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A LOVE SONG.

A. D. 16—.

When I go / Being by
From my place / I but hear
At your feet / What you say—
Sweet, / Yea,

All I know / Naught am I
Of your face / But an ear
I recall— / To the word
All. / Heard.

Being by / Then I go,
(In the net), / And the grace
I forgot— / Of your face
Why? / Know.

—*Austin Dobson, in Harper's Magazine.*

A LOST DIAMOND.

"And it was the most beautiful stone that I ever saw in a finger ring. None of those paltry things you can't wear till candle light on account of the yellow there is in them. So white, so clear, so brilliant, pellucid as a water-drop and sparkling as a star! It was all but big enough, too, to have a name of its own, like those that the royal diamonds have—'Star of the Four Points of the Compass,' 'Light of the World to Come,' 'Glory of the Middle of the Earth,' 'Mother of the Moon.' Why under the sun," cried Mrs. Torrance, the pretty creature in a bewitching gown, pouring coffee for her husband, the little butler having been dismissed by Mr. Torrance—in fear of the wrath to come, perhaps—"shouldn't our diamonds have names as well as those of kings and queens and ."

"Yours ought to have one," said her husband, quietly. "It would be suitable to call now; it's in the vocative, you know."

"Well, I must say I don't believe any man was ever so undisturbed by the loss of such a thing as that. Archibald, that stone was worth a thousand dollars."

"Really I ought to be aware of the fact, dear, if anybody is. You have offered to sell it and procure that sum for my necessities every time I have been hard up since we married. And if I have Mildred arrested for its theft, as you suggest, it will cost another thousand b f r we are done with it. For she would certainly be proved innocent, and then a libel suit would be the next thing in order."

"But, Archy, Mildred can't be proved innocent. How can she be, when I know she took it? And there was no one else to take it." And Mrs. Torrance paused with suspended cup, her great wondering eyes searching space for a reply. "If ever anything lay in a straight line, it is the evidence against that girl," she continued. "The other day when the ring fell on the floor she was in the room, and she asked me what a stone like that was worth, and then gave such a sigh that I said, 'I suppose you think it's wrong for me to wear a thousand dollars on my finger?' And she said, 'I wasn't thinking of the ring; I was only thinking that a thousand dollars can do a great deal of good.' The minx! 'Well,' I said, 'it does a great deal of good—in looking pretty on my hand.' 'Indeed it does look beautifully there,' said she—she's very particular about her adverbs; I wish she was about her catechism—'but a good deed done by a hand is its most beautiful jewel, to my thinking.' Just hear that! To her mistress! Are you through? Why, I've only just begun."

"She is quite a missionary," said Mr. Torrance, picking up his newspaper. "And the worst of it is, she is right."

"Now, Archibald, don't, for mercy's sake, go to reading!" said his wife." "I do think the morning news might wait for once. It's nothing but dynamiters blowing up the British empire, and Arabs making mummies of the British army—all abstractions; but my ring is something positive, tangible, here at hand."

"I wish it were!" said Mr. Torrance. "And then I could be allowed—" But as he glanced at the lovely creature opposite, with her reproachful brown eyes in which stood two tears as big as the diamond she had lost, her color going and coming with her breath, as you might say, and the rose-colored ribbons of her morning cap all a-flutter with her earnestness, he folded his paper, and said, "Well, my dear?"

"Well, my dear!" mimicked Mrs. Torrance, in derision. "I should say it's anything but well when a man hears of a servant insulting—actually insulting—his wife, and says she's in the right."

"Now, Janet, I will submit it to your own judgment if that's a fair interpretation."

"You needn't do anything of the sort. It isn't fair to suppose I have any judgment, if what I say concerning Mildred—perfectly ridiculous cognomen. Whoever heard of Mildred for a servant's name?"

"Why not Mildred?"

"Why not Gwendoline, then, or Fredegonde, or Thusnelda? How would it seem to be telling Gladys to brush the dust off my shoes? And Mildred is just as bad. If I had my way all the cooks should be Noras, and all the second girls should be Ellens, and if they came from England, then they should be Elizas and Mary Anns, and it wouldn't sound as if you were taking a liberty with your superiors when your own name is just plain Jane. I ought to have been Rosamond myself, you know," said Mrs. Torrance, absently, twirling the grounds in her cup," or Katherine, or Eloise, or something. But I'm sure I have trouble enough with these people without being troubled with their names. And I don't believe her name is Mildred, anyway. I believe it's just plain Martha, and she took the Mildred. If she took my diamond, she wouldn't stop at taking a name. Or maybe it was just Milly—" And here Mrs. Torrance paused, not for breath, but in amazement to see her husband's eyes twinkle, and he nimself lie back in his chair, as he pushed his plate away, with laugh he could repress no longer.

