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ZACHARIAH.

A FIT COMPANION FOR THE "HEATHEN CHINEE."

Which is why I remark—
And I say what I mean—
That for ways that are dark
And tricks that are keen,
Old Zachary, he is peculiar,
Which is the same it is plain to be seen.

"Old Zach," is his name,
And I shall not deny
That instead of the same
Old Nick might imply
His instincts malicious the better;
Which the devil is seen in his eye.

'Twas November the eighth,
And the votes had been cast:
Sam Tilden and me
Thought we had 'em at last;
Yet Zach played a trick on Samuel
And me in a way not surpassed.

Which we had a small game,
And Old Zach took a hand,
It was Euchre—the same
He did well understand—
So he smiled as he set at the table,
And winked at the canvassing band.

There he swore a great oath
That the thing couldn't be,
And he clenched his fists both,
And said: "Listen to me:
We are ruined by fraudulent ballots—
We must have a fair counting, you see!"

In the scene that ensued,
They did all take a hand;
The boxes were opened,
The ballots were scanned,
And doctored to suit the occasion,
For which they did well understand.

In the box, which was strong,
There were duplicate packs,
Which the figures were altered,
To alter the facts;
And if increase of ballots were needed,
They smuggled them in through the cracks.

Thus the cards were all stocked,
As the order Zach gave,
And my feelings were shocked
At the tricks of the knave,
Which he played with intent to deceive
And perhaps in the end to enslave.

But the game that was played,
It was fearful to see,
And the way they did cheat,
Beat the "Heathen Chinee;"
Till at last they put down for R. H.,
Which the same had been dealt to S. T.

Which is how they did win
And the President choose;
"Heads"—Ruthy shall win—
"Tails"—Sammy shall lose;
Which the same they are free to maintain
With the troops they are ready to use.

Which is why I remark—
And I say what I mean—
That for ways that are dark
And for tricks most unclean,
Old Zach and his "pards" are peculiar,
Which the same it is plain to be seen.

—*Charlottsville Chronicle.*

TOY-MAKING.

A BRIEF ARTICLE OF INTEREST FOR THE HOLIDAY TIMES.

London Echo.

In Paris there are about five thousand workmen employed in the exclusive trade of toy manufacture. The chief essential in this art is the procuring of the substances—the raw material—to be used, for unless these can be obtained for next to nothing the finished work would have to be sold too dearly to allow of its success. The barrels of sham guns, so dear to the warlike male offspring of the modern Gaul, are wrought up out of old sardine boxes. Doll's boots are made of the coverings of discarded purses and their dresses and trimmings of the old, worn-out stage costumes of actresses, gathered from every theatre, great or small. As for the wheels which support the thousand movable creations in which the infantile heart delights, they would, of course, if constructed even by toy wheelwrights, be an important item of expense in the profession. As it is, they are provided for by appropriating for this purpose the round pieces cut out from wood or metal, when holes are bored in it to allow the insertion of some other article.—Such are the cruet stands in use in France in which each glass bottle is encased in a layer of wood, while in this country probably medicine boxes would afford a more common example of the same thing. For the little pewter instruments used in dolls' houses, such as plates, knives, spoons, bottles and fire irons, the toy makers press into their service the metal belonging to old water pipes and spouts, worn out cooking and material collected in workshops. But the most striking and horrible metalotica remains yet unmade. Whence comes the lead of which those resolute German and English soldiers are made who stand so bravely on their thin edges of ground to be pierced off by peas and marbles? Let not boys with tender susceptibilities or a tendency to melancholy be made aware of the answer.—They are moulded out of the metal cut from ancient coffins dug out of the old cemeteries at Montmartre.

HIS OWN EVA.

'She really is the prettiest little creature I ever saw," said Mr. Willoughby Vane, as he turned from the window for the fifteeth time that morning. "June," he added, addressing the housemaid, who was clearing away the breakfast things, "have you any idea who the people are who have taken old Mr. Adderley's house opposite?"

"Well, yes, sir, if you please," returned the handmaiden. "I met their cook at the grocer's the other day, and she said that her master's name was Black—Capting Choker Black—and that he was staying here on leave of absence with his wife and daughter, sir."

