AMERICAN SENTINEL.

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Select Poetry.

BY THE SUDBURY.

BY F. W. PARSONS.

Hardly, who bends o'er Wayland Bridge,
Can tell which side the current flows.
In vain you mark the swaying sedge;
This way and that each eddy goes.

I drop a leaflet on the wave,
A crimson page from autumn's book—
Did ever thing so misbehave?
For less it moves as more I look.

They say the Sudbury seeks the sea,
But ocean to the eastward lies;
This dallying streamlet seems to be
Bound for the spring whence it had rise.

And lingers, as it loved the meads
And mossy rocks where cattle stray,
More than those dank salt-smelling weeds
And breakers of the distant bay:

The lilied banks, the frequent gifts
Of apple blossoms drifting down
More than yon cold and gravelly clifts
Where vessels break and seamen drown;

And shuns to leave the sunny slope
Where maples nodding o'er the brook
Their branches to the oriole ope
And yield the summer thrush a nook.

Is it not so with us? We dread
In the great sea of Love to lose
Our individual being—dead
To present images—but choose

A life uncertain, full of pain,
Rather than on that unknown, dark,
Awful, unfathomable main
Put forth in such a fragile bark

Dismantled of all tender ties
That make us feel content, secure,
And through life's aches and agonies
Bestow the courage to endure.

But One is watching o'er the deep,
As on the rivulet. We know
He giveth his beloved sleep—
A slumber that is end of woe.

Select Stories.

GUY'S NURSE.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

From Saturday Night.

"Hush, Dorcas! Is that rain? It sounds as if some genii were dashing buckets full of water against the casements."

"It's rain, Guy. The equinoctial storm, you know."

"And the dreary moaning down the chimney—is it wind?"

"Yes, Guy, it's wind."

The boy shivered a little, and drew the bedclothes up around his chin. The red flames from the blazing log on the hearth danced up and down like a magic-lantern, the shaded lamp burned steadily on the table. Dorcas Wynter stitched quietly away at her sewing without looking up.

"It must be an awful tempest, Dorcas," uttered the lad, as a fresh gust of wind seemed to shake the old octagonal tower to its very foundations.

"It is, Guy. I heard old Captain Lake say that the tide had not been so high since the year the Royal Victoria was wrecked off Paine Point."

"It's better to be here, even with a broken leg," said Guy Paley, slightly lifting his eyebrows, "than out at sea in such a blow as this?"

"A good deal better, Guy."

"Not that I am a coward, Dorcas!" cried the boy. "There are worse things than a storm at sea. And I have an instinct that I shall be a sailor yet. But this sickness has taught me—this sickness and you, Dorcas—it's better to go for a thing in an honest, straightforward way than to try to reach it by sneaking. But I always supposed it was a fine thing to run away to sea, or else I shouldn't have tried the get-out-of-the-window-by-midnight dodge, and broken my leg. I'm wiser now."

Dorcas smiled at him with melting hazel eyes and rose-red lips, revealing a line of pearls.

"Poor Guy!" said she. "It was a hard lesson, wasn't it?"

"I think I needed it, Dorcas. If [redacted] Mrs. Vail, who succeeded to the position, had something to do with the bad reports of my management that reached Doctor Delfer's ears. But that can't be proved; neither can it be helped. I was alone here and friendless, and I was glad to accept a vacant position under the house-keeper, to mend linen, care for the occasional cases in the infirmary, and make myself generally useful."

"I knew you were a lady!" exultantly cried the boy. "I could see it in your face."

"I would rather you would call me a true woman, Guy, than a lady," said Dorcas, moving the lamp a few inches further back, so that the light should not shine in Guy's eyes.

"But I say, Dorcas, how old are you?"

"Rather young, I am afraid, Guy—only nineteen."

"And I am fourteen, Dorcas. Will you wait seven years for me?"

"Guy!"

"I shall be twenty-one then, and my own master!" added the boy, "and I'll work like a slave to get a good profession, and if you'll marry me, Dorcas, I'll make the best husband that ever was to you, for I'm desperately in love with you, that I am?"

Dorcas burst out into laughter.

