

Nobody's Dog.

Will nobody bite nobody's dog?
 Will nobody ply nobody's dog?
 Or give me at least one meal in the year,
 And that on a July day?

For hunger tempts to an evil course;
 And if I've no soul to be saved,
 Why should I shrink from stealing a bone,
 Or try to be better behaved?

True, nobody's dog no wisdom affords—
 He feels he's a vagabond thing,
 With a hang-dog look and a tail depressed,
 Always prepared for a fling!

Never surprised by a blow or kick—
 Yet, if it was somebody's own,
 Not tall would he carried with loftier air,
 Nor a truer dog be known.

THE COQUETTE OF ARLON.

In very ancient times the inhabitants of Arlon worshiped the moon, and the learned maintain that the name Arlon is derived from the two words *ara lunc*, signifying "altar of the moon." It is perhaps for this reason that the young women of this ancient town now and then had odd fancies. Apropos of this, I propose to relate a story which Mr. Adolphe Dechamps must have listened to when he was Governor of Luxembourg, for it is one of the traditions of that province. All the Arlonese know it, and I write it down for the benefit of those who have not been governors of provinces, and whose ancestors have not worshipped the moon.

It was said that about one hundred years ago there resided in Arlon a young girl named Gertrude. She was eighteen years of age, and was gay, frank, and good-natured, always smiling and happy, and full of life and activity. She was the daughter of Charles Stock, a wealthy proprietor of the little town, and generally designated as Stock, Jr., to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who were yet living.

handsome and rich; and, fully conscious of these advantages, he felt contempt for the girl of the suit. "It is not your fortune that tempts me," said Gertrude to him, greatly flattered. Wenceslas bowed, as if he would say, "I understand I have other attractions." "I feel a deep interest in you," pursued she, "and would willingly give you my hand if you will render me a service that will prove your courage." "You have but to command me," said the handsome young man; "I am entirely at your service."

"Well, then, you must know that one of my relatives has been killed in a duel. He is in the woods, and we are making every effort to secure him an honorable burial. In the meantime the body is to be placed in the Roman tomb at nine o'clock this evening. A casket is not to be covered nor enclosed, and the very great fear is that it may be disturbed; therefore I beg of you to go there at half-past nine."

"To the witches' den? What an idea!"

"You are afraid already? *Mon Dieu*, how heart-beating the young man are." "I am not afraid, but you are giving me a very queer commission." "Call it a fancy if you will, but I can only confide this to one who is very devoted, for it is absolutely necessary to conceal this mystery from everybody. You must go there at exactly half-past nine, when the moon is at the zenith, and personate an angel of light, and carry a torch in your hand. The fearful stories of which the tomb has been the subject, will be of service to you, and those who may be scheming to carry away the casket, will, upon seeing you, be so terrified by the appearance of your torch in your hand, be so terrified that none will dare approach. At midnight you may return home. Will you do it?"

"I will," said Wenceslas, who feared to disgrace his name.

"I must be certain that you have performed this service; but remember, not a word about it to any one, and at this price, my hand is yours."

Wenceslas regained his usual composure, smothering as best he could those superstitious fears which sometimes shake the strongest minds. He did not appear greatly terrified, but probably from motives of prudence he approached in a zigzag line, pausing now and then, as though he saw something he did not expect. The silvery robe of the angel glittered in the torch-light, and Lambert could not account to himself for this singular costume.

As the angel, whose trembling refused to support him, remained fixed in his place, Lambert decided to make a flank movement, and accordingly he passed around the other end of the tomb.

His disguise was frightful; he was unfiled in an ox hide, which was adorned with the long horns and ears; his face was blackened, and the lower part of it concealed by an immense red beard. In his hand he carried one of those wooden forks which are used to spread new mown hay. Wenceslas, who had never lost sight of the demon, now signaled himself by the greatest effort of courage he had ever made in his life. He suddenly advanced, with the torch at arm's length before him, and the specter recoiled. But the flame touched Lambert's great beard, and in an instant it was in a blaze. He quickly tore it off and sprang on the angel, whose torch fell and was extinguished.

