

WILT THOU GO!

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Thou hast wandered with Eustace o'er mountain and dale,
Thou hast closed his blue eyes, and wept o'er his grave,

By each tear of that eye which dream seems to dim,
By each kiss of that lip, whose young crimson is still,

Stay—stay with me, Arthur—oh, stay with me long,
Stay, and oft in the twilight I'll sing thee each song,

Oh, stay, I implore thee, for Eustace is gone,
And his spirit would frown didst thou leave me alone.

Alas, can no pleading arrest thee, wild one?
Wilt thou rush to the mountains all quiet to shun?

For the sake of thy friend thou shouldst answer me no;
Farewell—but I love thee—now, say wilt thou go?

THE CARCAGIEU.

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN ADVENTURE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

During the winter of 1845, I was traveling in a stage coach through the interior of Ohio; but ere I reached my journey's end a furious snow-storm blocked up the road, and the whole party, consisting of the driver and four passengers besides myself, were obliged to take refuge in a wayside inn, where we remained weather-bound for two days and nights.

To while away the time, it was proposed by one of the party that each should tell a story of some personal adventure, and the gentleman who made the suggestion was unanimously chosen to take the lead. He was a man about thirty years of age, small in stature, and delicately framed, with a fair skin, light hair, and blue eyes. He was neatly dressed in a suit of black, and had such an air of high breeding and refinement, that no one would have suspected him of having spent any portion of his life among the trappers, traders, and Indians of the Far West. It suits my purpose to give his name as John Perkins, for, if living now, it may not please him to be introduced to the public under his real appellation.

As a preliminary to his story, Mr. Perkins very quietly and deliberately exhibited to us a long, broad, ugly scar across his breast, and in a modest way, and a soft, musical tone, observed:

"That, gentlemen, is one of the few evidences, which I shall retain during life, of my perilous encounter with a carcagieu."

"A what?" exclaimed Mr. Jones, with a sensation of breathless interest seemed to pervade the whole party.

"A carcagieu," quietly replied Perkins, with a pleasant smile.

"And what, in the name of wonders, is a carcagieu?" inquired the other.

"If you were to put that question to a superstitious trapper, or an Indian, he would tell you, with a shudder, that it is either the devil himself, in the shape of an animal, or a cross between the devil and a bear; but as I am not superstitious, I shall merely state that it is a ferocious animal, sometimes, though rarely, seen by the intrepid hunters of the Rocky Mountains."

"And where did you see it, if I may inquire?" said the inquisitive Mr. Jones.

"I saw it on the Rocky Mountains, within fifty miles of Pike's Peak."

"Then you have been out there?" returned the other, with an air of surprise; for this was the first time that Mr. Perkins had made mention of having been in the Far West; and there was nothing in his appearance, as I have remarked, to indicate that he had ever journeyed beyond the limits of civilization.

"I have certainly been out there," replied the young hunter, with a smile, "or else I could not say I saw the animal where I did."

"Well, then, pray do tell us how this car—this car—what did you call it?"

"Carcagieu."

"Ah! yes—carcagieu; pray tell us how this carcagieu looks?"

"That is what I am about to do, if you will allow me to proceed with my story," smiled Perkins.

"I move that Mr. Jones asks no more questions till the gentleman has told his story," said another of the party.

"I am dumb," said Jones, with a laugh, "but all ears."

"We were aware of the latter fact, and that you are not the only animal of your kind," said another.

"No—I perceive there is one other of the species present," retorted Jones.

As soon as the hearty laugh, occasioned by this repartee, had subsided, there was a general call for the story; and Mr. Perkins forthwith proceeded with the following, which I present to the reader as nearly as possible in his own words:

"A party of us," resumed the narrator, "accompanied an expedition across the great prairies to Ben's Fort, during the summer of 184—, with the intention of spending the fall and a portion of the winter in hunting among the mountains to the westward. We numbered six in all, including a French trapper, our guide, who had spent a great portion of his life in the wilderness. Six mules took out our camp baggage and provisions, and whatever else we thought might come in use during a sojourn of several months; and each man, armed to the teeth, and with his rifle carefully protected from the weather in a leather case, rode out on a fine, high-spirited horse. We finally pitched our camp upon a pleasant plateau among the hills, near which was a clear mountain stream, and capital grazing for our animals; and sallying forth from our headquarters, we scoured the country round for many a mile. Game was plenty—bears, deer, elk, antelopes, mountain goats, occasionally a buffalo, and wolves without number—and there was scarcely an hour in the day, for a long period, that some of us were not 'taking a crack' at some four-footed beast."

