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Sorrows of Werther.

Werther had a love for Charlotte,
Such as words could never utter.
Would you know how first he met her?
She was cutting bread and butter.

Charlotte was a married lady,
And a moral man was Werther,
And for all the wealth of Indies
Would do nothing that might hurt her.

So he sighed and pined and ogled,
And his passion boiled and bubbled:
Till he blew his silly brains out,
And no more was by them troubled.

Charlotte, having seen his body
Borne before her on a shutter:
Like a well-conducted person
Went on cutting bread and butter.

THAT BAY WINDOW.

I suppose I am what you would call an old fogy. Yes, I am undoubtedly an old fogy, and I think you will agree with my verdict upon myself when you hear a little about me. Well, then, to begin: I am an old bachelor of sixty, and I live in a small village on a certain prosperous railroad, near enough to a certain prosperous town to allow me to run in every day to my business. I enjoy life after my own fashion, and am friends with every one, only I sometimes half suspect people think me a foolish old bore; but I am not so foolish as some suppose, for I consider I've escaped some portion, and a pretty large portion, of the bothers of life by not marrying, which is a very clever thing to have done on my part, you must confess. My home is just as snug and comfortable without a wife to worry me, and my stag parties are a great deal more cosey than stiff dinners, where one's better-half (honor to the ladies) sits grumpily at one end, not allowing a wretched, ignorant man to say a word regarding anything, but severely frowning upon him if he chance to ask, merely for information, you know, how he is to help the dish in front of him, and what it is, anyhow. Now I am privileged to discuss my own dishes, and to say to Charles my old colored waiter, occasionally:

"By George, Charles, here is something to surprise us. What is this concoction, anyhow?"

Then all my cronies can discuss the dish and wonder with me, and there stands Charles grinning delightfully, and at the proper moment he explains:

"Nothin' in this wide world, massa, but vollevan. Had it a dozen times afore, only you forgets."

"Vollevan" is supposed to mean "Vol au vent." And so you see I am very swell in my tastes.

But how I do digress. It is my purpose to tell you the story of a person very different from myself, but who, strange to say, exerted for a time quite a happy influence over my life.

I saw her every morning on my way to town, and I sometimes spoke to her, or threw her a kiss, or brought her a bunch of flowers, and she and I were great friends. There she used to sit in the bay window of our picturesque station, with the pink and blue bows in her hair, and those bright eyes of hers gazing out at a fellow, enough to set him wild. Her hair was one mass of golden curls, and her complexion delicate as a wild rose, and her name was Kathie—Kathie Ellis—and she was the telegraph operator for our depot, you must know.

I wonder if people noticed how friendly she and I were; but I do not care if they did.

One morning in June I brought Kathie a bouquet of pink rose-buds from my garden; and as I placed them upon her desk I noticed a similar floral offering by their side.

"Some one is beforehand with me, I see?"

Click, click went the wires.

"Yes, but both are *so* pretty," and up went the blue eyes, and the dainty nose sniffed at my offering enjoyably, and then the sweet voice said:

"How kind every one is to me!"

"As though they could help it!" I replied gallantly. And then she plucked a flower from my bouquet, as she always did, and placed it with the most dainty coquetry possible in the button-hole of my coat. Just then I glanced toward the window of a car, stationed for the moment at the depot, and I saw some one laughing immoderately; a good-looking fellow enough, but excessively impertinent.

"Who is that young scamp?" I asked, and Kathie looked up hurriedly.

"Oh, sir!" she said, "it is Cousin James laughing at my awkwardness."

"Cousin James!" I repeated. "Your cousin? Where did he come from? I never heard of him before."

"No, sir; he only came home last night from Nevada. He's ever so rough and rude, being out in that wild region, and it's real unkind of him to laugh so at me,"—and she shook her finger at him playfully. I resolved that moment—but, dear me! it sounds so foolish to tell what I resolved upon after all my asseverations about matrimony. Well, to confess the truth, I was never in such imminent danger as then.

The train containing Kathie's cousin had sped away, and I, too, was soon off.

"Good-by, Kathie," I said; "you wouldn't mind, perhaps being an old man's darling?"

"Foolish fellow!" said the pouting lips, and then I was off.

