to-night I had a grand chance, for Mrs. Talkwell was here a full hour before ma came she asked:back. But don't say a word about it, and I'll' tell you what she said about Agnes! Hush! come a little nearer, or your brother Fred will | mother about this?" hear. And it must be true-though I don't think you know it-or Fred would have gone home with Agnes to-night, instead of Arthur Loring, whom I met with her just as I came in. What a flirt Agnes is getting to be! Only think! I saw 'Squire Grey go in there as I passed the house; and of course she expected I suspect Mrs. Talkwell half wished it was, him, and only came here to blind us, and poor Annie Warwick, to whom he has been so attentive."

"Why, Melissa, how you talk," said her listener, as the girl paused a moment to recover breath. "It must be all a mistake; for I don't believe that Esquire Grey and Annie Warwick have had any falling out, or that Agnes and Fred have ceased to be friends."

"Oh, it is true enough, I know," replied Melissa, "for Esquire Grey does visit Agnes Cutter; and I only wonder you havn't heard of it before, for nearly everybody in town knows it. But then, you have been sick for a week, and probably that is the reason."

"So I have," said Netty, thoughtfully, as she glanced back over the last week. "I do remember, now, that brother Fred has appeared strangely; though I was so much engrossed with my own ailments that I didn't notice him as much as usual."

"And, then, wasn't you with him at the lecture, a week ago Sunday evening-and Agnes wasn't?" asked Melissa.

"Yes, so I was; but supposed, as Agnes came with her cousin Ned, that it was an agreement between them," replied Netty.

"Well, you may depend upon it that your brother and Agnes have had trouble; and it's about Esquire Grey's going to see her ; for he don't visit Annie Warwick now, that's certain!" exclaimed Melissa, with emphasis.

Netty Armstrong stopped; a sudden thought flashed athwart her brain. The news her friend told her was singular and strange. It could not all be true; but that there was some trouble between her brother Fred and Agnes was certain, for now, as she thought of it, she did remember that he had appeared restless and troubled for a week past; and also that, through the illness to which she had been subject during that time, Agues had not been to see her.

Annie Warwick and Esquire Grey's friendship broken up, too! what could it mean? She glanced over to where Annie Warwick stood-a tall, slender girl, with blue eyes and a sweet face-and as she heard her break forth in laughter she fancied it was forced and unnatural, and the smile upon her face only worn for the occasion. She glanced around the well-filled room, and saw that Esquire Grey was not of the number. To be sure, he did not always attend the evening parties to which he was invited; but then he always appeared punctually to attend Annie home just before their breaking up; but if he was this evening spending his time with Agnes Cutter, and she had gone home to meet him, as Melissa Fellows said, then there was too much truth in what had just been told her. She turned to Melissa, and asked:

" What did Mrs. Talkwell say to you about

"Oh, she said that it was true that they had all broken friendship-your brother and Agnes, and Annie Warwick and Esquire Grey -and Agnes was keeping company with him, for she saw him there a fortnight since, and she came by the door, Agues came and called him to come in. Then Mr. Cutter and Esquire Grey have been very intimate of late. They have been seen talking together, and riding and walking, nearly every day since that time; and mother and Mrs. Talkwell called in to Mrs. Warwick's that night to see if Annic was up to Agnes' house with him, but she sat at home, innocent as could be that she was neglected. And Mrs. Talkwell told mother the next day, when she called down, that she thought Armie ought to know it, and said she had half a mind to run in and give her an inkling of it; and I expect she did, for when I went in a little while afterward I saw Annie's eyes were red, as if she'd been crying. And the next Sunday evening Mrs Talkwell told mother she was in there when Esquire Grey came for Annie to go to lecture, but that Annie declined his company, saying she had a bad headache; and so he went without her, as he was obliged to introduce the lecturer; and pretty soon Annie went to bed, and so she knew that she wouldn't see him again that night."

As Melissa Fellows had been talking, and her auditor's car was open to her, Netty's mind also had been busy thinking over the events of the past few weeks. She remembered clearly the ovening, about a fortnight since, when she and Kate Purdy had seen Esquire Grey go in Mr. Cutter's, and also recollected seeing the dog outside upon the piazza, though she didn't think further of it at the time. Then she recalled the circumstance that on her return home Mrs. Talkwell had been their guest-and of her mother's speaking of Agnes' call for the chess-board, and Mrs. Talkwell's aparent interest and question as to whom Agnes expected-and her own quick, thoughtless comment, that "she saw Esquire Grey go in as she came past."

