The Chatham Record.

H. A. LONDON, Jr.,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE DOVE.

A COMPANION TO POE'S RAVEN.

Once upon a summer evening,
As I lay resposing, dreaming,
While the twinkling stars were beaming,
And their light was faintly gleaming
Through the window of my room,
Suddenly beside my pillow,
Like the murmur of a billow,
Or the sigh of weeping willow,
'Mid the shadow and the gloom,
There was heard a gentle sound,
Floating on the air around,
As an echo from above;
And I, waking, saw a dove
Perched upon the whitened head
Of a statue near my bed,
And it seemed with soft, low cooing
My lone heart to soothe with wooing,
Like an angel from the sky,
Or a spirit hovering nigh.

While I lay entranced and dreaming,
Startled by the echo seeming
To be whispered from above,
In the starlight faintly gleaming,
With its form of beauty beaming,
I beheld the snowy dove:
With a thrill of wonder, gazing
on the visitor, amazing,
I demanded: "Who are you?"
And the gentle bird of whiteness,
With its snowy robe of brightness,
Answered with a coo:
"I am sent," he said, "from Alden,
By a fair and lovely maiden,
With a message unto thee;
I am come to soothe thy sorrow,
Bid thee from despair to borrow
Hope that thou her face shall see;
For thy cherished one is living,
And her thoughts to thee is giving,
On a bright and distant shore;
And I come, her carrier dove,
With a message from thy love,
Who is thine for evermore."

By this joyful news excited,
Raptured, ravished and delighted,
I, the snowy bird addressing,
Asked, with earnest voice inquiring,
What my soul was most desiring,
That her name to me expressing,
He would set my heart at rest—
Still the tumult in my breast,
And assure me that *my* maiden,
In the distant fields of Aiden
Waited for me on that shore—
Would be mine forevermore.
Then I spoke with greater fervor,
I, the maiden's ardent lover:
"Does my own departed live?"
(To the bird of whiteness listening
While my eager eyes were glistening.
For the answer he should give):
"Tell me, O thou carrier dove,
Of my absent, cherished love,
Whom I knew in days of yore,
Has she passed the shining portal
Of the blessed land immortal,
Going through the golden door?
Does she move in light and splendor,
Do the graces all attend her,
On that fair and distant shore?"

Words and tones and looks revealing
All my depths of inward feeling,
Moved, affected by my pleading,
And my anxious question heeding,
Thus the dove, my soul discerning,
Answer made, these words returning:
"In the distant fields of Aiden,
On a bright, Elysian shore,
Dwells a fair and lovely maiden,
And her name is Elinore;
'Mid the flowers about her blooming,
'Mid the odors sweet perfuming
All the balmy air around,
She, arrayed in robe of whiteness,
Walks an angel in her brightness,
With a wreath immortal crowned."
Then the bird, his wings unfolding,
Left me, as I lay beholding,
Filled with transport and delight:
With a soft, somorous coo,
Nodding, bidding me adieu,
Through the open window flew
Out into the gloomy night.
But the bright, enchanting vision
Of the distant fields Elysian,
And my cherished Elinore,
As a fair and lovely maiden,
Dwelling in the land of Aiden,
Is my light for evermore.
There shall I, my loved one greeting,
At our future, early meeting,
On that distant, radiant shore,
With ecstatic joy and gladness,
Free from parting, pain and sadness,
Clasp again my Elinore,
Call her mine for evermore!

By Rev. J. H. Martin, D. D.

TWO IMPORTANT PAPERS.

"I don't know what I shall dew with that 'ere boy," said Farmer Long to his wife, as they sat by the fire that winter morning. "He's more harum-skarum than that State's reform-school boy was."

"Well, father, have patience with him for the sake of his folks. I think there's something in Jim that will surprise you, one of these days."

"I dunno whether he'll surprise me enny more'n he has or not. Last spring he made b'leve he knowed all 'bout biling down sap, 'nd surprised me by burnin the bottom uv the sap-pan eout, 'nd settin' the sap-house on fire. Last summer he broke more tools in hayin' time than all the rest uv us together. And dear me! Yeou'd orter seen him dig pertaters last fall! I'll venter he cut every third one in tew—struck at 'em ez ef he was splittin' rock-maple logs. 'Nd neow he's broke my best three-tined pitch-fork, some way, a feedin' the cattle. He's on'y 16 y'r old. Ef he doos this in the green tree, what in nater 'll he do in the dry?"

