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he American Union.

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ENOCH PRATT FREE LIBRARY BALTO.

LIGHT.

air Morn awoke and left her fleecy bed,
O'er her fair cheek a flush of roses red
In healthful glow was richly overspread,
And, as upon her royal car she stepped,
A golden glory o'er the mountains swept,
And silvery beams to every nooklet crept.

Behold! how Earth, expectant, smiles to see
This bright-eyed queen unveil her royalty!
Night's sable curtains glide by hurriedly,
And pendant leaf, and grass in dewy tears,
Hasten their toilet brief as she appears
Dispelling in her warmth all doubts and fears.

—*Edward N. Richards, in the Current.*

A Grand Old Painting.

CHAPTER I.

I never shall forget those happy days when we sailed on the tranquil bosom of a mountain lake. To make this statement comprehensively clear, I should doubtless introduce myself. My name is Mallon Westford. It is an old and aristocratic name, even though I do say it. To bring out the real points of this recital, it is necessary that I say a few words with regard to our family. We lived in Arkansaw, my father, my mother and myself. Our roomy, comfortable old house was pitched among the graceful mountains of the northwestern part of the State. My mother was a quiet woman, without pronounced characteristics. My father was a character, noted for his learning and for his pride. Having descended from ancestors who won glory in the old Revolution, and wishing to forever be numbered among the lovers of the union, he did not go into the Confederate army when Arkansaw seceded. Realizing the uselessness of attempting to prevent the crises, he quietly sat down, still a lover of the union and a worshiper of his family traditions, and awaited the terrible result.

One day a party of Federal soldiers visited our house, and while searching for arms, came across a grand old painting, which having been done by an Italian master, and having come down from generation to generation, was regarded as a priceless treasure.

"What will you take for that painting?" asked the commanding officer, addressing my father.

"It is not for sale. There is not money enough in the country to buy it."

"I am sorry," replied the officer. "I am much devoted to art. Those trees are strikingly natural, and I can almost hear the water rippling over the stones. Say, you won't sell it?"

"No, I could not be induced to part with it."

"I am sorry. Say, you wouldn't lend it, would you? We are going to have an art exhibition at headquarters, and this picture would greatly add to the collection. Suppose you let me have it for a day or two."

"Such a request coming from a stranger is absurd."

The officer haughtily drew himself up and replied: "The request of a stranger may be absurd but the demand of a soldier is ever reasonable—especially during war. Sergeant, take down that picture."

Our home never seemed to be the same, after that picture was taken away. My father, I could see, actually grieved over its loss. He made numerous attempts to recover it, but could never learn the name of the officer who had raided the house.

My father and mother passed away. It would have been pleasant to look upon the grand old painting which my father had prized so dearly and which would have descended to me.

CHAPTER II.

No, I shall never forget those happy days when we sailed on the tranquil bosom of a mountain lake. The war was almost forgotten except by politicians. I had gone north to enjoy a summer's vacation, where, free from the annoyances of a law office, I could regain the strength of which the wear of business had deprived me. One afternoon while I was lazily dreaming in my boat, drifting in the shade, I saw a woman rowing toward me. She seemed to be excited for she was pulling with all her strength. I had begun to think that her boat was cutting deeper and deeper into the water, when she shrieked. I snatched up my oars and skimmed rapidly toward her, but before I had made a dozen strokes, her boat sank. She was struggling in the water when I reached her. She had sunk once and was, I discovered upon lifting her into my boat, almost drowned. I took her to a house not far away. The inmates of the house were much excited. They knew the young lady. Her name was Zilda Moss. Her father, a prominent man, lived in the neighborhood.

Miss Moss soon recovered. I called every day to see how she was getting along. The first time I saw her lustrous dark eyes, they were gazing gratefully upon me. The people of the house with a dash of romance, had told her how I had played the hero. I laughed at the idea but could not help feeling a pleasant sense of pride. I soon learned that her father and mother were away from home on a visit and that she was the guest of the family to whose house I had taken her. The first time we had anything like a conversation, we were walking in the garden.

"So you will not allow me to thank you," she said.

"Why, you are under no obligations to me. I not only discharged a duty but at the same time experienced a great pleasure."

"You endangered your life."

"Not at all."

"Your boat tipped over and you sprang into the lake."

Deceitful wretch that I was. I knew that this was added by the family, but I could not undeceive her. I enjoyed the grateful expression of her eyes. I was honest enough, doubtless. I would not have cheated the man, but is there one among us who would not cheat a woman? Man can be honest with man, but he who is thoroughly honest with woman, exposes himself to her contempt. The blunt practicability so much admired by man, is despised by woman. This, on her part, is not an evidence of intellectual refinement.

