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BY-AND-BY.

Be quiet, restless heart! The long light lies
In gleams of lingering sunshine on the hill;
The home-bound swallow, twittering as he flies,
Makes silence seem more still.

The shadows deeper grow, and in the woods
The air a latent sweetness holds in fee;
An odor faint of yet unblossomed buds—
So like, dear heart, to thee!

Far distant in the soft cerulean deep,
Where the horizon bounds the nether world,
Great ships becalmed, like brooding birds asleep,
Lie with white sails loose furled.

In peace the day is ended, and the night
Falleth as doth a veil upon the sea:
Along its bosom comes with swift-winged flight
The gray mist silently.

O anxious heart, how Nature speaks! Her power
How leisurely she uses. How intense
The infinite peace of her most fruitful hour!
How soft her influence!

Time hath she for her storms to sweep the main;
To rock the treetops with her winds of wrath;
To bring forth fragrance in the summer rain;
And time for snow she hath.

So dear, for all thy eager soul desires,
She keeps sweet times and seasons. In her mood
Is hid for thee all passions's subtile fires,
To round thy womanhood.

Cease, then! and in this dewy twilight, move
As one who dares not whither, cares not why;
This gift for all holds still the eternal love—
God's endless by and by.

A Pretty Game.

On the porch of Mr. Everson's fine residence in M——, on a beautiful evening about sunset, stood Julia Everson, a beautiful young lady, with deep blue, lustrous eyes, and Francis Rowley, a tall handsome young man, his face glowing with health and his deportment that of a perfect gentleman.

"Your father," said Francis, addressing Julia, "is as determined as ever, I suppose, about this affair of—of the marriage?" His look was averted from her while he pronounced the words.

"Determined!" Julia Everson exclaimed; "Why papa is so bent upon my becoming Mrs. Upjohn, that he would die of rage, I think, were my resolution known to him——"

"And that resolution is, Julia——"

"To give Mr. Upjohn plainly to understand that the times we live in are not those which tolerate the affiancing of two children in their cradles, merely because their parents happen to be friends. Besides this George Upjohn has the manners of a regular clod, and has passed his whole life in some obscure place out West. Do you believe in proverbs, Francis?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Because I do." Julia Everson's face wore a look of very firm determination as she spoke."

"To what particular proverb do you have reference just now?" Francis asked.

"To the one which says, 'Where there's a will there's away.' I think that you and I may test its truth, if we are so inclined. Of course, I wont elope with you, Francis. I dont consider elopements respectable. I shall never marry you if I have to do it—there!" She looked serious enough to keep her resolution.

"You mean then Julia by coming the mightily eloquent over your father?" Francis asked.

"And get pooh-poohed for our pains," she replied, with a slight laugh, "No I mean something else. Papa is still asleep, and likely to remain so for an hour. Let us take a stroll through the garden, and I will disburden myself of a weighty secret."

"Is Mr. Everson at home?"

George Upjohn was the enquirer, and he was shown into a small sitting-room on the ground floor of the house. Presently the door opened, and Julia Everson entered the room.

"Mr. John Everson," said she has been unwell for several days, sir, and he has lately fallen asleep; his daughter, Miss Julia, does not consider it advisable to awake him. But she will be happy to see Mr. Upjohn herself, provided he wishes it."

"Of course —of course—by all means—certainly," stammered Upjohn, to whom the immediate prospect of beholding his fiancee was thoroughly overwhelming. "Be good enough won't you to tell her so?"

Soon afterwards a tall young lady (who struck him, the more he looked upon her, as an unnaturally and disagreeably tall woman) attired in a short, ill-fitting dress and wearing, upon a countenance full of "broad-blown comliness, red and white," about the most thorough from ear-to-ear sort of smile that Upjohn ever remembered having seen, entered the room.

"How d'ye do?" said the gigantic virgin, accompaning her salutation with a boisterous laugh. You're Mr. Upjohn, of course? Well I dont like your looks a bit. How do you like mine?"

"I—I— think there must be some mistake," he answered in amazement. "I understood Miss Julia Everson was to——"

"Well, I am Julia Everson."

"Impossible!"

"Perhaps you mean I disappoint you," she cried out in a loud, coarse tone. "I dare say you're a good enough kind of a fellow, but then you're decidedly *not* the fellow for me. Saw that the instant I clapped eyes on you. I'm the sort of a girl that likes plucky, sporting-men with lots of 'go' in them, and a general air of being 'up to snuff.' You're not that sort of a chap."

"No!" exclaimed Upjohn, with a pale embarrassed countenance—"no, Miss Julia, I am not the type of manhood you admire Is—is—your father in? Can I see him for a few moments?"

"Our girl told you he was asleep, didn't she?" was her indifferent answer. "Besides, as you've come to stay several days, and have brought your portmanteau, any time will do, I suppose, at which to hold your confab with pa".

Upjohn, stiffening visibly in manner, abruptly answered:

"Since I cannot see your father it is better that I should at once take my departure."

