a set. In denying that anything wrong often work well when it is tried. It has state of perspiration, to find all there in a state of great anxiety, the organist played the prelude through three times, and the worthy deacons were on the point of taking up the collection and then dis-

missing the audience. He who lives happily through the short rosedays of his youth, and, far away from envy and complaining, strives to be good still enjoys the days of his youth when you had better keep away from Blank- his path. Without fear, he can look before and behind.

Farm and Garden.

No system of agriculture can be profitable that does not make grass an essential part of a rotation of crops. When lands are not adapted to grain, growing grass is the chief reliance, and it be comes a specialty, but nowhere can it be discarded without great detriment to the soil. The farmer who raises abundant crops of grass, while he is a grain grower also, will raise good crops of grain in alternation. There seems a harmony in the movement from grass to grain, which is beneficial to each. est crops of corn, of wheat, and also other farm crops in general, are grown on an inverted sod, with a nicely-fitted seed-bed on the surface; and the most bountiful crops of grass on grain lands are raised the first crop. after grain, or in his seat as if to doze. While stretch-on newly-seeded lands. On our natural ing himself out he took a handkerchief the mottled and disfigured countenance. grain soils we find it unprofitable to maintain any permanent meadow or pasture. Though a portion of every farm should be in grass, our dry grain lands will not give continuous crops of grass without frequent top dressing and scarifying the surface; hence it is more profitable to seed frequently and use all manure of the farm for the benefit of grain crops.

There need be no lack of hay or pa turage in our dry grain-growing sections if we seed frequently. A crop turning from one to two tons of hay from newly seeded clover and timethy is as sure as any other erop grown, and is also a renovating crop to the soil. Too little attention is given to seeding in grass by a majority of farmers in our grain sections. Land in wheat should be seeded to clover and timothy, and if not wanted for mowing or pasturage the benefit to the land by growing grass and clover instead of weeds and thistles will greatly overbalance the expense of seeding. is not profitable to keep dry land in grass more thou two seasons in succession; then it should be plowed and two reseeded. The best season for seeding of timothy on wheat lands is in October, or late in September, though it may be sown in spring mixed with clover seed, but the growth will be much less the first season of mowing than if sown in autumn. Clover seed is sometimes sown in the fall on dry sandy lands to insure a germination of the seed, but it is

The best and most usual time of seeding to clover is in the mouth of March, or early in April; or, we may, immediately after the opening of spring and be fore frosts disappear, the action of which will in a degree cover the seed and aid germination. It is also a good time to seed to clover after the ground is dry enough to go over with a light harrow, sowing the seed immediately before that operation, which is regarded usually as beneficial to the wheat crop as well as to the clover. Timothy seed is frequently sown at the time of wheat seeding, but if wheat is sown early in the season and timothy at the same time, there is danger of cheking the wheat by too much growth of grass. It is especially so when the autumn season is wet and an active growth follows. Timothy seed will never fail if sown in the fall, for if there is not wet enough to start it in fall, it will come in spring without fail. Many farmers do not apfearing that the early germ may be killed vinced by observation that there is very little danger of frosts on the young clover plant unless the ground be frozen to seave and pull the root. The cause of failure in clover seeding is drouth immediately after germination of the seed and before the root gets sufficient depth of soil to retain moisture. A drouth in the month of May will endanger clover seeding; later drouth may only retard growth.

Never Tried to be a Mason.

Mr. Thurlow Weed laughed heartily when a Sun reporter read to him the following remarkable statement pub lished in the Washington National Re-

publican lately:
"It takes a long time, in some cases, for the truth to get to the surface. It has just transpired that Thurlow Weed's war on the Masons in 1826 was occa-sioned by the refusal of the original founders of the order to admit Mr.

Weed as a member of the brotherhood. "Up to the time when it was alleged that the Masons abducted Morgan, which was in 1826," said Mr. Weed, "I had always been a great admirer of Masonry. I believed it, as I believe it now, an institution which has done a great deal of good. I had accepted the common opinion that it was very ancient and ought to do benevolent work, and that in all respects it was entitled to the regard of the community who were not members of the order. I think, however, that I always felt that it would be better without its secrecy. I remem-bered that the Washingtonian Society, organized during our War of 1812, was a ecret society, and was not very friendly to the government; I remembered that, but I never quite liked the secret element in Free Masonry. But, notwith-standing that, I believed the institution benevolent one. I never, however, desired to be a member of it, and in my early life, while I was a journeyman printer, I never had money enough over to incur the expense, had I desired it. But I had no particular desire for it. esteemed it, but had no wish to be member, and was never proposed or of-fered for membership in any shape in my life, or sought to be. But I always thought favorably of the institution un til we were driven into that fight, and even now I consider that the carrying off and disposing of Morgan was by indiscreet and overzealous members of the order. It was never contemplated by the leading and intelligent men of the order to do what was done with Morgan; but the mistake was in not disfavoring the was done, they assumed a certain respon sibility for the act."

"But," suggested the reporter, "the writer of that paragraph seems to go a good way back of Morgan times, for he says that they were 'the original founders of the order' who refused to admit

you as a brother." Mr. Weed laughed again, and pro-"Oh, but he couldn't mean testod: that, you know."