"Guy," she said, "what a child you are!"

"But you do love me, don't you?"

"Yes, of course I love you, but not a bit more than I do Cecil Parker or little Frankie Gaines."

"Dorcas!"

"Well, a trifle more perhaps, because I've had the care of you these four weeks, and you've really behaved very decently, but—"

"Promise me, Dorcas!"

"I won't Guy!"

"We're engaged, all the same," said Guy, with a deep sigh of relief. "It is a bargain. And now you may get me my bowl of gruel."

"Yes, Mr. Paley," said Doctor Delfer, with a nod of his spectacled brows, "that wild boy of yours is a different creature. And the infirmary nurse has done it all. Not to mention the credit that the doctor gives her for keeping down the fever and managing the troublesome splints. He was the worst boy in the school. I don't mind admitting to you now, that I was seriously contemplating expelling him from our members."

"Guy always was a wild sort of chap," admitted Mr. Paley. "But his aunts spoiled him. He never had any bringing up to speak of."

"But this illness seems to have exerted a wonderful influence over his moral nature," added Dr. Delfer. "And I really think Dorcas has done it all. Her influence has been wonderful."

"She deserves a great deal of credit, I am sure," said Mr. Paley. "I should like to see her and thank her. I've brought a few presents for her—a warm shawl, a silver snuff-box and a black stuff gown—"

Doctor Delfer gasped a little.

"She—I don't think she takes snuff!" said he, feebly.

"All these nurses do."

"Yes—but—there she is now!"

The door opened and Dorcas Wynter came in, carrying a student-lamp, [redacted] understand anything about nursing!"

"She does, though," said Guy. "She's a brick, Aunt Soph. And I don't believe I should have been alive now, if it wasn't for her."

"You are quite well enough by this time to dispense with her services," said Miss Sophronia. "A boy that eats the quantity of muffins and plumjam that you did at tea, last night, cannot call himself an invalid any longer. She has been here a month, and—"

"But she's not to go away for all that, Aunt Soph," said Guy, who was devouring roasted chestnuts like a dragon. "Ask papa. She's to be Mrs. Paley one of these days, and—"

"Mrs. Paley!" Aunt Sophronia turned green and yellow. "It's come to that, then, has it? Well, I've suspected it this some time. And all I've got to say is—"

"Seven years from now," said Guy, with his mouth full of chestnuts. "I shall be twenty-one and she twenty-six. Not enough difference to signify. And," he uttered, with a grin, as his aunt flounced wrathfully out of the room, "you'll get your walking-tickets, old lady, when I'm married! I'd as soon have a death's head and bones around the place any time."

He was sitting curled up in the easiest chair in the library, reading a book, half an hour afterward, when the door opened and his father came in.

Something in the paternal glance and movement struck the boy.

"I never saw father look so young and bright before," he thought. "Something must have pleased him very much. Perhaps Aunt Soph is going to marry some old fogy or other, and the coast will be clear."

"So you knew all about it, Guy?" said Mr. Paley, laughingly.

"About what, sir?"

"About my engagement."

The book fell with a crash to the floor.

"Your—what, father?"

"At least you told Aunt Sophronia about it. Well, I'm glad you are pleased, my boy. And Dorcas says she shall always love you as if you were her own son. As a general thing, I don't approve of step-mothers, but you and Dorcas love each other so dearly, that—Why, Guy, what is the matter?"

For the boy had rushed out of the room with an odd, suffocating sensation in his throat.

He met Dorcas coming in from the garden, with a bunch of scarlet holly-berries in her hand.

"Dorcas!" he cried—"Dorcas, you are as false as the serpent-woman! You beau—"

She comprehended him in an instant, though his voice was choked into silence.

She flung away the scarlet cluster and put her arms tenderly about him.

"Dear Guy," she whispered, "I love him: but if you are unwilling—if it takes away any of the home feeling for you—it only remains for you to say so, and—"

Her voice died away, her head drooped on his shoulder.

There was an instant's silence, and then Guy said, bravely:

"Well, so let it be. My father is a trump, and you are the only woman alive who is worthy of him. And I suppose people would say six years was too much difference in our ages, although how they're to get over the fifteen years between you and father I don't know," he added, with rather a forced laugh.