"If she took your diamond. Well, my darling, I am glad you have arrived at the diamond once more. I began to think it had been lost again. But don't tell me about the inconsequence of a woman's mind. Its workings are labyrinthine, but the thought always comes out at the place it went in. Now, let us be business-like, if we can, Janet. What makes you think that this pretty Mildred of ours took the diamond?"

"Pretty Mildred! Well, perhaps because she is pretty," said Mrs. Torrance, looking like a satirical sparrow.

"Not at all impossible," said her husband, gravely.

"You don't mean to imply that I would denounce a person as a thief because you said she was pretty?" cried Mrs. Torrance, half rising to her feet. "I've as good a mind to leave the table as ever I had to eat. I would, if the buckwheat cakes had come up."

"My dear child!"

"You treat me exactly as if I were a child," cried the outraged wife. "What do I care whether my maid is pretty or not? Being pretty, apparently, doesn't keep her hands from picking and stealing. I know she stole my diamond just as well as if I had seen her do it."

"But what would she do with it!"

"What a question? As if that sort of person didn't know where to dispose of things easily and take care of the proceeds! I wonder if Patricia is never going to send those cakes up—"

"How in the world did our cook come to be called Patricia?"

"I called he so myself when she came. Her own name was Hannah, a combination of sounds I utterly detest, and wasn't going to have ringing in my ears all the time. And she is so tall and erect she justifies Patritia. Don't you think so?"

"All right," said Mr. Torrence, thinking it best to make no reference to the Noras of a few minutes since. "But we were speaking of Mildred."

"I did think very well of Mildred, I will confess, before this," said Mrs. Torrance, with judicial calmness. "She is educating her sister, who has a voice—such a voice!—for a church singer, when she will have a salary that will be wealth to them, and give some lessons beside. And she was wrapped up in her. And I took an interest in them myself, and gave her a silk dress to make over, and got a new cloak that I really didn't need, so as to give her my old one (and I saw she had the good taste to take off some of the trimming), and lots of my old music. And out of her own wages Mildred has to hire a room and a piano and pay for her lessons; somebody gives her her board till she can pay the debt, and it takes every cent Mildred earns; and you see it is quite natural that she should look about her to find where she can turn a penny—"

"An honest penny," said Mr. Torrance. "A girl who is doing that for another is not one that would be likely to turn any other sort of penny."

"How you do love to interrupt me, Mr. Torrance! It really seems as if you couldn't bear the sound of my voice! I was going on to say, before you took the words out of my mouth, that recently this sister of hers has been advised to take lessons of another master, who asks all creation, but is really worth it. And he says he can make her voice a fortune to her. And they have been dreadfully cast down because they couldn't do it. And now you see where the diamond comes in. If she can get for that stone anything near its value, her sister Mabel can take her lessons. And her voice is delicious—just perfectly delicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Torrance, forgetting the diamond again. "Mildred had her come here and sing to me. And I can't describe to you. I never heard a lark or a nightingale, but a bobolink isn't a whistle to it. A flute, a trumpet—well, it was sweet and satisfying and penetrating as the odor of some flower, and yet soft as the velvet side of the petal of the flower. Angels would sing so, maybe, if there are any. And I was just carried away. I forgot all about her sister's being my maid. I cried and I laughed, and I felt as if I had found her. And now I will solemnly tell you, Archy dear"—and she bent across the pretty china service, transfixing him with her radiant eyes—"I looked at my ring, and I turned it and turned it, and I said to myself I have had the good of it ever since Grandfather De Peyser gave it to me, and everybody knew I had it, and my position was pretty well established, diamond rings or not, and when you were able to afford a real grown up butler, you would probably get me plenty; and if I sold it now, and gave this poor dear girl the money to secure a career, what a blessing it would be to her, and what a joy I would be giving to the world in her, too; for of course she wouldn't be confined to a church choir in that case, and if she were, in what a heavenly fashion could those tones of hers swim out over a prayerful audience, and just take the prayer on their silvery strength, and lead it up, up; and anybody who is the means of producing more of them, and so brings down the price of prima donne in the market, is a public benefactor, to be sure, anyway; and I was just on the point of saying that I would speak to you, and if you approved, as I knew you would, I could have a thousand dollars or thereabouts for them to-day, when Mrs. Veasey happened in, and so, as I didn't want Mrs. Veasey to know anything about it, and be taking the wind all out of my sails, I just told Mabel to come again to-day and I would have something further to say to her! And so I shall!" cried Mrs. Torrance, taking breath with renewed vigor. "I shall have to tell her that her sister has been arrested for a thief, and she may go sing to her in prison."