After these remarks about the boy he had taken to keep until he was of age, the farmer started for the barn. He was bending over the great meal chest, just inside the barn door, as a tandem team was turning around the corner of the barn. This team consisted of a wild yearling steer and the boy, Jim Fowler. T "team" was on the "dead" run. The youth had hold of the steer's tail with his left hand, and held aloft a milking stool in his right.

Mr. Long was unaware of danger; and when something struck him, and immediately he found himself on his back in the meal-chest, his first thought was of an earthquake or a tornado or other dread outbreak of forces. He emerged from the chest just in time to see his lime-backed steer pass on into the stable and Jim Fowler arise half stunned from the floor.

"Yeou young scamp!" he thundered, "Yeou'll murder somebody yet—er-er I shall, if yeou don't stop yer dumbed work."

The boy did not laugh at the miller-like appearance of the man. His own face was quite as white as the farmer's as he said:

"I'm awful sorry, Mr. Long."

"I dunno whether yer be er not," replied the latter. "But I'll tell yer neou 'nd here, Jim Fowler, what's what. When yer father died yeou haden't a relative left."

"No, sir, they wan't none left," broke in the youth; and the tears filled his eyes.

"I promised him a little afore he died, I'd take care on ye until yeou was old enough ter take care uv ye'self; 'nd do well by ye—give ye a common school eddication 'nd so on. 'Nd I mean ter dew it if yer conduct don't become onbarable. But yeou must be more stiddy 'nd manlike 'nd not plague me ter death by yer recklessness. D'ye hear?"

"Yes, I'm goin to try, Mr. Long."

"That's the sorter talk. I want ye ter go ter school 'an git ter be ez smart ez Jennie is, et ye can. Yeou er tew years older'n she is 'nd y'aint nowhere side her."

"I know it. I aint nowhere side by her."

Jennie, the farmer's daughter, was a bright girl; and as pretty as a pink. Jim did not wonder that her father and mother were proud of her; or that they felt there was a vast difference between him and her. He thought there was himself; and he believed she did, for one day of the last summer, when he stumbled onto her flower-bed, she spoke sharply at him and, if he had not misunderstood her, called him a "beggar."

He was careless and stupid; if she had said as much, he would have thought it justifiable under the circumstances. But for her to speak in that way—as if his misfortune was his fault—made him almost hate her. He did not answer back, but the look he gave her kept her from ever repeating the taunt; and also from forgetting that she had once made it.

Yet he continued to be the same careless "Jim" up to this winter morning. But when Mr. Long had administered his reproof and returned to the house to brush the meal from his clothes, the youth fell into a profound meditation, out of which he came with this ejaculation:

"I'll do it!"

When the next term of school began, there were two scholars from Farmer Long's.

Jennie and Jim.

They went together; but separated when they got there, for Jennie was in a higher department than Jim could enter. This was the first term the latter had ever begun with a determination to learn. That he was now so determined is proved by the answer he gave to his teacher on the first day of school, when she asked him, among other things, what he wanted to do; it was this: "I want ter git ter know ez much ez Jennie Long does."

How did he come out? Well, he went to school every term for three years. He studied evenings, and all the time when not at work, during vacations. By incessant devotion to his books through those three years, he was able to master all the text-books used in that institution. For the last two terms of his course he was a member of Jennie's classes. He graduated when she did; and, in most of their joint studies, was marked several points above her.

How did Jim think he came out? Going home with Jennie that last day, after school had closed, he repeated the words Mr. Long had spoken three years before: 'Y'aint nowhere side uv her;' and thought they were truer now than ever.

Had the "want ter git ter know" with which he began, given place to a "want" less likely to be satisfied?

If Jennie had been aware that her own views concerning the result of their rivalry—if it was such—coincided with Jim's she probably would not have expressed herself as she did to her mother, that evening, when they two were alone. "I suppose," said she, "he thinks he's done a wonderful thing; but I don't. If I had studied and studied and studied as he has, I should have been far ahead of the great—great—giant. But of course I don't care a fig about it, mamma."

Whether Jennie's remarks indicated a happy frame of mind or not, might be a question. But without question she used a very happy word when she spoke of Jim as a giant, for he was a mighty youth. Jennie was really petite. She knew it; but it did not trouble her that those girls who were familiar with her called her "Little Jennie Long."