Progress is the result of dissatisfaction, Those who are satisfied never favor How Mr. Gold Was Murdered.

Lefroy made five different confessions as to the manner in which he murdered Mr. Gold on the Brighton Railway, but there is reason to believe, says the Pall Mall Gazette, that the following account is the true one. He denies altogether rounding States, has a chance for nation-that he entered the compartment in which al prominence by his connection as one he killed Mr. Gold at the London Bridge of the government counsel for the Star Station. He states that he took a seat in Route cases. In appearance Mr. Brewa carriage in which there was another ster is the most frightful and repulsive passenger sitting by himself, and he was looking man that ever most pitying strongly tempted to murder him, but he eyes turned from affrighted. He fell in refrained from carrying out his intention. the fire face downward when he was a On the arrival of the train at Croydon he | child in his nurse's arms, and the sears left this compartment and got into the of that injury have defied all surgical one in which Mr. Gold had taken a place. skill to efface them. His whole face was He had a short conversation with his burned and drawn so terribly that all victim, when Mr. Gold reposed himself natural expression has left it, and only in his seat as if to doze. While stretch the mutilated features stand out from from ally pulled out his purse, which fell on the grafting and transplanting of new the floor of the carriage. Mr. Gold did skin, but even the endurance of that not hear the purse falling, and, placing slow agony, and all the attempts of the the covering over his face, prepared for most eminent foreign surgeons have sleep. It instantly occurred to Lefroy 'ailed to restore him to ordinary semto take out his own pocket handkerchief, blance. throw it over the purse, and then, under pretense of picking up the handkerchief, to steal it. The noise which he made in doing so aroused Mr. Gold, who instantsion, and his polished manners, courtly ly started up, exclaiming: "You secund-rel, do you want to rob me?" and bit him to a social position and favor unsur straight out at Lefroy, who was hurled from one side of the carriage to the other. One effect of the blow was to open Lefroy's coat, and while he was getting up Mr. Gold saw the butt end of the pistol projecting out of the inside breast of every one. The lady is tall and of a coat pocket. Directly he discovered suberb figure, with dark hair and eyes, that Lefroy was armed he shouted out, and a dignity and air about her that im-You villain, is it murder as well as snatched the pistel out of his coat pocket afflicted husband, she provokes admiraand fired at him twice. Neither shot tion and speculation as few other wome

door of the carriage. pened the blade with his teeth. where his body was found.

He Exp ained.

"Now, then, Mr. Cashmere, are you ver going to get those trowsers done? exclaimed the promising youth hurriedly, entering the establishment of his favorite

'They will be done to-morrow, sir,' eplied the gentleman of fits quietly. "That's what you said yesterday.

Exactly Well, isn't this to-morrow?" 'Certainly not!"

"Well, wasn't to-day to-morrow yes-"It was, but it isn't to-morrow to

Well, when in creation will to morrow oe, then?"
"Don't you know?"

"No.

"You remember when I called for my money you always said you would pay to-morrow. I discovered then that tomorrow never comes. Do you under-

The youth sought the street, and by the gentle slam he gave the front door it was quite evident that he did.

The San Francisco Post says: will of Augusta Ladd Hutchings, the wife of Dr. Hutchings of Yosemite valley, was yesterday filed for probate in Department 9, of the Superior Court. It is an olographic will, and bears date of December 3, 1880. The first paragraph reads: "I, Augusta L. Hutchings, wife of James Mason Hutchings, in the cabin near the foot of the great Yosemite Fall, where I have passed seventeen solitary days and nights, and in the presence of Almighty God, do revoke all other wills or dispositions of my effects, and make this my last Will and Testament: I give to my best loved [friend?], Allie H. Eddy, of Santa Barbara, my coral breastpin and earrings; to her daughter, my coral cross, once the property of my dear niece, Au gusta L. Herick; to Mrs. P. Hinkson, of Sacramento, I give my picture of a scene in the Alps, printed in Philadelphia about the year 1848 or 1849; also two small pictures or sketches, which I leave to my administrator to select. To Mary Hinkson, her daughter, I give my dia mond ring. To Lucy Hinkson, my gold bracelet, with chain and ring attached." After making bequests to personal friends, the will concludes: "All property, personrl or real, not otherwise dis posed of, I give to my husband, James Mason Hutchings, whom I appoint my administrator, without bonds, and who will carefully comply with the provisions of this my autographic will." tate is valued at \$6200, of which \$5000 is real property in San Francisco.

The strongest evidence against the even Molly Magnires at Uniontown, Pa., is afforded by Perry Gyddis, an caves dropper. On his way home late one night he saw that the Molly Magnries lodge room was lighted, and drawing near he heard voices. Here was a chance, he ion, thought, to discover the secrets of the order. He crept under the building, debate was a refusal to license the only cutting of the supply of liquor. Healy shough to see in which half he has get was murdered a few days afterward.

The New Attorney General.