I considered this encouragement, and went into town and hinted to my partner, when I arrived at my office, that—scraping my hands together in embarrassment—notwithstanding one was a great deal happier single, matrimony, after all, was not such a bugbear. Scimmins—that's the name of my partner—laughed heartily. He is the father of six children and two sets of twins. Then he slapped me on the back, and said:

"What's up now, sir?"

"A blonde's up, sir; young, blooming, and sweet-tempered," I replied.

"A pity, sir, for you must go East, and leave her for awhile. Here's a letter just received, which requires one of us should undertake the journey, and I cannot leave my family."

"A most unfortunate time for me to get away."

"Trust to the lady's constancy, old fellow! Here's a chance to test woman's faithfulness."

"She's very much in love with me," I replied, "and I'd trust her any length of time." Scrimmins laughed then. I am sure I don't know why; but he is one of those men who are always laughing at everything and nothing, so I smiled disdainfully upon him, and didn't mind.

That night I departed from my village bound eastward on my business trip. I visited Kathie in her window, of course, before I left, and I asked her what I should bring her from Boston.

"Only yourself, back safe again," she said in a trembling voice. "There are so many accidents on the cars nowadays. Oh! what, what should I do if one were to occur and they should suddenly telegraph back that you—you—were injured." I resolved then and there to get Kathie the most expensive present my purse would allow, and I went off in the half-past seven express a blissful man, even though I was an old fogy. I took my trip to Boston and, arrived there, I bought the most extravagant ring I could find. I never even once thought of what my dainty relatives would say to my marrying a telegraph operator, so self-abnegating was my love, and it was all for nothing—yes, absolutely for nothing, as I must tell you. That ring reposes in my bureau drawer to this day, and upon it is marked, "To be delivered to my niece, Tabitha Strong, after my death; by her to be sold, the money accruing therefrom to be expended for the regeneration of the Hoodoo Indians, a most worthy charity." Tabitha is an old maid, but she is a most charitable creature, and that diamond will be rightly expended in her hands.

When I returned from Boston, which was two weeks afterwards, in the evening, I arrived at our station in a great state of excitement. I caught my bag and rushed for the bay window.

"Kathie, dear," said I.

Click, click, went the wires.

"There ain't no Kathie here," exclaimed a nasal voice.

"Dear me! but that gal's a pesky nuisance."

"Kathie gone?" asked I. "Is—is she ill?" I peered at the person I was addressing, and made out in the dark a tall, spare individual in spectacles and screw curls.

"No, she ain't ill nuther. She's ben married."

"Married?" I shrieked.

"Yes, married, and she's gone out to Neevaddy to live."

"Cousin James!" I exclaimed.

"He warn't no cousin o' hern, man alive. That was one o' her jokes. She was engaged to him two years ago, and they've kept company four years or more."

"Heavens! She was a mere child. Four years! You mistake."

"Pshaw, now, I ain't no goose. Kathie's thirty if she's a day. Look ahere, old gentleman, you needn't to feel bad, for you ain't the only one taken in. There's ben loads inquirin' for Kathie, and I've ben called "dearest" and "sweetest" ever so often. You see she didn't expect to be off so soon, but I'm glad she's gone, I'm sure, for now we shall see work in this office if I ain't greatly mistook."

I retired in disgust, listening as I went to the familiar click, click of the wires, which seemed to-night to possess a fiendish sound.

I never glance toward the bay window now, carefully avoiding it on every occasion. I even complain of it as an unnecessary ornamentation to our unpretentious country depot.

I have given more stag parties than usual lately, and am gaining immensely in popular favor—that is with the men, especially the Benedicts; but as for the women, bless you! I avoid them as I would the plague!

Poisoned by Lead.

At Lennoxtown, in Scotland, recently, a lady's death was caused by lead poison contained in soda water. She had been in delicate health, and had been in consequence ordered to drink freely of soda water. She did so, and shortly afterward manifested all the symptoms that would attach to a patient suffering the effects of poison. Suspicion eventually fell on the soda water. A bottle was sent for analysis to Dr. Wallace, Glasgow, with the result that the aerated liquid was found to contain lead in the proportion of 9-10ths of a grain in a gallon. The effect of that is stated in the following sentence in Dr. Wallace's report: "Ordinary drinking water is considered dangerous if it contains 1-10 of a grain of lead per gallon, and some authorities consider even 1-20 of a grain deleterious to health if the water is used continuously for a series of weeks or months." In the case referred to the patient drank this soda water to the extent of six or seven bottles daily, swallowing in the same time no less than three-eighths of a grain of lead.