"But robbery is a very harsh term, Janet darling, when carelessness may be the whole thing."

"There it is again. My carelessness, not their dishonesty. When I went to the washstand I turned the ring on my finger again, and there was the stone gone."

"And how many times have I told you that the careless habit of washing your hands in your rings wears off infinitesimal fractions of the gold till the stones are loosened in the setting, and drop out without your being aware of it?"

"You are always so wise after the act! How do you know I wasn't going to take my rings off? You are so ready to find me at fault! But I thought at first the stone must have washed out—"

"So it seems you did wash your hands with the ring on?" said the turning worm.

"Yes, I did. There! And I sent for the plumber immediately, for I knew if it had washed out, it must have caught in the first trap; and he took up the pipe, but it wasn't there. And he said if he made a real job of it, and went down to the main something, he might find it there; but I thought that would cost more than the diamond itself—"

"Wise woman," groaned Mr. Torrance.

"And so, you see, I didn't accuse Mildred in the first place. I searched, and took every precaution. I didn't think of such a thing till I saw her stand there turning more colors than the lady in the lobster—"

"You don't say that you really have accused her?"

"Well, what if I have? I must lose my diamond that my dear grandfather gave me when I was married, and that I treasured so, and endure it all in silence for fear some little hussy's feelings will be hurt! My feelings are of no consequence at all! It isn't to be reckoned to my account that I was ready to give her the diamond—and I love diamonds. I don't think there's anything so beautiful in the whole world."

"But, Janet, you are always so positive."

"How can you say so? What am I ever positive about? You wouldn't have me distrust the evidence of my senses? And if I ever saw guilt on any face—"

"There is nothing more fallible than the evidence of your senses."

"I beg your pardon. I can see as far, and can hear as quickly, and taste as keenly as any one alive. And for you to begin to run down my eyes now—perhaps they're not so bright as they have been—but I never thought—to hear you twitting me of growing old—in this way, all of a sudden" (trying hard to swallow her sobs)—"because—you're interested—in—in my servant-maid—"

"For Heaven's sake, Janet, think what you're saying!"

"I do think what I am saying," she cried then, in a fury. "And I say, whatever the evidence of my senses may be, I have every evidence that you care nothing at all for my feelings, and can see me robbed without lifting your voice, and—and—oh, a husband ought to love his wife, and protect her, and take her part." And here Mrs. Janet rose hurriedly and pushed over her chair, and was running from the room.

But Mr. Torrance was not to be outdone by any such sleight of foot, and had caught her in his arms before she reached the door. "And do you think," he exclaimed, "that I don't love you, you abominable little mass of contradictions? Do you suppose that I won't protect you with my life itself? Do you fancy for a moment that I won't take your part, when you decide what your part is?"

"Let me go! Let me go, sir?" she exclaimed. "Or, else, at any rate, let me find my handkerchief!" And she struggled for her handkerchief, that the kisses her husband gave her might not be too salt, and pulling it from her pocket, something in a great arc and stream of lustre whirled out with the violently wrenched handkerchief, sailed through the air like nothing so much as a flying rainbow, and fell at her feet.

It was the lost diamond.