And then and there Guy Paley learned his first lesson in self-abnegation.

Dorcas picked up her holly-berries and went to the library, where her promised husband stood.

"I have just seen Guy," she said.

"Isn't he pleased?"

"Yes, I think he is," hesitated Dorcas. "Guy is a strange boy—a noble nature. I am not sure, Horace," she added, with a dimness in her eyes, "that I would have married you if I could not always have had Guy with me."

"And my true wife will be Guy's true mother!" said Mr. Paley, drawing Dorcas tenderly to his side.

"ALL-NOSE" PETE.

BY CHARLES S. BLACKBURN.

He was a "ganglin" youth of nineteen, with a pale, thin face, and a nose so prominent it was hard to tell where it left off and his forehead commenced. He did nothing but loaf, which gave him a tired, anxious air, as if he were expecting something to happen—a job of work present itself, or some such provoking calamity. He was in love, and being so, and possessed of nothing, was consequently unusually anxious to marry. People called him "All-Nose Pete," for the facial eccentricity mentioned, and nobody doubted that he would be more than the "natchulborn vagabon" the community knew him.

"Howdy, Miss Suckey," said Pete, stepping into the kitchen one afternoon where she was "cleanin' up things." She was a slattern girl of sixteen, with black, short-cut hair and a decided suspicion of soot and grease on her faded cotton dress. But she was pretty, and being her father's house-keeper, and he being a drunkard, her toilet could not be always perfect.

She looked up, but said nothing.

"Miss Suckey," he went on, "'taint no harm fur me ter ax yer ter-day what I axed yer yistiddy."

"No, an' 'taint no harm fur me ter give you the same answer."

"But ef we was married I could keep yer pap."

"Yes, help him drink whisky."

"I never tuck er drink uv licker in my life."

"But you're allers loafin' erroun' the grocery."

"There hain't nowhere else ter go."

"O, yes, there is."

"Where?"

"Go to work."

The idea seemed to be a new one to Pete. He actually looked as if thinking of something.

"No, Pete, I've got nothin' and you've got less. I'd be er purty fool ter marry you an' fetch ernother pauper into the family."

Pete walked out the front gate, and stopped in the middle of the road. To the left it wound down and up the red hills and was lost amidst the brilliant autumn foliage of the forest trees; to the right it straggled off to the lazy town.

"Suckey's right," he muttered; "I'm no ercount."

He sauntered across the field that lay before him. Stepping on a mound of dead grass, a rabbit ran from beneath it. "Don't be skeered, ole molly hare, fur All-Nose Pete ain't got ernuff innurgy ter ketch you ef you was tied." He stopped at the spring in the chincapin thicket, dipped up water in his slouch hat and drank.

"Hello, young feller," spoke a man in big top-boots and fur cap, "how far is it to town?"

"'Bout er mile an' er half."

"Are you busy?"

"Yes, doin' nuthin'."

"You're the chap I want."

It startled Pete; somebody wanted him. He answered:

"What fur?"

"To go to town and get me a bottle of whisky."

"Can't do it."

Now the man was startled. He asked: "Why not?"

"Don't drink it myself, an' never put it in other folks' way."

"But this is for a very sick man."

"Shore nuff?"

"Yes."

"Where's he at?"

"Up at camp, there," pointing to a smoke in the woods.

Pete went the errand and returned. It was a railway surveying party. He took supper with them.

"The sick man will have to go home," said the one he met at the spring. "You look like you were used to the climate, and if you've got nothing to do I'll give you a job."

"What is it?" asked Pete, doubtfully.

"Carrying a chain. You can carry a chain, I reckon. It isn't very heavy," he added, with a laugh.

"I'll try it erwhile, anyhow."

A year passed. Dorcas Womble, the sheriff, had asked Suckey to be his wife. She refused. Womble was a middle-aged man with large ears that stood out at right angles from his head, making his freckled face and comprehensive mouth appear as in bas-relief. He smoked an imitation merschaum pipe, which was ornamented with red tassels. A whisky drinker, he was, both by choice and necessity; through choice he loved it, and through necessity because no man could be even a candidate for the office without the capacity of at least a quart a day.

