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THE FLOWERS COLLECTION

J. McL. Harrington

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THE SILVER LINING.

After many days of weary waiting, in which her poor heart had grown sick, from "hope deferred," and the circles had deepened around the sweet eyes, and the clear little mouth was drawn down in a piteous way, such as sorrow alone can make us wear, Lucy Gwin entered Miss Prudence's room, with the long expected letter in her hand, one morning, and said:

"At last, dear Miss Prudence, the tide of my ill fortune has turned, and friendly fate once more extends her hand to me; for Farmer Seaton has sent for me, and to-morrow I am going to leave city life, and as many of its vexations as I can behind me, and assume the *role* of teacher in the country school at Elmwood."

Lucy Gwin was an orphan, a delicate, womanly girl of twenty, thrown upon her own resources. She had been tenderly reared, but her father, Horace Gwin, no unimportant personage, had, like a great many who are not contented with the goods the gods have given them, speculated unwisely and lost, and when all was gone, and he saw the dreams [illegible] his actions had brought into [illegible] life, his heart broke, and [illegible] the wide world utterly [illegible] lawyer, who had been [illegible] she received enough [illegible] her for nearly a year. [illegible] she went to board with [illegible] being so utterly [illegible] der-hearted old maid fel[illegible] Lucy kept strangely dis[illegible] Miss Prudence's kindness here [illegible] ly she grew to love her very dea[illegible]

When Lucy told Miss Prudence she was going from her, that good soul felt a pang of sorrow—sorrow that she was too poor to keep her with her, and sorrow for the loneliness which she felt a city-bred girl would experience in the country, with companions so unlike herself. Yet there was no help for it, for the legal friend's nephew stepped in to deprive Lucy of her only maintenance, and for days and days she had sought all through the city for employment, and failing to find any she, in answer to an advertisement, and by Miss Prudence's advice, wrote to Farmer Seaton.

Lucy's few preparations were soon completed, and on the morrow her trunk was placed in the baggage wagon, and she stood in the hall with her satchel in hand, equipped for her journey. With a little choking sob she bade Miss Prudence good-bye; the kind-hearted lady kissed her and cried over her, and was almost tempted at the last moment to make Lucy forego her journey and live with her, despite her inability to share her home with another. Lucy dried her tears and somewhat reassured her, by her brightly saying:

"Never mind, I am going to be as happy as I can, away from you, in the performance of my new duties; so that when you see me again I will be a regular country girl, with bright eyes and rosy cheeks."

Elmwood was quite a distance from the city, so after a journey of two days, Lucy found herself at the station looking for Farmer Seaton, who was to meet her. After a little anxious waiting she saw a red wagon, pulled by two steady gray horses, loom up in the distance, and Farmer Seaton was the driver. Perceiving her peering anxiously at him, he addressed her:

"Be you the new school marm whom I'm looking for?"

She told him she was, and he assisted her to a seat beside him, and placing her trunk in the wagon, turned the horse homeward.

The drive from the station to the farm was a long one, and gave Lucy a good opportunity to see the country, which was to be her home, and to judge a little of kind old Farmer Seaton's character. As he casually looked at the sweet, pale face beside him, his honest heart was stirred with pity, and he said to himself:

"The children shan't none of 'em fret her at school, and Jane and I will soon have her as bouncing as our Nancy."

In his kindly way he pointed out all the beauties of a country roadside to her—which were many; for as they drove, waving wheat fields, fine orchards, deep, cool woods and gurgling streams, were presented in a moving panorama to them. The air was so pure, the scenery all around so lovely, that poor Lucy was beginning to feel glad that she had made this pleasant exchange. The long rays of a July sun were just falling aslant the long, old-fashioned porch, the lowing of the cattle, the silvery tinkle of the bell on the homeward-turning sheep were heard, as Farmer Seaton pulled up at the gate.

"Here she is, Jane—the young schoolarm; come and make her welcome."

While he was uttering the words, a motherly woman, with ever such an honest, cheerful face, and in every way worthy to be the good farmer's wife, came hurrying down the flower-bordered path to meet them. She instinctively kissed the sweet mouth, which was now dimpled by a smile; for, somehow, a feeling of comparative happiness filled Lucy's heart to be in the midst of these honest, guileless folks.