"Oh, indeed! Did she happen to mention the young lady's name?"

"Yes, sir. She called her Miss Eva."

"Eva! What a charming name!" murmured Willoughby to himself: and then he added aloud, "That will do, June; thank you."

Mr Willoughby Vane was a bachelor, 28 years old, rich, indolent and tolerably good-looking. He lived with a widowed mother in a pleasant house in the Clapham road; and, having nothing else to do, had fallen desperately in love with his pretty *vis-a-vis*, and anxiously sought an opportunity for an introduction. However, having discovered the name of his enchantress, he determined to address her anonymously by letter.

Having decided upon taking this step, the next thing to be done was to put it into execution; and having shut himself up in his little study, after many futile attempts, he succeeded in framing an epistle to the lady to his satisfaction; begging her, if she valued his peace of mind to return an answer to 'W. V.' the Post-office, Clapham Common.' That done he went out for a walk, and dropped the letter in the nearest box.

Regular three times a day for a week afterwards, he called at the postoffice to see whether an answer had arrived for him. As the week advanced, Willoughby began to lose his appetite and grew so restless and irritable that Mrs Vane, like a fond mother, fancied that he dear boy was unwell, and begged him to consult their medical attendant. But her son laughed at the idea, knowing well that his complaint was beyond the doctor's skill to cure.

He was now beginning to despair of ever receiving a reply, when, to his great delight, on the seventh morning a letter was handed to him by the postmistress, written in a dainty female hand and addressed to 'W. V.' Almost unable to conceal his emotion, he quitted the shop, broke open the seal and drank in the contents.

They were evidently of a pleasing nature for he read the letter over again and again, kissed the envelope, put it into his breast coat pocket, and hurried home, to see his inamorata looking out of the window of the opposite house, as usual.

For a moment his first impulse was to salute her respectfully; but immediately afterwards he bethought himself that, as he was still incognito, the young lady would feel insulted by the action. Besides, how could she have any idea that he was 'W. V.' So he went indoors and amused himself for three hours in inditing a reply to her letter, which he posted the same afternoon; and, in due course, a second answer arrived.

And so matters went on, a constant interchange to letters being kept up for a fortnight, during which time Mr. Willoughby Vane spent his days in running to and from the postoffice, writing letters, and watching his fair neighbor from the window of the dining-room.

'Confound it!' he would sometimes say to himself. 'How very provoking the dear girl is! She will never look this way. I do wish I could catch her eye, if only for a moment. What a horridly sour-looking old crab the mother is! Depend upon it, Willoughby, that poor child is anything but happy at home with those two old fogies. Indeed her letters hint as much.' And having given vent to his feelings, he would put on his hat and walk to the postoffice, or shut himself in his room and compose another note to his 'Dearest Eva.'

At length, three weeks having flown rapidly away in the summer, he received a letter one morning from the young lady, which ran as follows:

'*To W. V.*

"SIR—As it is useless to continue a correspondence in this manner, I think it is now time for you to throw off your incognito, and reveal your true name and position to one to whom you are not totally indifferent. Believe me that nothing inspires love like mutual confidence. Prove to me that I have not been imprudent in answering your letters by at once informing me who you are. It is with no feeling of idle curiosity I ask this, but simply for our mutual satisfaction.

"Yours, etc, EVA."

To which Willoughby replied by return of post:

"DEAREST EVA—If you will permit me to call you so! Have you not for weeks past observed a young man, with his hair brushed back, anxiously watching you from the window of the opposite house? And although you have apparently never taken the slightest notice of him, I trust that his features are not altogether repulsive to you. I am that individual.

"Charmed by the [illegible] magic of thine eye.
Day after day I watch, and dream, and sigh,
Wonder how, dream of thee, sigh for thee
Fair sister of Clapham—may I add, mine own?"

[illegible], with some alteration, the nonsense of the poet Brown! And now for a favor to ask you. Whenever you see me at the window take no notice of me at present, lest my mother should observe it. In a few days she will be going out of town, and then we can throw off the restraint. Till then, adieu! Adieu, my adorable one, adieu! My eyes are ever on you.

Your own,
"WILLOUGHBY VANE."