It all flashed across her brain. She had the trail now from whence this matter had sprung

fire had been kindled. Turning to Melissa,

"Do you remember what evening it was that Mrs. Talkwell first called and told your

"Yes, perfectly, for it was the night of the very day that Mr. Grant went on to Washington; and you know it was thought then, by some, that he and his wife had had trouble and separated. But, as he came back the next week, it couldn't have been true; though she had so set her mind upon it's being so, and all from the fact that little Johnny Grant said to Robbie Talkwell that his father was going away off in the army to leave his mother, and you know he went to remove the body of her brother, who had fallen in battle a little while before. She said that night she had just come from your house, and you mentioned that you had seen Esquire Grey call in just as you came up street."

It was all plain to Netty Armstrong now ! She remembered her thoughtless reply to Mrs. Talkwell's inquisitive question. So here was the beginning of it all! She turned from Melissa, determined to set it right immediately. Crossing the room, she went up to her friend Kate Purdy.

"Kate, have you heard anything about this trouble between Annie Warwick and Esquire Grey, and Agnes Cutter and brother Fred? she asked.

"Not till to day," replied Kate, "and I wanted to ask you about it, but have been so busy that I couldn't find opportunity. What do you think of it? for of course you know about Fred and Agnes. I am surprised, for I thought they were more than friends," she added.

"Who told you of it?" questioned Hetty. "Fanny Green. She said that her mother heard it from Mrs. Graves."

"Stay here a bit, till-I come back!" said Netty, as she left her friend, and went over to where Lucy Graves stood with a host of others.

Drawing the young lady aside, Netty put the question--" Lucy do you know who told your mother about Annie Warwick and Esquire Grey's trouble-and also brother Fred's and Agnes Cutter's?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother and I were making a call upon Mrs. Buttler, and Mrs. Trewitt was there at the same time. She had just come from Mrs. Smith's, and heard it there. Is it really so?" asked Lucy, sympathizingly. "I am sorry if it is, for they all seemed to think so much of each other."

"Wait a few days, and say nothing, and you will perhaps learn the truth," replied Netty, as she left her, to still seek another, saying, "There's Nellis Smith! I want to s her a moment."

"Nellie," she said to that young lady a moment afterward, as she paused before her. "I suppose, of course, you have heard about the troubles between Esquire Grey and Annie Warwick, and Fred and Agnes?"

"Oh, yes! Mother had it right from Mrs. Talkwell, who saw him go in there with her own eyes!" exclaimed the young lady in lively, vivacious tones. "Isn't it horrid that they should do so? Oh, excuse me! I forgot your brother when I spoke!" she added. apologizing confusedly.

"Oh, no offence is taken, where none is intended," Netty answered, in a pleasant tone. "But I see that Kate Purdy is looking for me, so I must go!" And she returned to Kate, who, seeing her friend flitting here and there, his dog was outside upon the piazza, and, as had followed her with a puzzled look of interest, and now stood waiting her with expectant countenance.

"Well, Kate, I've found it all out-have traced the whole matter to our two individual sclves, as the prime movers in this affair: and then to Mrs. Talkwell, who, as avante courier of gossip, scattered the news throughout the whole community. She, with one or two others, has kindled the fire and kept it burning to this great blaze, till it threatened to make our lives unhappy for all the future !" exclaimed Notty. Then she related to her friend all she had gleaned from those she had questioned-referring to their evening walk from town, and their laughing remarks then, and her own thoughless words to Mrs. Talkwell afterwards. "To think, Kate, that all this should have sprung from the fact that Esquire Grey called there to see his client, Mr. Cutter-for I know it was that, as father said so at table that night, and I think I mentioned it to you then-and to think what an important part a poor little dumb animal may be made to act-for even Esquire Grey's dog has been made to sustain one of the principal characters in this story!" she added, laughingly.

A half an hour later, Fred Armstrong stood waiting for Annie Warwick to come from the talk." dressing-room, ready to accompany her home. His sister Netty came out first, and saw Esquire Grey waiting in the hall, for he also had come to attend Annie Warwick home. Then, as the latter came out, and was about to pass by her former lover and take Fred's arm. Netty stepped in between them saying, in a low voice to her brother, as she placed her hand upon his arm :-

"Fred, I want you to wait a few moments, there is something I wish to tell you!" She had caught Esquire Grey's tones, as he profered his arm to Annie, saying :-

"Annie, I have come for you, notwithstanding your coldness. Will you walk home

sends me away on some excuse or other; but | -she knew from what a little spark this great | with me, and tell me why it is you treat me thus ?"

