

Changing a Five Hundred Dollar Bill.

Almost every one is aware of the fallacy of always trusting to outward appearances. Looks are deceitful, as all of us find, sooner or later, by bitter experience.

We recollect an incident which occurred a few years since, which illustrates the folly of trusting to appearances, and which will be remembered by many who are well acquainted with one of the parties, a wealthy cattle broker of Framingham, Mass.

It chanced that the broker—who is universally known by the cognomen of Uncle 'Vanus—was sitting in the hotel office at Framingham with a friend, playing a game of checkers, when a fashionably dressed young man stepped up to the bar, called for a cigar, and after having lighted it, said with an air of arrogance to the bar keeper:—

"You will have to trust me for this cigar as I have no change; unless," he added, somewhat bombastically, "some of you can change a five hundred dollar bill."

"Well," said Uncle 'Vanus, slowly looking up from his checker board, "perhaps I can change a bill for the young man if he wants to pay for his cigar."

"You!" said the young man, somewhat sneeringly, as he glanced at the plainly dressed old man, and then, with a wink to call attention to the capital joke he was about to perpetrate, he continued,—"You change it! Well, since you are so kind, perhaps you will change me a couple of them," said he, slapping down two notes of five hundred each upon the table, with considerable emphasis.

"Don't joggle the checker-board," said Uncle 'Vanus slowly, as he replaced three or four pieces that had been jostled from their squares by the young man's emphatic action; then drawing a huge roll from the pocket of his well-worn pantaloons he carefully counted out, in notes of all sizes, colors and denominations, the required amount, handed them over to the young man and pocketed the two clean Boston bank notes of five hundred dollars each that lay before him, saying, "Perhaps you would like two more of them changed?"

The young man, with an air of bravado, thinking he had stumbled on some drover who happened to have only one thousand dollars in his pocket, crammed the heap of bills the old gentleman had passed to him into one pocket, and drew forth two other five hundred dollar notes from another, with a glance of triumph to bystanders, who began to gather around, and banging them down upon the table said, "Perhaps I do; won't you change them, old buster?"

"Don't joggle the checkers," said the old man, as the draughts danced again upon their squares, and plunging his hand into the other pantaloons pocket he fished up another apparently promiscuous heap of bank notes, which he smothered out, and rapidly counted the required amount which about used up the supply and then pushed them over to the young man, pocketing in return the two large notes.

The tide was evidently against the young braggadocio, and he felt it in the half-suppressed laughter that was elicited from the lookers on. A bold coup was necessary to regain the ground he had lost, and he at once decided upon it. "Perhaps, my old cock, you think that's all the money I've got, and perhaps you may have the rags about you for these two beauties," said he as he flung two one thousand dollar notes upon the table, before the old man.

"Pretty well crowded, my Bantam," said the latter, as he keenly scrutinized the notes. "Ef you keep on through life as you 'pear to have begun it, perhaps you may have rags about you that you won't get rid of so easily." Then plunging his hand into a capacious pocket somewhere under his left arm he drew forth a huge, plethoric calfskin wallet, in which he deposited two one thousand dollar notes, and from which he handed the amount in others of smaller denominations, saying, as he did so—"Ef you would like a few more of those changed, just hand 'em out, for the game is waiting."

The young gentleman evidently felt that the game was waiting, and it began to be apparent to him who was the game; so he hastily gathered up the money and prepared to leave, when he was stopped by Uncle 'Vanus, who said—

"Ef you have got small bills enough, my friends, perhaps you had better pay for that cigar. Any broker in Boston will give you Boston bills for the pile you've got in your pockets for a small commission, and," he continued with a grin, "you had better step into the city and take up the note you were sent to pay, instead of swapping your money round here among cattle drovers."

The young man threw down a dollar on the counter, and vanished amid a shout of laughter from those who had witnessed this scene, while Uncle 'Vanus quietly settled himself in his seat, and went on with the interrupted game of checkers.—[Commercial Bulletin.