A Washington letter writer says of the new United States Attorney General, Hon. Benjamin H. Brewster:

This distinguished lawyer, besides being known in his own city and its surhis pocket and accident. Twice he has undergone operations for

Behind this hideous countenance there grace and true refinement have carried passed in stiff, aristocratic old Philadel phia. Possessed of vast wealth, a priceless library and stately home, Mr. Brewster has further consolation in a wife whose radiant presence is the admiration presses one immediately with her stand bbery that you mean?"—or words to ing. Her own history reads like a ro effect. Rushing at Lefroy he mance, and, leaning on the arm of her struck Lefroy, who managed to close can, Her father, Hon. Robert J. Walker, with his assailant and retain the weapon. a statesman of the ante-bellum days, was He immediately fired two shots at Mr. | the proudest of all parents when he in-He believes the first of these troduced a charming young daughter to struck the carriage near the bellpull and the brilliant society which Washthe second inflicted the wound in Mr. ington afforded in the days Gold's neck. Then commenced the of President Pierce's administration, desperate struggle for life which was She married, shortly after, a wealthy days seen by the witness at Horiey. It is de-clared by Lefroy that directly after he some years abroad until the opening of had shot Mr. Gold that gentleman did the rebellion, when her husband esponsnot fall to the ground insensible, but he ed the Confederate cause and she re-had strength enough to seize the pistol turned to her father's home. The death and deal his murderer a blow or two on of husband and father, and the loss of the head, causing the wounds which the greater part of her fortune, for a long were afterward dressed by the Brighton time retired her from the gay world in surgeon. While the struggle was going which she had shone, and when she did on the two men had rolled up to the emerge there was more than a nine days With such vigor wonder at the announcement of her did the old man fight for his life that he marriage to Mr. Brewster. Their home pushed Lefroy against the door with one in Philadelphia has been renowned for hand at his throat while he pulled out a its graceful hospitalities, and should pocket knife with the other, and even they be called to Cabinet circles in this This city a stately air would pervade the reeffort, however, and the loss of blood ceptions of the Attorney General from his wound had exhausted him, and that none of his predecessors could ap-Lefroy succeeded in taking the knife proach. Mrs. Brewsters' beauty and away and then cutting and hacking his grace, her dignity and superb manner neck and face. Lefroy afterward pitched would fitly adoru the high position, and the unfortunate man onto the rails, as society has long been without a recognized leader the honor would naturally fall to her as peculiarly fitted for its manifold duties.

The Successful Man.

When our Successful Man was a boy, and lived in a manufacturing village of New Hampshire, a widow's son, the greates' luxury he knew was to cat apples; so he told us the other day, when we fell into conversation about old times

"Yes," said he, "when I was ten years old I used to think that if ever I was rich enough to have as many apples as I wanted, all the year around, I should be

perfectly happy. And now!"

He went on to say that he had one of the finest orchards on a small scale, to be found anywhere in Massachusetts, which produced last year ninety-four barrels of the best varieties yet produced. But he Do you remember the last suit I made did not eat two apples per annum. He could not; for while he was making his fortune, he worked so hard, and confined himself so closely, as to contract a chronic weakness of digestion. With all the luxuries of the world at his com mand, he was obliged to live principally

on oatmeal and milk. Later in his youth, his ambition soared above apples. He was beginning to get a little more money than he absolutely useded, and was able occasionally to indulge in a ride. He then thought that if he could ever own a horse fast enough to pass everything on the road, and take no man's dust, he should be the proudest and happiest of men.

"Well," he continued, I have a horse that I think is the fastest in my country; but I never drive him. I gave him to my son last summer, and for my own use I kept an old plug that jogs along six miles an hour, without troubling myself about him.

At this point our poor Successful Man wearily took out his watch to see how time was getting on, and we observed that the watch was of a peculiar pattern rarely seen in this country.

"This watch," said he, "is another case in point. One of my young ambitions was to possess as good a watch as mortal man could make. I have one. I gave \$600 in gold for it, at a time when gold was a more expensive article than it is now. But, knocking about the world in sleeping cars and Mediterranean steam boats, I was always a little anxious about my watch; and besides, the possession of so costly an article by a traveler is a temptation to robbers. One day in Paris I noticed, in a shop wintow, this curious little watch marked twenty five francs. A five-dollar watch was a novelty, and I bought it. I deposited my six-hundred dollar time keeper with my banker, and it has been there ever since in an iron safe. I find that this little watch keeps time as well, for all the ordinary purposes of life, as the other, and I have carried it ever since.

The Successful Man said there things with what we may call a good humored despair. He made no complaint; but at the age when he ought to be in the full tide of cheerful activity, he appeared to have exhausted life.—Youth's Compan-

A young nobleman in a frightful railwhich had a cracked floor and listened way accident missed his valet. One of to a heated discussion. The subject of the guards came up to him and said: way accident missed his valet. One of "My Lord, we have found your servant, barroom in the place, and some of the but he is cut in two." "Aw, is he?" said members proposed the assassination of the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but with a trace of anxiety depicted on the young man, with a Dundreary drawl, but with a trace of anxiety depicted on his countenance. "Will you be gwood