"And why so Georgy?"

"*Georgy!*" Could he believe his own ears! Was this vixenish, overgrown female the Julia Everson whom he had worshipped in dreams as his future wife? He would rather die than become the husband of so hideously ogreish a creature.

"I have no reason to give for leaving so aprubtly," he said, in sharp, cold tones.

Julia made some odd sound between a giggle and a chuckle, and as he was about to retire, she said:

"Oh you don't like fun, d'ye? Have a cigar won't you?"

"Heavens!" exclaimed the bewildered Upjohn, stumbling backward in astonishment "you can't possibly mean that you smoke?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply, Miss Everson biting the end of a very mce-looking Figaro as she spoke.

Mr. Upjohn walked deliberately forward, and took his portmanteau, and, having bowed was about quitting the apartment, when Julia exclaimed:

"I hope I haven't offended you, Pa'll be frightfully mad when he hears you've gone in this style. He'll be sure to blame me, too. I wish you'd leave him a litt'e note, explaining that you go of—of your own free will, as it were."

"I shall be very willing, Miss Everson he said, "to leave a note for your father. What is it you desire me to write?" taking a card-case and pencil from one of his pockets.

"Only that you don't think we suit each other well enough to get married. Please don't say anything about smoking, because pa don't know I smoke, and——"

Upjohn delayed no longer, but wrote the following on a card, and handed it to Miss Everson as a message to her father:

"SIR:—I desire to have the agreement broken concerning my future marriage with your daughter. I have held an interview with her, and I confess to being wholly unwilling that such a lady shall become my wife.

"GEORGE UPJOHN."

"That's precisely it!" boisterously exclaimed Miss Everson, seizing the cigar. "Old fellow you've got a handsome streak in you, if we dout like each other." Upjohn rushed from the apartment, and shortly afterward the hall door closed upon his retreating figure.

"Francis, you have certainly been making the most utterly revolting creature of yourself that it is possible to conceive of. I have been listening in the dining-room yonder to every word you said." And the real Julia Everson surveyed her disguised lover with laughing eyes.

"There is my chief trophy." exclaimed Rowley, waving above his head the card which contained Upjohn's message to her father.

Upjohn put in no further appearance. Mr Everson was deeply indignant on reading his card, and ultimately consented to Julia's marriage with Francis Rowley the man of her choice. So much for the clever disenchantment and the verification of Julia's favorite maxim—"Where there's a will, there's a way."

That was too Much.

The tenant of a house on Crawford street, Detroit. who was always behind in his rent, was some days since ordered to vacate, and then he put his imagination at work to invent excuses to remain in the house. He first had his wife fall sick, and thereby got a week. Then he was taken with the chills and got in four days more. Then he got two days in which to get another house, and when an officer went there for the key he found the man dying. At least his wife said such was the case, and acted like one greatly distressed in mind.

"This is very sudden," remarked the nonplussed officer.

"Very sudden, sir. He had just said to me that we would begin moving after dinner, when he dropped on the floor and he has been lying in a stupor ever since. The doctor says he may never rally again."

"Can I see him?"

"Oh, yes, but please don't speak above a whisper."

She led the way to the bedroom. There lay the unconscious man, but somehow he didn't look as a sick man should, and his breath had a strong smell of whisky. The officer felt of his pulse and made up his mind that it was a game to beat the court. He therefore began: "Well, Mrs. Blank, I congratulate you. In a few hours more you will be rid of him forever. He is a great loafer and a hard drinker, and but for this he would have died in the state prison."

The wife opened her eyes in astonishment and the officer continued:

"I'll leave word with the undertaker as I go down. Any sort of a box will do, or may be they'll haul him out on the commons. It's of no consequence what becomes of these old soakers. You will be a happy woman when the old galoot goes up the spout."

At this point the dying man rose up, and took a cool survey of the officer and quietly observed:

"Sir you are no gentleman! No sir, you are not! I'm no soaker or loafer, and I want you to understand that I'm able to have as decent a funeral as you can. You can take your old house and go to bangs with it for all of me. Mary hand me my clothes, and we'll show this vulgarian that we can move out of this old shanty, and into a residence in about forty minutes."

In about twenty minutes all their goods were on the walk and the house locked up.

Large Cuttle Fish.

On November 2, 1878, a fisherman was out in a boat with two other men near Leith Bay Copper Mine, Notre Dame Bay, when they observed some bulky object not far from shore, which they approached, thinking it might be part of a wreck. To their horror they found themselves close to a large fish having big glassy eyes. It was making desperate efforts to escape, and was churning the water into foam by the motion of its immense arms and tails. Finding it partially disabled, they plucked up courage and threw the boat's grapnel, which sank into its soft body. By means of the stout rope attached to the grapnel and tied to a tree the fish was prevented from going out with the tide; its struggles were terrific, as, in a dying agony, it flung its great arms about. At length it became exhausted, and as the water receeded it expired. Its body from the beak of the mouth to the extremity of the tail, measured twenty feet, and one of the tentacles, or arms, measured thirty-five feet. This is the largest specimen yet measured of *Architeuthis princeps*. Prof. Verrill mentions eighteen species as now known on the northeastern coast of America.