GONE.—Colonel Congreve, the celebrated inventor of the destructive Congreve rocket, was a musical amateur, and one day accompanied Mme. Vestris, the greater singer, to view a monument that had been erected to the memory of Purcell, the composer. The Colonel read aloud the epitaph with good emphasis and modulation: "He is gone to that place where alone his harmony can be exceeded." Vestris immediately cried out, "La, Colonel! the same epitaph will serve for you by merely altering one word, thus: "He is gone to that place where alone his fireworks can be exceeded."

That house is no home which has a grumbling father, a scolding mother, a dissipated son, a lazy daughter, and a bad-tempered child. It may be built of marble, surrounded by garden, park and fountain; carpets of extravagant costliness may spread its floors; pictures of rarest merit may adorn its walls; its tables may abound with dainties the most luxurious; its every ordering may be complete; but it won't be a home."

Bayard Taylor writes from Iceland that he offered an Icelander a piece of money for some small service, and the man laughed and ran away!

In a Bursted Balloon.

While the balloon is on the ground it is customary to close the neck of the machine by means of a handkerchief tied in a slip-knot, in order to prevent the admixture of the heavy lower stratum of atmospheric air with the more buoyant carburetted hydrogen inside the balloon. Directly the balloon ascends the prudent aeronaut slips of the handkerchief. Our aeronaut did no such thing. The assistant may have been unaware that the thing ought to be done. He cried out gleefully that we had risen to the altitude of one mile—that we were just over Fulham Church, and that we were about to cross the Thames. Just then I heard a sharp crackling report, probably like that of a musket-shot, above my head. The balloon had burst. It could scarcely, under the circumstances, have done anything but burst. The gas in the machine had become rarefied, and had rapidly expanded. It could not escape from above, the valve was closed; it could not escape from below, the neck was closed. So it went to smash, just as an inflated and air-tight bag of paper goes to smash between the palms of a schoolboy's hands. So we fell, as a stone falls, half a mile. When we ascended it had appeared to me that the earth was sinking beneath us. Now the globe—fields, houses, lamp-posts, chimney-pots—seemed to be rushing up to us with literally inconceivable rapidity. There was in particular one tall church steeple, which, by the celerity of its approach, appeared to be horribly anxious that I should be impaled on its apex. It could not have been Fulham Church; but whatever and wherever was the edifice, it was there rushing up at me; and I declare that the grotesqueness of the position of impalement—all legs and wings, like a cockchafer—distinctly and visibly occurred to me. I declare also, *sans phrases*, that there arose before me no "panorama" of my early life or of my bygone acts and deeds, as such panoramas are said to have arisen before the eyes of persons rescued at the very last instant from hanging or drowning. Yet I do plainly and literally remember several things: that I heard a voice cry with an oath, "Let go!" and "Cut! cut!" and that a knife was thrust into my hand; and it seemed afterwards that the assistant and I had pitched out all the ballast in the balloon—bags and all—and that I had cut away the grapnel or anchor from the side of the car. That I had done so was plain from two of my fingers being jagged across by the knife. What became of the grapnel we never knew; but if it had fallen in a populous street it would in all probability have killed somebody. The heavy bags of ballast, too, must have fallen like stones. Meanwhile—the term is well-nigh inappropriate, since there was scarcely any "while" to be "mean"—the aeronaut, who looked like a sailor, had not lost his presence of mind and not been idle. He saw at a glance, this brave little old man—although he had been forgetful in the matter of the slip-knotted handkerchief—wherein our single chance of safety lay. He jumped out into the shrouds of the balloon; cut the cords which attached the neck of the machine to the hoop; and away to the very top of the netting flew the whole of the exhausted silk body of the sausage. Then it formed a cupola of the approved umbrella pattern—*it formed a parachute!* It steadied instantly. There was no collapse, and down we came swiftly but easily, in a slanting direction, alighting among the cabbages in a market-garden, Fulham Fields.—*George Augustus Sala.*

The Canada Thistle in Missouri.