"Dy not think of the little service I have rendered you, Miss Moss. Women place so great a stress upon so slight an action."

"Oh, men are all unconscious heroes," she laughingly replied. "If I were to risk my life to save the life of any one, I would never tire of hearing a recital of the brave deed; but I suppose men, so careless of themselves look with indifference upon a r Let me pin his rose-bud o Does ot the backgro the flower?"

"Yes, but it loses much of its assumed attraction when you are near it."

"Oh, what a flatterer you are. Now I know what you thought. When you saw me floundering in the water, you said to yourself: 'There is a girl whom I can flatter.' Then you sprang to the rescue, took me out and are now flattering me. Dear me, I wish papa and mamma would come home."

"Why did you not go with them?"

"They went to visit relatives, stupid ones, too. Distant relatives are at best far from being entertaining."

"I am glad you did not go."

"So am I, even though the bark that held—"

"The princess went down," I added.

"There you are again, Mr. Flatterer. Let us go to the house. You'll flatter me to death if we stay out here."

CHAPTER III.

Again I must say that I shall never forget those happy days. We skimmed the bright sheen of the beautiful lake. The cliffs sent back the echo of Zilda's sweet voice. I could see that she was happy.

"Zilda," I said one day when we had landed to eat our lunch on a rock, which far and wide was known as the "Banquet table, "when your father and mother return, I suppose I may visit you at your house?"

"Why, of course you may. What foolish questions you sometimes ask. Papa and mamma will be delighted to see you. Papa is an awful fine looking man, taller than you are. He was a captain in the Union army."

"Zilda—"

"Why do'nt you say Miss Zilda? If papa were to hear you Zildering me he would snap his eyes like a steel trap."

"I shall be careful when he is near, Zilda—"

"There you go again. Stop trying to take hold of my hand. I went to set the ta—my goodness, yonder is papa."

She sprang to her feet and ran to meet a man whom I saw approaching.

Mr. Moss said that he was pleased to meet me. He tried to be eloquent in expressing his gratitude. He knew that I had risked my life to save his daughter. He wished that it was in his power to repay me. Knew that he could never do it. Would I visit him at his home? Yes, I would. Could I not spend a few weeks with him? Yes, I could.

The Mosses lived in a place that to me was particularly attractive. Flowers, graceful trees and everything tending to make a home complete surrounded the house. Mrs. Moss shed tears when she took my hand. She thanked the Lord that I had been born. So did I, declaring that the service which I had rendered her daughter was to me more than worth the combined performances of a life-time.

After supper we went into the parlor. I could scarcely repress a loud exclamation. The grand old painting so highly prized by my father and his ancestors hung upon the wall.

"That is a beautiful painting, Miss Moss.

"Yes, it is a masterpiece."

"An old heirloom, I suppose?"

"No, it is a comparative stranger in our family."

"Bought it, doubtless, at some great art sale?"

"No."

"May I ask where you got it."

She blushed and changed the subject. I saw it all. Her father had robbed my father; and, proud of the theft, had told his family how he secured the painting. I was in a most unenviable position. What to do I did not know. I loved Zilda, and almost knew that she loved me, but could I, in justice to the memory of my father, marry the daughter of a man who had insulted and robbed him. My manner toward Zilda must have changed, for the conversation during the entire evening was constrained. I was glad when bedtime arrived. As I lay in bed, I tried to decide upon some plan of action. Would it be right to confront Mr. Moss and demand the picture? No, I could not mortally offend the man whose daughter I devotedly loved. I would go away and try to forget it all.

CHAPTER IV.

The next morning I told Mr. Moss how sorry I was that I could not longer remain, that a business letter received several days before and thrust, unread, into my pocket, had, upon being read, informed me that a certain law suit demanded my immediate attention. Mr. Moss was very sorry. Mrs. Moss expressed deep regrets. Zilda was out in the garden. I would see her alone.

"Miss Moss, I shall leave to-day."

"What!" she exclaimed, dropping a handful of roses.

"Yes, business calls me away."

"I am very sorry," she said, looking down.

"It cannot be helped."

Tears were dripping from her long lashes.

"Why can't it be helped?" she asked.

"Let us sit down here a moment."

We sat down. She clasped her hands.

"You made me very unhappy last night," she said.

"I never spent a more miserable night," I replied.

"You seemed to get angry with me as soon as you began to talk about that hateful old picture. I wished, an hour afterward that I had told you all about it."