To which epistle came the following answer:

"DEAR SIR—Your explanation is perfectly satisfactory. I may also add that your features are not at all repulsive to— "EVA."

'Bless her! 'What a delightful little soul she is!' ejaculated Willoughby.

And he went out, ordered a new suit of clothes, and had his hair cut.

'Willy,' said Mrs. Vane to her son next morning, 'I wish you would do something to improve your mind, and not waste you, time by looking out of the window all day, as you have lately done. Come and read the Parliamentary debates to me, if you have nothing else to do.'

The worthy lady was a rapid politician, and for three mortal hours she kept him at this delightful task; at the expiration of which time he succeeded in escaping to his own room, where he wrote the following note to Eva;

"DEAREST EVA—I am overjoyed at the contents of your brief communication. If, as you say, my features are not altogether repulsive to you, may I hope that you will consent to be mine—mine only? WILLOUGHBY."

Back came the answer the next morning;

"DEAREST WILLOUGHBY—Your reply has made me feel very happy. It is very dull here—no society except my father and mother. I long for more congenial companionship. Thine, EVA."

In this delightful manner the days flew on—halcyon days, too, they were for Willoughby, and sweetened by the interchange of this and similar lover-like correspondence. On the following Monday morning, Mrs. Vane left town on a visit to some friends in Davenshire, leaving her son to keep house at home. That same afternoon one of Captain Black's servants brought the following note for Willoughby:

"WILLIE—Have you any objection to my telling my dear papa all? Matters have now gone so far, that it will be impossible for either of us to retract what we have written. Let us take papa into our confidence. I know his kind and generous nature well, and have no fear that he will oppose our union. Pray send me a line by bearer.

EVA."

The answer was as follows:

"MY OWN EVA—Do whatever you consider best. My fate is in your hands.—If your papa should refuse his consent, I—but I will not think of anything so dreadful! Fear not that I shall ever retract. Life without you would be a desert, with no oasis to brighten it.

"Yours until death,
WILLOUGHBY."

That evening, just as Willoughby had finished dinner, he heard a loud double-knock at the street door; and, on its being opened, a strange voice inquired, in a loud tone: 'Is Mr. Willoughby Vane at home?'

His heart beat violently, as Jane, entering the room, 'A gentleman wishes to speak to you in the library, sir.'

And she handed him a card inscribed, 'Captain Choker Black, C. B., H. M.'s 179th Foot.

'I will be with him in a moment,' said Willoughby; and he swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry to nerve him for the interview.

'Captain Choker Black, I believe?' he said as he entered the library.

'Your servant, sir,' said the gallant captain, who, glass in eye, was busily scrutinizing an engraving of the Battle of Navarino. 'Your servant, sir. Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Willoughby Vane?'

Willoughby bowed.

'Then, sir, of course you know the business that has brought me here?'

Terribly nervous, and scarcely knowing what answer to make, our hero bowed again.

'Come, come, sir, don't be afraid to speak out! My daughter has made me her confident, so let there be no reserve between us. Eva has told me all!'

Here poor Willoughby blushed up to the roots of his hair.

'You see, I know all about it. You have fallen desperately in love with the poor girl; and although you have never exchanged three words together, you are already engaged to be married. Mighty expeditious, upon my word! Ha! ha! ha! Pray excuse me for laughing, but the idea is somewhat comical! Ha! ha! ha!'

As the captain appeared to be in a very good humor, Willoughby's courage began to rise.

'Don't mention it, sir. You are *her* father, and have a right to do what you please. But I scarcely trust that you have no objections to offer.'

'I? None! Believe me, I shall be delighted to see my Eva comfortably settled. But, harkye, sir. Business is business. I am a plain, blunt man, and fifteen years service with one's regiment in India doesn't help to polish one. First of all, what are your prospects?'

And the captain drew a notebook from his pocket and proceeded to examine our hero, as if he were in a court of justice.

'You are an only son, I believe?'

'I am.'

'Good.' And down went the note in pocket-book.

'Your age?'

'Twenty-eight next birth day.'

'Twenty-eight! Good. Is your constitution healthy?'

'I believe so. I have had the measles, whooping-cough and mumps.'

'Disorders peculiar to infancy. Good. And the captain scribbled away again.