The foothold which this formidable weed to farmers is getting in Missouri, ought to attract attention. In England, the thistle is held to be so noxious, as to be a common enemy to the whole population. No farmer, landowner, or gentleman will pass one growing on the roadside without stopping to cut it down with his pocket knife; and it is the habit in some communities for landowners to carry a pocketful of salt, with which to salt the fresh stump, as an additional security against its sprouting up again. Even cutting and salting, however, does not always destroy the life of the stubborn plant; and the only sure method of extermination is to dig up each plant, dry it in the sun and burn it. Plowing under scarcely makes any impression on it. It is generally said amongst farmers, that a lodgement of the Canadian thistle on a farm, impairs its value to the extent of five dollars per acre. Five years ago it was comparatively unknown in Missouri, but now its purple heads and thorny leaves can be frequently seen along the railroads, whence it is generally creeping into the adjacent fields. When the seeds are ripe in the fall, they are borne abroad on the down which supports them, and scattered far and wide. If the plant is to be kept down—it is too late now to keep it out—relentless war will have to be waged against it, not only by landowners, but by county courts, and even by the State. The legislature ought to enact a law, requiring railroad companies to keep the margin of their road clear of it; county courts ought to pass orders, instructing road overseers to cut down or rip up all the plants along the public highway once a year; and farmers and landowners ought to carry the same process into their fields.

Crazy from Wealth.

A singular case of suicide recently occurred in Gessenay, near Berne, in Switzerland. The man, who killed himself, had by immense efforts, in which he was seconded by his wife, who was even more avaricious than himself, succeeded in amassing a considerable sum of money. Not long ago he was informed that a legacy of 25,000 francs had been left him. This piece of fortune gave him the mortal blow, a profound melancholy seized him, and the fear of death from hunger haunted him day and night. To avoid this fearful prospect, he stealthily left his house, went into the neighboring forest, and hung himself to a pine branch. He left 100,000 francs.

The Wild Sheep of California.

I have been greatly interested in studying their habits during the last four years, while engaged in the work of exploring these high regions. In spring and summer, the males form separate bands. They are usually met in small flocks, numbering from three to twenty, feeding along the edges of glacier meadows or resting among the castle-like crags of lofty summits; and, whether feeding or resting, or scaling wild cliffs for pleasure, their noble forms, the very embodiment of muscular beauty, never fail to strike the beholder with liveliest admiration. Their resting places seem to be chosen with reference to sunshine and a wide outlook, and, most of all, to safety from the attacks of wolves. Their feeding grounds are among the most beautiful of the wild Sierra gardens, bright with daisies and gentians and mats of blooming shrubs.

These are hidden away high on the sides of rough canons, where light is abundant, or down in the valleys, along lake borders and stream banks, where the plushy turf is greenest and the purple heather grows. Sweet grasses also grow in these happy Alpine gardens, but the wild sheep eats little besides the spicy leaves and shoots of the various shrubs and bushes, perhaps relishing both their taste and beauty, although tame men are slow to suspect wild sheep of seeing more than grass. When winter storms fall, decking their summer pastures in the lavish bloom of snow, then, like blue birds and robins, our brave sheep gather and go to warmer climates, usually descending the eastern flank of the range to the narrow birch-filled gorges that open into the sage plains, where snow never falls to any great depth, the elevation above the sea being about from 5,000 to 7,000 fee. Here they sojourn until spring sunshine unlocks the canons and warms the pastures of their glorious Alps.

In the months of June and July they bring forth their young, in the most solitary and inaccessible crags, far above the nest of the eagle. I have frequently come upon the beds of the ewes and lambs at an elevation of from 12,000 to 13,000 feet above sea level. These beds consist simply of an oval shaped hollow, pawed out among loose disintegrating rock chips and sand, upon some sunny spot commanding a good outlook, and partially sheltered from the winds that sweep passionately across those lofty crags almost without intermission. Such is the cradle of the little mountaineer, aloft in the sky, rocked in storms, curtained in clouds, sleeping in thin, icy air; but, wrapped in his hairy coat, nourished by a warm, strong mother, defended from the talons of the eagle and teeth of the sly cayote, the bonnie lamb grows apace. He learns to nibble the purple daisy and leaves of the white spiræa, his horns begin to shoot, and ere summer is done he is strong and agile, and goes forth with the flock, shepherded by the same divine love that tends the more hopeless human lamb in its warm cradle by the fireside.—*Overland Monthly.*

Blowing It Out.