"Tell me now," I eagerly replied.

"Well, I will. Shortly after I quit school, I became engaged to a man, who with papa's consent had addressed me. I did not love him, but to please papa, I agreed to marry him. One day he brought me that picture. He bought it at an art sale in New York. Finding that I could not love him, and becoming more horrified at the thought of marrying him, I broke the engagement. I offered to return the picture but he would not take it. Now, is there anything so bad about it?"

Then I told her my story,

"Oh, I don't blame you," she said. "I—take your arms from around me. We are not engaged. You haven't even told me that you love me."

"If I have not, it was because deep love cannot be lightly expressed; but I do love you—love you devotedly."

She began to untangle herself from my arms. Looking up I saw Mr. Moss. I began to stammer an apology, when he said:

"Zilda, I have often told you not to sit out here without anything around you and I see that you have followed my advice."

The girl blushed and I felt the blood rush to my head, but I managed to say:

"I was determined that she should not take cold, sir."

"Yes, you are quite a comforter. Well, don't let me interrupt you."

"Our arrangements are very nearly complete," said I. "Have you any objections to our marriage?"

"None whatever."

The grand old painting hangs on my wall.

"Look here," my wife said to me the other day.

"Well."

"Did you know that you never asked me to marry you?"

"I don't believe I did."

"You good for nothing thing, you ought to be ashamed of myself."

"No I should not. I am so proud of you that I entirely forget yourself."

"I actually believe that you pulled me out of the lake just to flatter me; but I like it, dear. Always flatter me. The husband who ceases to flatter—"

"Ceases to please his wife," I rejoined.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Parting of Lee and His Generals.

The final parting was in front of Lee's mansion in Richmond, two days after Appomattox. Lee's house is an ordinary square brick, standing alone on Franklin street, one square from the capitol. All the other houses on the square are connected. Upon the afternoon of the second day after the surrender people in that vicinity were surprised to see come riding up the street from the south a company of Confederate horsemen. They were unarmed. Their gray uniforms were worn, soiled, and often tattered, their trappings old and patched. They wore slouch hats, and here and there was a feather remaining of the once smart and jaunty drooping plume of the Confederate cavalryman. They were bronzed and browned and bearded. They sat erect and came on with the splendid horsemanship for which they were noted. Upon the collars of some of the gray jackets could still be seen the faded and tarnished gilt stars, the emblems of the wearers' rank.

In front of them rode Lee. His two hands held the loosely swinging reins and rested upon the pommel. His head was bent and his eyes were looking straight ahead from under his downcast brow, but they seemed to see nothing.

As the troops cantered up to his old home his horse stopped at the gate, and he aroused himself suddenly, as from a dream, and cast his eyes upon the familiar windows and then around over the group of gallant soldiers who had followed his fortunes for four bloody years and gone down in defeat under his banner.

The end of it all had come at last. He threw himself from his horse, and all his companions followed his action. They stood hat in hand, with an arm through the bridle rein, while Lee went from man to man, grasping each hand, looking intently into each face as though he would press it upon his memory forever. Then he turned and walked through the gate and up the steps to his door. As a servant opened the door he paused with his left foot upon the veranda, his right upon the last step, and looked back for the last time. Not a word had been spoken, not a good-by uttered. There was no sound heard but that of sobs as these unkempt and grizzled heroes of a hundred battles leaned their heads against the shoulders of their horses and wept.

Lee gave one look, and broke down at last. His hands were over his eyes, his frame shook with sobs, as he turned quickly and disappeared into his lonely house. With the closing of the door behind him ended forever the dream of the Southern Confederacy.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.*

Power of a Whale's Tail.

The power of this tremendous propulsory apparatus is almost beyond conception. The weight of a full grown whale may be appreciated when the reader reflects that the famous elephant, Jumbo, would have to be multiplied many times before his weight would equal that of a large whale. Yet the late Captain Scott, royal navy, told me that when on the quarter deck of his own ship, he repeatedly saw the whales leaping in mere play so high out of the water that the horizon was clearly visible under them. Now, Captain Scott lived to be nearly 100 years old, and when he was in active service the quarter deck of a man-of-war was at least thirty feet above the water; add to this measurement his own height (he being rather a tall man) and the reader can then appreciate the terrific power of the animal's tail. I may here mention that this habit of springing out of the water is called "breaching" by whalers. Beside the great muscular apparatus which has just been mentioned, the whale possesses another muscle which surrounds the body; it is scientifically and happily called the "pannicilus carnosus"—or "fleshy rag," and is in various ways, according to the animal. It is with this muscle that the dog shakes his skin when he comes out of the water.