Tom Barber's Mistake.

"Yes, sir," said burly Tom Barber, of Towsontown, to a reporter, as he turned up one of his heavy, hob-nailed boots, and knocked the ashes from his pipe, "I've been considered for some time 'bout the best man in this 'ere region, and, ter go further, I kin lick the headlights clean off'er any man that bustles his neck-feathers 'round this part of the country. I've done it in my time and kin do it again. I lammed big Sam Shoeck, of the Hartford road, till he wasn't no more'n half a man, and as for that feller out at Govanstown that evrybody said could fix me up, why, I met him one day when both of us were purty full, and I cooped him like a bar'l. I just tell you I ain't no slouch—it's all science—and if you doubt the strength of my arm, why just—"

"Thanks, thanks," said the reporter hurriedly; "don't rise on my account. The fact is, I am not a pugilistic character. Yes, yes—that is, you were saying—"

"Why, I was a saying," resumed the giant, slapping his chest, "that the boys out here all havegrudges against me for knockdowns at various times, an' they put up the peanust jobs on me 'bout the time that fuller husband's eyes. Already the boot-heels Miller was a training for a walk with the Scotchman, Ross. You see, I didn't know Miller from a side of sole-leather—hadn't never seen him—and one day I walked into Jake Simms' place down thar near the cartrack, and there wuz a gang of the boys in the saloon, a drinkin' an' foolin' aroun' an' a right stout 'lookin' chap I hadn' never see before was a-showin Johnny Maree some sort o' foolish little kinks with the gloves, an' Johnny was a-pluggin' away at him, but couldn't tech him. I thought it wuz one o' these darned city chaps come out here thinkin' he wuz some shakes with his props and, bein' a little pert that way mysel', I sot up impatient-like and watched 'em foolin' away like dunghill chickens kickin' up the dirt, and I sort o' leant over to Sam Johnson and whispered as how I would like to give that city chap a little turn. Sam grinned a few, an' turned an' hollered to the boys an' the big feller that Big Tom wanted to put 'em on with the stranger. They all burst out laffin', but I thought it wuz at the idee of seein' me set him down on the floor with my old underhander. So, I got up, stripped off my coat, let down my galluses, an' got the buckskins on. The other feller was interduced as Mr. Thompson, an' then pulled off his coat. I seed he hadn't on nothin' but a sort o' undershirt, an' an that he wuz right sharp built about the arms an' chest, but I didn't think for a minnit who 'twas, though now I wonder how I could a-made such a dog-goned fool of myself, seein' as how I had heered 'bout the walkin' match, and sum of the boys had been sayin' that Miller was goin' to walk out to town every evening. Well, any how, we came to time, the stranger sorter smilin' an' a-slingin' his arms around 'thout any guard—sorter crazy like—an' I let out at him with some rip snorters; but somehow they didn't quite reach him, coz he was kinder shy, and dodged his head away. He didn' hit back, and I thought I wuz a-taking his gall from the fust; so I went at him like a good 'un, and was givin him the best in the shop. I couldn't hit him, coz he kept keepin' away, but he was smilin', so I kinder got mad. Once or twice he let out, sorter timid like, with his left, and touched me on the nose, and that made me worse; so I fixed to gin him a right-hander and was comin' at him with my whole weight, when he kinder dodged his head to one side, and my fist went pass his cheek, but my nose brought up against his fist, and the next thing I was settin' on the sanded floor with a bloody nose, and all the fellers wuz just a-killin' themselves a-nudgin' one another an' laffin', I sot there, sorter stunted-like, when the stranger, laffin' fit to bust, says: 'O, git up man, you ain't half licked yet;' but I told him I had 'nough, and was then introduced to Professor William Miller. Well! you could a-knocked me down with a feather. Just to think, I had been stagging away at old Miller, thinking he was some softy, and had been wonderin' why I couldn't hit him as I did the town gawks. Well, we wuz the best of friends after that, and as the old boy used ter walk out here every evenin', why, we met oftener afterward, but never again with gloves on. Thank you! A little whisky 'thout any water or sugar in it."

A Big Item.