'Are you engaged in any business or profession?'

'None.'

'Then how on earth do you live?'

'On my private income, captain.'

'Then all I can say is, you're an uncommonly lucky fellow to be able a subsist on that. I only wish I could. What is your income?'

'About seven hundred a year.'

'Is it in house property, shares in limited companies, or the Funds? If in public companies, I should be sorry to give two years' purchase for the lot.'

'In the new three per cent.'

'Good. I think I may say very good! What sort of temper are you?'

'Well, that's rather a difficult question to answer,' said Willoughby, smiling for the first time.

'Hang it, sir, not at all!' returned the captain. 'If any one asked me my temper, I should say, 'Hasty!' sir—confoundedly hasty. And Choker Black's proud of it, sir—proud of it!'

'Say about the average,' said the Willoughby, timidly.

'Temper average,' said the Captain, jotting it down. 'I think those are about all the questions I have to ask you. You know my daughter by sight?'

'I have had the pleasure of seeing her frequently—from the window, sir.'

'And you think you could be happy with her?'

'Think, captain! I am certain of it, sir.'

'Very good. Now, harkye, Mr. Willoughby Vane. Marry her, treat her well, and be happy. Neglect her, blight her young affections by harshness or cruelty, and hang me, sir, if I don't riddle you with bullets! Gad, sir, I'm a man of my word, and I'll do what I say, as sure as my name's Choker Black.'

'I have no fear on that score, captain. Unite her to me, and if a life of devotion—'

'I know all about that,' said the Captain. 'Keep your fine phrases for the girls ears. Give me your hand, sir. I've taken a fancy to you.'

'You flatter me, captain!'

'Hang it, sir, no! Choker Black never indulges in flattery. Don't be afraid to grasp my hand, sir; it's yours so long as I find you plain sailing and straightforward. But if ever I suspect you of any artifice or deception, I'll knock you down with it. So now I hope we perfectly understand each other.'

'One word more,' said Willoughby.—'Am I to understand that you consent our union?'

'Certainly. You are to be married tomorrow, if you please. Sir, the happiness of my dear child is my first consideration. Gad, sir, I am not a brute—not one of those unnatural parents people read of in novels. Choker Black may be a fire-eater in the field; but, at any rate, he knows how to treat his own flesh and blood.'

'Captain, you overwhelm me with gratitude.'

'Say no more about it. Clap on your hat and come across the road with me, and I'll introduce you to my daughter at once.'

Scarcely knowing what he was about, Willoughby did as he was told. They crossed the road together, and the captain opened his door with a latch key.

'One moment, if you plase,' said Willoughby, who was titivating his hair and arranging his cravat.

'Are you ready now?' asked the captain

'Quite.'

'Mr. Willoughby Vane,' cried the captain, ushering our hero into the drawing room. Then, waving his hand, he added: 'Allow me to introduce you to my wife and daughter.'

Willoughby looked exceedingly foolish as he bowed to the two ladies On a couch by the fireside sat his enchantress, looking more bewitchingly raidant than ever; her *vis-a-vis* being the tall, thin, angular woman in black that he had frequently noticed from over the way.

'What a contrast,' thought Willoughby, 'between mother and daughter.'

'Annie, my dear, Mr. Willoughby Vane is nervous, no doubt. You know the adage. Let us leave the young people together, and he'll soon find his tongue then, I'll wager,' said the captain, addressing the younger of the two ladies, who immediately rose from her seat on the sofa and started towards the door when Willoughby called out:

'Stay, sir—there is some mistake here! This lady is—' and he pointed to the gaunt female.

'My daughter, sir!' said the captain. 'My daughter by my first wife.'

'And this—' ejaculated our hero, turning to the young lady.

'Is my second wife, sir!'

Mr. Willoughby Vane fled from his home that night. About a month later, his almost broken-hearted mother received a letter from him, explaining the whole affair; and the post-mark bore the words, 'Chicago, Illinois.'

☞ The world is governed by three things—wisdom, authority and appearances. Wisdom is for thoughtful people, authority for rough people, and appearance for the great mass of superficial people who can look only at the outside, and who judge only external matters.

