

Time is Gold--A Queer Business Scene.

The following scene, taken from a new work entitled "Never Too Late to mend," is scarcely excelled by anything from the pen of Dickens:—

Meadows found Mr. Clinton at Peel's.

"Mr. Clinton, I want a man of intelligence to be at my service for twenty-four hours. I give you the first offer, Sir."

Mr. Clinton replied that really he had so many irons in the fire, that twenty-four hours—

Meadows put a fifty pound note on the table.

"Will all your irons iron you out fifty pounds as flat as that?"

"Why, hem?"

"No, nor five. Come, Sir, sharp is the word. Can you be my servant for twenty-four hours for fifty pounds? yes or no?"

"Why, this is dramatic—yes!"

"It is half-past two. Between this and four o'clock I must buy a few hundred acres in Australia a fair bargain?"

"Humph! Well, that can be done. I know an old fellow that has land in every part of the globe."

"Take me to him."

In ten minutes they were in one of those dingy narrow alleys in the city of London that look the abode of decent poverty, and they could afford to buy Grosvenor Square for their stables; and Mr. Clinton introduced his friend to a bearded merchant in a large room papered with maps; the windows were incrustated, mustard and cress might have been grown from them. Beauty in clean linen collar and wristbands would have shone here with intolerable lustre; but the bearded merchant did not come out bright by contrast; he had taken the local color. You could see him and that was all, like a partridge in a furrow; a snuff-colored man; coat rusty all but the collar, and that greasy; poor as its color was, his linen had thought it worth emulating; blackish nails, cotton wipe, little bald place on his head, but didn't shine for the same reason the windows didn't. Mr. Clinton approached this "dirty money," this rusty coin, in the spirit of flunkeyism.

"Sir," said he in a low reverential tone, "this party is disposed to purchase a few hundred acres in the colonies."

Mr. Rich looked up from his desk and pointed with a sweep of his pen to the walls.

"There are the maps: the red crosses are my land. They are numbered. Refer to the margin of map and you will find the acres and the latitude and longitude calculated to a fraction. When you have settled in what part of the world you buy, come to me again; time is gold."

And the bearded merchant wrote, and sealed, and filed, and took no notice of his customers. They found red crosses in several of the United States, in Canada, in Borneo, in nearly all the colonies, and as luck would have it, they found one small cross within thirty miles of Bathurst, and the margin described it as five hundred acres. Mr. Meadows stepped toward the desk.

"I have found a small property near Bathurst."

"Bathurst! where is that?"

"In Australia."

"Suit!"

"If the price suits. What is the price, Sir?"

"The books must tell us that."

Mr. Rich stretched out his arm and seized a ledger and gave it to Meadows.

"I have but one price for land, and that is five per cent profit on my out-lay. Book will tell you what it stands me in: and five per cent to that, and take the land away or leave it."

With this curt explanation Mr. Rich resumed his work.

"It seems you gave five shillings an acre, Sir," said Mr. Clinton. "Five times five hundred shillings, one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Interest at five per cent, six pounds five."

"When did I buy it?" asked Mr. Rich.

"Oh! when did you buy it, Sir?"

Mr. Rich snatched the book a little pettishly and gave it to Meadows.

"You make the calculation," said he; "the figures are all there. Come to me when you have made it."

The land had been bought twenty-seven years and some months ago. Mr. Meadows made the calculation in a turn of the hand, and announced it. Rich rang a hand-bell.—Another snuffy figure, with a stoop and a bald head and a pen came through a curtain.

"Jones, verify that calculation."

"Penny half-penny two pence, penny half-penny two pence. Mum, mum! Half-penny wrong, Sir."

"There is a half-penny wrong," cried Mr. Rich to Meadows with a most injured air.

"There is, Sir," said Meadows, "but it is on the right side for you. I thought I would make it even money against myself."

"There are only two ways, wrong and right," was the reply. "Jones, make it right. There, that is the price for the next half hour; after business hours to-day add a day's interest; and Jones, if he does not buy, write your calculation into the book with date—save time next customer comes for it."

"You need not trouble Mr. Jones," said Meadows. "I take the land. Here is two hundred and fifty pounds—that is rather more than half the purchase-money."

"Jones, count."

"When can I have the deeds, Sir?"

"Ten to-morrow."

"Receipt for two hundred and fifty pounds," said Meadows, falling into the other's key.

"Jones, write receipt—two, give, naught."

"Write me an agreement to sell," proposed Meadows.