A tall lady with a saturnine countenance came into the *Chronicle* officer at Virginia and demanded of one of the reporters if Virginia offered a good field for a series of a dozen lectures on women suffrage. "I dont think the Comstockers have thought much about female suffrage," replied the reporter frankly. "Don't say female," said the tall lady sharply. "Why not?" asked the reporter, in innocent surprise. "Because, sir, a term used to describe sex in animals should not be applied to woman." The reporter admitted in great humilation that the point was well taken, and looked up in some alarm at the severe countenance of the lady, who was a head taller than himself and manifestly able to thrash him in the interest of progress, if so disposed. The stern countenance softened somewhat at the signs of confessed inferiority, however, and the lady continued; "The cause of women is the cause of humanity. The cause of humanity embraces all progress. Why then should the people of Virginia be indifferent to woman?" "They're not!" cried the small reporter hastily. "Far from it. Woman is the boss in this camp. Everything she wants she gets, and not one in a hundred has to do a lick of work." "Mere play toys," said the tall one, with deep scorn. "Playthings for an idle hour. You cover woman with silks and gauds and sink her soul into insignificance by circumscribing her sphere and allowing her no mission in life." "Well," admitted the small reporter, "that's about the way we look at it up here, that's a fact. Women haven' got the nerve to rastle for themselves like men." "Ne-r-r-ve!" She uttered this word in a terrific tone, so terific that the small reporter half rose from his chair. Nerve! What is there requiring nerve that you do that I am incapably of?" No offence, madam, no offence, I meant nothing personal, I assure you." "Am I not stronger than you?" she demanded, scorning the apology. Am I not gifted with as a great a brain? Why do you despise my sex? We can bear more pain, and are, therefore, your superiors in courage." The small reporter was gazing fixedly at a dark corner of the room and made no answer. "Nerve, indeed!" continued the tall lady, "why women have infinitely more nerve than men. Only yesterday I saw a woman—" "That's the biggest rat I ever saw in the office," said the small reporter, staring intently at the dark corner. The screams that rent the air brought in all the printers and several citizens from the street. When they arrived, the tall one was standing on a chair, with one hand covering her eyes and the other convulsively clutching at her skirts as she gathered them close around her. The small reporter wisely took advantage of the crowd to slip out and he telegraphed from Gold Hill that he was going down to Carson to work up a big item.

The Deadly Parasol.

Few people have any idea of the amount of eyes that are annually ruined by the parasols of small wives. In the year 1879, it is estimated that in the United States alone two hundred and sixty eyes were totally put out, and seven hundred and nine were more or less injured. No accurate table of the number of divorces produced by the same cause has been made, but the fact that about two-thirds of all the divorced men in the State of Illinois are one-eyed gives us some idea of the extent to which the parasol in the hands of a wife objectionably small ruins the peace of families. What is the proper remedy for this giant evill This is a question for every man who contemplates taking a small wife. It will not do to increase the length of the parasol-handle inversely as the height of the wife. There is a certain standard of length for the parasol-handle beyond which it can not be increased, for the reason that when the handle is too long the parasol does not cast a shadow which can be kept in position over a bonnet with any certainity. Equally impracticable would be any device for increasing the height of wives, so as to bring their parasols above the level of their husband's eyes, Already the boot-heels are made as high as possible, and if any attempt is made to increase their height, women would be totally unable to walk. Of course the wise men who are still unmarried, and who know the dangers that accompany the parasol of the small wife, can resolve to marry no woman whose parasol will not at least reach six inches above the level of his eyes, but the man who is already married to a small wife cannot better his situation by making good resolutions as to the selection of his second wife.

It may be said that the small wife should be required to hold her parasol in such a way as not to endanger her husband's eyes. Of course, this is physically possible, but he knows little of the nature of women who fancies that any wife will submit to dictation as to how she shall carry her parasol When her husband remarks, "There my dear! my other eye is gone!" she merely says, "How can you be so stupid!" and calmly lays all the blame on him. If requested to keep her parasol out of her husbands eyes, she either flatly refuses and tells him to mind his own affairs—as if he had no right to feel any interest in his eyes—or she bursts into tears, and says if he cannot walk with her without insulting her he had better stay at home. The parasol is probably dearer to a woman than any other earthly thing, and she will carry it in what she considers the proper way, though all the male sex should be blinded thereby.

The only apparent defense against the parasol is to cover the ends of its ribs with large India-rubber fenders. On each end should be placed a sphere of solid rubber of at least an inch in diameter. By no possibility could the human eye be injured, by contact with so large and soft a substance, and the husband of a small wife, whose parasol should be thus rendered innocuous, could walk with her in a crowded street in safety, It is evident however, that nothing except stringent legislation will induce the women of our country to consent to have their parasols decorated with rubber spheres. If merely requested to do so by their husband, they will unhesitatingly refuse, and in most instances, will assert that the request is deliberately intended to make them ridiculous. The make and enforce laws for the protection of the eyes of male citizens. That a woman should be allowed to carry a weapon that constantly menaces her husband with blindness is a reproach to our civilization. We forbid men to carry pistols and knives, and we should equally forbid women to carry the dangerous and sometimes deadly parasol now in constant use.