The hedge hog has it very powerfully developed, in order to enable it to coil itself into the spiky ball with which we are so familiar. The manis, armadillo and echidna also possess it and use it for a similar purpose. Man has but very little of it, the chief vestiges being the muscles of the face, which give to the human countenance its changing expressions. The whale wants it for two purposes. He wants it to enable him to bend his body—a function easily observed in the dolphins as they curve their graceful course through the sea; but chiefly he needs it because by contracting it he can make his body heavier than a corresponding bulk of water. This he has no difficulty in doing, and when he wishes to seek the surface he has only to relax the pressure, when the body remains the original size and becomes lighter than the proportional bulk of water. By means of this muscle the hippopotamus, the elephant and the seal can sink themselves below the surface and rise again without moving a limb. For want of it man cannot perform this feat, and the best swimmer in the world would not be able to sink and rise again to the surface without moving hand or foot.—*Longman's.*

Imaginary Ailments.

Some years ago a story was current of a woman who applied at one of our hospitals for treatment of a nervous affection. After listening to a recital of her symptoms, the doctor made her shut her lips upon a clinical thermometer. Upon removing it, the patient exclaimed, "Why, I declare it has done me good already." The doctor humored her delusion, and refrained from any other treatment than a few more applications of the magical glass tube. She was soon cured. A parallel case is now cited by the Philadelphia *Medical News*, a hysterical patient having been cured by magnetism. The magnet was of wood, but capped with metal so as to seem cold to the touch. These cases remind us that a large proportion of such ailments are imaginary, and will often yield to imaginary remedies.

HUMOROUS SKETCHES.

Peace Restored.

"I guess we'll have some peace at our house now," remarked Johnnie, who was calling at the house of a friend.

"How's that?" asked the lady of the house. "Has the baby been sick?"

"Oh, no; the baby cries about two-thirds of the time, but that's nothing. He's all right."

"But what did you mean by saying there would be peace at your house hereafter?"

"Why, you see, ma's left the church she did belong to and joined the one where pa goes."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Of What She Thought.

"Pway, Miss Hattie," lisped a slim to a young woman sitting idly in the sun, "of what ah you thinking, don't you know?"

"Nothing, Mr. Montmorenci, absolutely nothing."

"Indeed, Miss Hattie, don't you know—ah—don't you know—now, weally, I flattahed myself that I occupied youah thoughts, Miss Hattie."

"So you do, Mr. Montmorenci," and the fair girl sat idly in the sun, while Mr. Montmorenci went off to the horse trough to cool his heated brow.—*Merchant-Traveler.*

A Moving Tail.

"Here, boys," called a man. "Come here and catch this rat. Biggest rat you ever saw ran under that pile of lumber. Throw it over here. Now we'll get him."

Three or four men went to work and moved an enormous pile of lumber, but did not find the rat.

"The owner of that lumber will be mad," said some one, addressing the man who had called the boys.

"No, he won't. I am the owner."

"Why, you must indeed be an enemy to rats, going to so much trouble to catch one."

"I didn't see any rat."

"Then why did you let the boys tear down your lumber?"

"Oh, you see I wanted it moved."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

A Worthless Animal.

Farmer Diggins had a horse to sell, and at the market he commenced to dilate on the animal's good qualities.

"How much will you give for him?" shouted Diggins.

"Forty dollars," yelled a voice.

"Twon't do," said Diggins.

"Ten dollars," shouted a wall-eyed man.

"He's worthless," cried another.

"Who said he was a worthless animal?" howled Diggins. "'Twas you, you lop-eared rail-chopper."

"I didn't say any such thing, you mule-backed lump of clay," replied the man. "I only said he was worth less than forty dollars, and now blamed if I don't think he is worthless."

Diggins traded the horse for a side of bacon before the close of the day.—*Carl Pretzel's Weekly.*

Cure for Infantile Bawling.

Two Dallas ladies were overheard talking over the fence as follows:

"What is the matter with your baby? I don't hear it cry any more."

"I have cured it of bawling."

"Do you give it soothing syrup with opium in it?"

"No, I don't give it any medicine at all. I have adopted an entirely new plan.

"What is it?"

"When it begins to cry I smear the tips of its little fingers with molasses, and give it a few feathers to hold in one hand. Its attention becomes aroused and it picks off the feathers with the other hand. The feathers stick to the other hand, of course, and the little darling picks them off again. The little angel's mind is thus so completely absorbed with the feathers that it forgets to cry."—*Texas Siftings.*

Marrying a Chemist.