She followed Mrs. Seaton into the house, where she was stared at by some three or four open-mouthed children, who evidently thought some fairy queen had dropped into their midst. She smiled upon them—and perhaps that evening they ate less supper than ever in their lives before. The rich, cool milk, the fresh butter and home-made bread, the delicious honey, all tempted Lucy's appetite, which the long, pleasant drive had somewhat sharpened.

After supper the children clustered around her; one praised the whiteness of her complexion, another caught a tress of her golden hair and said to Nancy, "It was the color of the gold dollar which Uncle Joyce had given her," and before the evening was over they were one and all fairly in love with her. Nancy took a candle from the dresser, and Lucy, being tired from her long journey, followed her to a cosy, clean bed-room, where the staring, happy Nancy bade her good-night.

When Nancy's footsteps died away, Lucy locked her door and walked to the open window to contemplate the beauty of the scene before her. Down in the old time garden the pinks, anemones, sweet williams and larkspur, cast their fragrance on the [illegible] in the heavens the soft stars [illegible] ing, and the silvery moon [illegible] over all this peace and be[illegible] with her long, yellow [illegible] at the open casement [illegible] as [illegible] she looked like [illegible] interest, [illegible] scene of quiet [illegible] proximate [illegible]

[illegible] Farmer Seaton [illegible] over [illegible] faced [illegible] from her [illegible] patience and her [illegible] pupils, she [illegible] won the love of parents and pupils alike, and to all the country round there was none more loved than she.

[illegible] evening, after a year's teaching, in [illegible] were taking the cut through [illegible] fields home from the school-grove, when after a pause in their conversation [illegible] said:

"[illegible] going home to-morrow, and I [illegible] spoke the genuine [illegible]

"Who is Jim, little one? Some sweetheart of whom I have not yet heard?" said Lucy.

"Why no!" said Nancy, with a proud light in her blue eyes (for she loved him very dearly.) "I thought you knew that Jim was my only brother. Did mother never tell you of him?"

"No," replied Lucy—"will you tell me?"

And as they walked home in the gloaming, Nancy, in her clear voice, told her how Jim's name was never mentioned at home, because it made her father very unhappy and cross for days after. Then she told how some eight years before, when Jim was only nineteen, he wanted to leave the old homestead and go far away from his loved ones to the great city, and how her father, fearing for his only son the temptations of city life, opposed his going, and how Jim stole away in the night without ever a word, and how, when the morning dawned and he was not to be found, her father turned pale as death, and said he should never again come home, and how his mother wept and prayed for him.

"And so," Nancy said, "after these weary years her prayers have been answered; for Jim wrote to mother, and she went to father and threw her arms around him and begged him to take their only son into his life and love again. Father's heart melted at her entreaties, and we shall soon have our Jim with us, who writes that he will never leave us again."

On the morrow there was great rejoicing in the old homestead, for the prodigal was to return. When they had all gone to the station Lucy remained at home, for she thought the joy of their meeting too sacred for a stranger's presence. She wandered amid the sweet flowers and gathered a bouquet from their treasures, and placed it in Jim's room.

"Oh, Jim," said Nancy on their way home, "how nice that you have grown to be so smart, and a minister, too. I know Miss Lucy will admire you for that alone, for she is so pious and good, and loves the church so much."

"Who is Miss Lucy, chatterbox?" said the tall, handsome man who was called Jim.

"She," chimed the other children, "is the lovely city lady who came out here in the woods to teach us, and whom we all love."

When the old red wagon with its happy freight drew up at the gate, Lucy stood like some lovely picture in the rustic doorway, over which clambered in rich profusion many a rose and honeysuckle vine, to aid in the welcome home. In his heart, Jim thought as he looked at the beautiful face, he had never seen anything half so lovely. They were made known to each other, and the young minister thought, when he heard her sweet voice, that his welcome home was far happier than his most fervent expectations had been. It was truly a case of love at first sight, and the daily sight only strengthened Jim's love. Yet he wavered, and hesitated to ask her to spend her life in the lonely country. His doubts were put to flight one day, however, by his mother telling him that Lucy had repeatedly said that so much of her happiness had come to her there, that she believed she would never leave them.

When the woods were bright with the autumn leaves, and all nature seemed hushed and still, Jim met her one afternoon on her way from school and poured the wealth of his manly heart at her feet, and she did not spurn his love; for as I came crackling through the woods, gun in hand, intent on the movements of a squirrel in front of me, I heard her sweet voice saying:

"You, my noble Jim, are such a faithful worker for our Lord, who has given me all this happiness, that I love you better than all the world beside."