"No, you write it; I'll sign it. Jones, enter transaction in the book. Have you anything to do, young gentlemen?"

"No, Sir."

"Then draw this pen through the two crosses

on the map and margin. Good morning, gentlemen."

And the money-making machine rose and dismissed them as he had received them, with a short, sharp business cogue.

Ye fair, who turn a shop head over heels, maul sixty yards of ribbon and buy six, which being sent home, insatiable becomes your desire to change it for other six which you had fairly, closely, and with all the powers of your mind, compared with it during the seventy minutes the purchase occupied, let me respectfully inform you that the above business took just eight minutes, and that 'when it was done, 'twas done.'

Ascent of a Volcano by an American.

Popocatepetl is a volcanic mountain in Puebla, Mexico, and its summit is 17,716 feet above the level of the sea. The ascent is difficult and perilous.

We sometime ago gave an account of an expedition made to its summit in September last by a French gentleman and a Mexican engineer.

Dr. S. W. Crawford, of the U. S. army, succeeded in reaching its top on the 16th of January last, and gives an account of it in a Mexican newspaper called the Extraordinary.

After ascending to the height of 5,000 feet on mules, they were obliged to leave them and proceeded on foot. His narrative continues thus:—

"Our party numbered twenty, including guides and peons. We set out from Tlaxiaca on horseback as far as La Cruz, some thousand feet above. Here, with two of my companions, I set out on foot; the remainder rode on some distance.

Our first start out was steep and amid frozen snow. The guides and Indians struck boldly out, without spear or staff; the rest of us, clinging to our snow-spears, slowly followed.

Up we went, some eight hundred feet, when, getting in advance of the party, we halted to take breath. Respiration had become labored and difficult, and, as I sat exhausted on the snow, a deadly feeling, akin to sea sickness, came over me.

Rallying, however, I looked around for my companions, and of all those who had joined us at Amecameca not one remained. Two of my friends, with the guides, were above me, shouting to us to follow.

On we went, slowly and tediously. The difficulty of traveling increased with every step. The servants who accompanied us had all given out, and, taking the barometer from one who had sank exhausted, I joined my companion above. On we toiled some hundred yards further, and again we stopped to rest.

Our number was now reduced to four and our two guides. The same sickness I had experienced was now felt by others; the oppression was extreme.

An angry cloud swept round the brow of the mountain, and a snow-storm seemed inevitable. The cold was intense. My companions complained loudly of their feet, and so great was the suffering of one of them, that I persuaded him to return. One only accompanied me for a short distance, when he returned, with one guide, to follow his descending companions.

I was now alone with one guide and but half way to the summit, and, as clinging to the ice, I looked down at my retreating companions, and heard the shouts of those at the foot of the mountain, I almost regretted that I had not yielded to their solicitations to accompany them.

My solitary guide now rebelled, and I was obliged to bribe and even threaten him to induce him to accompany me. Up, up, we clambered over the fields of frozen snow. The ascent had become more and more difficult, as, breaking the ice at every step, we progressed slowly and tediously.

Once more I turned to look from my dizzy height. One mis-step and inevitable destruction awaited us in the terrible abyss below.

The stillness of the grave was over everything, and recoiling from the sight, I looked down no more.

To go on for more than eight or ten paces without stopping to take rest was impossible, so rarified had the air become.

At one time, after an extraordinary exertion to reach my guide, I fell exhausted, and for some moments was unconscious. The blood gushed from my nostrils. Checking it with the frozen snow, I rallied and clambered on.

My guide, more injured to such trips, had now got far ahead. The sickening sensation I had at first experienced returned with redoubled force.

As I again sank exhausted on the snow a heavy weight seemed pressing upon me, and everything appeared to grow dim again, when I was aroused by loud shouts from my guide, as standing high above me he shouted 'the crater, the crater!'

Up again I climbed, clinging to his footprints; one long painful struggle more, and I sank exhausted upon its brink.

What a spectacle! The incessant toil of eight hours, hunger and cold were alike forgotten, as, lying down upon the snow, I drank in, like a refreshing draught, the sublimity of the scene. The huge crater yawned in horrible vastness at my feet; sulphurous odors issued from every side.

An awful stillness pervaded everything, and I looked into its depths with a feeling I never before experienced.

Before me stood the south-western side, dark and gloomy; huge rocks rose from its depths craggy and precipitous, while far below the golden hue of the burning sulphur added to the picturesque and sublime scene.

I looked around me and the world seemed stretched beneath my feet. The lovely valley of Mexico, with its lakes and mountains, lay like a map beneath me; to the south and west lay the Tierra Caliente, its hills red in the setting sun.