An Ancient Dutch Village

Wormeldingen is a curious village. Its trees and houses closely resemble a big lot of Nuremberg toys just unpacked. Imagine a double row of dwellings, all squat, all pretty, all spotlessly clean, all vivid colors, all built exactly in the same way, with the same materials, placed in two long lines, symmetrically intersected by straw colored woodwork. Before these two lines of houses plant two rows of little old trees, with thick trunks and sparse foliage, all clipped, shaped and pointed; all of the same size and forming a kind of screen, no thicker or higher at one end than at the other, nor in the middle than at the two extremities. Then in the street—dusted, cleaned, scraped unremittingly; where the houses are washed and waxed until you could not find a spot upon them, nor so much as a straw lying about where the trees have a brushed and combed look, and not a leaf is out of its place; picture a population of honest folks all dressed after the same fashion—the son like the father and the father like the grandfather; the little girl like the grown up girl and the mamma like the old grandmother. and you have Wormeldingen as nearly as I can give an idea of the place. Be careful to remember that each little house, taken separately, is a pretty bonbon box; and that the costumes, taken separately, are charming. These peasants, great and small, dressed entirely in velvet and black cloth, with their knee-breeches; their coarse stockings, their shoes with silver buckles, their high waistcoats with a double row of buttons in filigree silver, their coats cut into their waists, their belts with silver clasps and their gold buttons at the neck, look remarkably well. Complete this costume by a gracefully-shaped felt hat, the brim raised behind and sloping in front, so that it forms a sort of visor, and you will have a notion of the dress which is worn in Zuid-Beveland. This costume looks pretty on the children, elegant on the men and picturesque on the old people, and it is always and everywhere most original and characteristic. The uniform of the women—for I really must call it so—is equally curious and equally tasteful. From their most tender youth to the pitiless age at which the body, bent by years, is bowed down toward the earth soon to be its last resting place, the form and arrangement of the women's attire are unvariable. From the cradle to the tomb all the stout peasants have bare arms, the bust confined by a very tight bodice, over which lies, in graceful folds, a handkerchief, fastened by a coral brooch. The face is framed in a coif with wide borders, which resembles a veil rather than a cap. A flat piece of gold hangs down on the forehead; corkscrews of gold adorn the temples; on the neck is a coral necklace; rings and brooches abound—in a word, these women wear a profusion of valuable ornaments. So much for the upper part of the figure, which is highly adorned and generally slim and delicate, The slenderness of the women's figures is rendered more striking by an enormous petticoat, three yards wide, which is held out by a monstrous hoop resembling a bell the body, from the waist up, representing the handle, and the two sleader legs the clapper. When seen from a distance thus attired and standing still, the women might easily be taken for large dolls. The ruined houses, the mutilated buildings, the torn up squares transformed into pits and holes, all form a hideous scene of ruin and devastation; and in the midst of it all the author places a group of pretty girls, in the widely hooped costume of the period, laughing behind their fans at the indiscreet speeches of a gallant cavalier. Perhaps he wants to make the frightful picture that he places before our eyes seem more striking from this contrast.

The interior of the vast and ancient church presents a mournful aspect. Its wide nave terminates in a ruin, it is separated by a wooden partition from a gigantic transept, and the latter, transformed into a covered passage which leads from one end of the quarter to another, opens upon a space once occupied by the choir, which has long since disappeared. Nothing can be more impressive than this great empty piece of ground, covered with briers, where there are few great trees, where the grass grows hard, dry and scanty, as though in a cemetery, and where the eye seeks in vain among the undulations of the soil for traces of the vanquished choir. Those great ogival bays, now masked by common masonary, and those majestic arcades, whose fine architectural curves remain unfinished, produce a dreary effect. Still more melancholy is the transept, which has been transformed into a passage, and is now a receptacle for mutilated tombs, headless statues and broken grave slabs. A great company of heroes have been laid to rest in this noble sanctuary. The ancient seigneurs of Bergen had their place of sepulture within its precincts; and, after them, the governor of the city. Morgan, who repulsed the duke of Parma; Louis of Kethel, who opposed Spinosta, were interred here. The gratitude of the inhabitants had decreed pompous inscriptions, as reliefs and statues to these valiants heroes; they rested under the shadow of great portiocs of marble; but the cannon of 1747 disturbed their eternal slumber, and mingled their ashes by breaking into their bomb. Of all these superb monuments there remain only a few fragments, and we may think ourselves fortunate to be able to make out from whence they came.

The Cat Bird and Her Nest.

We knew of so many cat-bird's nests nearer home, and had such good facilities for examining them in a thicket of syringa, rose and wax-berry bushes on our premises that we did not think of such a thing as looking for them in our summer explorations, but we were glad indeed to linger over one which we came across that afternoon in the most retired part of the little wilderness ha we afterwards almost came to look up n as our own property. since nobody ever seemed to go there except ourselves. And this reminds me anew of the deep satisfaction we had all through those long June days in wandering or waiting in its leafy recesses, where flecks of sunlight brightened the green half-twilight and dappled the soft floor, variegated with fallen leaves and hundreds of shy plants and tender wild flowers, where our only companions were the many brooding birds and their mates.