The lady was about to reply, but Netty stopped her with—

"Please, Annie, come into the drawing-room moment; and Mr. Grey, too! Brother," she continued, as they all stepped back into the apartment. "Fred, will you please be so accommodating as to go over to Mr. Cutter's, and ask Agnes to come over here a few minutes with you? There is something very particular, which she must learn to-night."

"Netty Armstrong! are you beside yourelf, to ask me to do this?" exclaimed Fred Armstrong, excitedly. "I must positively decline going !"

"Fred, if you do not go, you will regret it all your life!" replied his sister in a very de-

cided tone. "You have wronged Agnes by false suspicions. Now let me set it right with you, and with two others who have also an interest in this explanation, which shall be given vhen Agnes comes."

The young gentleman looked at his sister a second in an astonishing way; then, without a word, went out to do her bidding.

Ten minutes later he returned with Agnes. Then Netty briefly explained all to ber attentive listeners-from the beginning until the present period of their troubles-and merry laughter rang out from Kate Purdy's parlor at her amusing recital of the story.

"We shall have to vote you an honorary member of the bar, in the future, Miss Armstrong!" said Esquire Grey, after they had talked the matter over for the second or third straight long, 'thout turnin' uv he head, time. "Your skill in tracing facts has been proved so successful, I have half a mind to wager you have taken lessons of a certain legal friend of yours and mine, now absent from town!"

Netty blushed a little, then she replied, saucily :—

"Well, you see that, in this instance, as sometimes is the case with you, the trouble to bake asheake, he gwine bust a piece out'n originated at home; for I have heard it said. Lot's wife, and 'stroy her; and what you think that the legal fraternity often adopt the ruse of setting their clients by the ear in order to done lef' her? And you read dat"bring peace again by their after advice. Now, Kate and I-upon that very eventful evening to "go to work" broke short the conversation. a fortnight or more since, when we saw you enter Mr. Cutter's house, and, very neglectfully, leave the poor dog outside to shiver in COMPOSITION UPON AN ELEPHANT. the cold-Kate and I very mirthfully conjured to each other the harm which might accure if some of our social neighbors had been favored just then with our eyes, and then, as you already know, after I arrived home, and found a certain visitor there, I chanced to mention your call. So that proves that Kate and I to its starting-point."

"And fortunate for us poor mortals that pohave, Netty!" said her brother Fred, "or otherwise—as Kate's medical advisor happens to be out of town just now-four broken hearts might have been laid at your doors, and no physician nigh to pour in healing balm."

"Oh, pray, don't prophesy such a fearful event!" cried Kate Purdy, smiling, "for 'All's well that ends well,' and—as Netty has already explained her share, in the mischiefnow let me and the concluding of true, which is this: As long as you all remain the favoreresidents of Oldtown, never crodit what 'they say, but always prove the truth of all things for yourselves; for we have seen a good illustration of the very wise proverb- Beheld how great a matter a little fire kindleth."

LOT AND HIS WIFE: A NEW VERSION.

As I approached a pend, a few days ago, where some negroes were cutting ice, I chanced to hear the cenclusion of a conversation between two of the hands on the subject of religion.

"What you know boat 'ligion? You don't

know nothin' 'tall 'bout 'ligion." "I know heap bout 'ligion; ain't I bin done read de Bible ?'

"What you read in de Bible? I lay you carn't tell me nuthin' what you read in de Bible."

"But I kin, dough (though). I read 'bout Morro."

"What sort o' Morro-to-morrow?"

"No, Go-Morro."

"Well, whar he go, and what he go fur?" "Shoh, man! He didn't go nowhar, coz he was a town "

"Dar! didn't I tell you you didn' know nuthin' 'bout nuthin'? You read de Bible Hoccum (how come) de town name 'Morro, and how de town gwine go anywar? Town ain't got no legs."

"Man, you's a born feel, sho'. De town named Go-Morro; but dey cal it 'Morro, coz dey didn' have no time to stay dar talkin' long held her over the black drawings on the floor.

"Ef dey stay dar to-day, why carn't dey

stay dar to-morrow? 'Splain me dat." "But dey all gone, and de town too. All done bu'n up."

"Ef dere ain't no pepul, and dere ain't no town, how de town name 'Morro? Glong! Didn' I know you didn' know nuthin' 'tall he said, speaking of the drawings on the floor. 'bout 'ligion? But" (sarcastically) "tole me some mo' what you read in de Bible."

