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Poetry.

LOVETIDE.

Chiseled cups of fairest flowers,
Through the fields are blossoming;
Summer splendor bathes the hours
In a rosy coloring.
Days are sweet when love is turning
Things of earth to brightest gold;
Days are sweet when souls are yearning
Heart to heart to fold and hold.

Where the stream goes leaping by,
Lisping ripples kiss each shore;
Hark, the willows softly sigh
To the waters they hang o'er,
Youth and maiden half forget—
Scarcely heed the world without;
Hands by tender hands are met;
Lips are pressed by lips devout.

O the paradise of pleasure,
Whither souls ascend in love;
Mingling rapture without measure,
As they soar to heaven above,
Stay, sweet moments; life is fleeter
Than the streamlet rushing by;
Stay, sweet moments; love is sweeter
Than all earth-born ecstacy.

JUST CHARGE IT.

A STORY FOR YOUNG HOUSEKEEPERS.

'Charley what did this peach preserver cost?'

'I don't know, Hannah.,

'But you bought it this morning.'

'I know I did, but I didn't ask the price of it.'

'Didn't you pay for it?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'Oh because I couldn't make change. I have opened an accout with Mr. Woldron, and shall hereafter settle every three months.'

This conversation was carried on at the tea table between Charles Mattthews and his wife. Matthews was a young mechanic who had just commenced housekeeping, and as he was making excellent wages, he could afford to live pretty well. After he had made known his determined arrangement to his wife, she remained some time in silent thought.

'Charley,' she at length said, in a mild persuasive tone, 'I think it would be better to pay for things when you buy them.—You get your wages every Saturday night, and you could pay as you go very easily.'

'I know I could,' replied Mr. Matthews, with the air of one who had unanswerable arguments at his command; 'but then it would not be so handy. You see I shall save all the trouble of making change, and shall not only save time, but also avoid making mistakes.'

'Mistakes!' echoed Hannah. 'How can mistakes occur when you pay for things as you get them?'

'I will tell you. Sometimes it may be inconvenient to pay for a thing when I get it—I may forget my money, or I may take it on trial—then if I pay for a part, and not for all, some things may get charged that I have paid for. No, Hannah, a settlement at the end of each quarter will be most convenient all around; I am satisfied of that.'

'Well, perhaps it may be as you say,' replied the wife, with an earnest tone and look and yet with a smile, 'but I cannot see as you do.'

'Why not?'

'On all accounts. In the first place, you will buy more than if you paid cash down. No, you needn't shake your head, for I know it. There are many little luxuries, little extra trifles that we do not need, but which you will be apt to buy if you do have to pay the money down. I know something of this credit system, and know it is not a fair or good thing. In the second place, if you pay cash for everything you will get your goods cheaper. A trader will sell cheaper when he can have the money in his hand, than when he has to carry the amount on his ledger.'

'But let me tell you, Hannah, Mr. Waldron will not cheat. He is not the man to take the advantage of a good customer in that way.'

'You misunderstand me, Charles: don't you know that all traders can afford to sell cheaper when they got their pay in hand, and do not have to carry the amount to their ledgers? They can afford to do so. Traders like to secure cash customes. I think you would find it to your advantage to try the cash system. Now I do not believe you would have bought this peach preserver if you had to take the money out of your pocket to pay for it.'

'But I bought it to please you, and I thought you would be pleased.'

'I know you did,' she replied as she placed her hand affectionately on his shoulder. 'I know you would do anything to please me but for the sake of helping you I would forgo all such things. Then, after a few years, perhaps we might own a little cottage of our own.'

For several days Charles only sent up from the store what was really needed. At length, as he went to the store one morning on his way to work, he saw some splendid pickles in fancy jars. He had ordered the articles he needed, and was leaving, when Mr. Waldron spoke:

'Mr. Matthews, don't you want a jar of pickles? I carried my wife a jar last evening, and she thinks them superior to any she ever saw.'

Now Charles knew that his wife had plenty of plain pickled cucumbers, some that her mother had put down for her, but Mr. Waldron's wife had some of these fancy ones, and why shouldn't Hannah have a jar of them too?

And then he ordered a jar of them, and as it was inconvenient to pay for it, ordered it charged.

'Mr. Matthews, you may rest assured we shall be very happy to accommodate you in anything.