Judge Pitman's chimney has been foul for some time, and when he mentioned the fact at the drug store, Mr. Squills said he could easily clean it out by exploding a little powder in the fireplace. The idea seemed to Pitman to be a good one, and he bought almost ten pounds of powder in order to do the work thoroughly at the first blast. The men were busy gravelling his roof that day, and just as the Judge was about to touch off the charge, a workman named Snyder, leaned over the top of the chimney to call to the man below to send up more tar. Then the Judge lit the slow match. The view which met the eye of Mr. Snyder as he went up was a fine one, embracing as it did, Cape May and Omaha and Constantinople and Baltimore and the Sandwhich Islands, and when he got enough of drinking in the scenery, he came down in the river, apparently with the intention of exploring the bottom. When he was fished out he was glad to learn, not only that the Judge's chimney was thoroughly clean, but that it would need about four cart loads of bricks to repair damages. After this the Judge will clean his flues with a brush fastened to a clothes prop.

Imparting Disease.

It is not often that dogs are instrumental in the spreading of small-pox, but an instance showing how the dreaded disease was imparted in this manner has just come to light at Yonkers, N. Y. Not many hours subsequent to the death of a man named Van Orden from the loathsome malady indicated, and which occurred in that city a few days since, a neighbor's dog found its way to the bed from which the corpse had been removed, and indulged in a roll on the covering. On returning home the brute was fondled by its mistress, the result being that she soon afterwards developed unmistakable symptoms of the contagion. The infectious dog was then summarily shot, and the patient has since recovered. Another illustration of the facility with which the pestilential disorder can be transmitted may be cited in connection with the same case. It seems that the wife of Van Orden, fearing that the health officer would order the clothing worn by her deceased husband to be burned, concealed a bundle of it in the house of a friend, and as a consequence the latter was attacked with a mild type of small-pox, which ultimately yielded, however, to prompt medical treatment.

"My father was a farmer before me, and I thank God that I am a farmer born." Such was the soft soap with which a well-known Western lawyer expected to soothe the Grangers with on the occasion of meeting them just before an election. It reminded a speaker of the Illinois orator who addressed a rural audience: "Gentlemen," said he, "I am proud to be one of you. My father was a farmer, and I am a farmer born. Yea, I may truly say I was born between two rows of corn." At this juncture a tipsy agriculturist at the further part of the house hiccoughed out: "A (hic) pumpkin, by thunder!"

A LOVE STORY.

Ministering to Sick Soldiers—Beneficial Effects of Chicken Soup.

We were sitting in our room at the Glades Hotel, in Oakland, Md., one day, says Don Piatt, with a charming lady who had dropped in on a visit. One of our windows looked into that of another room so placed by the projection of the main building that half of its interior could be seen. We were looking at and admiring a little chubby, blue-eyed two year-old, white as snow, who was pulling a bouquet to pieces and tossing out the fragments, or clapping her little hands with delight as a train went thundering by.

"These rooms," said our fair visitor, "have some very tender associations for me."

"Why so?" we asked.

"Well," she answered, "during the war the greater part of the hotel was seized by the Government as a hospital, and we were crowded into a few rooms. My sister and I had this. In that room where that little beauty is were two Union officers, one sick of the fever and the other of a wound. It was hard to tell whether they were slowly dying or slowly getting well. I never saw such ghastly skeletons to be alive. We were 'secesh,' and not modest about it either, but still our hearts ached for the poor young men, so ill, perhaps dying, so far from friends and relatives."

"It bothers one to know how this should be a hospital," we said, "it is so far removed from active operations."

"It was thought," she answered, "that the mountain air of the glades would be more favorable to recovery than elsewhere, so this was made a hospital. One day one of these officers dragged himself to the window, and under the impulse of the moment my sister asked if we could do anything for them, and he answered, gasping for breath, that a little chicken soup would save their lives. Chickens were rare in those days—an army is hard on poultry. The men will work all night, after marching during the day, to secure a few chickens; so that while the hospital nurses and physicians had an unlimited supply of actual luxuries in the way of wines, potted meats and canned vegetables, they were without anything fresh.