Jim knew that he was of great stature for his age; and was a little sensitive on that point. I don't think he fancied being called "Big Jim." And it may have been his aversion to that name that accounted partly for his blushing so deeply one morning of his last term, when he had taken his seat at the opening of school. Some mischievous youth had written a stanza on the blackboard—which was on the wall that faced the seats—and written it in such a large hand that every scholar could read it from where he sat. This is a copy of the lofty verse that the teacher hastened to erase, as soon as she discovered what the scholars were laughing at:—

"But one dares write—what every one knows—
That several *little* fellers fret,
Because a chance they never get
To walk and talk with Jennie Long.
Who hinders them? *Big* Jim—the strong.
He comes with her; and with her goes;
And thinks she wants him to, I s'pose."

When Jim's eyes caught that, his face turned very red, as red as—Jennie's.

The youth that wrote that poem "dared" to write it; but he did not dare to make himself known.

Of course it was nothing but "boy's play," but Jim felt that he was near enough to being a man to look at it from a man's standpoint. And looking at it in that light, he thought it proper to tell Jennie that night when they went home that he was very sorry that some mean fellow had annoyed her in such a way; that he would find out the puppy who wrote the stuff and give him a sound thrashing.

But Jennie, to the surprise of Jim, could not see wherein she had been injured to an extent that demanded any such course as he proposed to take. And she dissuaded him from his sanguinary purpose. Not easily, however, but by arguments made in an earnest manner, and urged more and more strongly, until he was conquered.

Without meaning it, perhaps, Jennie said some things, before they reached her father's door, that were calculated to mislead Jim, as to the place he occupied in her thoughts. It was nothing positively encouraging; but something that came nearer to being that than anything she had ever before said to him. Of course it must have been unintentional, for nothing in that line was repeated during their walks to and from school the remainder of the term. And when the term closed, as was said before, Jim felt that she was farther from him than ever. He saw with the clearness of vision that is characteristic of young men in his state of mind, the hopelessness of any attempt to make himself her equal in any respect, and then acted as a youth in his circumstances usually does. He intended to remain with Mr. Long until he was of age, for he knew he could be of great service to the farmer in the two years that intervened between the present and that time. And he wished to repay the latter for his kindness to him.

For the first few months of those two years, he was apparently quite self-possessed in his association with Jennie. But he broke down—utterly succumbed—before six months had passed, proposed; and—told Jennie he did not blame her for not caring for him, and hoped she would forgive him for offering such a poor creature as himself to one like her; that he could not help it; that he felt he must know what he was to her, and now he did know.

Jim had discovered Jennie the evening when he asked that question, sitting on a bench under the great maple, back of the house. There she left him, and went into the house; and there for a long time he remained after she had gone, sitting in her place, with a sensation at his heart unlike anything he had ever before experienced. Not contented to let "well enough" alone he had gone from the negative comfort of conjecture, into the positive pain of certainty.

The next morning he entered upon his labors with less encouragement than Jacob did upon his, after Laban's second promise. Less by as much as a refusal is less than a promise.

And Jennie? If her night's rest had been less sweet and refreshing than usual, she showed no signs of it She appeared to be merrier than she had been for some time. Early in the day, when she and her mother were engaged in the labors of the household, she surprised the latter very much by a "season" of laughing,—a season of very violent laughing.

"Jennie!" exclaimed Mrs. Long, at last, dropping into a chair, "What does ail you?"

"Why, mamma, it's the funniest thing—I've been proposed to."

"Proposed to? By whom?"

"By Jim."

"By *our* Jim, Jennie?"

"*Our* Jim mamma."

"The foolish boy! Of course you told him, kindly, that you both were too young to think of marriage. Your father was twenty-six, and I was twenty-two when we were married. What did you tell him, Jennie?"

"I told him—no!"

"That was right; only I—I hope you did not hurt his feelings any more than was necessary. I trust he will forget all about it soon"—

"What, mamma?"

"I mean, Jennie, that I hope he will see how foolish he has been, and forget all about you before he goes away."

"O, certainly I—I hope he will—will forget—and—see how it is, before then. He's poor, you know—very. I—I told him so. I wanted to—help—him forget, as you say, and so I said in case I married in the course of twenty or twenty-five years, I should probably wed a very rich man; then I shouldn't be any trouble to my—hus—husband; but that I shouldn't do for a *poor man* at all."

"Well, Jennie, I do sincerely wish that he may soon care as little for you as you do for him."