UPRIGHTNESS.—The poet of antiquity, Ovid, points out with great beauty the fact, that God gave to man the countenance to be raised to heaven: "Os homini subline detit;" that is that man's thoughts, as well as his countenance, when he attains the true dignity of a man, should be erect; that he should look upwards. Great is the benefit to his breathing when he thus looks upwards. It allows the free expansion of his chest, and, by consequence, the full distention of his lungs, thus allowing the free circulation of the blood through the vessels of the lungs, and thus admitting the proper change in the blood being effected by this unrestrained circulation.

The Necessity of Labor.

The notion is false that genius can secure its aims without labor. All the great minds who have left their marks upon the history of the world's progress, have paid for their success and notoriety by the price of unremitting toil and labor.

Napoleon Bonaparte worked hard and incessantly, and has been known to exhaust the energies of several secretaries at one time.

Charles XII of Sweden frequently tired out all his officers.

The Duke of Wellington was the hardest working man in the Peninsula; his energies never flagged.

Milton, from his youth, applied himself with such indefatigable application to the study of letters that it occasioned weakness of sight and ultimate blindness.

The labor of Sir Walter Scott is evident in the number of his literary productions, and it is apparent to every reader that the immense masses of general information which abound throughout his multitudinous works can only have been acquired by dint of many years' hard study.

Byron was in the habit of reading even at his meals.

Luther made it a rule to translate a verse of the Bible every day. This soon brought him to the completion of his labors, and it was a matter of astonishment to Europe, that in the multiplicity of his other labors, besides traveling, he could find the time to prepare such a surprising work.

Newton and Locke pursued their studies with tireless efforts, and Pope sought retirement so that he might pursue his literary operations without interruption and distraction.

Industry is essential to all; by forming the habit of doing something useful every day, a man increases his own amount of happiness and enlarges that of others about him.

Many a one, by a judicious use of the odd moments, those little vacancies in every day life which occur to all, have rendered themselves famous among their fellows.

Nature is preserved in its proper working condition by constant exertion, and man, to keep a healthful condition of mind and body, must exert his mental and physical faculties; the constant employment of the first will give the strength of character, so that it is capable of thinking on any subject at any time, and by active bodily exertion he preserves his health, fortune, and worldly position.

The Marquis of Spinola once asked Sir Horace Vere "of what his brother died." "He died, sir," replied Sir Horace, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.—While the telescope enables us to see a system in every star, the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom.

The one instructs us that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand in the vast field of immensity; the other, that every atom may harbor the tribes and families of a busy population.

The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all its insignificance, for it tells us that in the leaves of every forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament.

The one suggests to us that, above and beyond all that is visible to man, there may be regions of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man is able to explore, there may be a world of invisible beings; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious veil which shrouds it from our feeble senses, we might behold a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy can unfold—a universe within the compass of a point, so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the Almighty Ruler of all things finds room for the exercise of his attributes, where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with evidences of his glory.—[Dr. Chalmers.

A GOOD HOUSEWIFE.—A good housewife is one of the first blessings in the economy of life. Men put a great value upon the housewife qualifications of their partners, after marriage, however little they may weigh with them before; and there is nothing which tends more to mar the felicities of married life, than a recklessness or want of knowledge, in the new housekeeper, of the duties which belong to her station. We admire beauty, and order, and system, in everything, and we admire good fare. If these are found in their dwelling, and are seasoned with good nature and good sense, men will seek for their chief enjoyments at home, they will love their home and their partners, and strive to reciprocate the kind offices of duty and affection. Mothers that study the welfare of their daughters, will not fail to instruct them in the qualifications of married life; and daughters that appreciate the value of these qualifications, will not fail to acquire them.

So long as men are imprudent in their diet and their business, doctors and lawyers will ride in carriages.

Oliver Goldsmith once remarked, that true merit consisted, not in a man's never failing, but in rising as often as he falls.

An Adventure on the Cars.

There were five of us, yes, as happy fellows as ever were let loose from College. It was vacation, and we concluded to make a trip to the Falls. We got aboard the cars at N—, and were soon traveling very rapidly towards our destination.

We had just seated ourselves and prepared for a comfortable smoke, when in came the conductor, and who should it be but our old friend B—. After the common salutations—"how are you, old fellow," etc., had passed, Fred said he had some business for us to attend to.

"Out with it, old chum," said we; "anything at all will be acceptable, so let us have it."