Mrs. Torrance stopped in the midst of her tears, blushing, disheveled, diamond dropped herself, as pretty a sight as a rose-bush in a shower, and held back her skirts with both hands while she looked at the great shining eye there before her on the carpet. "The horrid thing!" she said. "The horrid, unwinkling, accusing thing! It is calling me all sorts of names. I shall never want to see it again. Only think if I had denounced that poor girl! I'm so glad I never breathed of it to her. I remember I had on this very gown when Mrs. Veasey was in. How stupid of me! Now, I'll take this down to a diamond broker's to-day, and, Mildred's Mabel shall have her thousand dollars' worth of lessons. I dare say she'll sing at our parties by-and-by. She'll be our particular prima donna. And by that time I shall have improved Mildred into a companion. Oh, I should think you would despise such a ridiculous, wicked little wife as I am!" she cried, turning to her husband. "You ought to have married a saint. What a good man you are, Archy!"

"My dear," said Mr. Archy, "life with any other woman who didn't arrange these little circuses for my morning entertainment would be too stale, flat, and unprofitable to endure. I should run away from the saint, and take to the flying trapeze and you."—*Harper's Bazar.*

Shops in Japan.

The villages are full of shops. There is scarcely a house which does not sell something. Where the buyers come from, and how a profit can be made is a mystery. Many of the things are eatables, such as dried fishes, and a half-inch long, impaled on sticks; cakes, sweetmeats composed of rice, flour, and very little sugar; circular lumps of rice dough, called mochi; roots boiled in brine; a white jelly made from beans; and ropes, straw shoes for men and horses, straw cloaks, paper umbrellas, paper waterproofs, hairpins, toothpicks, tobacco pipes, paper mouchoirs, and numbers of other trifles made of bamboo, straw, grass, and wood. These goods are on stands, and in the room behind, open to the street, all the domestic avocations are going on, and the housewife is usually to be seen boiling water or sewing, with a baby tucked in the back of her dress. A lucifer factory has recently been put up, and in many house-fronts men are cutting up wood into lengths for matches. In others are husking rice, a very laborious process, in which the grain is pounded in a mortar sunk in the floor by a flat-ended wooden pestle attached to a long horizontal lever, which is worked by the feet of a man, invariably naked, who stands at the other extremity.

Strange Indian Superstition.

The Columbia River Indians in Oregon are thrifty and intelligent in many ways, but their material progress is sadly retarded by a strange superstition which they have relative to land. Several of their more energetic members have made money, and it was supposed when the whites offered to sell them land that they would jump at the chance. A few of the more advanced appeared to be willing to make the purchase, though evidently harrassed by doubts and fears, but they finally backed out. It afterward transpired that the tribe has always held as a religious principle that it was sinful to traffic in land, and it amounted to the same thing as dealing in human flesh. Their God had given them the land to live on, and if they did not like one place would go to another. It was all theirs, and no one man had any right to sell it.—*New York Sun.*

RICH WESTERN INDIANS.

SOME SAVAGES WITH A TALENT FOR MAKING MONEY.

How They Accumulated Their Wealth—A Dislike for Banking Methods—Reading the News.

A Montana letter to the New York *Sun* says that there are a few red men in various parts of the country who have exhibited a disposition to amass wealth, and have succeeded pretty well.

Of the Shoshones in Nevada and Utah there are three or four who may be said to be independent. George Washington and Shoshone Jack are both bloated bondholders and aristocrats. The former began stock raising in a small way several years ago. At first it was hard work for him to get anything or to keep it, after he got it, because his dissolute, happy-go-lucky companions exerted an evil influence on him, but when he finally succeeded in marketing a couple of pigs he was in great glee. He put the first money that he ever saved into a bank, and about half of his tribe followed him, giving vent to their disgust in groans and grunts. When the bank failed, George was nearly beside himself with disappointment and rage. It took half a dozen white men a week to explain to him how it was that a man could put his money in a bank and never get it again, while the bankers were permitted to go about their business. George Washington believes to this day that the bank failed on purpose to give its officers a chance to run away with his hard-earned money.

Some white men gave George a little help after his misfortune, and he soon had other pigs. Then he branched out into stock-raising in general, and by careful economy and the most untiring industry he has obtained a considerable property. It is estimated that he now owns $2,500 worth of ponies, cattle and pigs, and he has $300 or $100 on deposit with a mine boss who once helped him. He calls around to see the boss every day of his life, and has done so for five or six years. When he comes the same dialogue is gone through with.

"You got 'em?" he will say.

"Yes, I've got 'em," he will say.

"Well, you keep 'em. Me see you every day. No see bank man; mebbe so once a year. Heap vamoose all same coyote; no good."