As the months passed away, Mrs. Long, watching Jim, concluded that he had not suffered much by the rejection he had received. The kind-hearted woman was glad to think it was so. Considering all things, the less attraction her daughter had for the young fellow, the better.

Jennie, also, hoping as we may suppose that Jim, for the sake of his peace of mind, would out-grow his affection for her, after a little while, decided that he had. She was very glad of it. And yet there was a tiage of melancholy in the discovery. She was glad for his sake, because he had suffered so; but it was—abstractly considered—a very solemn thought that so strong an attachment was so short-lived. Not that she would have had it last longer in this particular case,—oh, no; but there might come a time when she should want to know that the one who had so great a regard for her was to have it forever. But what was she to expect? Was Jim a fair sample of mankind in this respect?

If Farmer Long had been an observing man, during these days he would have seen coming into Jim's face something that could not have failed to remind him of the time when the youth's mother and Mrs. Long were girls, and the best-looking ones in the village. The father's strength had come into Jim's body and limbs, but he was getting his mother's face by installments. These were to be his possessions when he was of age.

As his 21st year drew toward its close, he could not tell whether to be glad or sorry for it. His reason told him to go and forget—he had not forgotten you see—in the excitement of business somewhere, his disappointment. But that heart of his kept forever answering "Stay another year." He was in this state of mind the day before he was twenty-one. After dinner that day he went and sat on the great maple. He went there that he might be alone to decide whether he would follow the dictates of his reason or give way to the longings of his heart. Reason at last carried the day. He arose from his seat, and said aloud, and decisively, "I shall go." It was settled. He had told the family all along that he should go away when he became of age. He was glad they knew it and had become reconciled to (perhaps wished) it. He was set upon looking straight ahead now, and determined not to look back.

And he did look straight ahead—Look? he stared, for just a second or two, and then went ahead, straight and fast. Up the slightly ascending meadow Jennie was running toward the house; and not far behind her was the four-year-old lime-back, pursuing. It was fortunate for Jennie Long then that Jim was near; and that he was "big" and strong and brave. Jim was bent on getting between Jennie and that mad brute and he could not stop to find weapons He rushed past her and at that moment her strength gave way and she fell. If Jim had made a mismove—but he did not. With great dexterity he seized the animal by the horns as it came up, and putting forth all his strength drew its head with such force and suddenness to one side as to throw it down. Then springing to where Jennie had arisen and stood unable to move, from fright, he caught her in his arms and bore her to a place of safety over the wall.

When Jennie could speak, she turned to Jim and asked, "What if you had been killed?"

"O, there would have been a beggar less, that's all" said he, and he walked away.

An hour later Jim, in a deep reverie, was sitting under the old maple. He heard the rustling of a dress, the sound of approaching feet, and then Jennie's gentle call, "Jim?"

He arose and looked at her.

"Jim, do you—hate me?"

"No, worse than that—for me."

"Worse? Then you—don't—feel towards me as—as, you did once?"

"No, for I love you more."

"Truly, Jim?"

"Truly."

"Well, then you may read what I have written on this paper; but don't open it till I get a long way off."

She handed him the paper and turned and walked in the direction of the house. Jim was not long in opening that note, and reading:—

"DEAR JIM:—

Don't go away. JENNIE."

Nor did the writer of it get a "long way" off before he overtook her.

When Jim and Jennie entered the house together, a little later, Farmer Long looked at them sharply for a moment, and then, as if what he saw warranted him, arose and also handed Jim a paper, saying as he did so:

"I sh'd like ter have yeou look this ere dockerment over'n see ef it is kerrect. I don't want no mistake 'bout it. The place that jines mine was fur sale 'n I've bot it. This ere's the deed on't"

And so it was. And that dockerment" was made to run to James Fowler and his heirs.—*Springfield Republican.*

QUIET PEOPLE.