This cat-bird had done a marvelously ingenious but most risky thing, in locating her nest between two small hemlocks, just where the tip of the outermost branch of one lapped a bit on the corresponding tip of the other, so that if the wind had happened to sway them ever so slightly the result to the nest would have been the same as if it had been left loose in space, its foundations on nothing more tangible then air: and it would have followed the the falling apple made famous by Sir Isaac Newton. But our wise little friend had calculated upon such a catastrophe, and acted accordingly, using some kind of foresight which we should call reasoning if a human being had done it. It chanced that a thin shoot of alder, tough and sinewy as a whip-lash had grown up near by. This the bird had seized upon as the needful thing to make the place available. The over-lapping hemlock twigs were made to serve as the bottom and the walls of the nest, on which were laid up some fibres of dry roots and a few dead birch leaves; then the alder had been bent down and bound like a wiche around the hemlocks straining them together, then passed around and through the nest, in which two green leaves of it were growing from the outside as luxuriantly as if nothing had happened to it.

The bird must have had a hard time of it pulling the alder into place and making it so taut, but the result was beautiful—a nest of shining green with two paler oval leaves fluttering in it.

She had the usual number of glossy, solid-looking eggs; and ten days later there were five awkward, yellow-throated, gaping cat-lings. We afterwards saw several nests as we followed the river, all built of strips of grape-vine bark, dry roots and straw-like grass, and most of them in dangerous places, either on the alders which hung over the water, where the young stood a chance of being drowned, or so exposed that a hawk passing above could easily spy out and pounce upon the defenceless brood.

Old Jim Bridger.

One of the most noted characters on the border twenty years ago was old Jim Bridger, of Fort Bridger, in Utah. On one occasion he came to New York. He did not like the narrow down-town streets with high buildings on each side, and complained that he had once lost his way in "Dey Street Canon," and been rescued with difficulty by the police. He liked the theaters, and expressed the utmost delight at a performance of the "Midsummer Night's Dream." He had no clear idea who Shakspeare was, but conceived and developed the most extravagant admiration for him.

Returning to the fort, he sold stock and supplies to emigrants and other travelers as in time past. One day a man wished to buy some oxen, and Jim said he could have any except one yoke, which he had made up his mind to keep at all hazards. In the morning a messenger came to say that the man wanted this yoke, and none other.

"He can't have 'em," said Jim. "There's no use talkin',

"Well, he wants them, and is just a-waitin' for them," said the messenger. "He's a-settin' there, readin' a book called Shakespeare."

"Eh?" yelled Jim jumping up to his feet. "Did you say Shakespeare? Here,——you, give me my boots."

He ran to the corral.

"Stranger," said he, "jest give me that book, and take them oxen."

"Oh, no," said the man. "I only bought the book to read on the way. I will give it to you."

"Stranger," said Jim, resolutely, "jest you take them oxen, and give me that book." And the man did.

Jim hired a reader at fifty dollars per month, and listened to Shakespeare every evening. All went well, until one night, as the reader came to a proposed murder of the princes in the Tower, Jim sprang from his seat, with blazing eyes, and yelled in thunder-tones, "Hold on there! Jest wait till I git my rifle, and I'll shoot the —— scoundrel!"

As one of his old "pards" justly remarked, a sincerer compliment was never paid to Shakespeare.

Flush Wins.

Away back in 1852 there was a dispute over a placer mine in Yuba river, at Park Bar, in California. Stephen J Field was retained. Suit was brought before a Justice of the Peace for an alleged forcible entry and detainer, a form of action in vogue for the recovery of mining claims, because the title to the land was vested in the United States. It was prosecuted solely as a possessory action. The constable who summoned the jury had received $200 to summon the parties named by the other side. This fact was ascertained beyond controversy by evidence placed in the hands of Mr. Field. While in bed at Park Bar he overheard a conversation between a juror and one of the opposite parties in an adjoining tent. The juror assured the party that everything was fixed, and that the jury had agreed to render a verdict in his favor. The trial was held in a saloon crowded with spectators, most of whom were favorable to the other side. In summing up Mr. Field addressed the jury for three hours. He showed conclusively that his client was entitled to a favorable verdict.

"Gentlemen," said he in closing his argument, "we have not endeavored to influence your verdict, except by the evidence. We have neither approached you secretly nor sought to control you. We have relied solely upon the law and the evidence to maintain our right to this property. But our opponents have not thus acted. They are not satisfied to allow you to weigh the evidence. They have endeavored to corrupt your minds and pervert your judgment. With uplifted hands you declared by the ever living God that you would return a verdict according to law. Will you perjure your souls? I know that you (pointing to a juror) have been approached. Did you spurn the wretch that made the proposal, or did you hold secret counsel with him? I know that you (pointing to another juror) talked over this case last night, for I overheard the conversation, the promises, and your pledge. Canvas houses are as one here. Words uttered in one are voices in all. You did not dream that you were heard, but I was there, and I know the details of the foul bargain."

At this an ominous "click, click, click" was heard. A score of pistols were heard.