"I am determined my daughter shall marry a chemist, and if I had it to do over again I'd marry one myself."

"Well, that's the last idea I ever heard of. What in the world put that notion into your head, Mrs. Yumley?"

"Because a chemist can make a living easier than any other man, and if a body has one of them in the house, there's never any cause for worrying about what you'll have for dinner day after to-morrow?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, here it is cold print, and in a religious paper, too. Read it for yourself."

And she reads:

"By the aid of chemistry horse beans can be converted into an article of diet superior to beef, and delicate biscuits, fancy pastry, as well as ordinary bread, can be produced from saw dust and wood shavings, plus a little leguminous flour. Excellent sugar can also be made from old shirts and rags."

"There, now then; don't you see I'm right? With a chemist in the family and a carpentershop in the neighborhood, what more does a body want to be comfortable and happy?"

"Yes, to be sure; but I believe I'd take my coffee clear, though."—*Chicago Ledger.*

Advice to a Would-be Dramatist.

"Now listen to me," said Josephus to Ptaxrimander, "the first thing you want to do when you start a melo-drama is to get up a high-toned polished villain. You want to give him fine clothes and a big watch-chain, patent leather boots, a pair of kid gloves, and a brand-new three-dollar-and-ninety-cent silk hat. Then he must have a face that a blind man wouldn't trust in a railroad tunnel after dark. In melo-dramas the villains always dress well, but look like fiends. Then you want to provide him with a victim. A beautiful girl, nursed in the lap of luxury and fed on caramels, fresh every hour. This beautiful gyurl ought to be as rich as Henry Hilton and as proud as the editor of a Kansas newspaper. Then she must have a poor but apparently dishonest lover, and a stuck-up old pa, who doesn't go much on the aforesaid lover. The lover ought to be a horse-car inspector or an elevator-boy—something that will make him great intellectually and vice versa financially. His apparent dishonesty arises from the frequent disappearance of lead pipe from the building in which he works just about the time he goes home. The villain, who has an office in the same building, [illegible] and tells the gyurl's father, the young man, is plotting to [illegible] a plumber and ruin him. The old man naturally trembles in his boots, and goes in with the villain to put up a job on the young man. The villain then steals a little lead pipe himself, and going by night to the young man's room on the East river shore at Williamsburgh—there's a splendid moonlight view of the city for you—sews the pipe up in the leg of the young man's dress trousers. Then with a detective he lies in wait for the young man, and the two pounce upon him just as he is struggling to get his feet through the leg of the trousers. The accusation is made, and the young man, feeling the lead in his trousers, says:

"'Great Heavens! it is fate!'

"Then they led him away to his dungeon on one leg. In the next act we see him on the island. The gyurl, under pretence of visiting the insane patients, comes to see him, and there's a chance for a big love scene, ending thus:

"'Jerusha, you do not—can not believe me guilty of this foul crime?'

"'No, Robert, I love you, and I believe you are guiltless.' (Throws herself upon his bosom.)

"Then they are torn apart by ruthless minions of the law. That night Robert escapes and goes to fight the mahdi in the Soudan. Big scene of boats ascending Nile cataracts—new sensation, never done before—and chance for daisy effects in the desert. Robert rescues from the murderous fire of the Arabs a Canadian naturalized bank cashier, who confides to him the fact that he—the cashier—was the partner of the polished villain in the robbery of the bank in New York where they both worked. Robert buys his discharge and hastens back to New York, arriving just in time to hurl the proof of the villain's villainy into his face at the foot of the altar, and prevent his marriage with the gyurl. The old man weakens, and, finding that Robert never stole any lead-pipe, and never was likely to become a plumber, being only a corporal, gives him his blessing, the gyurl, and three millions of trade ducats. How's that for a melodrama?"

"Josephus, I don't think I'll write a melodrama as long as you live."—*Puck.*

SIGNATURES OF NOTED MEN.

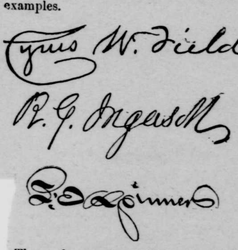
Personal Characteristics in Handwriting—Interesting Autographs.

The following article with autographic *fac similes*, is from an interesting paper on "Personal Characteristics in Handwriting," published in the New York *Penman's Journal*:

Says D'Israeli: "To every individual Nature has given a distinct sort of writing, as she has given them a peculiar countenance, voice and manners."