"Well, boys," said Fred, in a very confidential tone, "in that next car, there is as lovin' a pair as it was ever my lot to see. They are going down to H—to get married, and now if you can have any fun over it, just pitch in.—They must be cared for, and I don't know who can do it better than you."

In a moment, Fred was gone and we set our heads together, to form some plan for taking care of the lovers.

"I have it, boys," said Bill Severs; "we must make that girl think her lover is a married—"

"That's it, Bill—that's it," said we, not giving him time to finish the sentence.

"That's the game, boys, now let us play it out."

It devolved upon me to commence operations. Accordingly, I entered the car in which we were informed the lovers were. The girl thinking, I suppose, that she must give her lover all the seat, had taken a seat on his knee; and he for the purpose of protecting her, of course had thrown his arm around her waist; and so they sat, in real soft lover's style.

All this I gathered at a glance. Stepping up to them, I said:

"Why, Jones, what in the deuce are you doing with this girl?"

The girl arose hastily and seated herself on the seat.

"See here, stranger," said the fellow, "you are a mite mistaken; my name ain't Jones."

"Why, Jones," said I, "you certainly have not left your wife and children, and tried to palm yourself off for a single man, have you?"

"I tell you my name ain't Jones; it's Harper. It never was Jones; 'tain't going to be nuther."

I merely shook my head, and passed on to another seat to see the rest of the fun. The girl looked "wild" after I sat down; but Jones alias Harper, soon convinced her that I was mistaken.

"Why, Jones, you here?" said one of my party. "How did you leave your wife and babies?"

"Now, see here, stranger, you ain't the fust man that's called me Jones to-day, an' I reckon I must look artfully like him; but I ain't Jones, and, mo'n that, you musn't call me Jones. I hain't got a wife nor babies either, but this ere gal an' me is goin' to splice, and I wouldn't wonder but what in the course of time you might talk about the babies, too; but you musn't call me Jones!"

This retort brought forth vociferous laughter from the spectators, and brought blushes to the face of "the gal that was going to be spliced."

"Ah, Jones," said Gregg, "you will regret this in future. I pity your wife and children, and this poor girl."

"So, Mr. Harper, your real name is Jones, is it; and you have been foolin' me, have you? Well, we ain't spliced yet, and I don't think we will be soon," said the girl, and her eyes fairly flashed fire.

"Jane, Jane," said Harper, "don't you know I'm Bill Harper? That ain't a drop of Jones blood in me, an' I'll prove it to you."

At this moment, Jeff Jackson, Bill Stevers, and Jim Beyers entered, and of course their attention was called to Harper by his loud talking. They stepped up to him and said:—

"Why, Jones, what is all this fuss about?"

This was more than Harper could stand; he leaped upon a seat:

"Now," said he, "my name ain't Jones, and I can lick the feller that says it is."

By this time we got to H—and our friend Fred came into the car and made Harper keep quiet. The girl that wouldn't be "spliced" requested Fred to help her on the train going back to N—, which he did, and the notorious Jones, alias Harper, followed her. We learned afterwards, that he proved himself Bill Harper, instead of Bill Jones, and he and his gal, Jane, 'got spliced.'

THE YIELD OF GOLD.—According to official documents analysed by the *Journal des Debats*, the value of the gold exported from California from 1848, when the gold mines began to be worked, up to the end of 1859, was 2,660,000,000f.; and that from Australia from 1851-2, when the working of the mines commenced, up to the end of the same year, was 2,332,000,000f.;—total 4,992,000,000f.—As, however, a considerable quantity of gold which is not officially registered was sent from both countries the probability is, says the *Debats*, that the value of the total export was about 6,500,000,000 francs. To that must be added about 1,500,000,000 francs for the production during the same period of Siberia, Chili, British Columbia and the Western coast of Africa. As previously to 1848, there was in circulation about 14,000,000,000f. worth of gold, the present amount is 22,000,000,000f., and the weight is about 7,333 tons.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally coined it.

Something about Burning Mountains.

Geological theorists assert that the inequalities on the earth's surface arise from upliftings by volcanoes, earthquakes, etc., and to these they ascribe the inclination of strata, etc. But the minute seams in sand stone formation indicate that the whole is the effect of depositions and precipitations, while in the submersions by the sea, and the advance and retreat during perihelion periods, we have the aqueous agency required for the precipitation.