☞ An honest reputation is within the reach of all persons. They can obtain it by social virtues, by performing their duty. This kind of reputation is true, is natural, is attainable by all persons, and it is the most precious of [illegible]

WIFE VERSUS HUSBAND.

'A hundred dollars for a pocket-handkerchief!' exclaimed Mr. Ciscombe. 'My dear Polly, the idea is perfectly outrageous'

Mr. Ciscombe was leaning back in his chair, at the breakfast-table, crumbling a piece of dry toast into infinitesimal particles.

Mrs. Ciscombe sat opposite him, stirring her chocolate with a tiny, crested spoon; and both were a little excited.

'I do not see that it is outrageous at all!' retorted Mrs. Ciscombe. 'Jane Perveril has one that her father brought from Paris, and Mrs. General Fortescue gave three hundred for hers.'

'Because there are two fools in the world, it don't follow that there need be three!' oracularly remarked Mr. Ciscombe.

'You might as well call me a fool at once, and be done with it!' said the lady, beginning to develop hysterical symptoms.

Mr. Ciscombe straightened his chair, and looked intently at his wife.

'Polly,' said he, caressingly, 'do you really want that point-lace handkerchief?'

'If I didn't want it, I shouldn't have asked for it,' returned Mrs. Ciscombe, with some asperity.

Then, her lord and master made answer, 'you shall have it.'

That very afternoon it came home, in an ornamental box lined with quilted pink satin, its priceless folds tied down by pink bows, and the whole box smelling faintly of sandal-wood.

'It's a gem!' said Mrs. Ciscombe, clasping her hands over it.

But she was a little disappointed, nevertheless. She would have enjoyed the gentle excitement of going shopping for it herself.

'But it's very good of Rupert, I'm sure,' said Mrs. Ciscombe.

'Well, my dear, how do you like your new fol-de-rol?' demanded Mr. Ciscombe, when he came home to dinner.

'It's the sweetest thing I ever saw in my life,' said Mrs. Ciscombe. 'And I'm *so* much obliged to you!'

'Thought you would like it,' said Mr. Ciscombe, rubbing the palms of his hands complacently together.

'Did you give a hundred dollars for it?'

'That's my secret,' replied Ciscombe, mysteriously.

And Mrs. Ciscombe regarded her lace handkerchief with still greater admiration.

'He has paid more than that for it,' she conjectured, within herfelf.

But, ere a calendar month had rolled around, Mrs. Ciscombe came to her husband, with a pale, startled face.

'Rupert,' she said, 'it's gone.'

'What is gone?' my dear.

'The point-lace handkerchief.'

'Polly!'

'It's stolen, I'm afraid,' said Mrs. Ciscombe, piteously. 'Box and all. And I am afraid that it was taken by Isabelle, that French servant-maid of mine—the girl I discharged day before yesterday.'

'We'll put the police on her track directly!' exclaimed Ciscombe.

'But we can't,' said his wife, bursting into tears. 'I don't know where she lives or any of her friends. Oh, Rupert, I'm *so* sorry I urged you to buy that expensive handkerchief.'

'Don't fret about that, my dear,' said Mr. Ciscombe, with a meaning twinkle of the eye. 'It wasn't so stunningly expensive, after all.'

'It was a hundred and fifty dollars, at least,' sobbed penitential Polly. 'I *know* it was.'

'No, my dear; it was only ten!'

'Only ten? That point-lace handkerchief?' echoed Mrs. Ciscombe.

'Imitation, Polly—only imitation! A capital one, I'll admit,' chuckled Ciscombe, but nothing more. I knew perfectly well you'd lose it my dear, so I guarded against consequences. Now confess that I'm more sensible than you are.'

Polly Ciscombe could not at the moment command words. It was a great relief, to be sure, to know that the loss was less than her excited fancy had pictured it; but then there was a counter tide of mortification, that Rupert had treated her so like a child.

'I—I'll never forgive you for this, Rupert—never!' cried she, running out of the room to hide her tears.

Mr. Ciscombe looked after her a moment, and smiled in a superior manner as he lighted his cigar.

'What fools women are!' said he.

* * * * * * *

'I say, Polly, have you seen my diamond pin?'

Mrs. Ciscombe laughed.