"The demon seized each other by the hair, mutually astonished, perhaps, at finding each other palpable." The corpse who had seen all, and had begun to question whether it was really a scene among the witches, now took Wenceslas and Lambert for a good and bad angel who were disputing possession of him, and overcome by a terrible fear, he suddenly sprang out of his tomb with his winding sheet around him, and took flight across the fields.

The two companions, seeing the dead rash forth, were seized with the same terror, and letting go each other by common consent, they fled as though pursued by all the witches.

The three lovers returned to their respective lodgings, utterly overcome by what they had seen and passed through; and the next day none of them were able to leave their beds. To finish their adventures, Gertrude sent word to them that they must have very little esteem for her, since, instead of fulfilling their promises, they had run away in such a ridiculous manner. And she married Sigmund.

Hydrophobia.

Another imitative disease is the much dreaded hydrophobia; for it has been reported by medical men in many cases, where four or five people have been bitten by a mad dog, only one of the number has died. Some times since a man was bitten by a dog that was known to be perfectly well. The victim, however, brooded over the idea that he would later be well die from the effects of the wound, although there was no manifestation of a serious character. But his apprehensions made him anxious and restless and almost frenzied, and in a few days he brought upon himself fits of an alarming type. From all the circumstances it was evident that the man was in a dangerous condition, and needed medical attention. Physicians were called, but he soon expired in great agony. From beginning to end, this man's case, so far as the dog was concerned, was a mere fancy, of imagination. A celebrated German physician says that he regards hydrophobia as a morbid affection, induced by fear, and, in support of his opinion, cites many interesting cases. A notable instance is that of a physician of Lyons, who, having assisted in the dissection of several victims of the disorder, imagined that he himself had become inoculated. On attempting to drink he was seized with spasms of the pharynx, and in this condition roamed about the streets for three days. At length his friends succeeded in convincing him of the groundlessness of his apprehensions, and he at once recovered. If any more questions the effects of imagination, let him turn to the history of witchcraft in New England, where superstition was fostered to the extent of taking life. People sickened and died under imaginary spells, and pious clergymen and wise magistrates pronounced the hanging of innocent victims. But we of the nineteenth century should be wiser than our predecessors, and carefully secure ourselves from imaginary ills of all kinds.

Self-respect.—Cook (to fellow servant who has been after a new place): "Well, 'Liza, will it suit?" "Not if I know it! Why, when I got there, best if there wasn't the two young ladies of the 'ouse both a-sin' of one piano at the same time! 'Well, think I 'd 'is 'a comin' doin' 'is world!' So I thought I was best say 'good mornin'!"

Not Afraid.

The Emperor of Russia, during his recent visit to Ems, lived in a large old building called "Castle of the Four Towers." He put aside all ceremony and walked about quite alone, stopping to shake hands with one person, and to talk with another, and something like the looks and behavior of a lord of the manor in his own village. No visible policemen are ever seen on the watch when he is abroad, and though several attempts have been made to assassinate him, he has evidently no fear of danger. There was only a single footman attendant at the Castle, so that a man of enterprise would have had little difficulty about walking into his presence at dinner time, or questioning him as to his intentions respecting British India and the liberty of the press.

The Spanish Pretender.

A letter writer says: "The present pretender to the throne of Spain, styled by his followers Charles VII., and by the world at large Don Carlos de Bourbon, Duke of Madrid, is 25 years of age. He is a powerful-looking man, about six feet one, and in his frank but somewhat curt manner reminds one of the Emperor Alexander of Russia, when he was some twenty-five years younger. His face, since he began to wear a full beard, has become quite handsome, and cherries lung in tempting ripeness from the neighboring standards. Flocks of geese cackled and hissed, cows grazed on the banks of the river, and in the distance a horse or two might be seen dashing along in the wild enjoyment of freedom. A young looked eagerly at the youth, you were struck with the long masses of dark hair tucked back from the forehead with a red band, the handsome profile of his thoughtful face, and the expression of sadness and absence which marked his whole appearance. Evidently it was an effort for him to continue his carving. He seemed to want something which he did not possess. Hours passed away, and the sun was touching the horizon when his mother came and sat down beside him.