"Hello, Dorcas, come in here," said the grocery keeper, as he was passing by one morning.

"All right, Doc."

Mr. Roundtree got his title of "doctor" for once having carried on his business in a prohibition county. He was hair-lipped and had a "game" leg. In walking he steered sideways, and when he talked he turned his face up in a similar manner and closed one eye. "You see," he explained, "I've got er purty good-sized morgidge on old Dunscomb's house an' lot, an' I s'pose I'd jest ez well close down. The funeral's over, and I reck'n that gal uv his—you know Suckey—iz done cryin'. She an' them little uns iz in er bad fix; but he got my money, an' I want it."

The sale took place at the court-house door.

"Now, gentlemen," spoke the sheriff from the top of a barrel to the crowd sitting around on dry-goods boxes, "how much fur this property? The house ain't much, but the location's good. Valued at two hundred dollars—one hundred more'n the debt. How much?"

"Two hundred dollars," said a voice. It came from a stranger who leaned against a post at the entrance of the building. The sheriff looked at him.

The stranger was Pete. He looked better, all over, than a year ago; but his nose gave him away. All knew him.

"Waal," sneered the sheriff, "people 'bout here thought you wuz in the penitencherry."

"You're sellin' er piece uv property, an' I'm er biddin' on it," said Pete, evading the insult. "Go erhead, and cry my bid."

"You know what I allers do with er man who bids in what he can't pay fur?"

"I'm here," replied Pete, quetly.

He cried Pete's bid. No one raised it. The deed was made out in Suckey's name.

"Suckey," he said, that evening, while he stood in the kitchen and looked at her as she "cleaned up things," "you done it all. I've got a job now; gittin' out ties fur the railroad that'll be thunderin' along through this country purty soon. If—"

"What's that an' what they got?" she broke in, as two men entered the yard with something between them.

"Nothin' but er stove. I thought you'd been bendin' over er fire-place long ernuff, so I jest picked out this un up town ez I come erlong."

"An' this package—what's it?"

"Your weddin' dress, Suckey, ef you'll take All-Nose Pete with it."

She took him.

No thoroughly occupied man was ever yet miserable.

JEWELS OF JUGGERNAUT.

From the Times of India.

Many years ago I was quartered at Fuzarabad, an important military station about 150 miles from the Madras coast. Unfortunately, at the time I was there, gambling and betting were much in vogue, and many men plunged and came to grief over their debts of honor. Of all that gay company, nobody was more popular and better-liked by both men and women than young Fitzroy; but, unfortunately, he lost money at the races, tried to recover himself at the whist table, but failed, got into the hands of the Marwarrees, and got deeper and deeper into the mire of debt. At length he told the narrator that he intended to go to England to raise money. "Will you come away with me?" he asked. "Give out that we have taken ten days' leave for some shooting, and see me down to the coast. If I go off alone, I shall be stopped by those cursed Marwarrees." After some hesitation I agreed. He sent in his application for leave to go to Europe on private affairs, and I gave out that I was going on a ten days' shooting expedition.

A week later, with a couple of tongas, we had started on our long and wearying journey to the coast, where my poor young friend hoped to pick up a steamer to take him to Europe. On the second day we met crowds of people tramping along. In reply to our inquiries we were told they were all returning from the great festival of Juggernaut, held at Puri, now only some three days' journey from where we were. The tong-awallah kept us interested with a graphic description of the festival and of the great god, which was especially remarkable for the wonderful jewels it possessed—two emerald eyes of inestimable value, its lips formed of the finest rubies in the world, and a necklace of priceless pearls. The sun was sinking as at last we neared the town of Puri, and we could see the pinnacles of the temples rise above the trees which surrounded the place. Half a mile the other side of the town stood the Travelers' Bungalow, where we intended putting up for the night. A more uncomfortable meal I never ate than the dinner which was served up to us that evening, and I was quite thankful when the poor lad said he was dead beat and would go off to bed. My own room was on the other side of the bungalow, and I took my pipe and sat smoking in the veranda. The moon was just rising when I thought I saw the figure of a European stealing along the wall of the compound. Strange, I thought, and wondered what other European there could be here at the same time. An idea struck me, and I went across to my companion's room. There was nobody in it, the bed was undisturbed. I threw down my pipe, and rushed out into the moonlight. A few seconds later I was out in the road, and turned instinctively in the direction of the temple.