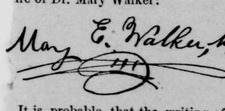
The writing of the world is as marked and varied in its idiosyncracies as are the physiognomies and other peculiar characteristics of its writers. Not only is this true as regards individuals, but of race and nationalities. The extensive and close observer distinguishes between nationalities by their writing as readily as he does by speech, physiognomy or any other race peculiarity. Even where one has learned to write another than his native language, the race-distinction, to a perceptible degree, remains. The writing of a German, Frenchman or other foreigner who has learned to speak and write the English language, will retain an idiocratic style as perceptible to the expert as will be the brogue in the foreigner's speech; and the one can no more be overcome or avoided than the other.

Below we present a few fac-simile autographs—those of persons publicly known—which will serve as illustrative examples.

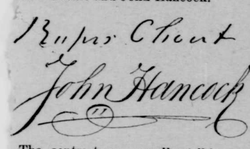


These three autographs are certainly ui generis, and in their entire originality and defiance of prescribed rules of hirography are typical of their respective authors, who, in their careers, have een equally original and irrespective of he beaten ways of their grandfathers.

As another example of the eccentric utograph—certainly its writer has departed widely from the ways of her grandmother—we present the following signature of Dr. Mary Walker:

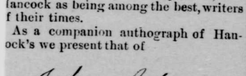


It is probable that the writing of no wo Americans has more frequently been he subject of comment than that of ufus Choate and John Hancock.



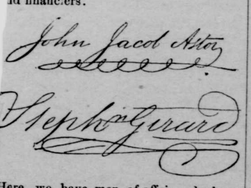
The contrasts are equally striking, as etween the personal characteristics, hysiognomies or chirography of these entlemen. Mr. Choate enjoyed the eputation of being the very worst, and ancock as being among the best, writers f their times.

As a companion authograph of Hanock's we present that of

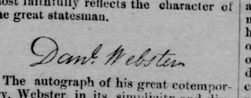


ho was also a compatriot in the stirng times of the Revolution, and a colague in the Colonial Congress. Both re among the most earnest, bold and arless advocates of the declaration of dependence. The bold, strong, determined character of these men stands it in their autographs.

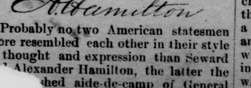
In marked contrast to these, are the utographs of two of our great merchants nd financiers.



Here we have men of affairs who have a care for details which enter as minutely and fully into their autographs as into their business. Between these autographs and the following, are contrasts as striking as were the character and missions of their authors. These, as a class, are what might be termed parliamentary autographs. Their authors indulge in none of the redundances or fantastic quirks and eccentricities so common to most classes of writers, the autographs seeming to possess a conscious dignity, which, like the greatness of their authors, is most complete without decoration.



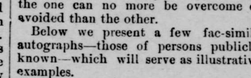
The autograph of Clay, in its concise, frank, open, and almost laconic style, most faithfully reflects the character of the great statesman.



The autograph of his great cotemporary, Webster, in its simplicity and dignity of style, is appropriate to the terse, vigorous and unaffected style of America's great statesman.



Probably no two American statesmen more resembled each other in their style of thought and expression than Seward Alexander Hamilton, the latter the hed aide-de-camp of General gton, and subsequently secretary treasury under Washington's adtion. As presented, in many he autographs of Seward and resemble ch other.



The autograph of Garfield is easy, flowing and graceful, without redundancy or pretention.

The autograph of General Grant is plain and simple in its construction, not an unnecessary movement or mark in it. In the autograph of R. E. Lee we have the same terse, brief manner of construction as in Grant's. In somewhat marked contrast with the two last mentioned autographs, is that of G. T. Beauregard, in that he indulges in a rather elaborate flourish.

A Meeting-House in the Tennessee Mountains.