"My son," she said, "what ailith thee?"

"Oh, mother, dearest! I hardly know. I feel a want and sorrow and sadness, so that I could almost cry."

"Are you ill, my son? Tell her what thy sorrow is."

"I know not, indeed, my mother, if it be not Marie Lavovna of the next village."

"Ah, my son, is it so?"

"I believe, dearest mother, that I love the girl."

"And would you marry her if I could arrange it?"

"There was hesitation. At length came a bright smile, and Yakovi answered, 'Gladly, dearest mother.'"

No more was said. The old woman kissed her son, and left him to his thoughts and his carving, and as quickly as she could, walked to the neighboring village, and entered the home of Marie Lavovna. The party of serfs were engaged at their evening meal, and offered, as a matter of course, the cup of tea and the piece of bread to the stranger. She sat on, and remained till the party had departed, with the exception of the father of Marie, who seemed to guess what was coming.

Finding him alone and looking for some explanation of her visit, she commenced: "I have a dove at home, and he is very sad, and the head hangs down, and he will not eat. He refuses to eat, and he will not drink of the water, but all day long he sips of his perch and mourns. I have caressed him and placed him in my bosom, but he feeds me not. I have taken him in the free air and in the midst of the flowers, but he means me no more. I have gathered other doves beside him, and he regards them not, but he looks at me with weary eyes. I love my dove—my gentle dove—and I fear he will die, so I came to you to save him."

"Save him! How can I save him, mother?"

"He has seen another dove, and his eyes have followed her. He is always looking toward her. She is gentle, so beautiful; her feathers are so soft, and her eyes so tender; her wings plume themselves so peacefully, she walks with so humble a tread, and the music she makes, oh, it enchants him, that he will die if she come not beside him."

"But, mother, has your dove a nest? For mine has been tenderly nursed, and she cannot go to the cold in the night, nor bear the bitter blasts of the frosty air. She sleeps warm and eats well. How can I save her nest?"

"My dove has a beautiful nest. It is warm and sweet; the wild flowers grow round it; and the hands of those that love it adorn it with all that doves most delight in."

"Ah, well, mother, but has your dove seen any other water and the sand?"

"Between her, my dove has everything, and if your dove will come beside him, she shall fare as well as with you. As well, did I say? Aye, far, far better."

"But, mother, perhaps your dove pecks. He may tear the feathers from the wings, and flap them in anger. My dove is very gentle, and very easily frightened."

"No, my father, my dove is loving to his mother and gentle with his father and his sisters. His brother speaks kindly of him, and all praise him. My beautiful, beautiful dove!"

If it is so, my mother, you may bring your dove here for two days, and if my dove should like him, then, perhaps, the doves may build them a new nest in a beautiful field, and coo together in the Spring."

Thus the matter was arranged. Yakovi Gorovitch was taken on his mother to the house of Marie Lavovna, and in the presence of the parents they saw each other twice. And it was then arranged that the marriage should take place.

Some weeks have passed, and Marie stands in her father's house in all the pomp of youth and health and happiness, decorated with the jewels of her mistress—for every Russian lady will lend her serf-girl the means of appearing to the best advantage on the wedding day. A long procession forms itself to the village church, where the parties meet in the sacred building. There is a kind of desk in a small chapel off the large nave. On this there are three candles burning, to represent the Trinity—Father, Son and Spirit. On this desk one of the relatives places the picture of the patron saint of the family on a cloth. The priest removes the desk and places the image properly on the altar.

Before the image and before the three candles the young couple stand in order to be united for life. Then the priest meets them dressed in his splendid robes, and now, after many prayers and some delicious music, the ring is to be put on. In the first place there are two rings, and these are

THE RUSSIAN SERFS.

changed three times. The man places the ring first on the woman's finger, then the priest changes the man's ring and places it on her finger, and then again the priest and the man join and place the ring where it is to remain for life.