"There is no terror in your pistols, gentlemen," continued Mr. Field, in an thrilling tone. "You cannot win your case by shooting me. You can win it only by showing title to the property. You can never win it by bribery or threats of violence. I openly charge attempted bribery. If it is untrue, let the jurors speak from their seats. Attempted bribery I say—whether successful or not will depend upon what may occur hereafter. Jurors, you have invoked the vengeance of Heaven upon your souls if you fail to render a verdict according to the evidence. If you are willing to sell your souls, decide against us. The address was effectual. After an absence of a few minutes the jury returned a verdict in favor of Mr. Field's client. Some admitted that they had been corruptly approached, but added that they were not so base as to be influenced in that way. Within two weeks the owners took from the placer over $90,000 in gold dust.

A Lazy Man's Views

Let us analyze this lying in bed. We maintain that, in the mere fact of lying in bed, there is something healthy and reliefe oiled and eased. The proper and legitimate purpose of stopping in bed is to go to sleep. There is no tonic or medicine in the world like sleep. The more sleep the brain gets, the better does the brain work. All great brain-workers have been great sleepers. Sir Walter Scott could never do with less than ten hours. A fool may want eight hours, as George III. said but, the philosopher wants nine. The men who have been the greatest generals are the men who could sleep at will. Thus it was with both Wellington and Napoleon. The greatest speakers in the House of Commons have been men who can go to sleep as much as they like. This explained the juvenility of the aged Palmerston. There is a man who has been Atty. General, whom I have seen bury his face in his hands over his desk and sleep soundly until his own case should come on. "Sleep," says the Greek proverb, "is the remedy for every disease. If he sleeps well he will do well." A friend told me that he treated himself for a fever. He went to bed with a large pitcher of lemonade by his side. He drank and slept, slept and drank, and slept himself well again. When you take to your bed, get all the sleep you can, even though, to quote Dick Swiveller's saying, you have to pay double for a double bedded room, confessing that you have taken a most unreasonable amount of sleep out of a single bed. You will have a whole store of recuperative energy. Even if you cannot sleep, still keep your bed. There is no more pestilent heresy than that you should get up immediately when you awake. If it is the early riser who catches the worm, the worm is a great idiot in rising still earlier in order to be caught. If you do not sleep by lying in bed, you get rest. You secure the fallow ground which will hereafter produce a good harvest. Sleep is of course the proper enjoyment for a bed, but if you don't sleep you can lie and read. We don't believe that the man who gets up really learns or does more than the man who lies in bed. Of all the sleep in the world there is none so good as what you get in the way of treasure-trove, after the usual time of waking, when in point of fact, you have given up the expectation of getting any more sleep. As for "being called," as the saying goes, that is simply a relic of the barbarism of our ancestors. We should quarrel with any man who would presume "to call" us. One of the main beauties of an occasional day in bed is that you get an extra stock of sleep, which goes to the credit side of the sanitary account.

A Doomed City.

The town of Covington, Iowa, is literally a doomed city. Situated on the bend of the Missodri river, the banks are gradually being eaten away, and the ground on which the court house stood a year ago is now covered by many feet of fast flowing water. The cutting away is done by fits and starts. A week ago the current set in shore and took off a strip of land thirty feet wide in a few hours. No invasions were made for another week, when another slice was cut off. Then about half a dozen buildings were moved back some thirty feet, and the next day the land on which they had stood was all gone. The citizens have tried to moor trees and logs to the bank in the hope of forming a barrier for the flood, but the current is so swift, and the water so deep, that these attempts have failed. To give an idea of what the town of Covington has suffered in the past five years, the case of the ferry house and the principal hotel may be instanced. Two years ago there were 660 feet of ground between the building and the river bank; now you can toss a stone out of the hotel window into the river and buildings are now being put on rollers for removal.

THE pupil of the eye has to be lashed.

Sayings About Cats.