"Now to my story: One evening, as we were sitting around our camp fire, taking our supper, Pierre, our guide, who had been off through the day, on business of his own, came running in, his face white, and his teeth fairly chattering with terror."

"What is the matter?" was our eager inquiry, as each man started to his feet and grasped his rifle.

"Oh, sacre enfant de Garce! I was seen him, by gar?"

"Seen what? who? where? Speak, man, and not stand there chattering! Are we in danger here? Are there Indians about?"

"No Indian, Monsieur, mais un diable—one devil, you was say—oh, sacre!"

"A devil! You have seen the devil, then?" said I. "If that is all, suppose you just sit down and take your supper—or a little whiskey, first, to bring up your courage. You need have no fear of the devil here; we are all good fellows, and owe his Satanic Majesty nothing."

"Ah! mais, Monsieur Perkin, you not for must understand him one grand two-leg Beelzebub, by gar! but, tonere et lightning! you salk know him one four-foot beast, as ze diable was enter—eh!"

"Oh, yes—I understand—you saw a hog—for the devils, you know, went into the swine."

"Here the little Frenchman came down upon me with a tremendous oath, and assured me it was not a hog he had seen, nor yet an ass, (at least before he got into camp), but 'un feroc carcagieu,' whose father was a devil, and whose mother was a bear."

"This was an animal whose name I had not before heard," pursued the narrator, "and, like my friend, Mr. Jones, here, I felt not a little curious to learn all I could about it. Half a pint of whiskey settled Pierre's nerves; and a large, tender steak, with accompaniments, put him in good humor; and then he condescended to enlighten us on a point in natural (or, if his word was to be taken, in unnatural) history, to which our attention had never before been called. He said the carcagieu, which he and all his friends believed to be a cross between the devil and a bear, was a terribly ferocious animal, which at different periods had been seen by mountaineers and Indians. It was black, he said, 'zo plack as ze stack of ze tom cats,' but of its size he could give us no definite idea, though we gathered the fact that it ranged somewhere between a beaver and an elephant. Wild and incredible were the stories he told of it, in his jargon of broken English and French; how it would leap from an immense height upon the back of a passing deer, elk, or buffalo, and rend it to pieces; how it would pounce upon a man, and swallow him, before he was fairly aware of his danger; how it would sometimes charge into camp, regardless of the numbers there, and, after putting the whole party to flight, destroy all their stores, and sometimes carry off a horse or a mule; and, lastly, that it had a perfectly charmed life, and no knife could wound it, no ball could harm it."

"Well," said I, as Pierre paused to take breath, and looked nervously about upon the surrounding darkness, as if he feared the dreadful creature might be upon him at any moment, "only put this terror of the wilderness within good range of my double-barrel, and be it devil or bear, or both combined, I pledge myself to prove to you, and as many friends as you like, that it cannot dodge a well-aimed ball."

"What you do, Monsieur Perkin, eh?" he inquired.

"Put a ball into it, of course—a couple of them, for that matter," returned I.

"Sacre enfant de Garce! you salk him—mais no matter—he spit out ze balls zo quicker as ze lightning—mille tonneres!"

"What do you mean? You are crazy!"

"No crazee, by gar! no—aha! I avoif try him. I soot zo good I was put ze ball in ze bull's eye sometime—mais I try ze terrible carcagieu, and soot ten—fifty ball, and he was throw zem all back. Mon Dieu! no, no—no crazee me!"

"I quietly inquired if he had that day performed the prodigious feat of shooting fifty balls into the body of this wonderful carcagieu, not one of which had done more than to amuse his beastship."