Again prayers ascend, again a beautiful hymn is chanted, and then crowns are held over the heads of those who have been married. The priest joins their right hands together and leads them three times round the desk on which the painting rests, and on which the three candles are burning. There is much of crossing and bowing. When the Lord's Supper is administered in a strange way, with a cup-spoon; three times the water and the wine mixed are administered to each, and arise from their knees.

The ceremony so far finished, the friends of the bride and bridegroom congratulate each other, but the young couple are beckoned to the altar by the priest, and with them alone he whistles prayers. At length, the whole service finished, the bridal party return home, and a scene of much enjoyment follows.

We have described the marriage of the serf under ordinary circumstances. It is generally well known that there are peculiarities in the marriage of the Russian priests. They are only allowed to marry once, before they become priests, and then they are obliged to endure a long period of celibacy. There are many customs in the Greek Church which are derived from the Jewish system.

Some Facts About Horses.

It seems to be the fashion just now to record the good qualities of particular horses. As for greatness of size, an animal in Kentucky which recently became painfully and dangerously entangled with a cart, and which, after being rescued, considered the matter a moment, and then quietly rubbed his nose against the shoulders of the one who was most active in helping him, a horse with a memory is described as having been in the habit of going to a river about one-third of a mile from his stable and there bathing, afterward rushing off to a common to roll on the grass, and then with the freedom of air starting for home. If he met his master he would show some coltish pranks, bound for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and rush to the manger where he expected to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from his stable, and after sixteen years his owner saw driven up to an inn door one which looked exactly like him. The driver agreed to give him up if he would go through the performance detailed above. Accordingly he was taken to his old yard, looked over the premises a little while, and then started for home. He then to his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, put for himself a good meal and his old master his favorite horse. If longevity be a good quality, then here are several animals deserving recognition: One living at Bradford, Pa., is a forty-nine-year old, and doesn't look like departure yet. Another, exhibited last fall at the Pennsylvania State Fair, is a white-headed veteran of forty-one, which has never been sick a single day. Another in Kentucky is thirty-three years old, and might live to be a great deal older were it not for entire loss of teeth. An excellent old pony in New Haven has come to thirty-five summers, and is still active and useful, though somewhat gray.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

St. Cecilia.

A writer on St. Cecilia says: "It was Nero who had her put to death. Her head was ordered to be cut off. The dictator struck at three times and failed to complete his work, only inflicting awful wounds upon her neck. According to Roman law if the head was not struck off at the third blow the victim was considered pardoned. So Cecilia remained alive, though cruelly wounded, for several days, during which time she was visited by the faithful, who came to soothe her dying hours, and to dip their linen into her blood, which they preserved as relics. She lingered three days, and finally, overcome with pain, turned her face to the ground and breathed her pure spirit into the bosom of the Bridegroom. That evening her sacred remains were placed in a coffin of cypress wood and buried in the cemetery of St. Callistus. Here they were discovered in the sixteenth century, and her beautiful statue by Bernini, now in the Church of St. Cecilia, was modeled after the attitude in which the sculptor found the body. The face is turned to the ground, and the hands and the whole attitude is expressive of a person that has fallen suddenly either dead or in a faint. It is by far the finest work of sculpture produced in that century of decadence in art."

A Broody Freak.

The Troy Press says: Mr. J. W. Palmer, a lawyer of this city, met with a most extraordinary accident, and one time threatened very serious consequences. He had been using a steel pen of rather large dimensions, and on finishing his work had placed the pen behind his ear, using that delicate organ as a pen-rack. At length, the pen being in such close proximity to the brain, evidently became charmed with the subtle essence of thought, and gave a sudden spring. To prevent it from falling on the floor, Mr. Palmer brought his knees together with quick, strong movement, and in so doing drove the pen its whole length, about an inch and a half, into the fleshy part of the left thigh, piercing an artery. It required all his strength to draw out the steel, and when he did so the blood spouted clear across his office. The wound bled most profusely, but at length by the assistance of friends the blood was stopped, and a doctor was called, who dressed the wound. No real danger to the limb is apprehended.

Items of Interest.

The City of Chicago has a debt of \$21,000,000.

"Grasshopper prices" is what they say in Ohio when they mean cheap.