A misty rim of silver showed the Gulf of Mexico far to the eastward, and the frosty top of Orizaba rose grandly from the purple landscape.

Though conversant with nature, I had never before beheld her in such magnificence. To remember that sight must ever be a glory; to forget it can only occur with the general decay of the faculties.

It was fast growing late, and, planting my snow spear, I hung up my barometer. I looked around for my guide; he had fallen asleep. Arousing him to a sense of his danger, he implored me to descend or we would be lost.

Not a foot would he return in any direction, as, deaf to my entreaties to assist me to enter the crater, he protested and threatened to leave me.

I descended a little distance into the crater for some specimens of lava and basalt, and returned to again arouse my guide, who, exhausted from his efforts and overcome with intense cold, had again fallen asleep.

It was now highly dangerous to stay any longer, and, carefully taking my barometrical and thermometrical measurements, I prepared to descend.

One more look at the abyss, black and dreadful in the deepening shade, one more longing gaze at the glorious prospect, as it grew more lovely in the evening twilight, and I left the scene.

For a while we descended rapidly as we followed our ascending tracks, but at last they had frozen; and, as if suddenly, the whole mountain had become a sheet of ice.

It was this that my guide had feared. The sun had now set and darkness was fast coming on and our danger increased at every step.

My guide lost me, and I had to make my dangerous way alone. The ice had now become so hard that it was almost impossible to break it, and it was with great difficulty that my snow spear sustained my weight. Striking it in advance of me, I slid down gently to its foot, and sustaining my weight as I best could while I struck into the ice in advance of me.

I was on the edge of a great baracca or ravine. Excited by the peril of my situation, I progressed rapidly on. I know not how long I was in descending.

At last the black ashes appeared beneath me, and I heard the loud shouts of the guides sent to look for me by my friends, who thought I was lost.

One more slide and I was upon the earth.—The nervous excitement that had so long sustained me was now gone. I had taken no food or drink the whole day, and an exhausting depression followed.

My guide again joined me and we took our way towards the rancho. In a short time I was among my friends, and with a hearty supper around a blazing fire, my toils were forgotten."

Homes and Habits to Love.

Every one loves a tidy, orderly house, where all things have their proper place, and are kept there. It contributes much to the inviting comforts we always look for, and which mainly constitute a true home, besides adding vastly to the ease and satisfaction of entertaining friends, rather than the mishaps and chance arrangements that unexpected visitors sometimes cause. And this difference in homes is owing entirely to the cultivation or neglect of one little habit. Still it is not uncommon to hear young ladies remark, when viewing the neat apartments of another, where every garment has its place—a bag for stockings, another for pieces, a box for shoes, and bureau drawers in perfect order:

"Oh, I wouldn't be so particular, for the world; it's so old maidish, and besides keeps one fussing all the time."

It is a very easy way, to be sure, to toss off one's things in a heedless manner when returning from a walk, but should we not rather dread the fuss—if they were required in a hurry—of searching the house for a mislaid collar, putting on a wrinkled shawl, and finding kid gloves, instead of being neatly stretched and laid in a box after wearing, rolled up and squeezed one into the other, like a pair of worsted ones?

Good-hearted, well-meaning girls, who bestow the utmost attention on their toilet when dressing for company, and gain the admiration of young men for their good taste, would not long retain such admiration if these same young men should chance to see the rooms they had left, and all because they consider it too much trouble to be orderly. One gaiter here and another there; clothes hanging upon the bed-post, dresses discarded because of a rent or little bad fit, that a half hour's work would reform; and brush and combs scattered about the toilet table. Then returning late in the evening, by following up this careless habit, the finer clothes are tossed over a chair, because too tied to take care of them then, and often remain so for days, exposed to injury and ruin. And the evil does not stop here; it will strengthen and continue through life, a constant source of fretfulness and disorder.

Acquire good habits, girls! They are treasures we cannot estimate by dollars and cents, and the way is so simple, I'll tell you by an incident in my own life:

I ran home heated and tired from school, one day, and taking off my bonnet, was about to throw it on the table, when a gentle hand was laid on mine, and a calm impressive voice said:

"Mary! now, you have it in your hand, it is just the time to put it in its place."

—[Ohio Cultivator.]

A BRAVE BOY.—I was sitting by a window in the second story of one of the large boarding-

houses at Saratoga Springs, thinking of absent friends, when I heard shouts of children from the piazza beneath me.