The little log meeting-house at the Notch stood high on a rugged spur of the Great Smoky. Dense forests encompassed it on every hand, obscuring that familiar picture of mountain and cloud and cove. From its rude, glassless windows one could look out on no distant vista, save perhaps in the visionary glories of heaven or the climatic discomforts of hell, according to the state of the conscience, or perchance the liver. The sky was aloof and limited. The laurel tangled the aisles of the woods. Sometimes from the hard benches a weary, tow-headed brat might rejoice to mark in the monotony the frisking of a squirrel on a bough by, or a woodpecker solemnly tapping. The acorns would rattle on the roof, if the wind stirred, as if in punctuation of the discourse. The pines, mustering strong among the oaks, joined their mystic threnody to the sad-voiced quiring within. The firs stretched down long, pendulous, darkling boughs, and filled the air with their balsamic fragrance. Within the house the dull light fell over a few rude benches and a platform with a chair and table, which was used as pulpit. Shadows of many deep, rich tones of brown lurked among the rafters. Here and there a cobweb, woven to the consistence of a fabric, swung in the air. The drone of a blue-bottle, fluttering in and out of the window in a slant of sunshine, might invade the reverent silence, as Brother Jake Tobin turned the leaves to read the chapter. Sometimes there would sound, too, a commotion among the horses without, unharnessed from the wagons and hitched to the trees; then in more than one of the solemn faces might be descried an anxious perturbation—not fear because of equine perversities, but because of the idiosyncrasies of callow human nature in the urchins left in charge of the teams. No one ventured to investigate, however, and, with that worldly discomfort contending with the spiritual exaltations they sought to foster, the rows of religionists swayed backward and forward in rhythm to the reader's voice, rising and falling in long, billowy sweeps of sound, like the ground swell of ocean waves.

It was strange, looking upon their faces, and with a knowledge of the limited phases of their existence, their similarity of experience here, where a hundred years might come and go, working no change save that, like the leaves, they fluttered awhile in the outer air with the spurious animation called life, and fell in death, and made way for new bourgeonings like unto themselves—strange to mark how they differed. Here was a man of a stern, darkly religious conviction, who might either have writhed at the stake or stooped to kindle the flames; and here was an accountant soul that knew only those keen mercantile motives—the hope of reward and the fear of hell; and here was an enthusiast's eye, touched by the love of God; and here was an unfinished, hardly humanized face, that it seemed as presumptuous to claim as the exponent of a soul as the faces of the stupid oxen out-of-doors. All were earnest; many wore an expression of excited interest, as the details of the chapter waxed to a climax, like the tense stillness of a metropolitan audience before an unimagined coup de theatre. The men all sat on one side, chewing their quids; the women on the other, almost masked by their limp sunbonnets. The ubiquitous baby—several of him—was there, and more than once babbled aloud and cried out peevishly. Only one, becoming uproarious, was made a public example; being quietly borne out and deposited in the ox wagon, at the mercy of the urchins who presided over the teams, while his mother creaked in again on the tips of deprecating, anxious toes, to hear the Word.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

A Room Decorated With Raw Hide.

One of the oldest and most consistent bits of interior decoration I have seen recently is the smoking room of a Venezuelan merchant in Brooklyn. He lives in a house arranged with commendable deference to the taste of his American wife, but with this one room in it reserved for himself. It is decorated with raw hide. The dado and ceiling are of planks of the rich red brown bullock wood his native forests produce, and the wood of the furniture is of the same kind. The walls are covered with hide—gray, white and cream-tinted—selected with a view to harmonious color and markings, which latter are all faint and small, and fastened up with small nails, whose heads are hidden by the hair. The chairs and lounging seats are of high, well-marked hide, fastened over wooden frames. The windows and door are curtained with finely-dressed calfskins, suspended by wire between polished horns. The floor is of bullock wood, with raw hide rugs. In daytime this unique apartment—which is square in shape and has two ordinary windows—is radiant with light, but its brilliancy is tempered and harmonized by the absence of pure whites. The decorations are implements and trophies of the chase, with antlers and frontlets over the windows, and the lordly crown of a Texas steer over the door. As an example of original decoration by a man who professes no claim to artistic training, I know nothing so striking any where.—*Art Amateur.*

According to one estimate, the number of tramps in Germany last year amounted to 200,000, and the expense they caused to the community $1,500,000.

THE ROBIN'S NEW LAY.

A bird on a bough chirped a mournful lay,
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-woo!
And his mate came not in the livelong day,
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-roo.
What will lone birdie do?

Above his perch hung an empty nest—
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-woo!
She cometh not, and the sun sinks west,
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-roo.
The wind sweet blossoms blew.

The blown blossoms fell in the singing stream—
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-woo!
Like a shower of pearls flushed in a dream,
Te-wit, te-wot, tee-roo.
His song less mournful grew!

"Why should I grieve for a missing mate?
Te-wit, te-tweet, tee-tee!
There are other loves in the hedgerow gate—
Te-wit, te-tweet, dee-dee.
I'll pine no more for thee!"

He plucked his heart from the empty nest—
Te twit, te-tweet, tee-tee!
And flew with it to a new red breast.
Te-twit, te-tweet, de-dee.
"No grave through grief for thee!"