Shoshone Jack is meaner than dirt, but he has a level head. Some of his associates are envious of him, but most Indians are too lazy to care about another's good fortune. Jack has a farm, a house, several horses, cows and pigs, and considerable money. It is almost out of the question for any one to beat him in a trade of any kind. He is not an untutored savage, for he knows every trick, and he is one of the very few Indians who make money by playing poker. What he gets he keeps.

Jack has a great contempt for banks and bankers, and no one has ever been able to induce him even to enter a banking house. He carries his money in an old leather girdle, and when he spends a cent it is because he wants something pretty bad, and there is no other way of getting it. He never pays anything for railroad fare, though he travels around a good deal, and what he eats costs him little or nothing.

Old Colorow of the Utes is a man of some property, and takes particular delight in lording it over his associates. He is too vain ever to be very prosperous in a financial way, as he will spend money freely to gratify any whim that he may have or to accomplish anything that he thinks will add to his importance in the eyes of other members of his tribe. One of his pet schemes is to buy papers or books, and assume to read them to the savages. Whenever he gets possession of a pamphlet, magazine, or book he will call as many of the redskins about him as possible, and in a dramatic way read them "the news." His only conception of a printed page is that it contains news, and whether he holds it right side up or not he will reel off a lot of stuff about the things that are going on in the world which will evoke many kiyis from his hearers and sage grunts from those who do not pretend to understand. The Utes have no regular money-makers, though a good many of them pretend to do some farming. With the majority the idea is that the goverment should pay them for farming.

One of the wealthiest Indians in the country is Chief Peone, of the Spokane tribe, who lives near Spokane Falls, Washington Territory. Not another man in the tribe has a nickel which is not morally certain to go in card playing or horse racing. Peone has a long head, shrewd business tact, and a consuming desire to get ahead of the world to some extent. He never plays cards, races horses, or drinks whisky. Many years ago he made up his mind that it was only a question of time when the whites would be wanting land at or near Spokane Falls, and he took up the best land in that vicinity and made some efforts to cultivate it. He built a rude house and lived there apart from his tribe, though exercising his authority as usual. In the course of time, when the Northern Pacific road was surveyed, he saw further opportunities for money making, which he did not permit to pass unimproved, and by the time that white settlers began to arrive he was in possession of the best land in that vicinity. He sold out at good prices, pocketed his money, and said nothing. When the town of Spokane Falls was laid out it was found that Peone owned several good lots in it. These have been sold at a profit and the money invested in cattle, horses and bonds. As soon as Peone made his trades he abandoned farming, and, taking his money and portable property, he rejoined his tribe. He lives now as plainly as any of his brethren, and is even more careless than they about what he eats and wears. It is said that he is worth $25,000, and that there is no such thing as getting any of it away from him.

The supervising mechanic of the Washington monument says that he has given away at least five tons of chips of marble to eager relic-seekers, and that the demand is now greater than ever. Persons as yet unsupplied may take heart from the assurance that at least three tons of chips remain about the base of the tall shaft.

With 4,575 miles of navigable rivers and 2,900 of canals, the French railways must encounter some competition.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Squares of frosted gold are linked together for bracelets.

Some of the most famous women in the world were old maids.

Crossed scarf draperies are still much used for grenadine dresses.

The prettiest sunshades this summer are made of canvas over colored silk or satin.

Feather fans are popular this season, and are particularly attractive with a dressy toilet.

The fashion of round waists and sashes is coming more and more in favor day by day.

The etamine scarfs for cool afternoons are cross-barred with colored silks and dotted with chenille.

Women are numerous in the British civil service. In a competition for 165 places in the postoffice 2,534 women entered.

A magnificent new black lace is the marquise, which has a cord running round the design in the style of the finest Spanish point.

Buff lawns have been revived this season, trimmed with white and buff embroidery, and are very clean and dainty-looking.

The revival of an old fashion is that of using alternate stripes of lace insertion and material for basque, sleeves and apron drapery of a dress.

The capability of the female mind for practical invention has again been shown this time by a Minnesota woman who has patented a riding saddle.

A novelty of the season is the pretty jacket-bodice of white or buff etamine, trimmed with insertion and lace to match, and very pretty to wear with any colored skirt.