'How very careful some folks are!' said she. 'That pin has been lying in my dressing-case a week, and you've never missed it.'

'Well, you see it's a stone I don't wear every day. I don't mean to lose it—as a certain lady of my acquaintance lost a point-lace pocket-handkerchief once,' chuckling to himself under the table.

'You needn't twit me about that,' said Polly, turning scarlet. 'There is your pin—it's not [illegible] pin. [illegible]

'Good little wife!' said Mr. Ciscombe, patting her cheek. 'I tell you what, Polly, when I'm tired of this pin, I'll have it set in a ring for you! It's a three-hundred-dollar stone!'

'Is it?' said Polly. 'But I'd rather you'd leave off teasing me about that point-lace handkerchief.'

'It's not in human nature to do that, my dear,' said Mr. Ciscome, laughing, as he fastened the glistening diamond into his shirt front, and went down stairs.

Hardly a month had elapsed since this little domestic discussion, when Polly surprised her husband, one day, hard at work at his desk. Now Mr. Ciscombe was not a literary character—in fact, he hardly ever wrote a letter, and the unusual occupation seemed to demand some sort of an explanation.

'Why, Rupert, what *are* you doing?' said Polly, opening her eyes very wide.

'I'm writing an advertisement,' said Mr. Ciscombe, leaning back in his chair, and rumpling his hair up until it resembled the crest of an enraged Numidian lion.

'An advertisement! For what?'

'For the paper, my dear. Just listen to this. 'Lost—A single-stone diamond pin, in the Fourth Avenue cars, between Nineteenth and Forty-second streets. The finded will be suitably rewarded, and no questions asked, by leaving it at the office of Ciscombe & Co., No. — Malden Lane.' How does it sound?'

'Oh, Rupert! have you lost it?' cried Polly, scarcely waiting for him to complete the question.

'Yes, Polly, I've lost it,' said Mr. Ciscombe, with the dogged frankness of desperation. 'Yes, I know I'm a careless blockhead, and I know that I hadn't any business to be riding in a crowded car, with such a diamond worn carelessly about my person; and I'm quite aware of everything else you may have to say to me in the way of criticism and reproach. So you may spare yourself the time and trouble, my dear.'

'Oh,' said Polly, with a curious sparkle under her eyelashes, 'I'm not going to scold you, Rupert; only I suppose I've heard the last now of the point-lace handkerchief.'

'Yes, Polly, you have,' replied Mr. Ciscombe, meekly. 'I never ought to have teased you so—particularly since I'm in the same box myself. But I *am* sorry about the diamond, my dear. I was just thinking about having it made into a ring for you.'

Mrs. Ciscombe went to her own secretary on the other side of the room, unlocked it, touched the hidden spring of the secret drawer which was artfully concealed in the ornamental paneling, and took out a tiny pasteboard box, filled with pink wool.

'Rupert,' she said, 'here is your diamond.'

'My diamond?' and he stared at her.

'But I lost my diamond yesterday.'

'No, you didn't, dear. You only lost a piece of very good paste that Signor Carate put in for me, at the time you missed your pin for a week. I was annoyed with your taunts about the handkerchief I lost, and I just wanted to see if you would miss the real stone. You never knew the difference.'

'No more I did, by Jove!' cried Mr. Ciscombe, slapping his hand on the desk, and gazing at his wife with a dawning admiration for her diplomatic ability. 'Polly, you're a female Machiavelli!'

'I just wanted to be quits with you, that was all,' said Mrs. Ciscombe, laughing.

'And you've succeeded,' declared her husband. 'But now, Polly, look here. You shall have the diamond yourself. I'll run no more risks with it; and, after all, a man looks like a gambler or a 6th Ward politician, going about with a huge glittering stone paraded at his breast. Let Carate set in a ring.'

'Thank you, my love!' cried Mrs. Ciscombe, radiantly.

'And I'll pledge myself never to mention the point-lace handkerchief again,' said Mrs. Ciscombe.

UTILIZING A HUSBAND.—'Your husband is sick a good deal of late, hen't he?' remarked a Southern Illinois woman to another, one day last week.

'Yes,' answered the wife, 'he'st got tuck down mighty hard with them ager shakins agin.'

