

mild suavity of voice, the instant the summoned clerk presented himself, "it so chances that I have no further occasion for your services."

"Sir!—sir!" gasped the terrified young man. "You are," continued M. de Veron, "entitled to a month's salary, in lieu of that period of notice—one hundred francs, with which you may credit yourself in the cash account you will please to balance and bring me as quickly as possible."

"Sir!—sir!" again bewilderedly iterated the panic-stricken clerk, as he turned distractedly from father to son—"Sir!"

"My words are plain enough, I think," observed M. de Veron, coolly tapping and opening his snuff-box from which he helped himself to a hearty pinch. "You are discharged with one hundred francs, a month's salary in lieu of warning, in your pocket. You have now only to bring your accounts; they are correct, of course; I, finding them so, sign your *libre*, and there is an end of the matter."

(Conclusion next week.)

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Mr. Bones, of the firm of Fossil, Bones & Co., was one of those remarkable money making men, whose uninterrupted success in trade had been the wonder, and afforded the materials for the gossip of the town for seven long years. Being of a familiar turn of mind, he was frequently interrogated on the subject, and invariably gave as the secret that he minded his own business.

A gentleman met Mr. Bones on the Assanpink bridge. He was gazing intently on the dashing, foaming waters, as they fell over the dam. He was evidently in a brown study. Our friend ventured to disturb his cogitations.

"Mr. Bones, tell me how to make a thousand dollars?"

Mr. Bones continued looking intently at the water. At last he ventured a reply.

"Do you see that dam, my friend?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, here you may learn the secret of making money. The water would waste away, and be of no use to any body, but for the dam. That dam turns it to good account, makes it perform some useful purpose, and then suffers it to pass along. That large paper mill is kept in constant motion by this simple economy. Many mouths are fed in the manufacture of the article of paper, and intelligence is scattered broadcast over the land on the sheets that are daily turned out, and in the different processes through which it passes money is made. So it is the living of hundreds of people. They get enough money. It passes through their hands every day, and at the year's end they are no better off. What's the reason? They want a dam. Their expenditures are increasing, and no practical good is attained. They want them dammed up, so that nothing will pass through their hands without bringing something back—without accomplishing some useful purpose. Dam up your expenses, and you will soon have occasion to spare a little, just like that dam. Look at it! my friend."—*Trenton Paper.*

OPINIONS OF AN EDITOR.—The gentleman who edits the *Kentucky Rifle*, having been taken to task by a lady correspondent as to what constituted his particular faith, thus puts forward his creed:—We believe that guano and lime mixed together will make splendid hartshorn. It is our opinion that a donkey's kick and editing a newspaper are two of the hardest things in creation. We believe that getting "tight" loosens the morals, but we shall always contend that it is cheaper in the long run to try the experiment with good whiskey than with a mean article. We believe that a man who can be kept awake six night in the week with the jumping toothache, and be "roused" by a squalling baby just after he has fallen into a doze on the seventh night, without getting mad or wondering why babies and toothache were invented, is a greater philosopher than Newton, and a greater hero than Leonidas and all his Spartans put together. We believe a man is not likely to be sick as often if he pays his physician by the year, as if he pays him by the visit. We believe that every well regulated family ought always to have one baby in it, just for the fun of the thing. It is our opinion that if a number of gentlemen are sitting to-

ther, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they will immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit. We believe they do so by way of complimentary condescension to female weakness."

A STORY OF TAPESTRY.

Poets compare human eyes to stars. It struck us that we preferred those real stars, shining through the wall, to certain glittering human eyes which a lady once saw shining from her wall. As the story goes, this poor lady, destined to a terrible fright, was sitting alone before the fire, opposite a mirror which rested on the mantel-piece, and taking off her jewelled necklace and bracelets before going to rest, when she looked up accidentally and saw in the mirror what must have made a tapestried room appear terrible to her as long as she lived, for it was in a room hung with tapestry that she was sitting—she saw shining eyes rolling in the head of the woven figures, a sight which, we, safe from all ambush of the kind, can never think of without a feeling of sympathetic dread. She knew that a thief was watching her, and there must be some accomplice in the house who had cut out the eyes of the figure to enable him to do so. She did not go into hysterics nor do anything else that was not to the purpose. She took no notice; sat awhile without looking into the mirror—no doubt with a dreadly horror of being approached from behind. She unfastened some part of her dress, yawned, put on a natural appearance of sleepiness, lighted her chamber candle, locked her jewel case, and—the only suspicious proceeding—left it on the table, walked steadily towards the eyes, the door being in that direction, quickly took the key from the lock, left the room, locked the door on the outside, and quietly went to seek help which she could better trust than that of her own servants.—*Dickens' Household Words.*