Cut-crystal balls, silver-plated ovals and plain, burnished silver, profile heads and horseshoes, with a snake gracefully coiled about, are the latest notions in parasol handles.

Roman sashes make very gay round waists, with which young ladies brighten up and give variety to their toilets by having this extra bodice to change with the lace basque that belongs to the skirts.

In bonnets, the large capote, very much in the shape of a Norman cap, with a mass of flowers heaped up on the top, is the last nouveaute, while hats are higher and more extravagant than ever in shape and trimming.

A Chicago lady who made purchases of bric-a-brac in Paris to the amount of $4,000 got home to discover that every single article was on sale at within half a mile of her home, and at much lower prices than she had paid.

Gainsborough hats of immense size, trimmed with large bouquets of anything (wild flowers for choice,) and tied with a ribbon of any loud color, are all the rage in Paris for the country or seaside. The more dishevelled the effect the better the hat is liked.

Seven hundred women are employed at the central telegraph office in London and about three hundred and fifty more at the different telegraph and postal branch offices of the metropolis. At Liverpool, Glasgow, Manchester and other provincial centers a considerable number earn their living in this way, beside nine hundred similarly employed outside the civil service.

Mr. Young, the coiffure of the Princess of Wales, begins dressing hair at 7 o'clock in the morning of the drawing-room day. So great is the anxiety to receive his services that he is engaged, not days, but weeks, beforehand. Woe to the lady who comes first on the list. She must be in a state of worry the whole of the morning, lest a careless movement should disarrange the coiffure before the hour approached for displaying it to the world.

White or cream-colored flannel is the fashionable fancy for seaside and mountain-house toilets. Braid is the usual garniture for these, either plain, cream-colored, or white Hercules braid, or the more dressy gilt braid, which is warranted not to tarnish. Such suits are also prettily trimmed with velvet, the vest, with collar, cuffs and skirt panel, being of velvet. When velvet trimmings are used the buttons should be of the same.

Very wide sashes are worn, both with washing and silk gowns, and also for evening, and the loops are so arranged that they form a back drapery of themselves. A white lace dress with a variety of these sashes, may be made to do a good deal of hard work for morning or evening wear. A velvet bodice in the evening with a lace skirt is always dressy, and the same skirt with a lace bodice will do for afternoon wear. Valenciennes is the best lace for this style of toilet.

Five years ago a remarkably bright and pretty girl of seventeen worked in a San Francisco laundry. The son of wealthy parents fell in love with her. She returned his passion, but said that she would not marry him, as he wished, because she was uneducated and coarse. Then he offered to send her away to school. She accepted this offer. During the ensuing four years she was in a Montreal convent, very apt and studious. The training wrought all the change that was desirable, and the wedding took place, with a long tour in Europe afterward. The couple returned to San Francisco lately. To show that she had neither forgotten nor was ashamed of her former employment, the bride gave a grand supper to those of her old companions who could be brought together.

The Guatemalan Sunday.

Sunday is observed in Guatemala more than in any other Spanish American city we have visited. Usually, in all these countries Sunday is the great market day of the week, when all the denizens of the country dress in their best suits to come to town to trade and have a little recreation; but in Guatemala there is a law, which is respected and generally enforced, requiring the market and all other places of business to remain closed on Sunday. Sometimes a cigar shop or a saloon will be found open, and the hotels, barrooms or "cantines," as they are called, do more business than on any other day, but there is no more general business done here on Sunday than in the cities of the United States.—*Philadelphia Press.*

A FRIGHTFUL EXISTENCE.

THE BEAST-LIKE LIFE LED BY A FARMER'S CRAZY SON.

Fastened to a Tree by a Collar and Chain—Approached Only by his Mother.