Now it was flattering to young Matthews feelings to think that the trader had such confidence in him; and he left with an exceedingly good opinion of himself and his credit, and especially of his grocer.

Only a dollar! Yes—only a dollar on the trader's ledger—that's of no account. But a dollar right out of one's pocket—that was different. Charles would not have bought them had he been obliged to pay cash at the time.

'Ah Matthews, look here, I have something to show you.' This was said by the trader the very next morning after the purchase of the pickles. And so Mr. Waldron led our hero to the back store and opened a box of oranges.

'There Matthews ain't they nice?'

'They are nice,' replied Charles—and so they were.

'I know your wife would like some of them, I carried some home to my wife, and she wanted me to save her three or four dozen of them at least.'

'How much do they cost?'

'Let me see—I can send you up three dozen for a dollar. I got these oranges very cheap. You know they are retailing at five cents apiece.

'Yes. Well you may send me three dozen, and please charge them.

'I will, certainly. Anything else this morning.'

'I believe not.'

And so Matthews went on. This morning it would be a dollar—to-morrow perhaps fifty cents—and then, again, only twenty-five cents. It didn't seem much. The young man kept just as much money in his pocket as though he hadn't bought them.

'Only a dollar,' he would say to himself. 'That isn't much out of the twelve dollars a week.' And it might not be, but the trouble was the next dollar was called one dollar, and he would forget to add it to the former dollar and call it two dollars, with the next dollar and call it three dollars.

One evening Charles came home with a new gold watch chain.

'Where did you get that?' inquired Mrs. Matthews.

'Ah,' replied the husband with an impressive shake of the head, 'I made a bargain on this chain. Now guess how much I paid for it.'

'I'm sure I couldn't guess.'

'O, try—guess something.'

'Well, ten dollars.'

'Ten dollars!' echoed Charles with a disappointed look. 'Why, what are you thinking of? Jack Cummings bought this chain two months ago and paid twenty dollars for it. Just heft it and see how heavy it is. Eighteen carats fine. Jack was hard up for money, and he let me have it for thirteen dollars.'

'I suppose it is cheap enough,' returned Hannah, but not with such pleasurable surprise as her husband had expected. 'But,' she added, 'you didn't need it and I fear you will feel the loss of the money.'

'Pooh! I have money enough. You know I have spent very little lately. I have been pretty saving.

'But you forget your bills. The money you have is not yours.'

'Not mine?'

'No, it belongs to the storekeeper, to the butcher, and landlord. You know they must be paid.'

'Don't you fret about them. I know it don't cost us anything like twelve dollars a week to live, for I have made an estimate. There is Wilkins, who works beside me at the shop, he has four children, and only gets the same wages I do, and yet he lays up two or three dollars a week.'

'Yes, said Hannah, I know he does. I was in to see his wife the other day, and she was telling me how they were getting along. Mr. Wilkins takes his basket twice a week and goes over to the market and gets his meat and vegetables, and trades for cash, and so gets everything to the best advantage. So he does at the store. He lays in a good quantity of all those articles which will keep, and buys butter, eggs, apples and such things by the quantity when the market is full, and they are cheap and he always buys enough to last his family over the season of scarcity, when such things are high. His butter, for instance, he bought for twenty-two cents per pound—a firkin of it—and it is much sweeter than that for which you paid forty-eight cents yesterday.'

'Forty-eight cents!' persisted the young man in surprise.

'Yes, I asked Mr. Waldron's man when he brought it up, and he said it had risen to forty-eight cents. Mr. Wilkins got twenty dozen of eggs some time ago for twenty cents a dozen, and his wife packed them down, and they kept well. You will have to pay Mr. Waldron forty-five cents for those he sent up yesterday.

Charles Matthews was somewhat astonished at this view of the case, but it could not be helped now, and the subject was dropped. His gold chain had lost its charm. It did not look so well, even in his own eyes, as old black cord which he had worn before.

At length the end of the quarter came around. The first bill was the rent, which amounted to about thirty-one dollars. The next was the butcher's bill of thirty-six dollars. Charles was astonished to see how this bill footed up. But when he saw how many steaks he had at thirty cents a pound the cause disappeared. He next paid the baker's bill, which was thirteen dollars. When he came home in the evening he had paid all bills except his grocery bill.

