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TIS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

Man! does some passion enslave you,
Degrading your body and soul?
Some devil's lure master and brave you,
The siren, the dice, or the bowl?
Oh! pause for a moment and harken,
And take the advice of a friend,
Ere life's day in death's night shall darken—
'Tis never too late to mend.

It may be that sin has enthralled you
Through many a long misspent year,
That Conscience has pleadingly called you
Till her voice you no longer can hear;
That day after day you are going
The road that in ruin will end,
Besotted and blinded—not knowing
'Tis never too late to mend.

No brave man is he, but a coward,
No freeman is he, but a slave,
Who yields, by his passions o'erpowered,
No blow strikes his manhood to save.
Come, rouse up your heart, if within it
There's one longing your fetters to rend!
Man! fight the good fight and you'll win it—
'Tis never too late to mend.

With your body, your soul, and your spirit,
Fight constant and instant 'gainst sin;
Long and sore though the fight, never fear it,
Fight on to the end and you'll win.
Each lure you resist makes you stronger,
Each struggle some fetter will rend,
Till at last you're a sin-slave no longer—
'Tis never too late to mend.

How Jessie Conquered.

"Yes, I am pretty, very pretty. There's no denying that. My glass tells me so, and I am sure I have heard it often enough to believe it by this time, if my male admirers are to be credited. But then I don't always believe what they say. These men who make love to me, how they do rave over the 'golden glory' of my hair, and my 'shell-tinted cheek,' and my 'liquid brown eyes,' etc. Oh, dear! I wonder if I shall ever love any man enough to rave over his perfections, either openly or in secret? I think I should rather like to fall in love. Really in love I mean, because of course one has to be just a little mite so, in order to enjoy a flirtation. People say that love is half pain, but I shouldn't think that could be so, if one may judge by the countenances of most lovers one meets. Perhaps if I were to fall in love, I might find that soul they say I lack. Col. Anstruther called me Undine once, and maybe I really am without much feeling on this subject. But, some way or other, it does seem so funny to see men distressing themselves, and growing miserable, because I don't happen to marry them! I am sure I don't see why they want me for a wife. I dare say I'm an extremely nice girl to talk and walk and drive with, and I must say I am a splendid partner for a waltz; but I can't endure anything like housekeeping, or sewing or scolding servants, or—or anything but just having a good time, and plenty of fuss made over me. I wonder, though, really, if the man is living whom I am destined to marry?"

The last remark being uttered aloud, called forth a response from young lady number two, sitting in the low window seat, busy arranging some choice flowers.

"Well, indeed, dear, I should hope so, unless you have just returned from Ireland, or else intend to marry a baby."

"From Ireland! what on earth has Ireland to do with it! Oh, I see. I made a regular "bull." But what I mean is, whether I am to have Mrs. written before my name on the tomb stone or spinster, after it. In other words, whether I ever shall be married at all,"

I suppose by this time the reader will want to know "what's the name, and where's the home" of these two "fayre ladyes." Allow me, then to introduce to you Miss Jessie Conrad and her young married sister, Mrs. Monbray, at present residing at Lyndehurst, located in, no matter which county, of one of these United States of America. The Conrads have rented Lyndehurst for many consecutive summers, and truly it is a lovely retreat, away from the dust and heat and noise of the great city.

"If I do get married," the girl resumed, "it shall be to some man rich enough to buy Lyndehurst for me when the time comes for it to be sold. That can't be very long now, by the way. What a strange idea that was of old Mr. Lynde's, that an heir to the propeaty would ever turn up, after all these years! He deserved to suffer remorse, the old curmudgeon, after turning his only daughter out of doors, just because she married a man who wasn't quite as rich as he wished his son-in-law to be. Let me see; the property was to be in the hands of trustees, or executors, or whatever they are called, until after the lapse of fifteen years, and then if neither his daughter or any child of hers comes to claim it, it is to go to various charities. Judge Angus told me all about it yesterday, I only wish the trustees could regard me as a fit subject for charity, on whom to bestow Lyndehurst, for I do love every spot about this place. But I must stop wishing for impossibilities and go and dress, or I won't be prepared to conquer the invincible, whom Mrs. Angus is going to bring here this afternoon. He has rather a nice name, by the way, Harry Hazelton. I wonder if he himself is as nice. Because, if so, I might get slightly *eprise*, you know."