"By gar! not zis day. I try—but long time ago—then I was more bray' and more ze fool."

"That must have been a long time ago, indeed," laughed I.

"Further inquiries elicited the fact that Pierre had that day seen a carcagieu, at a distance of some two miles from camp; and if he could be believed, the beast had turned upon him, spitting fire from its mouth; and he had only escaped destruction by climbing a tree, and remaining there till dark; when, lowering himself cautiously, he had made for the camp, with fear and trembling; and even now considered his situation and ours in the highest degree precarious."

"That there was some strange animal in the forest, which neither my companions nor myself had seen, we were at length prepared to admit; and we resolved that the coming day should be spent in search for it."

"The night passed off without any disturbance, and the following day we set out to explore the country in every direction, in search of this wonderful animal. We took a range of several miles, but met with no adventure worthy of recording. Our second day's adventure resulted in the same manner, and we came to the conclusion that Pierre had been frightened at some imaginary object, though he still persisted in affirming that the carcagieu was a living reality, and no creature of fancy."

"A few days after this, as I was exploring one of the wild passes of the mountains, in company with our guide, my friends having taken a different course, the former suddenly sprang back to my side, the picture of terror, and in a nervous, tremulous tone, exclaimed:

"The carcagieu! the carcagieu! Monsieur salk look for himself!"

"I raised my eyes, and there, on a wild, beetling crag of the mountain, I beheld an animal about the size of a panther. It was long, black, apparently without any tail, and different in appearance from anything I had before seen. That it was ferocious there could be no doubt—for it had a certain wild glare of the eyes, which seemed to be fixed upon me as if they would pierce me through. The distance was just a good rifle range; and as I raised my piece to my eye for a deliberate aim, Pierre, with a trembling exclamation of terror, broke for

the nearest cover, leaving me entirely alone to combat with this terror of the forest. Finding the animal still remained quiet, and being nothing daunted myself, I slowly advanced a few paces, in order to make my aim more certain, and discharged both barrels in quick succession. With a wild spring, the carcagieu leaped from the rock into the pass, and made directly toward me. I had always considered myself a good marksman, and rarely ever before missed an animal of that size at such a distance; but from some cause, which I cannot even now explain, the beast appeared to be unharmed. There was no escape for me now; to use a western phrase, 'I was in for the fight; and



clubbing my rifle, and drawing my knife, I prepared for the encounter. The velocity of the animal seemed more like that of lightning than any other comparison I can make, and by the time I had fairly put myself upon my defence, he was upon me. I struck out with my rifle, and missed him; and dropping the piece, I made a lunge with my knife; when, quick as thought, he sprang upon my breast. His motions were so quick as to take me completely by surprise; and as I staggered back, and gave him a severe lunge with my knife, I slipped and fell. I was now apparently completely at his mercy; and with a terrible ferocity, increased by the pain of his wound, he fastened his fangs into my quivering flesh, and lacerated me in the most horrible manner. I still retained my knife and my presence of mind, and lunged desperately; but my wound, from some cause, seemed to be turned from a vital part. How long the struggle lasted, I am unable to say; it might have been a minute—it might have been ten—but it seemed to me an age. Death, with all the horrors of dying young, alone—far from home and my companions—in the wilderness, and by such a cause—came upon me with a terrible power. I seemed to recall in an instant of time all the great events of my life. I still struggled manfully—I still lunged desperately—but every moment I felt myself growing weaker. My garments were rent—my flesh mangled—the blood was streaming from my wounds—and I felt a faintness coming over me, which I believed to be the faintness of death. I thought of Pierre, and called loudly for assistance—but no answer was returned. I tried to pray—but a thousand thoughts rushed upon me, with such overwhelming force, that not one seemed to linger long enough to be paramount to the others. Oh, the horrors of that moment! Even now, gentlemen, I shudder as I recall them—describe them I cannot. The beast, I was aware, was still at his bloody work—but the sensations of pain grew every moment less acute. I felt that I was nearly dying. My sight grew more and more dim, and at last all terrestrial objects began to fade away from me, as I believed, forever. Darkness—unconsciousness—death, I might say, succeeded—but that I am here to tell the tale.