'Mr. Waldron sent in his bill to-day,' said his wife after supper.

'Ah, did he, let me see it.'

Hannah brought it, and Charles looked. He was astonished at its length, and when he came to look at the bottom of the column his face turned a shade pale. It footed up just sixty-five dollars—an average of five dollars a week.

'This is impossible!' he exclaimed, as he gazed upon it. But he examined the different articles, and he could remember when he ordered them. Those things which cost him only a dollar, looked very innocent when viewed alone, but in the aggregate they had a very different look. 'How much shall we lay up this quarter, Charles' kindly asked his wife, as she came and leaned over his shoulder, and smoothed the hair back from his brows.

'How much shall we lay up?' he repeatd. 'Not much. Get the slate and let us reckon up.' He was resolved to be frank about the matter and let his wife know it all.

The slate was brought. First she put down one hundred and fifty six dollars as the quarter's salary. Then came in the rent, and the butcher and the grocer and the baker.

'Now you put down thirteen dollars for this chain—and twelve dollars for sundries—that means tobacco, cigars, concerts and such things. Now take from my quarter's wages and see how much remains.'

She did so, and gave fifty-two dollars as the result.

'Fifty-two dollars!' uttered Charles sinking back into his chair, 'and we have not bought one article of clothing nor of furniture. Fifty-two dollars with which to pay sixty-five. There is thirteen dollars short this quarter, and I had meant to save at least thirty dollars.'

'Well, it's no use to mourn over it,' said the wife, in a cheerful tone, for she saw that her husband felt badly. 'Let us commence again. There is nothing like trying you know.'

For some moments Charles remained silent. He gazed first upon the bill he held in his hand; then upon the floor. At last he spoke:

'Hannah, I see where the trouble is, and I must freely admit that I have been wrong. If I had paid for everything as I bought it I should have hit it. You were right. I see it all now. I have not estimated the value of money as I ought. Let me once get to where I began, and I will do differently. I must step down to the store this evening, and pay the rest as soon as I get it.'

'That matter is easily settled,' she replied, 'for I have money by me that I had when I was married.

He protested most earnestly against taking his wife's money, but she insisted on giving him the money. It was her will, and he must submit. So he went down and paid the grocery bill and on his way home he sold his gold chain for thirteen dollars. He felt happier now, and was ready to commence the next quarter.

On the next Monday morning the young man went into the meat store to send home a piece of beef for dinner.

'How much will you have?' asked the butcher.

'Oh! three or four—'

Charles got this far, and then he stopped. He had always been in the habit of ordering an indefinite quantity, and leaving the butcher cut off the highest figure, and charge the highest price; and then he remembered how much was usually wasted.

'Let me have two pounds,' he said. He stopped and saw it weighed, and then paid for it.

When he went home at noon he found that his two pounds of beef was enough for a good dinner. The next morning he went to the store. Mr. Waldron had some nice figs just come in which he showed. They were only twenty-five cents a pound. For a moment Charles hesitated, but as he remembered that he had got to pay for all he bought, he concluded not to take them.—He found that things were not so enticing as when the payment could be postponed. He paid for what he bought and went his way; and thus things went on through the week. When it came Saturday night he knew that all the money in his pocket was his own, after deducting the rent. That evening he went over to market, with Wilkins; and bought as much vegetables and meat as he thought would last through the week. He found he had made a saving of at least twenty per cent., and when the opportunity offered he made the same saving in other matters.

At the end of that quarter Charles Matthews did not have to get a slate. He paid his house rent, and then he found he had thirty-five dollars left in his pocket. That was his—he did not owe a penny of it.

'Ah, Hannah,' said he, as he held the money in his hand, and looked it over, 'now I see how easy it is for a man to be wrong and his wife right. This money all comes of paying as I go along. It is very easy and simple to say, 'Just charge it,' and a man can easily buy things under such circumstances, but when the day of reckoning comes these simple words, that sound so innocent when spoken, are found to be costly things. I did not believe it until I tried it. I could not have believed that a man would purchase so many useless articles simply because he could have them charged. But I see it now, and if I refused to follow your advice at first have gained experience enough to follow it more explicitly now.'