"You can spare yourself the trouble," laughed her sister, "for he certainly can not buy Lyndehurst for you, having an extremely narrow income. And as you have just announced your intention of making Mr. Jessie Conrad present you with that place, Mr. Hazelton ought to be safe from your fascinating arts. There is Mrs. Angus now, with two gentlemen. Do hurry, Jessie dear, or you will not be ready."

The invincible, as Miss Conrad has called him, at heart certainly merited no such title. He had so far resisted the fascinations of the fair sex, undoubtedly, and was apparently quite indifferent as to the effect he might be able to produce on them himself, but this indifference was mere surface calmness, and the result of pride and sensitiveness. He was poor, and not likely to be able to marry for many years to come, in consequence, so he kept a strict guard over his affections.

Very agreeable Jessie found him, and the very fact that he had so far successfully resisted the charms of other women, made her all the more determined that Harry Hazelton should not be the first man to meet her with indifference.

The battle proved unequal before long but not precisely as *Miladi* had planned. Mr. Hazelton came and went; walked, drove and danced with her, but still with the same polite, calm *nonchalant* manner with which he met other women. Jessie grew thoroughly piqued. Exercised all her arts and pretty coquetries, and still failing to win the special admiration, nay even love, on which she had counted, she found herself bestowing much more thought on this provoking man, than she had ever wasted on one of his species before.

Of course he knew nothing of all this. Whatever may have been his own feelings on the subject, it never once occurred to him, that she was thinking of anything more serious than the mere amusement of the hour. Or did she herself know what it really meant.

Matters were in this state, when the Burtons, whose place adjoined Lyndehurst announced their intention of giving a ball, to which a number of city people were invited. Jessie, by this time, had determined to try indifference also, but on her first attempt had her temper ruffled by the flash of amusement which succeeded the usual expression of half-dreamy calm, in the eyes of her tormentor.

Harry Hazelton was rather a handsome man. He had a fine figure, and whatever his features lacked of perfect symmetry, was atoned for by the bright intelligence and frank truthfullness of his expression.

A few days before Mrs. Burton's ball, Hazelton announced his intention of leaving the country as soon as it was over. The time he had allowed himself for rest and recreation was nearly over, and he must return to the city and to his work. Then Jessie learnt, as by a flash, that what she had thought only disapointment and pique; this feeling that had filled her thoughts with his image; was something deeper. Something that terrified her, and made her understand, somewhat, the pain which she had too often carelessly inflicted on others. Hazelton was looking at her earnestly, though, so, with some laughing remark, she changed the subject, and soon after left the room.

From this time, her manner to him was more indifferent and coquettish than ever. She was trying to prove to herself, as well as to him, that she cared not for either his presence or departure.

The night of the ball, Jessie, and several friends who had come up from town for it, were waiting in the drawing-room for some more tardy individual, when Harry Hazelton dropped in, *en passant*. Jessie was making up little bouquets to decorate the coats of two gentlemen, who, in full party rig, were earnestly watching the process.

"There, Captain Roland, could anything be lovelier!" she exclaimed, as she handed to one of them an exquisite combination of tea-rose buds, heliotrope and geranium leaf.

"Nothing could possibly be more lovely, Miss Conrad," he answered, not looking at the flowers at all, but into her face instead.

Just then Jessie saw Hazelton approaching, and smiling up into Captain Roland's face, she gave him a coquettish glance from her soft eyes. But no one noticed the tight closing of her lips, or the flush that overspread her countenace, as she bent over the table for more blossoms.

"And what shall yours be, Major Golde?" asked Miss Conrad.

"Oh, anything you like, Miss Conrad. I leave it to your taste entirely. Knowing how perfect that is always."

This was a safe thing for the gallant major to do, under most circumstances, as he didn't know one flower from another But to-night, Jessie, seized with a spirit of mischief, arranged a little bunch of marigolds, and pinning them to his coat, bade him go ask Marie Burton the name of his flowers, and they might serve him a double purpose. The poor man was deeply smitten with a young lady in the neighborhood, but being bashful, could never muster up the courage to propose to her. Jessie thought she would help him a little.

Major Golde looked puzzled, and there was a general laugh, in the midst of which she heard Hazelton's voice saying softly—

"I choose forget-me-nots for mine, Miss Conrad."

But Jessie pretended not to hear, and exclaiming. "Come, come, good people, we are sadly forgetting Mrs. Burton and those delicious Strauss waltzes!" she moved slowly toward the door, singing softly to herself.