The misgovernment of the world is carried on with such an amount of talk that one has seldom time to think how little would suffice. Half-a-dozen well-chosen words would generally be better than whole conferences and debates. Both wise and foolish people have broken much silence in praising it. The silent man is often enabled, by the value attached to his rare utterances, to say more by his silence than a voluble talker by a string of phrases. There is a kind of silence which is the reverse of talk, and is in itself eloquent. A prisoner who reserves his defence, a witness who refuses to answer a question, a man who holds his tongue when his character is assailed—in short, all the cases in which "silence gives consent" are rather silence as the negation of speech than as a positive quantity. It is quite easy to imagine loquacity in a deaf mute. He may not have power to utter a sound, yet, in the strict sense, he is not perhaps a silent person. And silence kept on purpose to express, by its very existence, an emotion of the mind, is only a substitution of signs for speech. Such is the reticence displayed by the well-known epitaph on a tombstone in Fulham churchyard, where, after the name, age and date of death of the lady buried below, three words only are added by way of epitaph—"Silence is best." The estimation of the deceased by her surviving relations could not be more fully expressed had the whole stone been covered. When a character is to be given to a drunken or dishonest servant, the omission of the words honest and sober is sufficient. But this is not the silence of quiet people. Too often they resemble rather the chimpanzee than the parrot, and are not talkative because talk may involve them in further exertion.—But it is not easy to pry into their motives of action, or rather of inaction. The Ulster folk have a proverb, "Nobody can tell what is in the pot when the lid is on." It is not the most unselfish people who talk least about themselves. To some the facts which relate to their personal history are too serious for words.

Unspeakable are the emotions of silent people; a sense of personal dignity or shame keeps them quiet; but to most of them is vouchsafed a single confidential friend, into whose ear all the pent-up feelings are poured from time to time.

This is especially the case with quiet girls. What they say in their moments of confidence we canot pretend to know. Whether they are really quiet or only shy is equally beyond the superficial observer. That they are not found to impede the pleasant flow of soul in ordinary society is because they are eminently good listeners, and do not yawn at the utmost commonplaces. That another should commit himself to speech, with or without anything to say, is enough to interest them. They are thought sympathetic, and often draw forth the tale of woe long hidden. Men begin by telling them of other loves, and often end by loving them for themselves. In this they have advantage over the more gushing sister. They take no notice of a foolish speech, and a man imagines he is safe in their hands. He can say things to them which, said to any one else, might have serious consequences. A quiet cousin is thus often a great blessing to a man. He can talk a matter out as if with himself, and imagine afterwards that he has had counsel upon it. The quiet girl hears him with outward sympathy, agrees with all his views, and, when asked to help him to a decision, gives her casting vote in favor of the course he already prefers. He finds after a time that her quiet receptiveness is grateful to him; and, when she has seen him safe through an engagement or two, and a-dozen flirtations more or less serious, he suddenly finds out, or at least tells her, that he has really been in love with her only all the time. Sometimes this happy result is brought about by scheming, and it is the great drawback of quietness that duplicity is so often attributed to it. The quiet girl of the family regulates the autumn tour; she silently directs its goings to the place where her bosom friend, male or female, is to be met with, and she will bury her sisters in a northern moor or bake them at Brighton with equal and unruffled composure.—True, she never asks to go anywhere in particular; but at odd intervals she hazards a remark which suggests the place, and now and then reads out a paragraph from a letter or newspaper in which its advantages are set forth. What she does say is listened to by the family, for she is always sure of an audience for her rare utterance, and gets a reputation for good sense which she does not always deserve. She is never in scrapes, or, if she is, keeps them to herself. Her allowance is never overdrawn, or, if it is, no one hears her grumble that she cannot make ends meet. There seems to be a method in her doings to which people instinctively yield, and she gets her own way, not so much because she tries to get it, as because nobody thinks of opposing her. Like the flies whose feet are provided with soft pads, so that you do not feel them when they alight on you, her influence works unnoticed, and everything seems ordered for her rather than by her. She almost monopolizes the attention of the lady's-maid she is supposed to share with her sisters, and can always manage a cup of tea in her room or breakfast in bed. She can flirt, on occasion, in a way no frivolous girl dares to attempt, but she never writes a compromising letter, and has a most convenient want of memory. She accepts presents which her sisters would have to refuse, and keeps them laid by in cotton wool to look at during the hour she is doing her back hair and saying her prayers. She retires gracefully in favor of the other girls, as if willing to let them shine, and gets her reward by the approbation of the old people of the party.

Quiet men find her agreeable, and wonder why she is said to be silent, but this is chiefly because she does not bore them by insisting on answers to her questions. When she develops into a wife, for she always marries at least once, she gets her own way in everything. Her husband probably choose her because he thought it would turn out differently, and finds when too late that he could not possibly have made a more complete mistake. Children are always fond of her; sons respect, if they do not greatly love quiet mothers, for they have never heard them talk nonsense. Servants never give them short answers, as their words are few and decisive, and the poor people think them dignified and mines of hidden wisdom. In fact, they go through the world under a kind of false pretense; they get credit for great depth of feeling, and it is for some reason thought well worth while to win their love. Only the experienced man estimates them at their right value, and admires the merry little sister with the sharp tongue, the pleasant smile, and as he knows well, a warmer heart and truer character than underlie the staid demeanor of the quiet girl.