I could not see the young officer; but ran on until I reached the wall of the temple compound—an enormous courtyard of paved stone, on which were lying a number of priests, their white garments wrapped round their heads and bodies. In the background was placed temple after temple, but in the very centre stood one solitary shrine raised on three separate flights of steps, and inside I could see the great black god raised on three other smaller flights of colored marble steps. The moonbeams shone directly on the god and lit up the emerald eye and ruby lips, while the pearl necklace glowed on his huge black bosom. To my unutterable horror I saw my companion walking right across the courtyard. My tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I dared not shout even if I could have raised my voice. A ghastly horror took hold of me as the idea struck me that in his madness my poor friend intended to save his honor by the greater dishonor of robbing the idol. Speechless I saw him mount step after step, and the next moment I saw him enter the sacred shrine across the threshold of which no other foot but that of the Brahmin had ever passed. Nine steps led up to the god. He paused. I tried to shout, but no sound would come. He raised his hands as if to tear off the pearl necklace. It was still above his reach. His foot then touched the seventh. Oh, God! can I ever forget the sight? In the moonlight flashed out two arms covered with a hundred—nay, two hundred—daggers, and clasped the daring youth to the black god's breast. At the same moment the sound of a gong broke the stillness of the night, and in one moment the priests had cast off their coverings and were rushing to the shrine. Two minutes later I saw the amazed and horrified priests carrying out the lifeless body of the dishonored Englishman, and I turned and fled.

GOOD MEN IN NORWAY.

Carter Harrison, in Chicago Mail.

I like the Norwegians. All travelers here declare them perfectly honest. I certainly have not seen the slightest disposition on the part of any one of them to deceive or cheat, and if trustfulness is an evidence of honesty these people are wonderfully so. They have huge keys to their storehouses and granaries—keys big enough to brain a man with. They are nearly always in the keyhole or hanging somewhere within reach of one feloniously inclined. At wayside stations curiosities—sometimes of small silverware—are exposed in the public room, where anyone can easily carry them off. Farm houses are left open when the whole family goes off to cut hay, and in some unfrequented localities the wayfarer goes in, builds a fire, and cooks a meal; goes to the store-room, helps himself to milk and "flat bread," and leaves on the table money enough to pay for what he has used. Frequently a post boy (sometimes a man and not infrequently a girl or a woman) has taken what I have paid for his dues, putting it into his pocket without counting. He always, however, sees what you give him as a gratuity, and shakes you by the hand when he says "tak" (thanks). I gave a servant girl too much for our dinner. She was much amused, when she followed me, that I should have made such a blunder. At wayside stations they charge ridiculously low prices, and as far as I can learn make no distinction in making charges to foreigners and home people.

They are a sturdy, fine-looking people, and are the most thorough democrats on the face of the globe. They have abolished all titles and nobility, and have not learned to worship wealth. One man is quite as good as another, and his bearing shows he thinks so. He takes off his hat when he meets you on the road-side, but does it as freely to the coachman who drives as to the rich man who lolls back in the carriage. They are a good natured people, I am sure. The kitchen is the living room in a well-to-do farm-house. I have walked into these frequently, and generally found the mothers putting the finishing touches to the pot when preparing a meal; and I could never tell which were the daughters of the house and which the servants. By the way, the latter are not ashamed of their calling, and when I have asked a pretty one if she were the daughter, she says: "Oh! nei; I am a servant." Many of the women in the mountains and upper valleys are very comely—not beauties, but ruddy, rosy, plump and healthy specimens of femininity.

A GOOSE KEEPS GUARD FOR A COW.