I do not believe you can find a happier home anywhere than the country rectory, with its fields of grain stretched far out in the back ground, its abundant orchard and beautiful garden of flowers, and the crowning jewels of the whole—the rector and his lovely wife.

In Lucy's happiness dear Miss Prudence was not forgotten, for she received a long letter containing ever such a glowing description of "my handsome husband, who is coming to bring you to live with us forever more."

A GREAT ARTIST'S MAXIMS.

"Never wish to appear greater than you really are," writes Couture, on almost the first page of his book. "Above all things beware of expressing other people's opinions as if they were your own; that brings ruin, it leads to darkness; dare to be yourself; that will bring you light. Above all things be humble; in the art of painting humility is the greatest strength." And again he says: "He who is at the bottom of the social ladder regards himself as a repressed king, and the poorest of our artists considers himself equal to Michael Angelo. One may satisfy kings, may satisfy the desires of a woman, but cannot satisfy a modern artist." When a mere child Couture was taken by his father to the museum of the Louvre, and the first picture he saw was the "Marriage in Cana," by Veronese. His father corrected him for saying that it was the "Marriage in Cana," pointing out to him that it could not be because the figures were dressed in the costume of the Middle Ages, instead of that of the age of Tiberius. The father soon learned from a bystander what mistake he had made, and how his son was right. "I do not know how," says Couture in his book, "but it appeared to me very beautiful." It was long afterwards that this boy was able to paint his famous "Romans of the Decadence," which gave him an immediate and wide renown, but its striking similarity in method and treatment to the great work of Veronese makes it seem a late result of that outburst of boyish enthusiasm. After Veronese his favorite artist seems to have been Rembrandt. Although a very different genius from Raphael the great Dutchman is "not less grand." His is the rare gift of never fatiguing. He is a profound observer and thinker; sad, too, and sombre. It pleases him to picture man as tired of life. He saddens all joy and gaiety. "He is a profound misanthrope; he seems to paint with tears and with shadow." There is not a color, not a flower—simply a ray of light to brighten his faces. "But what a head and what eyes! It is life itself; it frightens us, and overthrows the idea we have of art, for here there is not development, interpretation, nothing of that—it is simply truth."

THE STINGING TREE.—Though the tropical shrubs of Queensland are very luxuriant and beautiful, they are not without their dangerous drawbacks, for there is one plant growing in them that is deadly in its effects, that is to say deadly in the same way that one would apply the term to fire; as, if a certain proportion of one's body is burned by the stinging tree death will be the result. It would be as safe to pass through fire as it would be to fall into one of these trees. They are found growing from two to three inches high to ten and fifteen feet; in the old ones the stem is whitish, and red berries usually grow on the top. It emits a peculiar and disagreeable smell, but is best known by its leaf, which is nearly round, having a point on the top, and is jagged all around the edge like the nettle. All the leaves are large—some larger than a saucer.

"Sometimes," says a traveller, "while shooting turkeys in the scrubs, I have entirely forgotten the stinging tree, till warned of its close proximity by its smell, and have then found myself in a little forest of them. I was only once stung, and that very lightly. Its effects are curious; it leaves no mark, but the pain is maddening, and for months afterwards the part, when touched, is tender in rainy weather or when it gets wet in washing, etc. I have seen a man who treats ordinary pain lightly roll on the ground in agony after being stung; and I have known a horse so completely mad, after getting into a grove of the trees, that he rushed open-mouthed at every one who approached him, and had to be shot in the scrub. Dogs, when stung, will rush about whining piteously, biting pieces from the affected part. The small stinging trees, a few inches high, are as dangerous as any, being so hard to see, and seriously imperiling one's ankles. The scrub is usually found growing among palm trees."

Pride is never so effectually put to the blush as when it finds itself contrasted with an easy but dignified humility.

If all those who obtain not their desires should die of disappointment, who would live upon the earth?

The motives which a mean man attributes to the actions of another, are the measures of his own.

DEATHBED PREPARATION.

How Gen. Dodge Made a Good Bargain in Mining Stocks.