"When I again opened my eyes, I found myself in the camp of my friends. Pierre, it seems, had fled; but having, by good fortune, found a couple of my companions not far distant, he had related to them, in his own marvelous way, the story of my adventure with the wonderful carcagieu. He told them how we had met in a certain pass, and that, against all persuasions of his own, I had deliberately resolved upon an encounter with the magic beast. He said he had remained long enough to see the monster spring upon me; and, with the superstition of his class, he solemnly declared, and called all the saints to witness, that the next moment we had both disappeared in a cloud of smoke and fire. My companions, of course, were not prepared to credit his wonderful tale, but were inclined to the belief that something fearful had happened. Much against his will, they compelled the terrified Frenchman to guide them to the eventful pass, where, to their horror, they found what they believed to be my mangled remains, surrounded by a pool of blood. There were traces of blood far up the pass, and from the appearance of my knife, which was still clasped in my hand, it was evident that the beast had not escaped scathless. Though apparently dead, a careful examination showed signs of life in me; and relinquishing all thoughts of following the beast, which, on any other occasion, they would have done, they hastily prepared a litter, and took me back to camp, where my wounds were dressed as well as circumstances would permit."

"It was some days before I recovered consciousness, and I found that during the interval I had been attended with brotherly care. As soon as it was considered safe to remove me, I was taken to the station of Pueblo de San Carlos, where I was placed under the charge of a Mexican padre, who had considerable skill in the art Esculapian. Still my recovery was slow, tedious and painful, and it was months before I was able to sit my horse. My companions meantime returned to the mountains, and had been successful in the capture of the mysterious carcagieu, whose skin they brought me as a trophy. It was regarded with a kind of superstitious veneration by the mountaineers and Indians, the latter considering it a 'great medicine,' and offering the most extravagant price for it."

"I had no particular veneration for it," said the narrator, with a laugh, "but as one of the species had cost me a great loss of time and an immense amount of suffering, I came to the conclusion that the skin of that particular animal was not for sale. I brought it home with me, and it now hangs in my 'wigwag' in the interior of Tennessee; and when, under the influence of a fine Havana, I sit and gaze upon it in a reflective

mood, I recall the scene of my perilous adventure, and thank God for my wonderful preservation. Such, gentlemen, is my story, which, if it serve no other purpose, I trust will be the means of bringing a still better one from some of you."

"But," said the inquisitive Mr. Jones, as Mr. Perkins concluded, "I really do not understand what a carcagieu is, after all. What do you really think it is?"

"Well, my opinion is, sir, from what I saw and the best information I could obtain, that it is not an animal of a distinct genus, but a cross between the bear and wolf. However, I do not know that my opinion is correct; but with the experience I have had, I certainly feel no particular desire to re-investigate the subject. Be it devil alone, or devil and bear, or devil, bear, and wolf combined, the whole or in part, plural or singular, I have not the remotest desire to make any further acquaintance with one of the kind."

It may not be improper to remark here, that although this was the first time I had ever heard the name of the carcagieu, I have since learned, from reliable authority, that such an animal really does exist in the Far West, and I have no reason to suppose that the story told by Mr. Perkins was not a truthful one. I have given his brief narrative, not so much for the mere interest of the story itself, but for the information which it conveys of a ferocious animal, of which I have never seen any mention made in natural history.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CHRISTIAN.—The history of the organ is involved in mystery. Some say Pope Vitalian, A.D. 670, first introduced the organ into the Roman church. Others say the most ancient organ mentioned in history is that sent by the Greek emperor to Pepin, king of France, in 755. Bingham says they were not used for ecclesiastical purposes till A.D. 1290. But organs are mentioned by Vitruvius before the Christian era. St. Jerome (fourth century) mentions one with twelve pairs of bellows. But, as usual, this passage is disputed by those who doubt the fact. In the ninth century, Gregory, a Venetian priest, commenced the building of organs in Europe. In the organs have been known from the times of Jewish and Romish antiquity, but it was not till the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that they began to be generally employed in sacred worship in the western empire."