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

They call a cyclone "she," in the west. The men know well enough to which gender the greatest storms belong.—*Siftings.*

"Rents are high this year," sadly murmured the tramp as he borrowed a pin with which to hold his coat-tail together.—*Pittsburg Chronicle.*

You can't make the wife, who has asked her husband for some money without receiving a response, believe that silence is golden.—*Boston Post.*

The wise doctor who knows on which side his bread is buttered is willing to pay a big rent for an office next to a skating rink.—*Fall River Advance.*

You may talk of the signs of the weather,
Of the coming days you may sing,
But sitting down on a red-hot stove
Is a sign of an early spring.
—*Gorham Mountaineer.*

A correspondent writes to ask us what a holocaust is. The principal use of this word is to make an item about the burning of a stable read sorter high-toned.—*Siftings.*

The hot weather will greatly help the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. When it is hot he can sit down and sweat without ever lifting a hand.—*Picayune.*

The new domestic says she has no objection to going out to take the air, but she kicks abominably if she is asked to take the heir when she goes out.—*Boston Transcript.*

Lugging a twenty-pound baby around the room from midnight until the roosters crow will crush out the divine afflatus from the bosom of the most soulful poet.—*New York Journal.*

It is said that the bee can draw forty times the weight of its own body, and after you have seen a bee lift a hundred-and-sixty-pound man off his feet you will believe it.—*Boston Bulletin.*

A tin cup containing a number of Spanish coins was recently dug up by a farmer in Baldwin county, Ga. This is the kind of a cup that "cheers," if it doesn't inebriate.—*Norristown Herald.*

A lamb can distinguish its mother's cry among a hundred similar sounds. It is the same with a boy, but he seldom pays the same attention to it that he does when his father speaks.—*Graphic.*

Don't hurt the poor conductor,
For he is not to blame;
Although the train ain't loaded,
It goes off all the same.
—*Merchant-Traveler.*

Victor Hugo was very much affected, it is said, at a sonnet addressed to him some time since by Lord Tennyson. Some fiend must have held him while another read the poem to him.—*Norristown Herald.*

Fashion

"It's astonishin'," s tough old dog fancier, the other "how fashions in lap dogs come Ere I an, been in the busin n thirty year, an' I've seen a dozen breeds of ladies' lap dogs rule the roost in turn. Fust, there was the King Charleses; an' for a lazy, worthless set o' curs they take the cake. The fatter, oilier, an' curly-pateder they was, the more their missuses was willin' to stake on 'em. Then come the greyhounds: not the English ones as kin run a hare down, nor the racin' dogs like Arthur Chambers is tryin' to introduce, but the regular Eyetalian stay-in-the sun-an'-shiver breed. Nobody ever knowed what they was good fur, barrin' the ladies as owned 'em and fed 'em on lump sugar. Then there come the black-an-tan; and a gamer, wirier little cuss never worried a rat nor them there black-mouthed, pop-eyed, bulgin'-forided dogs. Howsomever, wot with stuffin' an' pamperin' on 'em, the only sign o' game they'd show, arter belongin' to some of them sassiety ladies for six months, ud be to crawl unner a chair an' stick their teeth in a gemman's leg.

"Then come the pug; good fur nuthin', most on 'em; great feeders, an' lazy as the dickens. A lady brot me one oncet, an' she says to me: 'Mr. 'Arkins, this pore dog o' mine 'as lost 'is appytite; do you think you can cure my Fido?' I looked the brute over, an', sor, there wuzn't nuthin' more the matter with him than over-feedin'. 'Leave him 'ere for a few days, mum,' says I, for I knowed there was $20 in the job. I just locked Mr. Fido up in the cellar, with a tomato can full of water, an' not a thing to eat. In three days the lady was back, and says she: 'Mr. 'Arkins, is my pore dog's appytite restored?' 'Yes'm,' says I, 'I think it is.' So I borrowed a plateful o' fine shavin's from the carpenter, next door, an' when Fido came tearin' up the cellar steps I just poured a little gravy on them shavin's. It would ha' done yer heart good to see Fido bolt the mess, shavin's an' all. Appytite restored? You'd better believe it was."

Courting by Note.

Greensborough has a certain young gentleman who has lately been enchained in the silken fetters of Cupid, and thoughts of the fair enchantress constantly fill his mind. He has a special book in which during the week he notes down the thoughts which occur to him about his lady love. When Sunday comes he visits her, armed with the note book, and proceeds to read therefrom the most tender expressions which have occurred to him from time to time. This can really be called courting by note.—*Savannah (Ga.) News.*

English noblemen now have sails of their yachts embroider the style in favor among the E hundreds of years ago.

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