'I shed think it 'ud be sorter [illegible] like to have him around the house,' remarked the other, sympathizingly, 'specially when yer at house cleanin'.'

'Wal, so it wud,' replied the wife, in self-consoling tones, 'but when he's got inter one of his chills, and I want the rag carpet shuk, yer see he's a powerful smart hand ter hitch onto it.'

Then the [illegible] envying [illegible] of [illegible] He [illegible] for a husband to be given to the most popular [illegible] paid, failing to win the prize, has [illegible] for his money.

TAKE OFF THAT HAT.

Colonel Bangs is very bald, and, in order to induce his hair to grow again, he is using a very excellent article called hair vigor, upon his scalp. A week or two ago he was summoned as a juryman upon a case in the Circuit Court, and upon the day of the trial, just before the hour at which court met, he remembered that he had not applied the vigor to his head that morning. He had only a few minutes to spare, but he flew up stairs and into the dark closet where he kept the bottle, and, pouring some fluid on a sponge, he rubbed his head energetically. By some mistake the Colonel got hold of the wrong bottle, and the substance with which he inundated his scalp was not "vigor," but the black varnish with which Mrs. Bangs decorated her shoes. However, Bangs didn't perceive his mistake, but darted down stairs, put on his hat, and walked off to the court room. It was a very cold morning, and by the time the Colonel reached his destination the varnish was as stiff as a stone, his hat glued fast to the skin, and his efforts to take it off gave him frightful pain. Just then he heard his name called by the Cries. He was wild with apprehension of coming trouble; but he took his seat in the jury-box and determined to explain the situation to the court at the earliest possible moment. Presently the Clerk screamed, 'Hats off in court!' The Colonel grew crimson in the face. 'Hats off!' yelled the Clerk again, and the Colonel was about to reply, when the Judge came in, and as his eye rested on Bangs he said: 'Persons in the court room must remove their hats.'

Bangs—May it please your Honor, I kept my hat on because——

Judge—Well, sir, you must take it off now.

Bangs—But I say I kept it on because I——

Judge—We don't want any argument upon the subject, sir. Remove that hat this moment, sir.

Bangs—Judge, if you would only give me a chance to ——

Judge—This is intolerable! Do you mean to insult the court, sir? Take your hat off, sir, or I will fine you for contempt.

Bangs—Well, it's very hard I can't say a word by way of ex——

Judge (warmly)—This is too much! You've got more audacity than a mule. Mr. Clerk, fine that man $50!

Bangs—Judge, this is rough on me. I——

Judge (in a furious rage)—[illegible] yet. Why, you impudent [illegible], I've a notion to—Mr. Clerk, [illegible] $100 more, and, Mr. Jones, you [illegible] that hat off by force.

Then the tipstaff approached Bangs, and hit the hat with his stick. It didn't move. Then he struck it again, and caved in the crown, but it remained on Bangs's head. Then he picked up a volume of 'Brown on Evidence' and mashed the crown in flat. Then Bangs sprang at him, and shaking his fist under the nose of Jones, he shrieked: 'You mutton-headed scullion! I've half a notion to kill you! If that jackass on the bench had any sense he could see that the hat is glued fast. I can't take it off if I wanted to.' Then the Judge removed the fines and excused him, and Bangs went home. He slept in [illegible] hat for a week, and even when it came off the top of his head looked as black as if mortification had set in.

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Have the courage to discharge a debt when you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without what you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary to do so, and hold your tongue when it is prudent that you should do so.

Have the courage to speak to a friend in a "seedy coat, even when you are in company with a rich one, and richly attired.

Have the courage to cut the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced he lacks principle.

Have the courage to show that you respect honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for duplicity, in whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to acknowledge your ignorance, rather than to seek credit for knowledge under false pretenses.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and prosperity to fashion in all things.

Have the courage to wear old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

[illegible] who keeps his honor bright, [illegible] he may be in worldly things, [illegible] an inheritance which no [illegible] can beg—the choice promises of [illegible]

☞ "Everything in life has two handles," says one of the ancients; but it must be a bad disposition indeed which [illegible] ever be seizing the wrong one.

Have the courage to let a loan go, [illegible] you will not lend him your money.

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