Some time before, she had promised Hazelton a certain special dance for this ball, but changed her mind afterward, and was quite ready to ignore his claim. She was just going off with some one else, when he came to remind her of it, and she had a saucy, half petulant answer on her lips, when he said eagerly—

"Don't say you have forgotten these. You must at least remember that this is my last dance with you."

His face and tone were more earnest than she had ever known them, and, half against her will, she yielded. As soon as the much disgusted young man to whom Jessie made her excuses had taken himself off, Hazelton said—

"It is too warm to dance this evening; will you come into the gardens with me instead?" and Jessie assented, much marvelling at his sudden indifference to the long promised "German."

They strolled on for some minutes, talking lightly and carelessly of indifferent subjects, until their path crossed a pretty, sparkling little stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. The moonlight was floating all things with a soft radiance; streaming over the golden hair, and deepening the lovely, liquid eyes of the young girl. Jessie looked like a veritiable Undine that night, in her robes of pale green gauze, with the jewels sparkling about her like drops of purest water where they catch the rays of light. Turning to one side Harry Hazelton arranged a seat for her at the foot of a tree, and half reclining on the grass at her feet, began throwing pebbles into the water. Neither spoke for some time, for Jessie did not understand this new mood of his, and was occupied besides in trying to understand and quell the tumult of emotions in her own breast. Presently Hazelton turned—

"Miss Conrad, I asked you for a few forget-me-nots this evening, and you refused them. Was it so great a request to make?" For I know that you heard me."

"Perhaps I did; but you ought to know that it is too late for for-get-me-nots to blossom now."

"I begin to fear so, indeed," he answered, half bitterly. "But if that was your real reason, will you not give me a flower now? The one that I shall choose?"

"Oh, yes, certainly. But you will have to confine your choice to a dahlia or a sunflower, for I don't see anything else growing near," she said, laughing remorselessly.

Hazelton smiled slightly.

"Even a sunflower would be precious, if you gave it, Jessie; but I had hoped for another flower than that, to night, to wear near my heart: I want you to give me back my heartsease, Jessie, which I lost many weeks ago, and never dared, till today, make any efforts to regain. For I love you! I love you, you beautiful child, and I know that there is a soul, and a warm true heart beating beneath this mantle of apparent indifference. Look into my eyes darling, and tell me if I have read you aright."

He had risen, as she lifted her eyes to his, Jessie saw something in them, which had never been there before. Something which made her whole being thrill, and overcome, and frightened by this strange new feeling, she burst into a passion of tears. But Hazelton had seen her face, and was apparently at no loss to understand their cause, for caressing the golden head that lay on his breast, with a thousand tender words, he soothed her into quietness.

And the moonlight streamed lovingly over them; and the streamlet, and the night winds whispering through the trees, told one another of the Undine, who had found her heart, only to lose it again. And this was how Jessie conquered the "Invincible."

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Not many days later, the whole neighborhood was electrified by the discovery of the owner of Lyndehurst. His parents had died, while he was yet a mere baby, and the child was brought up and educated by some charitable person. The return of an old woman, who had once been his nurse, after many years absence from the country, led at last to his identification. The name of the lost heir of Lyndehurst was Harry Hazelton.

"Hot Tail Varmints."

If a hunter, out prospecting, goes through woods or clearings or open fields and finds the stones turned up for acres and acres, he knows a bear has been there and has made his home for the nonce in the vicinity. Bears are very fond of crickets, slugs and bugs of all kinds, and they know that their favorite insects make their homes in the fall under stones on the ground. Consequently they select spots where the ground is covered with stones, and turn them up to get at the bugs. Yellow jacket and hornet nests, or rather their contents, are favorite morsels with the black bear. If a bear sees a yellow jacket or a hornet working in the woods he acts like a crazy thing until he finds the hole the one enters or the tree or rock to which the nest of the other is fastened. He prances and dances around through the woods, licking his chops and whining and growling until his unerring scent leads him to the object of his search. Then he gets right down to business. Yellow jackets build their nests in the ground. When the bear finds one it takes but a few swoops of his fore paws to turn it inside out. The bees swarm out in clouds and cover the bear until he looks as if he was painted yellow. He pays no attention to their attacks, although an assault of yellow jackets on almost any other animal would soon result in death. The bear merely shuts his eyes and grins as he scoops the honey out with his paws and licks them off until the nest is despoiled of every trace of its sweetness. The old hunter who gives these observations on the domestic habits of the bear declares that he shot a big bear once in Pinchot Swamp, over in the High Knob region. He killed it, but when he went in to drag the carcass out he found that the bear had been robbing a yellow jacket's nest, and it was still covered with the fiery little insects. "If that b'ar had been wounded only, and had showed fight, I'd waltzed right into it without any delay. But when one o'them cussed little hot tail varmints of a yaller jacket came a divin' at me I didn't want none o' him, and I cut and run. I wan't afeered o' no wounded b'ar, but that yaller bee scared me out. I didn't dare to go after that b'ar till next day."

