

On hearing these awful words, of which up to that moment their writer had never felt in the least ashamed, Ward declares that his feelings may be more easily imagined than described. He was forced to admit further that the Mormons might not be quite such "unprincipled retches" as he had described, and he parted at last with the mild and conciliatory Elder pleasantly enough, instead of having his swan-like throat cut.

Coals of fire were soon to be heaped on his devoted head.

Worn out with the excitement and fatigue of many days and nights of travel, he was struck down with fever. "The thievish and unprincipled retches" by whom he was surrounded now vied with each other to do him service; they nursed him patiently, treated him with the utmost kindness, procured him every comfort, and Brigham Young sent him his own doctor.

"The ladies," he says, "were most kind. I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill, I was fearfully wasted, and on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much married as her husband, he had fifteen wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird do not fly away!' I told her I would not. She played the accordion divinely; accordingly I praised her."

Of course Artemus could not exactly eat his own words or recant his deeply-rooted opinions, of which he was quite as tenacious as some other men, but he pays a warm tribute to the friendly courtesy of Brigham, adding: "If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up."

The moment at last arrives for him to face a Mormon audience and speak his piece. They place the theatre at his disposal, and "I appear," he says "before a Salt Lake of upturned faces." He is listened to by a crowded and kindly audience. Whether it was the "Babes" or "Africa" we know not, but he mentions that some odd money was taken at the door. The Mormons, it appeared, paid at the door in specie, and that of all kinds, such as 5 lbs. of honey, a urkin of butter, a wolf's skin; one man tried to pass a little dog, a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit; another a German-silver coffin plate—"both," he adds, "were very properly declined by my agent."

Artemus had a great longing to come to London and give his lecture at the Egyptian Hall. That longing was destined to be gratified; but it was to be his last. He thought "The Mormons" would do very well, and it did. He knew his lungs were affected, and he knew he must die; but he did not quite know how soon.

He came here in 1867. He was soon unable to continue his entertainments. "In the fight between youth and death," writes his friend Robertson, "death was to conquer." His doctor sent him to Jersey; but the sea-breezes did him no good. He wrote, genial and sympathetic to the end, that "his loneliness weighed on him." He tried to get back to town, but only got as far as Southampton; there many friends went down from London to see the last of him—two at a time. Hingston never left him, and the Consul of the United States was full of the kindest attentions. A wealthy American had offered the Prince of Wales a handsome American-built yacht. "It seems, old fellow," said Artemus, as he made his last joke to Hingston, who sat by him—"it seems the fashion for every one to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him my panorama." His cheerfulness seldom left him, except when he thought of his old mother, and then he would grow terribly sad. But the end was at hand. "Charles Browne," writes his friend Robertson in modest but feeling terms, "died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

"The first step toward wealth" says an exchange, "is the choice of a good wife." "And the first step toward securing a good wife is the possession of wealth," says another. Here we have one of those good rules which works well both ways

SELECTED.

"Sipping only what is sweet;
Laving the chaff and take the wheat."

Good-Night.

"Good-night!" The little lips touch ours,
The little arms enfold us.
And, O, that thus through coming years
They might forever hold us!

"Good-night!" we answer back and smile;
And kiss the drooping eyes;
But in our trembling hearts the while
The wistful queries rise—

Who, in the weary years to come,
When we are hid from sight,
Will clasp these little hands and kiss
These little lips "Good-night?"

Jefferson's Saw-Mill.

The following story is told of President Jefferson: Jefferson was a good man, but he was far from practical in some things. When he was in France he was very much struck with the utility of wind-mills. He thought they were wonderful institutions, and cost so little to run. He owned a large quantity of timber on a mountain much higher than Monticello, about a mile off. He purchased in France a wind-mill at the cost of \$13,000, and had it taken to the top of the mountain. He had for a neighbor a bluff old fellow named Cole. One day Cole came to see him, and Jefferson took him up to where he was having the mill built. It was as much as they could do to climb the steep ascent. When Cole recovered the breath he had lost getting up the mountain, he said: "Mr. Jefferson, you have a splendid saw-mill, and it is in a splendid place to catch the wind, but how are you going to get the logs up here to saw from?" The author of the "Declaration of Independence" started like a man suddenly awakened from a delightful dream, and quickly said: "Hey, Cole, how! What?" And then, relapsing into abstraction, led the way down the mountain toward Monticello. The wind-mill was never completed, and years after the machinery was sold for old iron.

A Great City's Wants.

Among the advertisements in a New York paper is one for "first-class waist hands." This is a fine opportunity for some young men to embrace. Another advertisement reads, "Wanted, a boy to feed and kick at West Twenty-First street. Wages, \$1." "A third-hand baker" is also wanted. This must call for the man who was hurrying down street swinging his two hands, and it was plain to everybody that he had also got a little behind hand—making a third hand. Still another advertisement calls for "A stout young man to be generally useful about an ice cream saloon." The most generally useful young man in an ice cream saloon is the one who brings in the girls there, early and often, but it is hard to understand why he should need to be stout.

Charity for the Fallen.

In a recent sermon Dr. Talmage took for his text "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." Said he:—In the greatest sermon ever preached—a sermon about fifteen minutes long, according to the ordinary rate of speech, a sermon on the Mount of Olives—the people were made to understand that the same yard-stick they employed would be employed upon themselves. Measure others by a harsh rule and you will be measured by a harsh rule. Measure by a charitable rule and you will be measured by a charitable rule. There is a great deal of unfairness in the criticism of human conduct. Do not sit with your lip curled in scorn and, with an assumed air of innocence, look down upon moral precipitation. You had better get down on your knees and pray almighty God for rescue, and next thank him that you have not been thrown under the wheels of that Jugger-naut.

In our estimate of the misdoing of people who have fallen from high respectability and usefulness we must take into