Quietness is sometimes a sign of bodily health. The nervous man who is always stirring is seldom strong. But when a man is thoroughly wrapped up in himself and his own importance, perfectly satisfied with his position and prospects, the cut of his clothes, the length of his whiskers, the attenuation of his umbrella, and luster of his hat the chances are that he is very quiet. Such men are habitually well dressed; but as they get on in life they cling to old fashions. They are not considerate for others, yet they give very little trouble. They exact the utmost service, but make no fuss about it. They are painfully regular and punctual, but never seem put out by other people's want of order. They are bores at a dinner party, wet blankets at a pic-nic, mere sticks at a ball; but excellent as officers, admirable parsons, and much sought after by match-making mothers. It is they who carry off the heiresses; who always save money; who are never in debt or difficulty, as other men are; who are regular in their devotions, and invaluable on committee, where they always get their own way without trouble or fuss. They habitually wait till ever one else has spoken, and then make a single remark which concludes the matter, and which seems as if it had risen to the surface, like cream, of itself.—*Fortnightly Review.*

FIGHTING THE BEES.

Last Sunday two married ladies living on the West Side started for a drive to Northeast. When below Harbor creek they thought it would be refreshing to get a drink of fresh buttermilk, and for that purpose drove into a farmer's door-yard. One of the ladies immediately set out for the house, while the other proceeded to secure the horse. She had just got the animal tied when she was startled by a hum hum-hum, and in an instant was surrounded by a swarm of bees that somehow got their dander up and were out for blood. The horse commenced to rear and plunge as the tormentors settled in squads upon his neck and head, and threatened to kick the carriage to pieces. The lady was in about as bad a fix as the horse, and was severely stung about the face and head, and her hands, which were the principal object of attack, were badly swollen. While fighting the bees she shouted desperately, "O, for a man, a man, to relieve me from these dreadful bees," but no man came to her rescue, and her companion, seeing the state of affairs, started to her assistance, but was driven into the house by the bees, who made a bee-line for her. The farmer's wife came to the door and shouted that her husband was not at home, and that there wasn't a man on the farm. The woman who was out among the bees finally untied the horse and ran him out into the road. She stuck her swollen hands into the first convenient mud-puddle and drowned several bees. She was rejoined by her companion, who had made a circuit around the house, and the two headed for Northeast. Their trouble wasn't over. A good-sized squad of bees started after the carriage, and this well-nigh frightened them to death. They noticed a farmer coming up the road, and plied the whip vigorously, and requested him for heaven's sake to jump out and fight the bees. The granger didn't care much about doing it, but said he couldn't resist the ladies' appeal, and he went for the bees and received the worst of it. The pests settled on his head and were putting in lively work. He shrieked with pain, and in some way got off his coat, and threw it over his head, and amid howls and curses whipped up his horse and drove on with the bees as company. We are ashamed to say it, but the women laughed heartily to see the fellow fight the bees.—*Erie Dispatch.*

A NOVEL FIGHT.

A New Orleans gentleman tells the following curious anecdote: In Natchitoches parish a pedestrian noticed on a lonely road a frog fighting desperately with a tarantula, and the tarantula returned the compliment by stinging the frog. Every time the frog got stung he would hop to the side of the road, where some green plantain was growing, and nibble off a piece, after swallowing which he would hop back to the fight. This being repeated about half a dozen times, the human spectator resolved to satisfy his curiosity, took out a jack-knife and lopped off the plantain close to the roots, while the frog and tarantula were carrying on their duel. When the frog got stung for the seventh time he leaped back to where the plantain had been, and not finding it uttered a peculiarly helpless cry, staggered a little, vainly tried to hop into the high grass, shuddered, fell over on his side and gave up the ghost.

—Kraus, the executioner of Hoedel, is the lion of the day in Berlin. He wore full evening dress when he beheaded Hoedel, and on his breast were medals gained in the wars of 1866 and 1870. He would accept no compensation for this work, considering himself paid by the honor it afforded. Magistrates and court officers warmly shook his hand after the deed, and he was invited to many entertainments.

Varieties.

—A popular steak-holder—the gridiron.