PROFANE.—This correspondent says he is keeping company with a young lady, with her parents' consent, but whose brothers dislike, and threaten to shoot him, if he does not keep away from her. They once knocked him down in the street, and his friends to know if he has not a right to defend himself from their violence. Certainly, you would be justified in shooting any man or men who should wantonly attack you; or, what would be better, you can have these belligerent brothers arrested and bound over to keep the peace. Should you meet their violence with violence in return, and happen to injure one of them fatally, the sister would, of course, feel it her duty to discontinue your acquaintance, as no woman could receive the address of a man who, under any circumstances, had killed her brother."

JOHN CLARK.—It is impossible to discuss satisfactorily the relative merits of openers and authors in a paragraph, nor is any one competent to declare which is the best opera ever composed, or who is the best of any given number of authors. A man can only say what he likes best, and what his judgment decides as being the best so far as he is concerned. As to operas, the four which are as much liked and praised by the critics as any, are "Semiramide," "Don Giovanni," "William Tell," and "The Prophet." As to the relative merits of Dickens and Thackeray, we can only say that we like and enjoy more the writings of the former."

MATTHEW.—Your question is a difficult one to determine satisfactorily. For some reasons, and indeed for many reasons, it is well for people of opposite temperaments to intermarry; but the case you mention is such an extreme one, and you seem to require such decided exhibitions of affection on the part of her whom you love, that you should reflect well before taking the final step. If, however, you are certain that your love is returned, you can afford to forego the crosses you so highly prize—and perhaps they will not be withheld after marriage."

L. M. W.—If you can prove that the house is untenable—that is, unfit for any one to live in, or prejudicial to one's health to live in, on account of the smoking chimneys, and that you have notified the landlord of the fact, and requested him to have the chimneys put in proper order, you could, perhaps, make him pay you for any reasonable outlay on your part for the purpose of remedying the nuisance. But you must be careful to have most positive proof on the points mentioned."

A CONSTANT READER WANTS TO KNOW why the year 1900 will not be leap year, and wants to know what is to become of the odd day which belongs to the month of February in every fourth year. He says he has puzzled himself an immense deal over these matters, but neither he nor his neighbors can make them out. It strikes us that the year 1900 will be leap year, and that the "odd day" will be taken care of, as usual, by its old friend, February."

YOUNG BRIDGEMAN.—The best way to ascertain if a girl loves you, is to own up as to your love for her, and then ask her if she loves you. No girl would like to confess her love to a man until she knew that he loved her, as his love would be her only guaranty that her confidence would not be abused."

YOUNG AMERICAN.—Yes. Smoking or chewing tobacco is very hurtful to the health and constitution of boys, and if persevered in, will expose them to the ravages of that terrible disease—consumption. The owner of that "badger" should consult a good physician about it at once, else he may be afflicted with deafness."

FOURTH NECK.—This correspondent says he has for some time been engaged to a young lady, who recently told him very coolly that she shall not marry him, as she has seen a man she likes better. Very well. Let her marry this newly discovered lover, and thank your stars that you found her out before it was too late."

ONODAGA.—You had better let the girl go without molestation. Should you sue her for breach of promise, she would be almost sure to have the sympathies of the public, and the jury in her favor, and you would be laughed at on all sides. The least said is soonest mended, and such a matter, the better."

FRANK BARLOW.—The initiation fee and other expenses of Odd-Fellowship are regulated by each "lodge" for itself. You can easily find some one who is a member of the order, of whom you can learn what steps are necessary for you to take in order to become a "brother."

DYKST.—A young man, twenty-two years of age, who has \$1,000 in the Savings Bank and makes \$700 a year at his trade, might with prudence marry, in case he should get a thrifty wife, who would be ambitious to help increase the amount of his savings."

JACK WALLACE wants us to "tell him the number and names of the ropes on board a full-rigged man-of-war." We can't do it, Jack, and if we could, we would not be willing to fill our paper with such a list of names."

YOUNG MERCHANT.—You have no business to be so jealous and envious of your affianced. That is the way to develop all the latent mischief there is in a girl—and they all have more or less of it."