Charles Matthews never again allowed himself to be led away by the credit system, but has followed the cash rule, and the consequence has been that he could buy produce, coal, etc., at cheap prices, and he has now cut off the expense of house rent, for he owns a snug little cottage, and it is all paid for.

To the Gas Wells.

NOTES OF A VISIT TO THE BURNS AND DELAMETER WELLS.

A very satisfactory visit was made on Wednesday last by fifty or sixty of the leading manufacturers and business men of Pittsburg and vicinity, to the Delameter and Burns gas wells, on the Duffy farm, Donegal township, Butler county, about ten miles east of the town of Butler, and in a direct line some thirty-five miles from Pittsburg. The party arrived at Butler by a special train on the West Pennsylvania road, at four P. M., and immediately took carriages awaiting them at the station for the gas wells.

THE BURNS WELL.

The first indication of an approach to the Burns well was seen at Carbon Center, where a two-inch pipe, connecting with the well, distant about a mile, furnishes the Keystone Pipe Company with the necessary fuel to drive their engine. The pipe is introduced under the boiler and a half dozen or more jets of flame from it generates the requisite steam power. Near the engine house there is a stand pipe, from it a sheet of flame bursts forth five or six feet in height, which illuminates the little village. The store at this place is heated very effectually by a pipe in the centre of the room from which a stream of burning gas bursts forth. We also notice in the village the general use of the gas for heating and illuminating purposes.

A mile from the Centre, and it is announced we are at the Burns well. A bit of meadow land, between a couple of wooded hills, forms a cosy valley two or three hundred yards in width. The road winds around one of the ridges that shuts in the valley. The carriages are halted, the party disembarks and scatters over the field in the direction of a few glimmering and uncertain lights seen at the base of the opposite hill. A dazzling surprise is in store for us. In less time than it takes to write, eight parallel sheets of brilliant flame are shooting twelve or fifteen feet into the air; darkness is banished, and in all the length and breadth of the valley, every thing is visible with marvellous distinctness: the groups of astounded visitors scattered in the field, the long line of carriages on the road, with the leafless trees fringing the valley as a background. An involuntary cheer bursts from the crowd at the transformation scene. Just back of the eight sheets of burning gas, jets of flame are arranged so as to read, "Use me—I am wasting." This is the appeal of the imprisoned power to the good genii present, in the form and substance of solid men of Pittsburg. The scene is certainly an inspiring one, in contrast with the darkness, gloom, and drizzling rain from which we had just emerged. The roar of the well and of the Delameter a mile distant, sounding like a dozen locomotives blowing off steam, drowns all attempts at conversation.

The Burns well is on the hill side, on the right of the valley. Connecting with its six-inch tubing pipe are the pipes running some fifty feet to the valley below, from which the sheets of flame are driven heavenward. The gas (unlighted) is burned in a two-inch pipe ten feet distant from the well. It rushes out with a deafening roar, and some idea of its force is gained by persons vainly endeavoring to press their hands or boards on the outlet, but the pressure is too great. The gas is colorless and odorless, but leaves on the hands, after saturation in the invisible fluid, an oily feeling.

The well is producing fuel equal to 50,000 bushels of coal per day; its heating power is twenty-five per cent. greater than the same weight of coal, as the gas combustion is so much more complete than coal; its portability, by its own pressure, to Pittsburg, or farther, has been so fully demonstrated that nothing need be added on that point. One point as to its cleanliness for the benefit of the ladies. The furnace in the engine-room of the Keystone Pipe Company is freer from dirt, smoke, soot, ashes, cinders and coal dust than any parlor fire-place in Pittsburg where either bituminous or anthracite coal is burned.

THE DELAMETER WELL.

Regretfully leaving the Burns well, the carriage party takes its way over the hills and through the woods, in the direction of the Delameter well, the most wonderful of the gas wells yet discovered. The south-eastern sky is illuminated by the burning well, while a roaring sound is heard that at times seems to shake the earth. Arriving on a ridge overlooking the Delameter well, which is on the side of a hill, across an intervening valley, a brilliant view presents itself. In the middle of a cleared field, one or two hundred yards from the derrick that marks the well, a huge sheet of flame rises to a height of forty to fifty feet, from two three-inch pipes, connecting with the six-inch casing of the well; to the right, another pipe laid on the ground, pours forth a volume of flame that scatters itself over a stone pile, while from the escape pipe of the engine still another sheet of flame issues six or eight feet in height. Be it known that the engine (fifteen horse power) is run by gas power, and there is merely the escape gas, utilized as an illuminator.