A Sperryville (Va.) letter to the New York *World* says: For years there have been stories told of a wild man living in the fastnesses of the Blue Ridge mountains, the son of one of the small mountain farmers, who is jealously guarded and protected by him; but the description given of the monster have been so vague that I determined to test their truth for myself. A rough ride of several miles directly up the mountain from the village of Sperryville brought our party to a little farm which had been cleared on the mountain side. In the field an old man, evidently the farmer himself, was at work. As we stopped to speak to him our ears was startled by a series of the most appalling and unearthly shrieks and yells coming from a clump of trees which surrounded the log farm-house, a little distance off. For some moments the quiet country roadside seemed a veritable pandemonium. Only those who may have visited what are know in a mad-house as the "hollow squares," were the more violent patients are confined, can form any idea of the horrible impression made upon the mind by the demoniac yells and howls which filled the air. The old farmer, informiug us that it was his son that we heard, led the way to the house. "There he is," said he, pointing with his long, bony finger to a large oak tree, a little ways removed from the house. I looked and saw a wild, brutish looking creature, whom it would be mockery to call a man, under the tree, to which he was fastened by a collar and chain. He was the veritable impersonation at last, of Caliban, a strange, uncouth monster, neither man nor brute, but with the characteristics of both painfully blended. He was entirely naked, though his body was covered with a short growth of shaggy black hair. Around his neck was a heavy iron collar of home-made manufacture, and to this was attached a heavy chain, fastened in the tree trunk by a staple. From the constant attrition of his neck the collar had been worn perfectly smooth and bright. He kept up a steady walk—the monotonous, unreasoning trot of a caged animal. In his hand he carried his chain to keep the weight of it off his neck, precisely as a monkey may be seen to do. Now and then he would stop for a moment and give vent to a succession of piercing screams, accompanied by such horribly grotesque contortions of face and limb that one was forced to turn away in very horror from the sight. Around the trunk of the tree was a path worn bare and smooth by his restless feet. He did not take the slightest notice of our presence, and we, of course, stood at a respectful distance. The old man was not at all averse to talking about his unfortunate son. From a child it had never shown the slightest spark of intelligence, and at its birth it was scarcely even of human form. It was hardly possessed of even the instincts of an animal, for it never evinced any desire or made any signs for food or drink. It had never manifested the ordinary emotions and sensibilities of a brute; it seemed absolutely indifferent to everything. Food is placed within his reach by his mother, who is the only person who dares approach him, and he eats of it, although never seeming to care for it. He only sleeps when utterly worn out by his unceasing tramp up and down under his heavy chain. In winter he is kept in the house, but chained to keep him away from the fire. Clothing it is impossible to keep on him. He is short but heavily built, and possessed of a powerful frame. His arms are of extraordinary length, and of unusual muscular power; his hands are large and powerful, and armed with long, claw-like nails. For forty years has this frightful object lived, a constant solicitude and terror to his parents. Strangely enough both his father and mother are, if anything, above the ordinary intelligence. His health is good, and to all appearance he may live chained to the big tree for years to come.

HEALTH HINTS.

For toothache try chewing cinnamon bark.

A bag of hot sand will often relieve neuralgia.

Hop pillows are successfully used by many people who are otherwise unable to sleep soundly.

For ringworm of the scalp try ten grains of iodine dissolved in an ounce of turpentine; apply as a local remedy after the diseased part has been thoroughly washed.

To cure felons, mix one ounce of Venice turpentine with one ounce of water; stir with a rough stick until thick; then wrap a good coating of it around the finger with a cloth. Another method is to wrap the part affected with a linen cloth dipped in a tincture of lobelia.

The *Journal of Health* says to stop bleeding, if from a cavity in the jaw after a tooth has been extracted, shape a cork into the proper form and size to cover the bleeding cavity, and long enough to be kept firmly in place when the mouth is closed. This, we believe, is our own invention, and we have never known it to fail. It has served us in desperate cases.

Many persons seriously damage their eyes by forcibly rubbing them when drowsy, especially when awakening in the morning. To strengthen the eyes, to relieve them when swollen or congested, and to remove chronic inflammation in the eyes, prurient discharges, etc., nothing is equal to bathing them frequently with water, at first tepid, but afterward lowering in temperature to absolute coldness.

A very effective and instantaneous remedy in almost all cases of poisoning is a heaping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacup of tepid water. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach, and lest there be any remnant of poison, however small, let the white of an egg, sweet oil or butter or lard—several spoonfuls—be swallowed immediately after vomiting.

It has been decided to build an underground metropolitan railway in Paris.

MY WIFE AND I.

Come and drain a cup of joy,
Now with me, good wife,
And bring the girl and boy
Now with thee, good wife.
Let all hearts be blithe and gay,
It is fourteen years to-day
Since you spake the little "aye"
That to me was life.