In the Christian Union I read the following article: "A Kitten at School." It brought to my mind an incident that came under my observation while spending a few days in the family of a relative in Seymour, Ind., last October. In that city, like most of the western towns, the hogs and cattle run at large through the streets. One noon, as I was leaving the house with my friend, he called my attention to a cow and goose near the gate. A quantity of refuse from the kitchen had been thrown into the gutter, which the cow seemed to eat with a relish, and close by the side of her stood a large gray goose, as it seemed to me, doing guard for the cow. While this cow was eating three or four others cows came up from behind, but the goose would not allow them to come near her cow, but drove them away as they approached. This is not all about this goose. I was told by my friend that about two years before she went with this cow she attended another cow. Her first pet died. The goose left her former home after that and attached herself to this cow; which belonged to a family living some distance away. I saw her, on two or three different days after this incident occurred, by the side of the cow, and so fearful that some one might injure her or her mate that she would attempt to follow you with such demonstrations that only geese can make.

Two Alabama men went wild turkey hunting and took along a big tame gobbler for a decoy. The plan might have worked admirably, but an old negro, also turkey hunting, filled the decoy full of buckshot from his rusty musket and made off with it. The negro was the only man concerned who took home any game.

One of Murat's daughters, Louisa Marchosa Rasponi, is said to be still living, at ninety-two, in Ravenna, Italy. She was, therefore, nineteen in 1815, when Napoleon I. was dethroned and her father shot.

JAPANESE SUPERSTITIONS.

The household superstitions of Japan are very numerous. They are harmless, often exciting laughter; yet so intrenched are they in the household that religion, argument, even ridicule cannot destroy them. Some of these superstitions have a moral or educational purpose, inculcating lessons of benevolence, neatness and habits of cleanliness. A room is never swept immediately after the departure of the inmate for fear of sweeping out the luck. At a marriage ceremony neither the bride nor the groom wears any clothing of a purple color lest their marriage be soon dissolved, purple being a color most liable to fade. If the cup of medicine is upset by accident during the illness of a person it is a sure sign of his recovery. This looks as if the Japanese had faith in our proverb, "Throw physic to the dogs." There are some curious ideas in regard to the finger nails. They must not be cut before starting on a journey lest disgrace fall upon the person at his destination. Neither should they be cut at night, lest cat's claws should grow out. Children who throw the parings of the nails into the fire are in danger of some great calamity. If a piece should fly into the fire while cutting the person will soon die.

The howling of a dog portends death. If a woman steps over an egg shell she will go mad; if over a razor it will become dull; if over a whetstone it will break. If a man should set his hair on fire he will go mad. Children are told if they tell a lie an oni (imp) will pull out their tongues. The wholesome terror of the oni, standing ready to run away with his tongue, has caused many a Japanese youth to speak the truth.

The Japanese have a horror of the darkness; they always keep a light burning to ward off ghosts. The junkmen believe in a ghost who comes to them and politely asks to borrow a dipper. The answer decides the fate of the junkman. If a dipper with a bottom is bestowed upon the ghost he uses it to bail water enough to swamp the junk; but if the bottom can be knocked out and thrown at him he disappears. In this last case the act must be accompanied by an incantation, or the ghost turns into a sea cappa—a many clawed monster—who will drag the junk to the bottom.

The Japanese are a gentle, sensitive race, very much under the influence of their emotions. Love with them is a serious matter, often one of life or death. Disappointment in love or desertion frequently ends in suicide. Sometimes the girl becomes an avenger and implores the gods to curse or visit with death the destroyer of her peace. The passions which thrill and torment the human soul are as intense in far away heathen Japan as in those lands which boast a higher civilization.

CUNNING REYNARD.

A funny fox-chase is reported in this county, writes a New York *Sun* correspondent from Lancaster, Pa. At Landis Valley a fox had been started and thirty-five hounds and a half dozen cross-country riders were in lively pursuit. The trail led among the fields and over the hills for several miles, and then took the hounds to the turnpike. There, in the middle of the pike, the scent was lost. The dogs manœuvered and beat about here, there and everywhere, but the trail could not be found. A teamster, on his way to town with a load of hay, had passed the spot where the trail was lost in the pike only a minute before the hounds burst on the road in full cry. The teamster stopped on seeing the pack and the riders following them to watch the result of the manœuvering.