Apropos of the rise in Mammoth, they tell a capital story about Gen. Dodge. Some time ago A. G. Brown, a well-known operator here, bought 1,000 shares of Mammoth from Gen. Dodge at $3 a share. This was when the company was first organized, about eight or nine months ago, and $3 was [illegible] thing hung fire for a long time. The Sierra & Nevada excitement came along, and nobody gave Mammoth a second thought. It was not on the board, it had no value, and you couldn't really give it away. It went by the name of "[illegible]" [illegible] were levied regularly. Brown talked long and loud, and the street resounded with his curses. He swore that Dodge had swindled him, and, by the gods, he was going to get even with that warrior some day, come weal, come woe.

The day before the news of the strike in Mammoth leaked out, Dodge, who was lying very low in Oakland, sent a telegram over to Brown that he would like to see him at once. Brown had heard that the General was at the point of death, and a feeling of sympathy prompted him to respond at once, so he took the next boat. Arriving at the General's elegant home, he was shown up to the invalid's chamber. Nobody was there but Gen. Dodge and his secretary. The General lay propped up by pillows, looking the picture of ghastliness. He was very feeble, his breath came quick and short, his eyes were glittering, and his hands lay helpless beside him.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Brown," said the General, with much difficulty of speech, "to say—that—that—I am very ill; and—I fear I may not get over it. With a view to that contingency—I—I—have been arranging my—business affairs—[Here the General was overcome with weakness, and a pause of five minutes ensued to enable him to recuperate.) I am—told—that you are not satisfied with the sale—I made to you of that Mam—moth. Now I don't want—to go—out—of—the—world feeling that I leave anybody—behind who believes that I—have—ever wronged—him. I surely did not mean to—wrong you—I believed the stock—was worth the money, and I believe—so yet, but I do not want anybody now—to think that I have got the better of them. I am—very ill. I don't know what—the stock—is worth, or if it is worth anything—but if you like I will call our trade off. Give me your stock, and I will give you your $3,000 back." [Here the General sank back utterly exhausted.]

In very pity Mr. Brown would not prolong the conversation. In a few words he expressed his sympathy for the General, and then with the remark that, though he did it with some reluctance, he would accept the offer.

"Antone," gasped Gen. Dodge faintly from his pillow, to his secretary, "give Mr. Brown a check—and take his—stock." The next morning everybody knew that a big strike had been made in Mammoth, and before night $10 was freely bid for the stock. To-day fifty shares—all that could get—were brought at $16 per share. Gen. Dodge is slowly recovering, and on Monday was in his office.—*Virginia City Chronicle.*

"THE IRON CHIEF."—Gen. Kolyakovski, the military governor of the vast territory lying between the Syr-Daria and the Chinese border, and conqueror of the province which Russia is now restoring to China, is a good specimen of a class only too rare in Russia—the self-made officer. A private soldier sixteen years ago, he is now commander-in-chief of an army, and undisputed ruler of a territory as large as the States of New York and Pennsylvania combined. Over six feet in height, with an erect and muscular figure, a bold, sunburned face and close-cropped black hair, he looks "every inch a soldier," while his splendid horsemanship and seemingly inexhaustible endurance have won him the name of "The Iron Chief" among the native tribes, whose best riders he has more than once tired down. When crossing the hills with a Cossack detachment, he sent back a trooper whose horse had fallen lame, but when a second, wishing to avoid the toilsome march, came to him with the same story, Kolpakovski bade him dismount and lead the animal, no light penance over miles of stony mountain under a vertical sun. Gen. Kolpakovski's official residence is at Vernon, a fortress lying among the border mountains; but he is frequently to be found at Tashkend, where, in consequence of the repeated attempts made upon his life by native desperadoes, his house is always strongly guarded by Cossack riflemen. He attained his present rank in 1871, the conquest of Kuldja being his last exploit as a colonel.

FAVORITE DISHES OF ROYALTY.—George III. was fond of boiled mutton and turnips, and apple dumpling. His chief drink was a cup composed of a quart of lemonade to one glass of wine. Like Napoleon, he ate with fierce rapidity. The favorite dish of George IV. was a thick soup of crayfish. He liked, occasionally, as does Mr. Samuel Ward, liver and bacon, and tripe and onions. He latterly drank great quantities of liquors, especially cherry brandy, which he took as a tonic for digestion weakened by years of Curacoa punch. Roast fowl and roast beef were the delicacies of William IV., and sherry his wine, which he drank from a black bottle. Queen Victoria likes cock-a-leekie soup, a rich entree often cooked for her by her daughter Princess Christian, who is a most admirable cook, and loves port wine.