ALFRED.—Practice speaking very slowly and distinctly, and with well-opened mouth, and you will overcome your tendency to stammering."

K. L. C.—There would be no harm in making the "engagement" you mention."

SARPHO.—We do not know what you mean by "young ladies being too well educated." We think it is impossible for any one to be "too well educated." So far are young women in the middle ranks of life from having sufficient opportunities for the acquisition of foreign literature, that they have seldom time enough to possess themselves of all that valuable knowledge which the books of their own country so abundantly furnish, and the acquisition of which would be so much more useful and honorable, than the paltry accomplishments they make by hammering out the meaning of a few passages, in a tongue they but imperfectly understand, and of which they are likely to make no use; and therefore we think that the time often spent on foreign languages could be much more profitably employed on our own. It is no worthless part of education to study the precise meaning of words, and the appropriate signification of language. For this end we know no better method than to accustom young people very early to a habit of defining common words and things; for as definition seems to lie at the root of correctness, to be accustomed to define English words in English, would improve the understanding more, than barely to know what these words are called in French or Latin. Or rather the use of learning other languages is because definition is often involved in etymology; that is, since many English words take their derivation from foreign languages, they cannot be so accurately understood without some knowledge of these languages; but precision of any kind, whether moral or philosophical, too seldom finds its way into the education of women. With correct definition they should also be taught to study the shades of words, and to use them with a view to accuracy of expression, and to moral truth."

BESSY BLISS is "blessed with a little husband, who is crossed with an obstinate temper. He is gentle and kind; but if anything is proposed suddenly, he is irascible and irritable in the extreme. If I prepare anything nice for him, he turns up his nose, and mutters 'Pshaw!' And yet I know he feels sorry for this display, but cannot help it. He appears to think it folly in me to exert myself to make him kind and happy, and yet I feel assured he appreciates it, and secretly is grateful." A case for a female M. D. Bessy asks "if physic will cure him?" Perhaps Bessy reveals too openly her desire to please. Officiousness may be carried too far. Many sensitive minds are offended with much apparent desire to please, or bustle attending the act of serving them. The best and surest mode of pleasing a delicate mind is to do it without seeming to do it for the purpose of pleasing—do everything well, as if from a general sense of duty, and not a particular desire of playing the fascinating. Many men, and men of good understanding, are particularly averse to the latter, always on their guard against it, and valiantly determined never to be done or served up like a dish, in this or that humor, at the pleasure even of their wives."

A. R.—"I venture to address you on a personal defect, which has caused me great uneasiness, hoping that should you be able to offer me any remedy, you will kindly do so. I am one of those unfortunately afflicted with what I consider too large a nose, which, though it is well-shaped, is of too fleshy an appearance; and also being much subjected to flushing in the face, through a bad circulation of the blood, I suppose, it becomes very annoying. Could you offer me any remedy by which I might reduce its size, you will confer on me a lasting obligation; or, if not, perhaps you could recommend a medical man to whom I might apply for advice."—Another case for an M. D. We are sorry to say that we know of no satisfactory mode of altering the natural shape of the nose, and would not recommend playing experiments with it. It is better to have a large nose than a small one, or none at all; and there is a possibility of losing it. So long as it is not flushed with beer or brandy, but with modesty, there is nothing to be aspired of."

L. P. J.—Don't be alarmed. No harm ever comes from swallowing a pin. If your wife is possible that it has lodged crosswise in her throat, send for your family physician and he will perhaps remove it, if he is skilled at such things. We say he will perhaps remove it, because the most skillful surgeons fail in their attempts to remove pins from the throat often than they succeed. The best authorities advise only the use of a sponge attached to a rod, and forceps and hooks are discontinued. But, as we have said, no danger need be apprehended from the pin, although it will, of course, occasion some uneasiness. Your wife should eat bread and milk, masher and milk, puddings, and other soft food, until the intruder has had ample time to make his escape."