"Which way did he go?" shouted one of the hunters.

"Dunno!" the teamster shouted back. "Didn't see him."

After watching the dogs and the hunters for a few minutes the teamster went on. The hunters unanimously declared that there had never before been such an inexplicable loss of a fox's trail, and had to give up the chase. After going a mile or so, as he tells the story, the teamster with the hay stopped his horses to talk with an acquaintance he met on the road, and, as they were talking, a fox jumped out of the hay at the rear end, landed in the road and trotted leisurely away.

Mrs. Stanley Brown, formerly Miss Mollie Garfield, daughter of the dead President, is described as a singularly beautiful woman, with a slender but almost faultless form. The impressive effect of her beauty is said to be heightened by "undisguisable suggestions of sadness," which have lingered about her eyes and mouth ever since the dark days of '81, when she lost the father she idolized.

SAVED BY A WOMAN'S WIT.

After the loss of Brooklyn Heights, Washington and Greene were already aware that the city could not be held. Its capture was very easily effected.

Several ships of the line ascended the Hudson as far as Bloomingdale, and the East River as far as Blackwell's Island, says John Fisk, in an article on "Washington's Great Campaign," in the *Atlantic Monthly*; and while thus from either side these vessels swept the northern part of Manhattan with a furious fire, Gen. Howe brought his army across from Brooklyn in boats and landed at Kipp's bay, near the present site of East Thirty-fourth street.

Washington came promptly down with two New England brigades to reenforce the men whom he had stationed at that point, and to hinder the landing of the enemy until Putnam should have time to evacuate the city. To Washington's wrath and disgust, these men were seized with panic and suddenly turned and fled without firing a shot.

Had Howe now thrown his men promptly forward across the line of Thirty-fourth street he would have cut off Putnam's retreat from the city. But what the New England brigades failed to do a bright woman succeeded in accomplishing.

When Howe had reached the spot known as Murray hill, now the center of much brown stone magnificence in Park and Madison and Fifth avenues, at that time a noble country farmstead, Mrs. Lindley Murray, mother of the famous grammarian, well knowing the easy temper of the British commander, sent out a servant to invite him to stop and take luncheon.

A general halt was ordered, and while Howe and his officers were gracefully entertained for more than two hours by their accomplished and subtle hostess, Putnam hastily marched his 4,000 men up the shore of the Hudson, until, passing Bloomingdale, he touched the right wing of the main army and was safe, though his tents, blankets and heavy guns had been left behind.

A VILLAGE OF CHESS PLAYERS.

A correspondent of The Kolnische Zeitung has discovered in the neighborhood of Halberstadt a village named Strobeck, of which all the inhabitants are chess players. Chess is regularly taught in the schools, and every year there is a public examination in the game, a distribution of prizes in the shape of chess boards, and a kind of chess tournament and festival, at which the six best players in the locality are publicly feted and carried home in triumph. Instead of pothooks and hangers, young children are initiated at their mothers' knees in the mysteries of Ginoco Piano and Muzio Gambit, while the ambition of the adult peasant's life is to be able to play a larger number of blindfold games than his neighbor. The holiest shrine for miles around is a tumble down tower, which, according to local tradition, was the home of an unfrocked priest who, some four or five centuries ago, first introduced the honest yoeman of Strobeck to the "Game of Kings." The great elector once passed through the village and played with one of the farmers. He presented the Strobeckers with an elaborately painted chess board and a set of silver pawns, which are to this day preserved under glass in the courthouse. It is also said that Frederick the Great played chess at Strobeck, but this legend is not authenticated.

THE VALUE OF A NICKEL.

Somebody of an ingenious turn of mind gives us the metric system, "not in a nutshell," but in a nickel. It is claimed that our nickel five cent piece holds the key to the linear measures and weights. The diameter of this coin is two centimetres and its weight is five grammes. Five of them placed in a row will, of course, give the length of the decimeter and two of them will weigh a decagramme. As the kioliter is a cubic meter, the key to the measures of length, it is also the key to the measures of capacity. Any person, therefore, who is fortunate enough to own a five cent nickel may carry in his pocket the entire metric system of weights and measures.