"We knew where a few chickens were hid in a cellar, by a neighbor, and we coaxed one out of the owner, and after a deal of vexatious trouble—for at every turn we were met by a fixed bayonet and an insult—we got the soup ready, and as the guard in the hall would not permit us to approach our patients, my sister attempted to hand the bowl to the officer in the window. Just as he was feebly reaching for it, and she stretching herself half out to give it to him, a harsh, ugly voice below cried aloud. 'Look out there—poison.' She nearly dropped herself, soup and all. Drawing back, she hesitated for a second, and then she took the spoon and began eating the broth. 'Oh! bother!' cried the officer, 'don't waste it that way—I'm not afraid;' and so she gave him the soup. It seemed to revive them, and they continued steadily to improve, as day after day we supplied them with chicken broth until the cellar was empty. During this time we sat at the window talking, and we sang to them—sang 'My Maryland,' and all the Southern songs we knew, until they were well enough to leave the hospital and return to duty. They both seemed sorry to go, and forced on us a quantity of hospital stores and some coffee, which last we needed sadly. Then one gave a ring, and the other a brooch, as tokens of their kind feelings."

"And did they never return?"

"One did not, for, poor fellow, he was killed in the very next battle in which he was engaged. His companion wrote us about it, and the writer insisted upon opening a correspondence with my sister; and soon his letters grew into love letters, and after a time they were engaged. Nearly a year subsequent to this, our patient got leave of absence, and came on to be married. He put up at a hotel, and, will you believe it, our own brother, who was in the Confederate service, and knew nothing of my sister's affair, led a band of guerrillas at night into town and captured his intended brother-in-law from his bed. This not only deferred the marriage, but deprived the young West Pointer of his promotion, that had been promised for gallant services in the field. It was really aggravating, for exchanges had almost ceased, and it looked as if the lovers would have to wait until 'this cruel war was over' before they could be united. Procuring passes, we went through the lines and appealed to Jeff Davis. Jeff said he would put my brother's prisoner in his sister's keeping. They have been happily married these many years. He is brevet brigadier-general now, and it all came of our nursing the enemy in that room."

His Patience Explained.

I have heard the story of an incident at one of the Richmond hotels, which made me laugh, although all readers may not see anything funny about it. A Boston man and two Virginians sat at the same table. The Boston man was shocked to hear the Virginians call the colored waiter "a black rascal" and "nigger." Sure, he thought, the spirit of slavery is strongly upon this people. He was careful to call the waiter "his friend." when ordering dishes, and to speak to him in the kindest and most polite manner. Notwithstanding his honey speeches and bland smiles, he noticed that the waiter brought the Virginians altogether the best dinner.

When the Virginians left the table, the sympathetic, but rather poorly-fed, Boston man, hastened to get the ear of the waiter. "Here were those two men, who insulted you and swore at you, and talked rough, yet you brought them a much better dinner than me, who spoke to you most kindly and politely; how is this?" "Well," replied the African, as he cast a sly glance around, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with the corner of a napkin. "I know these men talk sorter rough like, but they gives me money, and you don't!" The Boston man retired with a slight feeling of disgust.

A Hundred Dollar Outfit.

If a girl has but a hundred dollars to get herself a wedding outfit she should buy a white muslin if it is summer, a white alpaca if it is winter, and make it herself. Then she should manage out of her money one good black silk, at two dollars per yard, or an alpaca at seventy-five cents per yard, a linen or brege suit, a striped polonaise, and black silk skirt and two cambrics; or for winter one dark English print and one delaine. Of course, if the black silk is achieved the black silk skirt is omitted, and the striped polonaise may or may not stand in the place of the more useful alpaca.

The possibilities all depend upon the cleverness of the girl, her faculty for making a little go a great way, and putting her own intelligence, her own ideas, and her own fingers to use.

If she is very smart she ought to have twenty-five dollars left for a hat (straw or felt), shoes, gloves, and outside garment—underwear having been previously made by her own hands.

It used to be considered disgraceful for a girl not to have a handsome stock of underclothing, neatly stitched and embroidered by her own deft fingers, and there is no excuse for it now. It is easily obtained piece by piece, is infinitely more satisfactory than machine made and store bought, and is valuable as giving her an experience in industrial art.