A DEAD MAN'S BLOW.

How an Unknown Body Astonished a Night-Watcher at the Hospital.

About a month ago a German, 45 years of age, hired the cellar of the premises No. 119 First avenue, put a little furniture in the place, and engaged in the business of selling kindling-wood. He was a most mysterious tenant, and declined to divulge his name, replying to all inquiries as to his identity: "Oh, it's of no consequence; just call me "John the Woodman," and thereafter he became known in the vicinity under that pseudonym. On Thursday he failed to start out to business as usual, and the tenants of the house, becoming alarmed, reported his non-appearance at the Seventeenth Precinct Station. Officer [illegible] went to the house [illegible] evening, and, breaking open the cellar door, found the strange occupant lying on a cot, apparently suffering from starvation. He was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he exhibited symptoms of having been poisoned. He was questioned by Dr. Johnson, but no clear account could be obtained from him as to his identity or condition, he manifesting great unwillingness to give information about himself. He was treated for poisoning, but shortly after 11 o'clock expired in much agony.

After the patient had been pronounced dead, Edward McAllister, a night orderly of the hospital, was intrusted with the duty of preparing the remains for burial. He procured a shroud for the body, and had just covered the left arm of the corpse, when that member suddenly lifted itself toward the shoulder, as if about to strike a blow at McAllister. The orderly dropped the shroud instantly and gazed in amazement at the dead man. After a time, as the arm made no further offensive demonstrations, he felt the pulse and heart, and, finding them perfectly still, made up his mind that the man was really dead, and although unable to account for the singular performance of the arm, resumed his labor of fitting on the shroud. He had just finished the task, when the dead man's right arm raised itself in the same threatening manner as the left had done. This was altogether too lively a demonstration for a corpse, the orderly thought, and without waiting to ascertain what it might do next, he started off to Dr. Johnson's room, and told that physician of the singular behavior of the man who a short time before had been pronounced dead. Dr. Johnson accompanied McAllister back to the ward, and, upon viewing the corpse, both arms of which were bent to the shoulders, began to laugh heartily at what he considered a pretty good joke on the orderly. He informed the latter that the motions of the arms, which had so astonished him, had been due to the involuntary contraction of the muscles of the body, a phenomenon sometimes witnessed in bodies from which life has departed but a short time. Yesterday Dr. Johnson made an autopsy of the body, and found that death had been caused by a very heavy dose of Paris green, which the deceased man had taken to end his life. As McAllister was removing from the ward the clothing of the dead man, he felt a lump in the corner of the waistcoat, and, upon ripping the lining open with a pocket-knife, found $40 in greenbacks and a German bank bill for 100 thalers.

A NOBLE WOMAN.—In one of the naval battles during the war of 1812 an English officer was shot to pieces. He lost both legs and one arm and recovered. The brave girl to whom he was engaged to be married received a letter from him canceling their engagement on account of his crippled body. "If you have body enough left to hold your soul, I will marry you," was her noble reply. A similar incident, it seems, occurred in our civil war:

There may sometimes be met in the streets of Portland a bright-eyed, rosy little woman usually accompanied by two children, one a fair little girl, and the other an apple-munching urchin. Nothing extraordinary about that, but thereby hangs a tale.

At the time of the "late unpleasantness" this little lady's lover was a soldier, and was down with Phil Sheridan in the Shenandoah, where he lost a leg. Her friends notified her that of course she would regard the engagement as canceled.

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she replied.

"What, marry a one-legged man?"

"Of course I'm going to! Why, bless your souls, if they'd shot James all away and left the leg, I'd marry that!"

"Thank Heaven," says a local paper, "she was not reduced to that! James has a good cork leg, a good situation and one of the truest and best little wives in Christendom."

AN INVENTION IN WALTZING.—Olive Logan in one of her letters writes: "I heard of a rather amusing reply given the other evening at a ball by an American girl in London society, who had strayed away from the ball-room. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. 'Daughter, what's all this?' exclaimed irate mamma. The daughter looked up calmly, and replied: 'Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X. to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting still waltz instead."

"See what I am!" not. "See what my father was!" is an old and excellent saying.

The man who mounts his high horse is invariably the least pitied when he falls.

ROCH, THE HANGMAN.

Peculiarities of the French Public Executioner.