When in wedding white arrayed
I beheld you stand,
Why, I almost felt afraid
E'en to touch your hand.
And when with love intent
Your gaze on me you bent,
You seemed a being sent
From the "Better Land."

And an angel you have proved
Since that good glad hour,
Aye, wherever we have roved
In sunshine and shower.
In all goodness you transcend,
And all excellences blend
In the mother, wife, and friend,
As a sacred dower.

You have made my life more pure
Than it might have been;
You have taught me to endure,
And to strive and win.
With your simple song of praise
You sanctify our days,
And our thoughts to heaven you raise
From a world of sin.

Come, let's quit the dusty town
With its noise and strife,
And seek the breezy down
That with health is rife.
Work is good and so is play,
Let us keep our wedding-day
O'er the hills and far away,
Happy man and wife.

—*John Geo. Watts, in Cassell's Magazine.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

A cow's horn—A milk punch.

No man can carry a feather bed and look graceful.

The girl who loves William never asks her father to foot her bill.—*Call.*

A cyclone is like a waiter. It carries everything before it.—*New York News.*

Foot notes—The patter of the mule's hind legs on the hired man's ribs.—*Graphic.*

Speech is certainly silver at the telegraph office. Ten words for a quarter.—*Somerville Journal.*

When a woman wants to make a complete change of front she leaves off her bangs.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Any man who can umpire a baseball game and please both sides, has in him the main qualifications of a successful politician.—*Picayune.*

A school journal advises, "Make the school interesting." That's what the small boy tries to do to the best of his ability.—*Burlington Free Press.*

Cold contracts. That's the reason your twenty-five pound chunk of ice is humped up into such a little feller that you can play ball with it.—*Free Press.*

"What do you suppose I'll look like when I get out of this?" snapped a young lady at a conductor of an overcrowded street car. "A good deal like crushed sugar, miss," said the bell-ringer. And the young lady hung on the strap and rode four miles further with the smile of an angel.—*Buffalo Express.*

She was literary, and she wished to turn the conversation in that direction, because the languid swell with whom she was speaking was uttering all sorts of nonsense. And so she said, gushingly: "I do hope you like Lamb?" To which he responded: "Yaas! A little! So dooced insipid, though!" "What? Lamb insipid!" "Well—yaas!—unless it's the real spring article, you know, and the mint sauce is perfect." And now she sedulously avoids him.—*Boston Gazette.*

A waiter's bringing dinner
On the run;
He is a reckless sinner,
Full of fun;
He hurried down the aisle
With a seraphic smile
A beaming all the while
Like the sun.

A footstool is before him,
Does he see?
He trips—the dinner's o'er him.
Where is he?
Tomato daubs his hair,
Beef gravy fills the air,
And he lies sprawling there
Helpiessly.

—*Philadelphia News*

Coney Island Years Ago.

"Howard" says in a New York letter to the Boston *Globe*: You know Coney Island, of course. No one comes to New York in the summer time without tasting the clams and the beer of Coney Island. But which of you to-day knows Coney Island as the Lord made it? Jump back with me twenty-five or thirty years. Let's play we are both boys again. Here we are in Brooklyn on a bright Saturday morning in July, and we want something to do. One of the boys suggests to go down to Coney Island. What for? Clams and a bath. All right. Clubbing togetner we hire a wagon, and take the twelve-mile drive along the king's highway, shaded on either side by magnificent over-arching trees, beautiful in their untrained naturalness. All along, dotted here and there, are road houses, nothing more than a shanty in which there is a bar-room with a huge piazza stretching all about it on which men sit and loaf and spit. On we go till we come to a long stretch of sand on which are a few deserted bathing-houses and one or two fly tents. Quickly disrobing we plunge into the magnificent surf, sheltering ourselves from swarms of mosquitos that hum and sing above us in baffled rage An hour spent there in undiluted fun among ourselves, with a fight or two with another gang of boys beyond, brings us to the dressing point, whence we go in a body to the nearest clammery and gorge ourselves with clams fresh from the sand, with soft-shell crabs still kicking the mud of a neighboring creek from their claws, with blue fish just hauled from the stream beyond, and with vegetables, if we care for them, pulled ten minutes before from the garden spots we passed as we came along. This, mind you, was all there was of Coney Island, fifteen years ago.

A woman in Rutland County, Vt., is the mother of twenty-seven children.

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