Five hundred dollars is the average spent on bridal outfits, and those who think that a large sum must remember that the whole of it would not pay for many a wedding dress, or for any one out of dozens of articles which go to form "fashionable" bridal *trousseaux.* A velvet cloak or a lace shawl might easily cost as much, and an elegant India scarf (an indispensable) twice that sum; so that prospective brides who have made up their minds that five hundred dollars will buy "everything" must be prepared to decide between what they want and what they decide to get, and not sacrifice too much to point lace, which is only fit for a dowager, and a train which has to be cut off at the third time of wearing.

If a sensible girl is going to settle down into a plain farmer's wife, and does not want a white dress at all, has no use for it and does not know that she ever shall have, she should provide herself with a nice gray or wood-brown all wool suit—or poplin if she prefers and can afford an Irish poplin—have hat and gloves to match, and white silk or crepe necktie, with a sprig of orange blossom in it instead of a brooch. This will be tasteful enough for the most fastidious if it is well made, and useful and economical enough for the most saving.

A Rattlesnake Story.

If it will not fatigue you, I will tell you a snake scene of the olden time, said an old Tennessean. A neighbor with a wife and one child built his cabin on a flat rock among the cliffs. The rock furnished him with a substantial floor, impervious to floods but not to snakes. Upon this rock Peter built his cabin; his winter fires were built in the centre of the house; the chimney stack of rocks and mud protruded through the roof and carried off the smoke. The fires being kept during the winter upon this floor, early in the spring thawed the snakes. He and his wife and child occupied their only bed in a corner, elevated some two feet from the rock. Just before day he was awakened by the crawling of snakes over the bed, and their hissing all over the house. He soon became satisfied that his cabin was infested with snakes. It was dangerous to attempt to walk across the rock floor to the door, as he could not avoid being enveloped by snakes, so he whispered to his wife to cover up her head and that of the child with the bedclothes, and hold them down, and remain in that condition until his return, as he was going to escape through the roof of the house and bring her relief by morning. He thus escaped, and alarmed the neighbors, who assembled at the break of day, with guns and ropes. They examined the situation and found that the floor and bed were covered with snakes. They got to the roof, made an opening, let down ropes that had "running nooses," and after great care and difficulty they were placed under the arms of his wife, and she, holding to her child, they were safely drawn up, and thus saved from destruction.

The rattlesnakes herd together and lie dormant under the rocks and cliffs, and this rock happened to be their winter headquarters, and being thawed by the fire that night, took up their line of march. There were upward of a hundred slain that morning, and found among the embers of the burned cabin. I do not know how it is now, but I know that sixty years ago this was an awful snake country. But I suppose that the snake, like the bear, the panther, wolf, and Indian, has retired before the approach of civilization, and is now seldom seen.

Night Work.

"Aye maister," said a Cornish miner in Colorado, "it be true a hard loife, but we uns are brought up to it like, and begout the danger we'll enjie it some loike o' you the air 'bout you. Aye, it be, maister, dark, but don't think'se we cawn't tell 'e day from noight. Aye, can we, and make a moighty differ atween 'e noight and day. No man can sleep 'e same in the day as noight; he cawn't fix it up nohow, an' we do know when noight come on to e' minute, when e' sun go down. But worst o' all be what we uns calls e' dyin' hour o' the night; its fro three or four o' mornin'. There'e best o' uns gins 'e hammer a slight pop an' feels his strength a goin'." Experience in the mines proves that curious fact that there is a "dying hour" between three and four o'clock in the morning; and though one would think day and night the same in this Egyptian gloom, the miners find a vast difference.

At Richmond, near London, the ants, red and black, and without wings, have suddenly assumed the character of a plague.

A London Five Points.

Whitechapel, says the Danbury man, is but one of the boundaries of a section of London of which Petticoat Lane is the heart. It is but a lane—crooked enough and slimy enough to be a snake. Its entrance from Whitechapel is appropriately flanked by two low rum shops, from whose several doors escapes a convivial stream that is not in the least inviting.