M. Roch, the public executioner, died last Friday, in an apoplectic fit, at the age of 55 years. M. Roch had fulfilled his melancholy office eight years, and the number of criminals who came under his care was fifty-four. Roch was a stout man, with a very paternal air, always correctly clad in black long cloth, his black waistcoat relieved by an enormous long watch chain. In private life he was a very worthy man, and lived quietly, like a good bourgeois, in an apartment on the third story, at No. 10 Rue Rochebrune, with his wife and ten children. On the door was a simple brass plate with the inscription, "Roch, fonctionnaire public." With his clients, if the term is allowable, M. Roch was as paternal in manner as he was in appearance. He always addressed them as "Mon garçon," and whenever they asked for information about the terrible operation they were on the point of undergoing, he used to reply with an air of the most absolute conviction that it did not hurt in the least. One might have almost believed that he himself had experienced the sensation. In his official functions he was always in a hurry, and when the chaplain was a little long in his parting observation to the victim, Roch used to tap on his watch-glass in a manner that made you shudder. People used to say that every execution caused Roch a violent emotion. We do not believe that such was the case. He cut off a head just as coolly as another man saws kindling wood or paints a picture. It was his art or his trade, and nothing more. One of his assistants—or *mecaniciens*, as they prefer to be called—named Berger will probably be the successor of M. Roch. He is a strongly built and unsentimental fellow. On execution days he always used to be dressed in a black jacket, a colored waistcoat and a Tyrolean hat. His pay was 3,600 francs a year. If he succeeds Roch he will be raised to 8,000 a year, and will receive ten francs traveling expenses for any "work" that he may have to do outside Paris. M. Roch was always very agreeable and obliging to press men; he was also a protector of the arts. M. Roch was, so to speak, born to the trade. His father was executioner-in-chief at Mende (Lozere), and at the age of 12 the son began to assist his father in his terrible functions. After practicing some time in the provinces, M. Roch was at last called to Paris. He became first *mecanicien* to Henrich, whom he succeeded in 1872.

"THE NAME OF JESUS CHRIST."—Our faithful and interesting correspondent, W. F. Hilton, of Hartford, writes to us that he has just discovered that the initial letters of the words composing the sentences, "Christ has risen. I shall triumph," are contained in the word "Christ" thus:

C hrist
H as
R isen.
I
S hall
T riumph.

Having received this beautiful idea from our correspondent, we came to the conclusion that if so much was contained in the name Christ, the word Jesus must contain something in the same line to fit into it, and remembering the passage, "He shall be called Jesus because He shall save His people from their sins," we accordingly write:

J esus
E xpresses
S alvation
U nto
S inners.

The whole matter may be placed in the form of a syllogism, thus: *Jesus expresses salvation unto sinners. Christ has risen; therefore, I shall triumph.* This is one way of teaching the Gospel. Let others improve upon it in churches and Sunday-schools. To those who believe in the identity of the English-speaking races with the ten lost tribes of Israel, there may be something peculiarly instructive to them in this discovery, because from no other known language can the scriptural declaration of the meaning of the name of Jesus Christ be similarly written.—*N. Y. Champion.*

THE ROYAL EYES OF ENGLAND.—Most Englishmen know the Queen by sight, have seen the fine-cut features which have possibly become a little heavy by age, but which remain in a most remarkable degree aristocratic, though comparatively few, perhaps, have heard the clear ringing voice which is delightful in ordinary conversation, but which becomes most painfully disagreeable and unpleasant when excited, or have seen the heavy-lidded eyes wake and flash lightning for a moment, and then sink back into disdainful repose. These flashes of light in the eyes are common to only three members of the royal family—the Queen, the Prince of Wales and the Princess Beatrice. It is an extraordinary phenomenon; the whole face changes for an instant when suddenly lit up with the excitement shed from the eyes, and the physiognomy is entirely altered for the moment. The late Lord Russell said once to Lord Dalling that he would rather face anything than her majesty's displeasure, for "it dazzled and shocked you like a sword suddenly unsheathed in the sunlight." The metaphor is apt and true, and a friend of ours who was dining at the royal table at Windsor on one occasion, when her majesty became suddenly displeased with a certain member of her family whom we will not name, has often assured us that her face changed so for an instant as to be almost unrecognizable.

[From the Charlottesville (Va.) Chronicle.]

A VIRGINIA REMINISCENCE.