A $1,000 for a Sight of Her.

The other night Bickles went home in Detroit, and found his wife particularly retrospective. She talked of the past with a tear and looked to the future with a sigh.

"Oh, by the way," said Bickels, as he sat on the side of the bed pulling off his boot. "I saw a gentleman down town today who would give a thousand dollars to see you."

"Who was he? Does he live in Little Rock?"

"I don't know his home."

"I'll warrant you that it was Oliver Gregg."

"No."

"Then he must be George Weatherton."

"Guess again. I might know his name if I were to hear it."

"Oh, I do wish I knew!" said the lady, exhibiting excitement. "Was it Oscar Peoples?"

"Guess again. I remember his name now."

"Harvey Glenkins."

"No; his name is Lucas Wentwing."

"I don't know a man by that name. Why would he give a thousand dollars to see me?"

"Because he's blind."

How Sawfish Kill Whales.

No one whose experience has ever given him an opportunity to consider the difference in size between a whale and a sawfish would for a moment suspect the latter of eating the former. Yet as honest a looking Captain as ever thrilled at the prospect of being interviewed by a reporter, intimated that such, though unsuspected generally, is a fact. The Captain was overhauled on the Pacific Mail dock, having in charge the beak of a sawfish, measuring five feet in length and armed with twenty teeth on either side. "Saw 'em? O' course they don't saw 'em; they jabs 'em. They cruise alongside a whale and jabs 'em until they strike their engine rooms or some such part, and that settles 'em. Eats 'em? Why look here! What else would they kill 'em for?" The Captain's argument was of the salty nature, that is, unanswerable, and the reporter was content to silently consider the proposition whether the Captain's capacity for yarns or the sawfish's appetite was deserving the greatest admiration. Still listening, the reporter was informed that the fish to which the beak belonged measured twenty feet long, and was killed in a tide-marsh near San Blas, Mexico, where the fish was stranded by an ebb-tide.

The Obelisk.

A drunken policeman in New York, a few nights ago, took the obelisk for a disorderly polo player in a red ulster, and, going up to the monolith, arrested it. The ice at the base of the stone added to the uncertainty of the policeman's footing, and as he swayed around it seemed to him that while he was as firm as a rock his prisoner was not only drunk and disorderly but was trying to escape. Then, with a presence of mind always present, drunk or sober, he drew out his club and began to make his mark alongside the ancient Egyptian hieroglypics. Having worked himself into a secure position, where he no longer slipped, he concluded that he had brought his prisoner to terms. Then he determined to get the necessary pedigree for the police records.

"What is yer name?"

"Thothmes Obelisk."

"Where was you born?"

"On."

"On what?"

"On Egyptian soil."

"Whar you imperent devil?"

"Heliopolis."

"None of yer furrin jabber to me. I hate furriners. Mind yees, yer in New Yawk now, the capitule of the Irish republic. Now, how old are you?"

"Three thousand five hundred and eighty years."

"Now I know yer drunk. Married or single?"

"I've got a sister."

"Wall, I don't care ef you have fifty. Have you got a woife and family?'

"There were forty in the family."

"An' d'ye mane to say yer the daddy of 'em all? Bejabbers, if you don't answer me question I'll break yer skull."

"You refer to my pyramidion, I suppose?"

"None of yer furren talk, I tould you. Now, tell me if you are married."

"I am wedded to solitude."

"Ye belong to a quare family. Yer name is Tomunies O'Bliskes, and yer woife's name is Sally Tude. Be gorra. I belaive yer'e a crooked man. Now, what's your occupation?"

"A policeman. I have been out on post for 3,000 years."

"Are yer a Tammany man?"

"I don't understand."