"Well, 'Morro was a big town-'bout mighty nigh's big as Washin'ton City. And de pepul dat live dar was de meanes' pepul in de whole worl'. Dey was dat mean dat de Lord he call it Spinning Jenny?" couldn' abear 'em, and he make up his min' dat he giwne bu'n de town clean up. But dar threads, instead of one as by hand spinning.

was one good man dar--member uv de church, a p'sidn' elder-name Lot."

" Yaas, I know'd him."

"Whar you know'd him?"

and dror'd it hisse'f."

de Lord he came to Lot and he say, 'Lot, I England. gwine bu'n dis town. You and you wife git up and gether your little alls, and put out fo de crack o' day coz I cert'n'y gwine bu'n dis town and de pepui to-morrow.' Pen Lot he and be wife riz, and snatched up their little alls, and traveled soon in de mornin'. And the Lord he tale two light'ad (lightwood) knots and some shavin's, and he set fire to day ar town uv Morro, and he but it spang up, clear down to do groun"."

"What 'came o' Lot?"

"He and he wife, dey went, and dey went, and dey went, pres'n'ly he wife say, 'Lor! of I ain't gone and lef' de meal-sifter and de rollin'-pin. I wisht I may die!' And she turn roun' to go fetch 'em, and she turn roun', and-and-she dar now!"

"What she doin' dar?"

"Nuthin'."

"Must be mon'sus lazy 'ooman."

"No, she ain't. De Lord he tu'n her to pillow uv salt, coz she too 'quisitive."

"Dar! ev'rybody know bout sack o' salt; who ever heard bout pillow uv salt? But what 'come o' Lot?"

"Lot, he weren't keerin' muthin' 'tall 'bout no rollin'-pin and no meal-sifter; so he kep' neither to the right, neither to the lef'."

"And lef' de ole jooman dar?"

"Yaas."

"In de middle of de road?" " Yans."

"Must keer'd mighty little for her-want to get married to seck'n wife, I pec'. But de fus' man come long, and want to git some salt o' dat? Call dat ligion? And de ole man

Here a peremptory order from the foreman -Linnincott's Magazine.

He is bigger than any horse I ever saw except fact in American history that four million a young man with a mustache and his first boy. | slaves should have been set free before our Ged. He is dun color when finished and runs | million men in arms, and a quarter of a million to extremes, having two tails, which don't lives. Here is a woman who so trained the resemble him to a goat. His kittens are very character of an Eastern prince, during her six misunderstanding, which I have traced back large. If I had one of them into my hand years of duty as his governess, that he has it would be more as two birds in a bush. The now, on coming to the throne, ordered the elections is a retireble. I don't he or what for, a changing on, not of four, but of fifteen milcontain't have done it. The has fur and his drop of blood. What other woman living can front tail is double barrelled, like an open- show a record like this? glass into its pint end. This is handy to look around with when he most always goes to a menageric when he is there. He lives on hay, and around a good deal of it with some one. We to the aut and learn wisdom, for the elephant carries two teach-plaks under his eye | coming a colobrated African traveller, which or the entside of his trunk, which he takes when he goes on a tinin with some tobacco in western coast of Africa, somewhat less than a his other eye. The elephant is a large thing thousand miles above the Cape, is a large and I saw one in Whode Island as what had to go | ancient city, San Paolode Loando. It is the to India to be horn. In it is bigger than part | metropolis of Angola, a Portuguese province, of Rhade Island. The elephant carries a great and prior to the discovery of Brazil it was rewait, he is so slow. One elephant will eat sorted to by the noble adventurers of Portugal, more clover than two geose. George Washington cut a tree in two with a hatchet. A clephant | savages, and who searched the mountains dilican't sing so well as he can play the iveries. | gently for red gold. Latterly the province This is a joke. The elephant is not a joke. He weighs more than the President of all these United States. I don't want any of him in mine, he has such a reach. Some old elephants are very old. When they die it is with a quick consumption. How much would a good elephant bring? Aunt Babbles has got a new bustle. It's a newspaper on a string, and it's got a picture of a elephant onto it. I'm goin' to see it .- Thomas Shine.

THE IDEA OF THE SPINNING-JENNY.