A STRONG DOSE.—Some Wadeyans had such an insatiable passion for smoking, that they could hardly cease from it a moment. One day their stock of tobacco being exhausted, and their means for obtaining more, as well, they resolved to ask their Sultan for a present of some. "Tobacco?" exclaimed he, "well, I'll give them some, and a strong dose too!" An earthen vat three yards high, was immediately ordered. Then holes answering to the number of applicants, were perforated around it, and in each hole a reed was inserted. Hot coals were laid in this vat, pipe, which was then filled with Virginia weed. The ten smokers were then commanded to sit around the vat, each to take a reed into his mouth, and to continue ceaselessly smoking until all the tobacco was consumed! It was only as each fell senseless that the Sultan allowed the lovers of tobacco to be carried away from this extraordinary smoking festival.

OLD MAIDS AND BACHELORS.—The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends say that after death, old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the East, running like lamp-lighters all night up and down a ladder.

AGONIZING ELOQUENCE.—"Twastwilight. The sun had sunk behind the Western hill, and the bright rays which streaked the eastern horizon had disappeared. A lovely female who had been but one short week a bride, and had been led to the Hymenial altar with lively anticipations of future felicity, sat in a secluded apartment with her husband. She slowly moved her sylph like form nearer to the partner of her bosom—raised her delicate hand, and—slapped his face with a dish cloth.

The editor of a western paper having lent his axe to one of his subscribers, the borrower unfortunately broke off the handle. On returning it the man said: "You can easily get it fixed." "Yes," replied the editor, "but it will cost at least a quarter of a dollar." "Well," rejoined the borrower, "if you ain't rather small for an editor, here's a quarter, but I'll thank you to stop my paper at once."

THEY'RE NOT MINE.

Somebody once told us a capital anecdote of Sheridan, which, never having been in print, we desire to preserve. It reads thus:

A certain wealthy nobleman invited the dramatist to visit him during the shooting season at his country-seat. Sheridan went: but being no sportsman, found it rather dull work. At length, finding himself one day left alone, he concluded to take a gun (and fixings) and try his luck. An attendant game-keeper proffered his services as attendant, which were peremptorily refused, determined that his want of skill should not be made the subject of remark in the servant's hall. The result of his tramp might be anticipated, and he found himself returning homeward without even a feather for a trophy, convinced of one of two things, to wit: either that the gun was a very poor one, or that he did not understand its use.

Crossing a field in the centre of which was a pond, around which had gathered a large flock of geese, ducks, hens, &c., he noticed the farmer leaning upon the fence, watching their gambols, and was seized with an irresistible desire to try his skill upon the feathered objects of his attention. Accordingly, he marched up to "Hodge," who seemed quite indifferent to his approach, and thus accosted him:

"My friend, what shall I give you for permission to discharge both barrels into the midst of that flock?"

"Well," said the north countryman, "well, ai dun know, art thou much iv er shot?"

"Much of a shot? Oh, (slightly embarrassed) midling, only midling."

"Well, how fur wilt thou stan' off?"

"How far? Oh, say about twenty yards."

"Well, ar shoold think thou might'st give I half guiny."

"Half a guinea? Pretty good price, however I'll do it."

Accordingly the ground was measured, Sheridan took his stand, and with deliberate aim, discharged both barrels, killing and wounding many more than even he had anticipated.

"Ha! ha!" he laughed, picking up the spoils, and approaching the old farmer, who seemed quite undisturbed by the result, "you didn't expect I should kill so many, did you?"

"Well, no! I can't say as I did, but still yer knaw, it's nothing to Iyer knaw, becoss they're not mine."