"It costs less to take a weekly paper," argues the Cape Ann Advertiser, "than a diligent hen can earn in a year at the market price of eggs."

Sir John Astley, an English M. P., attended a meeting of his constituents recently, when a man in the crowd called out: "What about the pigeon-bill?" "Well," said Sir John, "mine was uncommonly high last year, how was yours?"

One of the largest brick manufacturers in Great Britain, Mr. George Swedecr, was fined 20s. the other day for employing a girl under 16 years of age in his brick field. His counsel contended that a brick yard was not a factory within the meaning of the act of Parliament.

A Japanese has a string of names awful to contemplate; for besides the name he receives at birth, he takes a second on attaining his majority, a third at his marriage, a fourth if he be appointed to any public position, a fifth should he rise in rank and dignity, and so on to the last, the name given after death, which is inscribed upon his tomb.

Capt. Nicolich, the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's, who died in Constantinople the other day from a wound inflicted by an assassin, left a provision in his will that the body should be the property of the murderer and his sentence to death, or a long term of imprisonment, the sum of £50 out of Captain Nicolich's estate should be given to the criminal's family.

The following is a simple mode of rendering water almost as cold as ice: Let the jar, pitcher, or vessel used for water be surrounded with one or more folds of coarse cotton kept constantly wet. The evaporation of the water will carry off the heat from the inside and reduce it to a freezing point. In India and other tropical regions where ice cannot be procured this is common.

Alluding to a recent event in San Francisco, where two editors indulged in the amusement of shooting at one another, a local journal says: "We think that one was quite justified in trying to kill the other, and we believe it unfortunate for the community that the effort was not successful, as in that case the public would have had an opportunity of getting rid of that second nuisance by strictly legal means.

Justice is sometimes swift in Oregon, even when administered according to law. A brawling fellow named Gibbens fired a pistol at a woman in Portland. An officer interfered, and Gibbens killed the officer. The next day, Monday, an inquest was held, and on Tuesday Gibbens was committed for trial. On Wednesday he was indicted, and on Thursday he was arraigned, and on Friday he was found guilty, and on Saturday he was sentenced to be hanged.

An Extraordinary Courtship.

One of the celebrities of New Jersey is a Trenton colonel, banker, editor and patron of literature, the fine arts, fine horses and fiances. A widow lady recently moved to Trenton, who owned a fine horse, which she had owned and became desirous of possessing. He visited the fair owner, but she would not part with the valuable animal, the colonel, being a widower, after a short reflection, determined to possess both the fine horse and the fine lady. He purchased the widow's horse and decorated the grounds and the handsome monument he had erected to her memory in the most tasteful manner. The next day the loving couple in a like manner visited another cemetery, where they had handsomely decorated the grave of the lady's former husband, and after having made these appropriate peace-offerings to the names of their departed loves, the colonel and the widow were next day married, and started upon their happy wedding tour. Who but the colonel could do up a thing in style like this?

Gambling.

A professional gambler in Chicago recently "bucked the tiger" for fifty straight hours, without a pause for sleep or refreshments, and managed in that time to lose \$11,900. The case is, perhaps, without a parallel; as many men have done many things for twenty-four or thirty hours at a stretch, no case is before recorded of so long a labor. It shows also, as the Times remarks, the absorbing power of gambling. One watching by the bedside of a dying child would succumb in less than that period. A man who has the certainty of living but fifty hours would probably spend one-fourth of it in sleep, and would give due attention to his food. One escaping from a deadly foe would not fly for so long a time without snatching new and then momentary rest. In short, one can conceive of no other circumstances in which a man would give fifty hours to a single task—circumstances more especially which should tear the chief actor with hope and fear, and harass him incessantly with the operation of the most destructive of emotions.

NOT THE SEASON.

Statistics drawn from the communal reports in France—the only country where statistics have been taken—show that the greatest number of cases of hydrophobia occur in the spring; winter and summer being about equal, and autumn showing fewest of all; so that the insane dread of the disease in hot weather is most illogical and unreasonable, and the marauding of dogs in warm weather is directly promotive of sickness which may result in the disease.