—The best illustrated paper out—a bank note.

—About 8000 new pupils have been added to the Brooklyn public schools this season.

—Mr. Worth, the *modiste*, was once a printer. He is still the man who makes up the forms.

—All the white lead works in the city of Pittsburgh, Pa.,—eight of them—are in full operation.

—Baltimore is badly in need of a dry dock capable of taking in and repairing the largest class of steamships.

—A Western lawyer included in his bill against his client: "To waking up in the night and thinking about your case, $5."

—The revenue of the German Empire for the last year fell short of its estimate by 15,000,000 marks. Over $5,000,000.

—A new application of the telephone is in collecting election returns. It was recently used in learning the result of the New Haven, Conn., school elections, and much time was saved.

—At the annual meeting of the Scottish Football Association at Glasgow, the Earl of Rosebery was elected President of the Association for the ensuing year by a large majority over Lord Colin Campbell and the Marquis of Lorne.

—At one of the schools in Cornwall, England, the Inspector asked the children if they could quote any text of Scripture which forbade a man having two wives. One of the children eagerly quoted in reply the text, "No man can serve two masters."

—Mr. Geo. E. Whitney, organist of the Boston Church of the Immaculate Conception, will remain a teacher at the New England Conservatory of Music, having refused an offer of $5000 a year made by the managers of the new music school at Cincinnati.

—Queen Victoria, like other marms, has her trouble with the servants. "I am Queen of Great Britain and Empress of India," she is said to have said, the other morning; "but I have not power enough to make one of my servants put coals on the fire, if she has been hired to look after the bed chambers."

—A recent calculation says that the demand for lumber increases in the United States at the rate of 25 per cent. per annum. The forests decrease at the rate of 7,000,000 acres a year. The fences alone are valued at $1,800,000,000, and they cost each year $98,000,000.

—The heirship to the Chadwick estate, in England, which has been in Chancery for over a century, is said to have been traced to Thomas Chadwick, of West Philadelphia. The trial of the case is to occur at London in October, and he has been notified to appear. The fortune reaches the enormous sum of $37,500,000.

—Johannes Marchi, a prosperous peanut vender at Providence, R. I., who came from Italy five years ago, has retained so much patriotism and love for his fatherland that when he learned recently that he had been drafted into the Italian army he sold out his business and prepared to return home immediately.

—Mrs. Mary Kelly, of Pamrapo, N. J., while sewing, the other night, pulled the needle violently, and as she was bending over her work the instrument entered her eye to the extent of an eighth of an inch. Mrs. Kelly fainted, and her husband pulled the needle out. It is probable that she will lose the sight of her eye.

—Three little boys on a recent Sunday were stopped on the street by an elderly gentleman, who, perceiving that they had bats and a ball with them, asked one of the number this question: "Boy, can you tell me where all naughty boys go to who play ball upon Sunday?" "Over back of Johnson's dam," replied the youngster.

—A new purse is said to have been invented in London. When you open it it appears simply to be an ordinary portmonnaie, but by touching a spring at the side, the trigger of a small revolver drops into your hand; a portion of the end of the purse opens out, discharging the muzzle, and you suddenly find yourself with a most useful protector.

—A Pittsfield (Mass.) shopkeeper was surprised the other day at the appearance of a man who returned him $1, with interest for ten years, saying that at that time he had bought a dollar's worth of goods, giving in payment a $5 bill, and that on counting the change he found he had $5 left, but his conscience had so troubled him that he felt that he must return the amount, with interest.

—A statement of the export of prodisions from the principal Atlantic ports puring the month of August, has been crepared by Mr. Joseph Nimmo, Jr., vhief of the Bureau of Statistics at Washington, from which it appears that there were shipped 44,937,693 pounds of bacon and hams, 4,541,699 of pork, 3,873,341 of beef, 16,923,723 lard, 4,491,277 butter, 6,452,495 cheese, and 3500 dozen eggs.

FASHIONS FREAKS.—The bulk of the first importations of French dresses for the autumn and winter consists of short suits intended for walking dresses for the street, but which have also been adopted in this country for morning dresses in the house. The prevailing colors are Bordeaux red, dark garnet, myrtle green, bronze and hazel brown. Gray is most often employed in cloth in mingled effects with blue, bronze and dark garnet. Blue is used in plaids, and also to relieve the dark grounds of the figured velvets that form vests and trimmings. Prune and plum colors also appear again associated with Bordeaux red and old gold.