JULIUS CÆSAR.—We think you could do better than to "join a band of Ethiopian minstrels." Though some of these "bands" in this city make fair profits, the strolling companies seldom pay expenses; and so far as our knowledge extends, the habits of life and the moral and social principles fostered by the life they lead, are unfavorable to the accumulation of wealth or the attainment of a good position in society."

ROMANY.—It is impossible to say with certainty what the origin of the gipsies was. They are to be found in all the southern and middle countries of Europe, in Asia, and in Africa. Some suppose them to be of Hindostani origin, but that is doubtful. In fact, nothing positive can be said on the subject."

ALFRED.—Your wife can hold the property in spite of all you can do, so you had better save your money and spare yourself the disgrace of having the affair made public. It is a most fortunate thing that our laws now shield the property of women against such encroachments—use a harsher term."

A. R. D.—It will not do to set your father at defiance, when you wish to get a favor of him. A son who would not only behave disrespectfully to his father, but apply to strangers to help him along with his impudence, should be dealt with in a summary and severe manner."

CARRIE.—It is not obligatory upon you to recognize and salute a gentleman to whom you have been introduced at a public assembly, or anywhere else; but if you wish to continue his acquaintance, or secure his friendship, it would be indelicate to pass him by as a stranger."

H. N.—Wait patiently until you become of age, and then you and your chosen one can settle matters to suit yourselves. It is not worth while to estrange your parents' affection by doing what they would disapprove, and you are young enough to wait."

J. W.—You would do very wrong to elope. Your father has a right to your obedience until you are of age. The income of your lover would not support him and you. Be careful lest you foolishly plunge into a long career of sorrow and suffering."

W. M. G.—John L. Stevens, the celebrated traveler, whose discoveries in Central America excited so much interest several years since, is dead. We do not know the address of his companion, Catherwood, or whether he is living or not."

E. P. H., Jersey City.—The population of London is estimated to be two and a half millions. The salary of the American Minister at London is \$12,000 a year, with \$9,000 credit."

O. U. F. S.—A letter addressed to the President of the United States would be apt to reach him, but whether or not it would be answered would depend on his character. Put on a three-cent stamp."

G. D. A.—We do not wish for any poetical communications except such as we have arranged for. The "Clearing House" is the place where City bank officers daily meet to square accounts."

NON LEXICOGRAFUS.—Spelling is a mere matter of memory, and if you can not remember the arbitrary combinations of letters in the English language, you of course can never become a good speller."

ROSEBUD.—Get up a flirtation with some eligible young man, and you will hear no more of your lover's "other girl," or else you will get rid of him altogether—which might be the best for you."

D. B. B.—It is supposed that the term "foolscap," as applied to paper, is a corruption of the compound word formed by joining the words "folio" and "shape" thus, folioshape."

BROOK.—We believe that all the members of the royal house of Prussia are Protestants, including the intended husband of the Princess Royal of England."

A. C. R.—The mother gets one-third of the property and the children will share equally, unless otherwise provided by will."

HENRY SMITH.—If walking is not sufficient exercise to keep you in good health, attend some gymnasium, practice boxing, and saw and split your fire-wood."

M. E. D.—If you cannot convince the girl's father that she is old enough to keep company you must wait until he considers her of sufficient age."

J. S. D.—It is evident that you must give up either your friend or your sweetheart, and it is for you to say which of them shall be the victim."

J. P.—We do not remember the tonnage of the vessels you mention, and cannot just now lay our hand on the statistics."

NARCO.—Six cents is too much to ask for the LEDGER, in Alexandria, or anywhere else."

HUMBROGG.—Put the whole matter in the hands of a good lawyer."

NORSE.—You must wait until the "young man reciprocates." It would do for you to make any advances."

W. C.—We know of nothing that will remove a scar from a cut on the face."

DEZBARR.—You could gain nothing by prosecuting the fair deceiver. Keep him, and in more than one respect next time."

ASTORIA.—Your case is a peculiar one, and demands skillful medical treatment."

Mrs. COX E.—Cobb's grammar would be the best; if you cannot find it, try Brown's."

WILLIAM SCHNEIDER.—Five cents is too much for a newsdealer to charge for the LEDGER in Elmira."

* * * Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.