"Who's yer backer; who got you on the force?"

"Pharaoh."

"The man on Ann street? many of us have the same influence. Do you get a steady stake? You do? Thin you must be a Captain. No wonder you're tough," and divining that he had made a mistake, the policeman ran away as fast as his legs would take him, while the obelisk took another nap of a thousand years.

The Fairy in the Pink.

Just when the rosy day peeped over the hills a lovely pink bloomed in the garden. Its sweet breath floated away on the air, and wakened a fairy who was sleeping under a blade of grass. The little lady sprang up,

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "it is too late to go home to-day!" And she flew swiftly to the pink and nestled in its fragrant leaves.

By and by little Helen came down the garden path, and spied the blushing pink.

She ran to it, and stooping down she cried, "You darling pretty flower!" and kissed it.

Then the fairy raised her tiny head and kissed little Helen on the lips. Helen did not see her, but her heart became so glad that she folded her soft hands over the pink and said, "You have made me so happy that you shall be my only own."

She picked the rosy pink with the fairy still nestled in a fragrant corner. "Oh, mamma!" she cried, as she saw her mother in the garden, "I have found such a lovely flower, and I have taken it for my only own, and I never was so happy."

"Very well, Helen," answered her mother, "see if you can be as sweet all day long as your lovely carnation. But come now with me; I am going to carry some oranges and jelly to poor sick Flora. You may bring your pink with you and show it to her."

So they went to the room where little Flora lay upon her bed. Her face was as white, almost, as the pillow. She smiled as Helen and her mother came near, and her eyes brightened as she saw the jelly and orange. But when little Helen came to her side she reached out her hand for the sweet carnation.

Then Helen held the pink to Flora's hot lips, and the little fairy crept slyly out and kissed them.

"Keep it," whispered Helen, softly; "it makes your eyes look like heaven."

Flora clasped the flower in her fingers, and pressed it again to her lips. Then a sweet smile swept over her face as she sighed, "How glad it makes me!"

"Yes," replied Helen's mother, "you look as if you would soon get well now." And the fairy in the fragrant corner of the pink laughed. Her name was Heart's Content.

"What a happy day!" said little Helen.

Came to Bites.

Recently two dogs got into a dispute on Fourth street, near Michigan avenue, Detroit, and from growls they came to bites. They were pretty evenly matched, and the contest continued until a crowd of fifty people had formed a circle. Pretty soon a ministerial looking person halted, watched the fight for a half a minute, and then hurried out on the avenue and said to a milk-dealer.

"My good man, a dog fight is a brutal spectacle, and it lies in your power to end this one."

"How?"

"Drive right through the crowd and over the animals. I'll warrant they'll stop their bloody work before they will be trodden under foot."

"I guess I'll try it," mused the milkman, and he gathered up the reins, yelled at the crowd and drove for the dogs.

It was a bad drive on him. The two fighters kept right on at it, rolled under the horse, and the next minute sixteen gallons of milk were being absorbed by the snow, the driver was in a drift and the horse was shooting up Fourth street with the sad remains of the old sleigh.

"Where—where in—where in Texas is that chap who put me up to this?" gasped the milkman as they pulled him out of the snow; but the sole answer was made by a boy who pointed at the figure of a man under a plug hat traveling toward the City Hall at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Honeysuckle Hall.

Little Patty was eight years old. She lived in the "Sunny South." Her father was a planter, as great farmers are called at the South. He lived in a village where there were a great many good and kind people.

A poor man who lived near Patty lost his life on the railroad. He had three little children. Patty used to play with Mary, the oldest child. Mary's mamma was not strong, and could not earn money enough to feed and clothe her little ones.

One day Patty found her little friend Mary, crying. Mary was hungry, as she had no breakfast or dinner. Her mother was sick abed. Patty cried, too, when Mary told her what the matter was.

But she did something more than cry. She went home and told her mother about it. Then she carried ever so much food to the poor woman and her hungry children. Patty wanted to do still more. She called together five of her little friends to help her. It was early spring, and the woods were full of honeysuckle all in blossom.

Patty's two big brothers helped her, too. Before night they had covered the inside of an old shop near the house, with honeysuckle vine and blossoms. The borrowed pictures and other pretty things to put in the shop.

But the honeysuckle was the prettiest thing there, except Patty; and they called the shop "Honeysuckle Hall." Then the little ones asked the good people to come and see it. They charged five cents to go in, and before night nearly all the people in the village had been into "Honeysuckle Hall.