Assistant Doorkeeper Bassett has been in the employ of the United States Senate for fifty-eight years. He recently celebrated his golden wedding, and was then made the recipient of a handsome present from the Senators.

Miss Fannie Macauley, who died a few days ago at Brighton, England, at the age of eighty, was the last surviving sister of Thomas Babington Macaulay.

HELPING HIM OUT.

An unkind story, even if true, was told a Pittsburg *Dispatch* man while he was in England, of a young lady who married a stuttering man.

The young man was undoubtedly a stutterer of the most positive order, for I have heard him go through paroxysms to get out a simple "Good morning!" The lady whom he subsequently married was of an eminently practical turn of mind. No maiden modestly or bashfulness cloyed her methods. She spoke to the point, and never left a thought unexpressed if she deemed it pertinent. After he had called upon her some three or four times she decided that it was about time for her to know his intentions. So the next time he called, after they had seated themselves as usual on the sofa, she said quietly but firmly: "Mr. Smith, I am much flattered by the interest you have taken in me, and the flowers you have just given me are pretty, but I feel that I should be not doing my duty if I delayed any longer asking what your intentions are; whither do these attentions and presents lead?"

Young Mr. Smith rose to his feet and a blush rose to his cheek. He essayed to speak. For a moment his lips and tongue seemed paralyzed. Then he managed to get out "M-M-M-M-y d-d-d-d-d"—but he could get no further. The d might have stood for a number of words, but Miss Smith, justifiably, perhaps, interpreted it to stand for darling, and the youth's acute embarrassment to a modest confusion in making a formal proposal.

Any way, she took Mr. Smith by the hand and, looking into his eyes, exclaimed: "Mr. Smith, I appreciate your embarrassment, but I understand what you wish to say. You may speak to papa, and if he approves so do I."

They were married a few months later, but Mr. Smith has never explained satisfactorily to his friends whether he stuttered into matrimony of his own free will or against it.

"Say young fellow," said Johnny Swisher to the gentleman who was calling, did you notice me rush into the parlor to-night, where you and Lizzie was sittin' and say: 'I'm very much obliged to you, sister Lizzie, for sewing that suspender button on so nicely,' just like that. And then sis got red and looked confused, and said I oughn't to speak of such things before company—did you notice it?"

"Oh, yes. I remember the little incident very well."

"Well I just thought I would step around and tell you that there wasn't no suspender button sewed on nor nothin' of the kind."

"Why, I was to get a quarter for coming in and saying that, and when I asked for the money she said she didn't have change. As I rather looked on it as a cash transaction, and as you always treated me purty good, I thought I would put you on to the scheme and maybe it would save you trouble in the future."

And the young man thoughtfully put his hand into his pocket and gave Johnny a half dollar.

At a hearing before the Committee of Education of the Michigan Legislature on the subject of the effect of tobacco on youths, it was stated that in reply to circulars two hundred doctors had each cited one or more cases of boys being dwarfed, made insane, killed or rendered incapable of speech. The professors of Michigan University testified that otherwise bright students were made dull and stupid by the use of the cigarette, and that in many cases the power of hearing had been seriously affected. They also said that in nine cases out of ten the regular use of cigarettes by boys would result in the loss of will power.

The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton gin; 2, the planing machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5 navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blasts for carving; 11, the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice-making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

An Englishman has produced a piece of mechanism containing four hundred figures representing horses, cannon, artillery, infantry, and a band of fifty-two men, each with an instrument. A tiny wind-mill turned by the current from burning candles furnishes the power to move all the figures automatically.

E. B. Ball, the nearest living relative of George Washington, occupies a stall in the south corridor of the Pension Building at Washington, where he sells cigars and fruit to the clerks. He is nearly eighty years old, and bears a striking resemblance to the Father of his Country.

A teacher in a public school not a hundred miles from Philadelphia received the following excuse from an overgrown boy, who had been absent a day: "Miss—Pleas exguse Frank for bean absent yesterday as he had to help his father kill the other hog His Mother."

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