For "living a cat or dog life" the French say, "To live like cats and dogs," and this leads us to observe that many of the sayings which are current in one language appear in others more or less modified. Thus, we say "to buy a pig in a poke," but in France, Flanders and elsewhere they say "to buy a cat in a bag." A scalded cat dreads cold water, just as much as a burnt child dreads the fire, and though a scalded cat will not go back to the kitchen, the Spanish idea is good, "One eye on the pot, and the other on the cat." The Italian means cat when he is earnest, does not mean cat when he is in jest, and plays the dead cat when he disappointed. He calls the cat when he speaks plainly; he sets about killing the cat, when he undertakes a hard task; and when he sees no one he finds neither cat nor dog. That evidences are caught at last, he shows by saying the cat goes so often to the beacon that she leaves her claws there. He goes to see the cat drowended when he lets himself be imposed on, and he cheats another when he gets him to go and see his fish along with the cat. Though every cat would like a bell, the cat of Messina scratched out its own eyes in order not to see the cage. The Spaniard, like the Italian, plays the cat when he dissimulates, but it is not a dead cat. The Spaniard says the cat would be a good friend if he did not scratch, and he thinks a cat which mews is not a good mouser. An Italian says one had better be the head of a cat than the tail of a lion; a wary German goes like a cat round hot broth, and believes it too late to drive the cat away when the cheese is eaten. Many believe that a good cat often loses a mouse, that no cat is too small to scratch, and that you cannot keep away the cat when it has tasted cream. The Russian thinks that play for cats means tears for the mice; the Arab says that when the cats and mice are on good terms the provisions suffer; the Turk tells us that two cats can hold their own against one lion. Another Turkish saying is, it is fast day to-day, as the cat said when it could not get at the liver. The Englishman fancies that some people have as many lives as a cat—that a cat, in fact, has nine lives; yet he holds that care will kill a cat, and that May kittens should be drowned. He is scarcely alone in thinking that the more you stroke a cat's back the higher she raises her tail—in other words, that flattery feeds vanity. He lets the cat out of the bag, but so do others, and they all agree that it is in the nature of a cat always to fall on its feet. Only he talks of turning cat in pan, and of raising cats and dogs, or sees folk dance like a cat on not bricks. The Spaniard says, Has the cat kittened? when he sees a place full of lights, and he asks, Who has to take the cat out of the water? when something unpleasant has to be done. That anyone watches as a cat a mouse, is French as much as English. The French also say, she is as dainty as a cat; it is nothing to whip a cat for; their singers have a cat in their throat when the throat is not clear, and the phrase "cat music" is not unknown. If one has a scratched face, he has been playing with the cats; and an opinion of his a mouse's nest in a cat's ear. That people should sometimes go like a cat over hot coals is intelligible enough.

The Trousers.

A pair of trousers once lay on a chair in a bare room bed, having first thrown his jacket on one chair, and his trousers on another, while his stockings and shoes lay in the middle of the floor, looking as if they were ready for dancing.

They were asleep, however, and so was the jacket, but the trousers were awake, and complaining bitterly of their hard fate.

"Why," they said, "were we ever made into this dreadful shape? We were so happy when we were part of the great roll of cloth, and lay on the counter in the tailor's shop. Then we spoke often of what we should become when we were cut out.

"We wished to be a jacket for some nice little girl, or a handsome coat for a tall man. But one day the roll of cloth was opened and shaken out. We felt cold steel passing through us. 'Snip, snap! snip, snap!' this is all that scissors can say, as we know from experience.

"Then we were put under the needle of a sewing-machine and pierced cruelly, many times. Yes, that is painful, I assure you. And so we became trousers, and were bought by the mother of little Frank, who lies sleeping yonder.

"Since then, what a life we have led! Often covered with mud from top to bottom, wet through and through, stained with berries, bespattered with ink, frozen stiff, when our master must needs play in the cold snow, and then scorched by being hung too near the fire to dry. Ah! it is a hard life.

"And now comes the worst of all, for recently we were forced to go through some brambles covered with sharp thorns, which actually tore a piece out of each knee, so that now we are indeed a melancholy sight. We shall never recover from this."

The trousers sighed deeply and looked at the jacket, hoping for a sympathetic reply. But the jacket still slept soundly, and said nothing.

Then the trousers were offended, and remained silent for the rest of the night, though they thought a great deal.

In the morning when the mother came to wake her little boy, she saw them lying there, with a great hole in each knee.

"Here is a sad piece of work," she said. Put on your shirt and jacket, my child, and sit here on the table while I mend your trousers. So you will know how it feels to be without any, and learn to take better care of them.

The trousers said nothing, but they were well pleased. Soon they had a patch of bright new cloth on each knee, and that was good enough for anybody.

"This is well," they said. "It shows what one was in one's youth." And off they went to school.

The Boy and the Musket.

A lad living in Havana brought down from the attic recently an old rusty musket that had probably been laid away there a long time ago and forgotten. He found a percussion cap that fitted the tube and placing it thereon marched about the premises for some time. His little sister approaching, he pointed the gun toward her, crying out: "I'm going to shoot you!" But the child frightened ran off uninjured. The boy then hunted up the family dog and leveling the weapon at him, cried out the same words that he had addressed to his sister. The dog didn't understand, winked his eye, wagged his tail, but did not move away from his tracks. It was his last wink and his last wag. The boy pulled the trigger. He let go the gun, or the gun let go of him, and he found himself a rod or two away from where he had been standing, the ground having flown up and hit him on the back. When he gathered himself up the gun was found to be badly shattered and the dog was dead. No friendship exists now between that boy and strange muskets.

Bachelor House-Keeping.

We suppose everybody knows what "grass widow" means—a woman living temporarily absent from her husband. We can think of no corresponding terms to apply to a man in like condition, unless it is "grass widower." We know of one who is just setting up his cabin on a northern prairie, prepared for a summer campaign of "breaking" prairie sod. A boy of fourteen is with him as "chief cook and bottle washer." We find a deep interest in their work, particularly in the house keeping. The boy's success or failure in cooking, washing, etc., will bring credit or discredit to his mother. We have lately heard the father inquire anxiously concerning his capabilities—"Do you know how to cook oat meal?" "Can you make soft graham bread at this?" "