The party, with enthusiasm at fever height makes its way as near as possible to the great volumes of flame in the middle of the field. In a circle, twenty-five or thirty feet in diameter, the ground is baked as free from vegetation as a brick kiln; then comes a circle of burned grass; then another circle of dry or withered grass, and then springing joyously from the ground we have the freshness of June vegetation, while beyond this, out of the range of the heat, patches of snow indicate a more artic temperature. A clump of cattle are taking solid comfort within the June belt. In a few hundred yards, as some one expressed it, we covered climatic changes "from hell or the equator to the north pole." The heat is so intense that no one can approach the mouth of the pipes nearer than twenty or thirty feet. The gas comes from the pipe with such force that it does not ignite for two or three feet from the aperature.

ST. JOE AND BACK TO BUTLER.

After spending half an hour at the Delameter the party take in the village of St. Joe, a mile distant, on their way back to Butler. The country for miles around is lighted with the Delameter or the gas from the various oil wells in the vicinity. At St. Joe we find the gas from the Delameter generally utilized for heating and illuminating purposes. The heavy cast iron coal stoves are heated to any desired degree by gas from an inch pipe introduced through their bottom grates; in the kitchens, the cooking stoves are heated the same way.—In the stores and dwellings, the gas carried through the ordinary gas pipes, answers all the purposes of an illuminator; the flame is not so pure or clear as that of our city gas, but a refining process would make it equal if not superior. Through the woods, and until we pass the last of this oil belt, we find the gas from the oil wells used at the countless derricks, to generate steam and light up engine rooms and dwellings. On our way back to Butler, we have at our backs the great glare of light in the eastern sky from the Burns and Delameter.—*Pittsburg Critic, 7th instant.*

Fault-Finding.

Whole oceans of heart-aches, and passions as fierce as the fabled fires of perdition, if indeed oceans can be measured with a tin ladle, could be prevented every year in the parlor, the family room, at the breakfast table, at the store, the bank, the manufactory, if one single proper, practicable, and rational rule could be observed all over the face of the globe for one single day. Never find fault with anybody, never scold anybody, never blame anybody in the presence of a third person. If I can induce any considerable number of persons to put in practice this rule, from the instant, to be continued to the end of life, I will have lived to greater purpose than all the Alexanders, and Caesars, and Napoleons of past ages.

If one single human being, a father or a mother, should make and carry out such a resolution, my life will not have been a useless one. I shall go to my bed every night, and down into my grave when all nights are ended, the happier at the thought that some little child's feelings have not been hurt; some husband, some wife, some worthy servant, has been made happier than if I had never lived.

If you want to blame anybody, and you want to do it most efficiently, let it be when you two are alone. A nice, manly little youth of fourteen, committed suicide the other day in Brooklyn, because, having committed a fault, he feared to face his stern father, whose habit was, in order to make his criticism more impressive, to have all the members of the family present. He left a little scrawl, saying: 'Johnny won't trouble you all any more; good-by!'

Origin of Things.

Cinderella's fairy godmother, when she made a satin robe from rags, performed a feat no more wonderful than many miracles which are wrought every day by the modern artisan. Nearly all the things that we throw away in the alleys, or even through our drains, are valuable, and, after going through the hands of skilled workmen, come out in new shapes and have new fields of usefulness.

Our gelatine was originally rat-skin;—toilet-soap is furnished by defunct cats and dogs; perfumery owes its existence to coal tar; toilet powder is found in drains;—choice ale is flavored with putrid cheese; that obnoxious animal, the skunk, supplies the ladies with lotions for the complexion. We call largely on the animal creation for both necessities and luxuries. Tatting-shuttles, crocket-hooks, dice, etc., once adorned the jaws of a horse. Guitar and violin strings have been indispensible to the comfort of Grimalkin. Hair brushes first saw the light on the back of a hog.—As for the clothes we wear, who can count the vicissitudes they have endured before assuming the present shape. All of our fine stationary comes from the ragman's bag. Well may the scented, rose-tinted sheet blush for its ancestry! All this goes to prove that we cannot well be fastidious in this world, in which the original of all things is—dust.