"Oh, yes, that's capital! so we will! Come on now! There's William Hale! Come on William, we're going to have a ride on the circular railway. Come with us."

"Yes, if my mother is willing. I will run and ask her," replied William.

"Oh, oh! so you must run to ask your ma. Great baby!—run along and ask your ma!—Ain't you ashamed? I didn't ask my mother."

"Nor I,—nor I," added half a dozen voices.

"Be a man, William," cried the first voice. "Come along with us, if you don't wish to be called a coward as long as you live. Don't you see we are all waiting?"

I leaned forward to catch a view of the children, and saw William standing with one foot advanced, and his hand firmly clenched, in the midst of the group. He was a fine subject for a painter, just at that moment. His flushed brow, flashing eye, compressed lip, and changing cheek, all told how that word COWARD was rankling in his breast. Will he prove himself indeed, one, by yielding to them? thought I. It was with breathless interest I listened for his answer, for I feared that the evil principle in his heart would be stronger than the good. But no.

"I will not go without I ask my mother," said the noble boy, his voice trembling with emotion, "and I am no coward either. I promised her I would not go from the house without her permission, and I should be a base coward if I were to tell her a wicked lie."

There was something commanding in his tone, which made the noisy children mute.—It was the power of a strong soul over the weaker, and they involuntarily yielded him the tribute of respect.

I saw him in the evening among the gathered multitude in the parlor. He was walking by his mother's side—a stately matron, clad in widow's weeds. It was with evident pride she looked on her graceful boy, whose face was one of the finest I ever saw, fairly radiant with animation and intelligence. Well might she be proud of such a son—one who could dare to do right, when all were tempting to the wrong.—[Selected.]

EFFECTS OF CLEANLINESS.—Count Rumford, the celebrated practical philosopher, thus describes the advantages of cleanliness:—

"With what care and attention do the feathered race wash themselves, and put their plumage in order; and how perfectly neat, clean, and elegant they do appear. Among the teasts of the field, we find that those which are the most cleanly are generally the most gay and cheerful, or are distinguished by a certain air of tranquillity and contentment, and singing birds are always remarkable for the neatness of their plumage. So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man, that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain."

SUB-MARINE TELEGRAPHS.—A Philadelphia paper, speaking on the subject of electric telegraphs, says: There is a wire from Dover to Calais under the British Channel. There is a wire from Ostend to Dover, under the German Ocean. Dublin and Liverpool are connected by a wire under the Irish Sea. Vienna and Sebastopol are linked by a wire under an arm of the Black Sea. The Ionian Isles are next year to be wired fast to Greece. Algiers is to be fastened to France, Malta to England, and Egypt to Constantinople. The London telegraph operator, in 1858, will hold in his hand wires running to the four quarters of the globe, as easily as a coachman gathers up the reins of a four-in-hand.

RECIPES.

DESTRUCTION TO HOUSE BUGS.—The French Academy of Sciences is assured, by Baron Thénard, that boiling soap and water, consisting of two parts of common soap, and 100 parts of water by weight, infallibly destroys bugs and their eggs. It is enough to wash walls, woodwork, &c., with the boiling solution, to be entirely relieved from this horrid pest.

PURIFYING OILS AND FATTY MATTER.—A patent has been granted in England for purifying oils and fats by agitating them with powdered charcoal and clay-slate. They are then filtered through several thicknesses of cotton cloth, and at last through unsized or filtering paper. The oils thus treated are stated to be very pure.

CAMPOR A REMEDY FOR MICE.—Any one desirous of keeping seeds from the depredations of mice, can do so by mixing pieces of camphor gum in with the seeds. Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them injury. The little animal objects to the odor, and keeps a good distance from it.

SEALING WAX FOR FRUIT CANS.—A very good sealing wax is made by melting and stirring well together one ounce of Venice turpentine, four ounces of common rosin, and six ounces of gum shellac. A beautiful red color may be given by adding one-quarter of an ounce or less of vermilion.

FOR POLISHING FURNITURE.—Take two ounces of beeswax, and half an ounce of alkanet root; melt them together in an earthen pot; when melted, take it off the fire, and add two ounces spirits of wine, and a half a pint of turpentine. Rub it on with a woollen cloth and polish it with a clean silk cloth.

TO RENEW MATTRESSES.—When mattresses become hard and bunched rip them, and take out the hair, pull it thoroughly, let it lie a day or two to air, wash the tick, lay in the hair as light and even as possible, and stitch it down as before. The mattress will be as good as ever.