I was particularly warned by friends, newspaper articles and guide books, not to venture within its precincts unless under the guardianship of a policeman. With a feeling of almost hysterical exultation, Englishmen had dwelt upon the striking cuteness of English pickpockets, and Petticoat Lane became especially known to me as the place where the stranger lost his pocket-handkerchief at one end and found it hanging up for sale at the other. I thought I should like to see my handkerchief thus exposed for sale, and intensely wondered who would buy it, and I didn't think I could afford to.

It was late in the afternoon when I got into Petticoat Lane, and for full three hours I kept up a ceaseless tramp along it and through the narrow and noisome alleys and courts leading out of it.

There were second-hand shops in abundance, meat stalls and groceries in every direction. The lane itself had about eight feet of roadway, and from a foot to two feet of sidewalk.

There were bloated women and one-eyed men, and deformed children, and repulsive dwarfs among the dirty horde who lounged on the walks or loitered in the streets. A striking peculiarity of the tenements was in the size—but few of them exceeding two stories in height. There were no half-dozen flights of crazy stairs to climb or fall down. No fourth, fifth, or sixth story window to topple out of and injure the pavement.

The houses were of brick, defaced by age and dirt, and the first floors to all of them were either on a level with the street, or a foot or so below it. There were an abundance of courts and alleys adjoining, and in them the pedestrian found much difficulty in making his way. Some of the alleys were so narrow that four people could not walk through them abreast, and when their smallness was considered, it was really wonderful the amount of stench they contained.

I found boys and girls here in the full enjoyment of happiness, and acting dreadfully natural. It brought the tears to my eyes to see seventy-five of them helping to raise a kite to the unbounded exasperation of the boy who had hold of the string, and when a half-dozen of them came rushing by me with a dead cat attached to a cord, I felt too full to breathe. And I took every care not to breathe until they got by.

Petticoat Lane is the home of the costermongers whom we meet in the more respectable thoroughfares at all hours of the day and night.

But it is of a Sunday that Petticoat Lane shines forth in its happiest light. At the hour of noon on that day it is the busiest. All the shops are the busiest; the costermongers fill the roadways; and those who feel that they have received a call to go into business, unaccompanied by sufficient cash to rent a store or buy a cart, plank down their stock on the narrow strip of pavement which forms the sidewalk, and sing out the attractions and advantages of their goods at a lively rate. The people in their holiday attire, consisting principally of a breastpin, flock about and among the venders, bickering about the prices, chaffing each other, and getting in everybody's way. I don't understand, really, why this neighborhood, so abounding in elements of vice and contention, is yet so free from disturbances. In my three hours among its lanes and courts I saw neither a row nor a policeman. Of course, at home, I should not expect to see both of them at once. Perhaps it is because the police here are so efficient that their simple reputation is enough without their presence to keep down the turbulent mass.

And the simple secret of their success is that they have the full respect and sympathy of all respectable people, and thus backed up, are almost omnipotent in maintaining order.

A Startling Crime.

The crime perpetrated near Henryville, Ind., says the *New York World*, was one of the most horrible that a set of blood-thirsty criminals could conceive. The victim, August Gardner, appears to have been a perfectly peaceable man. In very straitened circumstances, with only $5 in his pocket, he was, according to his statement made just before dying, walking to Louisville, where he hoped to get employment. The three wretches who overtook him, after robbing him of the little money he had, tied him to the railroad track to be run over and killed by the cars. Was not the man drunk and asleep on the track? and did he not invent the horrible story to excuse his own fault and create sympathy?—are questions which at once suggest themselves, and they were the first ones put to the dying man by the physician who went to attend him. But on inspecting the track at the spot where the man said he was laid, the ropes were found still tied fast to the cattle-guards, the ends that were fastened around the rail having been cut off by the wheels as they passed over. The crime was perpetrated in the middle of the dark, rainy night, and the victim lay bound to the rail for half an hour, struggling and shouting for help before he "heard the cars whistle." Then he lay still and "shut his eyes." His left leg was cut off, the train passing [over the rest of his body without crushing it. When a crime so hideous as this is committed it seems as if the populace should not wait for the regular authorities to hunt down the perpetrators. Every man in the country should come to the help of the officers of the law.

A Chicago gentleman has sued the *Times* of that city for $100,000 damage to his character. The *Times* asks him to knock off the cyphers, take a dollar, and call it square.