'SPEAKING of extravagance in dress,' writes Captain Crosstree, 'the most expensively dressed man I ever saw was an African chief on the gold coast. His wives had anointed him thoroughly with palm oil, and then powdered him from head to foot with gold dust. You never saw in your life a man got up so utterly regardless of expense.

An Outlaw's Career.

THE ROMANTIC STORY OF A HIGHWAYMANS' LIFE.

William Hill, a patient in a private assylum near Glascow, Scotland, died a few weeks ago. Many years ago there lived in Iredell county, North Carolina, a respected Presbyterian minister named Curry, the pride of whose life was an only son, Nixon by name, in whose training the good man took peculiar delight.

The young man won the affections of a young girl attending the same school, and so ardent was their attachment that no rival was suffered to come between them.—When the girl reached the age of fifteen her devotion to young Curry became so manifest that her parents, wishing to secure for her what they viewed as a better alliance, forbid further intercourse between the two. As a natural consequence, clandestine meetings were resorted to, and continued for three years.

At the expiration of that period the hand of the young lady was sought by the son of a Southern statesman, and her parents tried to compel her acceptance, whereat she eloped with young Curry. The couple were overtaken. Then the young man turned and shot his rival, who led the pursuit, killing him instantly. The young couple then renewed their flight.

After a long and heated chase, Curry took refuge with his betrothed in the Allegheny mountains, near the headwaters of the Catawba, and there, outlawed from society, he became a highwayman and speedily achieved a dreaded notoriety by the number and character of his daring exploits. The Governor of North Carolina offered $5,000 for his arrest, and many, lured by the tempting offer, tried to hunt him down. Suddenly he was missed from North Carolina. It was supposed that he had died, or that he had changed the base of his operations.

One day, at the time of the first settlement of the fertile delta of the St. Francis river, in what is now Arkansas, an immigrant appeared in the district calling himself John Hill. He was a handsome, amiable man, and though having only moderate means, extended a general hospitality to all who visited his beautiful little home, rendered doubly attractive by the presence of a lovely wife.

In a short time he became the most popular man in the settlement, and so he continued for ten or twelve years. He became a leader in the ranks of his party, was a member of the convention that framed the State Constitution, and represented his district in the Senate of Arkansas.

Hill's most intimate acquaintances were the Strongs, four brothers, men of wealth and ambition. A close intimacy sprang up between them and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest Strong conversant with his previous history, telling him that he was the notorious Nixon Curry, of North Carolina. Strong then requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, but Hill refused, and the brothers conspired to ruin him. Sending to North Carolina they procured a requisition for his arrest and a copy of the reward offered for his capture.

The four brothers, powerful and determined as they were, well knowing the character of the man with whom they were to deal, secured the assistance of a dozen men, and surrounding his house, attempted to effect his capture. On approaching the main entrance and demanding is surrender, one of them was shot dead, and three others were dangerously wounded, and the attack was abandoned.

The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for Hill's arrest, and hastily packing a few articles, he set out with his wife and children for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of the existence of a band of desperadoes whose members he had a reason to believe would protect him. He was overtaken at Conway Court House and halting his wagon and admonishing his wife and children to keep their places, he stepped forth in the face of his pursurers, and in a few eloquent words told them why he quit North Carolina, at the same time assuring his pursuers that he would not be taken alive.

The gallantry of the action operated in his favor, and the pursuit was abandoned. Constant pursuit had already made him morose and quarrelsome and he began to drink heavily and resort to the gambling table as a means of support. One day in September, 1835, while seated at breakfast he told his wife that he had a promonition of death, and felt that he should be killed that day before sunset. Calling his son William, a bright boy of fourteen, he made him swear to kill the man who should kill his father.

The Circuit Court of Pope county being in session, he attended it with a young man named Howard, who was engaged to his eldest daughter. As soon as they reached the village Hill began to drink and exhibited an unusual disposition to quarrel. He insulted every one he met, and finally threatened to clean the court-house; he dashed into the court room, to the consternation of judge, jurors and lawyers.

Young Howard tried to restrain him; but, glaring like a tiger, he turned upon the youth and felled him to the floor, at the same time drawing a pistol, he exclaimed: 'Kill me, or I'll kill you!' The man in a moment of extreme anguish, drew a knife and buried it in the bowels of Hill.—He died soon after.