It is related that while Thomas Mann Randolph was Governor of Virginia, he was arrested within a few hundred yards of his home in this country, and carried a prisoner to his own house. The story is to the following effect: The Governor was on a visit to his home, and finding that the fencing on his plantation was pulled down and burned by wagoners passing along from the valley to Richmond, he determined to detect and punish them. One evening he observed a party go into camp on the roadside, and after dark he strolled down to a point where he could conveniently watch them. He stayed out all night, but the wagoners made no depredations on his fences. In the early morning however, [illegible] were about to kindle the fires to prepare breakfast, they started out to gather up what fuel they might find for that purpose, when they espied a man sitting on the fence a short distance ahead.

Now it appears that a short time before Gov. Randolph had issued his proclamation, offering a reward for the capture of an escaped horse thief, and the wagoners, who had seen the description of the convict, thought they discovered a close resemblance between the man on the fence and the escaped felon. So thoroughly satisfied were they that they would receive the reward for his arrest that they approached and announced that he was their prisoner. One of them proposed, as he cracked his wagon whip, to give him a thrashing and then let him go, but his companion protested that it was proper to ascertain certainly whether he was the guilty party before inflicting the punishment, and proposed to take him to the residence of Gov. Randolph, which was near by, and get his advice. Accordingly they marched their prisoner up to the house and knocking at the front door, a servant made his appearance, of whom they inquired:

"Is your master at home?"

The negro opened his eyes in astonishment at the inquiry, and replied pointing to the governor:

"That's master."

It is said that the [illegible] promptly confirmed the [illegible] servant, and joined heartily in the laugh that followed. He then told the men he had proposed to whip them, [illegible] the opportunity of defence to [illegible] and he would send him a [illegible] dollars, at the same time [illegible] his cost, exposing a [illegible] marking that he should certainly have used them had an attempt been made to carry the threat of castigation into execution. The other wagoner he invited to join him in a hot breakfast.

A PEEP INTO MUSICAL WORKSHOPS.—Rossini positively advised a young composer never to write his overture until the evening before the first performance. "Nothing," he declared, "excites inspiration like necessity; the presence of a copyist waiting for your work, and the view of a manager in despair tearing out his hair by handfuls. In Italy in my time all the managers were bald at thirty. I composed the overture to Othello in a small room, where the baldest and most ferocious of managers had shut me up by force, with nothing but a dish of macaroni and the threat that I should not leave the place alive until I had written the last note. I wrote the overture to the 'Gazza Ladra' on the day of the first performance under the guard of four scene-shifters, who had orders to throw my text out bit by bit to copyists, who were waiting below to transcribe it. In default of music I was to be thrown out myself."

Handel composed with equal rapidity. His pen could not keep pace with the current of ideas that flowed through his volcanic brain. Haydn, Mendelssohn and Beethoven composed slowly, retouching and elaborating with the same patient love with which the sculptor puts the finishing stroke to the creation of his brain and his chisel. The biographer of Beethoven says that when he was in London negotiating the sale of some compositions, he was not a little surprised to receive a letter from Vienna, in which Beethoven begged him to add two notes (A C) to the beginning of the adagio of the grand sonata in B flat, opus 106. He was astonished that an alteration should be required in a composition finished nine months previously; but his astonishment gave place to admiration when he saw the wonderful effect of the introductory notes, which De Lenz calls "two steps leading down to the tomb."—*William Matthews.*

FATE OF THE SHENANDOAH.—The London *World* says: Everybody has heard of the *Shenandoah*, the notorious privateer of the Southerners of the American civil war; but I do not suppose that many know the ultimate fate of the ship when the war ended. Of all the places in the world, she now lies "fathomless" off the island of Scotra, in the Arabian gulf. Her story is a strange one. She was busy burning whalers in Behring Straits, when Waddell, her commander, heard of the end of the war. His occupation being gone, and being without hope of harbor to which he dare with safety return, he ran the *Shenandoah* to Liverpool, and immediately surrendered her to her Majesty's ship *Donegal*, in the Mersey. She was handed over to the American consul, and afterwards bought at auction by Nicol, Fleming & Co.—a firm that has earned a notoriety in connection with the City of Glasgow bank—for the Sultan of Zanzibar. After remaining idle at Zanzibar for some years, she was sent to Bombay for repairs, but foundered off Scotra, all hands being lost except one Englishman and a [illegible] Lascars.