Suddenly he (James Hargreaves) dropped upon his knees, and rolled on the stone floor at full length. He lay with his face towards the floor, and made lines and circles with the end of a burnt stick. He rose and went to the fire to burn his stick. Then he sat upon a chair and placed his head between his hands, elbows on his knews, and gazed intently on the floor. Then he sprang to his feet, and replied to some feeble question of his wife (who had not risen since the day she gave birth to a little stranger) by a loud assurance that he "had it"; and, taking her in his sturdy arms in the blankets, the baby in her arms, he lifted her out and These he explained, and she joined a small, hopeful, happy laugh with his high-toned assurance that she should never again toil at the spinning-wheel; that he should never again 'play," and have his loom standing for want

"Our fortune is made when that is made," "What will you call it?" asked his wife.

"Call it? What an we call it after thysen, Jenny? They called thee 'Spinning Jenny' afore I had thee, because thou best every lass in Stanehill Moor at the wheel. What if we

The spinning-jenny could spin twelve

The populace broke the machine to pieces, and poor Hargreaves' heart at the same time. Richard Arkwright, a common barber, caught the idea of Hargreaves, improved upon "On de cannell (canal). He owned a batto, it, realized a fortune of half a million sterling, and became Sir Richard Arkwright, whose "Heist, man! I talkin' sense, now. Den son, in 1842, died the richest commoner in

## A CITY OF AMAZONS.

Mrs. Leonowens, who has seen much of life in the East Indies, both as the wife of a British officer, and governess at the court of Siam. an inveresting insight into which latter has been given in "The English Governess at the Siamese Court," published some time ago by Osgood & Co., gives a very interesting description of a city of Amazons in a lecture she delivers on the subject. She says that the central part of the capital city of Bangkok, in Siam, is devoted exclusively to the residence of some nine thousand women, among whom no man but the king may enter. The inhabitants of this inner city are the thousand women of the harem, and some eight thousand more, who are soldiers, artificers, and slaves. This little world is ruled by women as magistrates, who administer the laws of the kingdom. There is no appeal from their decisions. Prisoners are arrested by sheriffs of their own sex. If it is necessary to chain them it is done by blacksmiths of their own sex. If a disturbance arises it is suppressed by a force of five hundred Amazons trained from infancy to the use of sword and spear. Meanwhile the slave women carry on a variety of manufactures, or go outside the walls to till the fields. The women of higher birth are "scaled" to the king ; the slave women may marry, but their husbands dwell outside the walls. The children, if boys, are banished from the city of women at six years old; only the girls remain. All the Oriental distinctions of rank are scrupulously observed within this strange realm, except that the magistrates are chosen for personal character and wisdom. Mrs. Leonowens speaks with great reverence of the woman who was chief justice when she lived in Bangkok, and tells some remarkable anecdotes of the courage with which she enforced justice against offenders far superior to-herself in social rank. T. W. Higginson, in the Woman's I never owned a whole elephant, could you? Journal, says that we think it the greatest The elephant is a noble animal, the workest of leyes. To free them cost a five years' war, two The deschants had count mick were a had year of it was filtered without a Coy's fighting or a

## ACROSS AFRICA.

A rather curious story is related conmay have special interest just now. On the who performed wondrous exploits against the pened one day, in the spring of 1854, that her Britannic Majesty's consul for Loanda, Mr. Gabriel, on returning home from a walk found a short, swarthy man pacing up and down his piazza, apparently in an anxious frame of mind. He was dressed in an old pea-jacket, and was not particularly clean. The "distressed British sailor" is a phenomenon not entirely unknown to consuls, and this appeared a most transparent case. Mr. Gabriel inquired his business.

"Well, I have just come up from the Cape of Good Hope," said the stranger.

Mr. Gabriel looked puzzled, perhaps a little incredulous.

"I was not aware," said he, "that any vessel from the Cape had come into port to-day. "No," said the other dryly, "I came by land."

At these words, as when the magic charm it pronounced in the fairy tales, the dirty rags fell off, and disclosed, not a beautiful princess, but the famous Dr. Livingstone, rumors of whom, sometimes ominous and always vague, had occasionally floated to San Paolo de Loanda.

Mr. Gabriel maintained him and his twentyseven Makololo for seven months; after which the Doctor started from Loanda, and performed the unparalleled feat of crossing the continent of Africa from the western to the eastern

Worldly Success.—There is a glare about worldly success which is apt to dazzle men's eyes. When we see a man rising in the world, a foolishly high opinion is formed of his merits. It is said: "What a wonderful man this must be to rise so rapidly !" forgetting that dust, and straw, and feathers, thin with neither weight nor value in them, r the soonest and the easiest. It is not alway the good and great man who rises rapidly wealth and notice.