Howard quit Arkansas, and several years later was heard of in San Antonia, Texas, where he joined Confederate forces under the command of Col. Long. At the close of the war he was met by Wm. Hill, who, remembering the oath he had taken at his father's instance, shot the farmer and fled to Europe.

He joined the French army and served through the Franco-Prussian war, but was subject to fits of temporary insanity. Finally his case became hopeless; and he was placed by his friends in an assylum near Glasgow, Scotland, where he recently died.

Small Economies.

The things to save out of our shows, false appearances and self indulgences, not necessaries. For instance, where is the economy in working or reading by a dim light to save candles or gas, and injuring the sight; in wearing boots that let in the water, bringing on colds and rheumatism; in living on poor food and lowering the system? Far better wear a shabby hat a week or two longer than usual, or dispense altogether with some contemplated finery. The worst of it is, though, that people are much more willing to dispense with necessaries that afford an opportunity for display which every one sees through.

A late writer on the above subject, gives some words of warning in reference to small economics, which are apt to degenerate into meanness. He remarks that we continually read in the newspapers, of people who died in misery and poverty, who perhaps, have received help from the parish, and after their death money is found which they have hidden in all sorts of nooks and corners. With those unfortunates, saving had become a mania, and of all manias, it is surely the most deplorable, for after all money in itself is worth absolutely nothing; it is only valuable for what it can procure. If it will only bring comforts and necessaries for those we love whilst we are able to work, and to insure independence for ourselves when we cannot do so, it is worth economies, forethought, hard work, energy, care and self-denial, but even gold is bought too dear when the desire for it is allowed to overpower every other feeling.

How a Woman Made a Fortune.

Six years ago, Mrs. Mary Ahart was living in a little tent on the edge of the town. Her whole worldly possessions consisted of this tent, a straw bed, two or three boxes which served as chairs and table, a little seven or eight year old girl, and two cows and calves. She sold the spare milk of those two cows, carrying it around town with a tin pail, and with the product, and from the work she did for her neighbors, supported herself and child. When she could get three or five dollars ahead she would buy another calf or yearling. It is not our purpose to trace her progress up to the present time minutely, but the result is she now, in less than seven years, has several hundred head of cattle, a fine farm with nice buildings and improvements, a comfortable, even luxuriant home—and, instead of carrying milk around by hand, rides in her own carriage. Her daughter is a young lady, educated and accomplished. To-day, Mrs. Ahart's property is valued at from $40,000 to $50,000. And she has made it all by honest industry and good management. She has had no outside help. She never had a government contract or fell heir to any property.—*Laramie Sentinel.*

A SKELETON IN EVERY HOUSE.—The following conversation was overheard the other day among a lot of school girls, who congregated in front of a house. Each one in turn appeared to be holding up the domestic skeleton which afflicted their several homes. One told how her little brother had broken his leg; another how sick her mother was, and still another told how drunk her father would come home every night. In short, they all appeared to have some grief to hold up—all but one little beauty who seemed only unhappy to think there was nothing that she could tell to excite the envy or sympathy of the rest. She listened to the recital of all these troubles as long as she could, and finally she expressed herself in this way;

'Well, girls, we all have our troubles—Some have sick brothers, and drunken fathers, and ugly mothers. Some of us have got measles, and small-pox, and scrofula. We've got something awful in our family.'

'What is it?'

'My little brother Beney's left-handed.'

A Quaint Theory.

The Duke of Argyll, says: 'I once met with a quaint theory, according to which the dumb companions of man were held to be the reflection of his own ruling thoughts and affections. Thus the character of the savage is revealed in the wild beasts he hunts; that of pastoral nations in their peaceful flocks; of the chivalrous and warlike races in their thoroughbred and fiery steeds. As the man's nature changes, so do the animals around him die out or multiply. For every wild beast that becomes extinct, there expires some fierce passion of a human soul. For every dove that coos on the roof, there swells in some heart a thought of purer love and gentleness—a pretty fancy, at first sight, perhaps, but to a deeper consideration on revealing glimpses of a profound inward significance.'

IF captains were less reckless there would be less wrecks.

"YOU'LL build the fires or I'll be a widow," is the way the Fat Contributor's wife talks.