About two hundred active volcanoes are recorded, of which eighty-nine are in islands. Submarine volcanoes often throw up islands. The Azores, the Lipari, the Canaries, etc., are examples.

The ashes from volcanoes often produce total darkness from thirty to fifty miles around, and three hundred miles distant. Pieces of rock are ejected with the force of a cannon ball. Cotopaxi once threw a piece of one hundred cubic yards eight miles. Fish ejected from volcanoes are those of neighboring waters.

Lava is a stony substance like basalt, and may sometimes be seen at the bottom of a crater red hot like melted metal, bubbling as a fountain. When it overflows, the crater is very fluid. At Vesuvius, a red hot current of it was from eight to ten yards deep, two hundred or three hundred yards broad, and nearly a mile long. In Mexico, a plain was filled up by it into a mountain one thousand six hundred feet high, by an eruption in 1759. Its heat was so great that it continued to smoke for twenty years afterward, and a piece of wood took fire in lava three years and a half after it had been ejected at five miles from the crater. Stones of immense size rise to the height of seven thousand feet, and others darkening the air, fall one hundred miles distant.

Thirty-one great eruptions of *Ætna* have occurred within the records of history. In an eruption in the year 1693, the city of Catania was overturned in a moment, and eighteen thousand people perished in the ruins. The crater of *Ætna* is a quarter of a mile high on a plain three miles across. It falls in about every one hundred years. The mouth is a mile in diameter, and shelves as an inverted cone, lined with salts and sulphur. The central fiery gulf varies in size, and noises arise from it with volumes of smoke. D'Orville descended by ropes near the gulf, but was annoyed by flame and sulphurous effluvia. Pompeii was destroyed by showers of ashes, but Herculaneum by hot mud, over which six streams of lava have since accumulated. They had recently been destroyed by an earthquake, and were rebuilding. In the barracks of Pompeii were found the skeletons of two soldiers fastened by chains; and in the vaults of a country house was a perfect cast of a woman with a child in her arms.

Separating the Sheep from the Goats.

Some time ago, there resided in a part of New York, but a short distance up the Hudson, an individual who was a noted wag, and who had an irreclaimable habit of stuttering; in fact, he was generally known through the country as "Stuttering Sam." This genius, who had a great penchant for jokes and, withal, a hankering after good old whiskey, seldom passed a day without playing some of his tricks. On one occasion, he was assisting a drover who had charge of a large flock of sheep. It was on a Sunday afternoon, in summer when they had occasion to pass by a country meeting house, whose doors were thrown open on account of the heat, that one of the sheep (as sheep will sometimes do) ran into the church. The drover, not wishing to enter in the then dilapidated state of his apparel, made up his mind to send Sam; so, calling him, he said:

"Sam, will you go in there and get out that sheep?"

"W-w-what'll you g-g-give me if I'd do?" said Sam.

"A quart of prime old rye," answered the drover.

"I-I'll d-do it," said Sam, and he entered the meeting-house. The sheep, seeing him following, ran up one of the aisles till he reached the pulpit, when he was soon caught by Sam, who, seizing him by the horns, began to try to get him out.

"What are you doing there?" cried the minister, roused at length from his "brilliant sixteenthly," by the noise.

Sam looked over his shoulder, with a comical expression in his grey eyes, as he answered. "Oh, nothing. I'm o-only s-sep-par-ating the s-sheep f-from the g-goats."

Notwithstanding the time and place, but few present could refrain from indulging in a "snicker," and Sam proceeded in triumph with his sheep to the drover, who, it is needless to add, 'forked over' the necessary beverage.

FOR MEN AND DOGS.—At Dieppe, in France, a famous bathing place, there is a police established, whose duty it is to rescue persons from danger. The following notice was recently issued to them: "The bathing police is requested, when a lady is in danger of 'drowning,' to seize her by the dress and not by the hair, which oftentimes remains in their grasp. Newfoundland dogs will also govern themselves accordingly!"

NOBLE CONSISTENCY.—When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his handwriting—he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, he gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."