After the shock was over, the wit gave him an extra "half" for his shrewdness, and a five pound note for his solemn promise never to mention it, and treating the matter as unintentional he paid the owner, and returned home with a "new wrinkle."

YOU TOOK THE PENNY THOUGH.—The English Earl of—, of pompous notoriety, and parsimonious celebrity, superintended personally the produce of his dairy, and not unfrequently sold the milk to the village children with his own hands. One morning a pretty little girl presented her penny and her pitcher to his lordship for milk. Pleased with the appearance of the child, he patted her on the head and gave her a kiss. "Now," said he, "my pretty lass, you may tell as long as you live, that you have been kissed by an Earl."

"Ah!" replied the child, "you took the penny though!"

PRETTY GOOD.—"John," said a clergyman to his man, "you should become a tetotaler—you have been drinking again to-day."

"Do you never take a drop yourself, minister?"

"Ah, but John, you must look at your circumstances and mine."

"Very true, sir," says John, "but can you tell me how the streets of Jerusalem were kept so clean?"

"No John, I cannot tell you that."

"Well, sir, it was just because every one kept his own door clean."

A French officer quarrelling with a Swiss, reproached him with his country's vice of fighting on either side for money, "while we Frenchmen," said he, "fight for honor." "Yes, sir," replied the Swiss, "every one fights for that he most wants."

A YANKEE TRICK.

A Yankee travelling in the Southern States stopped at an inn for the night. He saw his horse well lodged in a barn, and then entered the house, where he found a party of Southern gentlemen assembled on their return from a horse race.

In the morning on preparing to mount his horse to pursue his journey, the Yankee found him too lame to proceed any further. In this dilemma, the Southerners met him in the yard, where they were preparing to mount some of their fine racers. Says one of the Southerners to the Yankee,

"My friend, we have heard much of Yankee wit and tricks; do show us a trick before you leave us."

The Yankee attempted to assure them that he was not witty, nor had he any tricks to exhibit, but in vain.

Whereupon he says, "Well gentlemen, if you insist upon it, I will show you a trick—Let any one of you start as he pleases, and I will bet you a five spot, that I will run and jump up behind."

"Done," said several of the Southerners at once.

One rider immediately set forward. He found no Yankee on the crupper behind him. He stopped to claim the bet; but then discovered that the Yankee had run after him, on his starting, for a few rods, and afterwards continued jumping up in the air; he was "jumping up behind."

It was decided that the Yankee had won the bet.

"Who could not do that?" cried the mortified Southerner, as he paid up.

"You can't," said the Yankee.

"I'll bet you my horse of that, my lad; here mount him—now start ahead."

The Yankee mounted the horse, and set forward at a steady pace. But just as the Southerner, after having run forward a few rods, was about to jump up behind, to his infinite chagrin he saw the Yankee face about, riding with his back to the horses head! The Southerner looked fire-brands and daggers—and continued to look, until the Yankee and his horse were out of sight. And he has never seen horse or Yankee since.

"How do you do, sare?" said a Frenchman to an English acquaintance.

"Rather poorly, thank you," answered the other.

"Nay, my dear sare," said the Frenchman, "don't thank me for your illness, I cannot help it."

House Surgeon.—Ah, by the way, there's Higgins' case there has been a slight mistake. It was the sound leg we cut off.

Visiting Surgeon.—It's of no consequence.—We can cure the other; so it comes to the same thing.

"Poppy, the corn's up."

"The corn up? Why I only planted it yesterday."

"I know that—but the hogs got in last night and gub it a lift you hadn't counted on."

An ark is now being built by a man out West in anticipation of the next flood—of tears shed by his wife when he refuses to take her to the opera. He thinks he can weather the awful storm.

There is a town in Ohio where the people have lived so long on pork that they begin to contract it's habits; whenever a neighbor dies, they lay him out like a hog with a corn-cob in his mouth.

A daguerreotypist in this place lately took the portrait of a lady in such an admirable manner, that her husband preferred it to the original.

THE END OF LIFE.—The end of man's life is glory; the end of woman's life is about two and thirty.—*Punch.*

Cold bathing, pure water, plain diet, a clean shirt, and a printer's receipt, are indispensable to health and happiness.