One of the big brothers stood at the door and took the money. The six little girls "did the honors" inside the hall. Most of the folks who went in wanted to give more than five cents. At night they had taken over fifty dollars. Every cent of it was given to Mary's poor mother.

Patty was happy all day long. Her great black eyes seemed to speak her pleasure. Her face was all smiles as she stood by a window, with honeysuckle in her hands and all around her.

Do you want to know why she looked so happy? It was because she was doing a good deed. The poor woman and her three little children were hungry no more.

Facts in the Case.

A few weeks ago a train over one of the railroads running west from Detroit, ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the bovine was not heard of until a few days later, when he entered the president's office and remarked: "I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow." "Ah, you owned the cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?" I expect I did." "And what did you value her at?" The man scratched his head, hitched on his chair, and finally replied: "Well, I dun no. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n blazes, and he told me to say she was a new milch cow and lay damages at $70." "Yes." "But my wife said I'd better say that the cow was not worth over $50." "Yes. Well, how was it?" "That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is, she was an old cow, dry as a bone, and worth about $15 for boarding-house beef. Yet she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a bad muss around the place, and I reckoned you might add a little extra." "Let us say $25." That's plenty. I s'pose I might have had fifty just as well as not, but I didn't want to lie about it." "No; never tell a lie." "Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I knew you sent a man out there to git all the facts in the case!" replied the man, as he received an order on the treasurer for his check.

Winter in Russia.

The Russians have a great knack for making their winters pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses where all the doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out. A Russian can afford to run no risks of exposure when he leaves the house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur; which are drawn on over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach to the knees; he next cloaks himself in an ample top-coat, with fur collar, lining and cuffs; and he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all round so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going, A stranger who is apt to forget that precaution, would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose 'whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow. In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower orders wear knee-boots those of the shop-keeping classes seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. These sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuc coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize; but persons not destitute of pluck find their motion most enjoyable. It must be added that to be spilled out of a Russian Sleigh is tantamount only to getting a rough tumble on a soft mattress, for the very thick furs in which the victim is sure to be wrapped will be enough to break the fail,

The houses and hovels of the Russian working classes are as well warmed as those of the aristocracy. A stove is always the principal item of furniture in them; and these contrivances are used to sleep on as well as to cook in. The mujick, having no bed, curls himself up on his stove at his time for going to rest; sometimes he may be found creeping right into the stove and enjoying the delights of a good vapor bath. The amount of heat which a Russian will stand is amazing, and his carelessness in facing the cold immediately afterward not less so.

On a Saturday, which is washing day all over Russia, you may see in any village a mujick who has been cooking himself in his stove till he is of a color like boiled lobster, rush naked into the snow, and roll himself in it like a dog, till he glows all over to his satisfaction. It seems monstrous that one of the Russians principal protections against cold—his beard—was laid under penalty by Peter the Great and subsequently by Elizabeth and Catherine II, when they were trying to civilize their subjects according to the custom of the West. These three sovereigns all laid a tax on beards; and peasants entering cities on market days were required to exhibit in proof that they had paid their tax, a brass coin stamped with a bearded face and the words, "boroda lignaia tiagota" (the beard tax has been settled). This absurd impost was abolished by Paul; but the effects of it still survive in a manner, for the beard is still considered "bad form" in aristocratic circles. Military officers wear only moustache and whiskers; diplomatists and other civil servants eschew the whiskers, and generally reap their faces altogether. A Russian with a beard is pretty sure to be either a "Pope" or a member of one of the classes below the upper middle.

The Pedestrian and the Bloodhounds.

Hearing Lord W. boast that his bloodhounds would track any living thing, by scent alone, Col. A. wagered a hundred guineas they would not track a man, and asked Mountjoy to win the wager for him, assuring the startled pedestrian there was no danger of the dogs catching him as they were slow runners, and he would take care sufficient start was allowed him; the object being simply to test their power of scent. The trial duly came off over three miles of ground round Hampstead Heath. After the dogs had sniffed at Mountjoy's legs, he made his way leisurely for half the course, when the flag was dropped and the hounds set loose. They tracked their quarry splendidly, but were 600 yards behind when Mountjoy reached the inn at the end of the course, and shut the door upon them, outside which they howled their dissatisfaction until removed by their keeper. Disbelievers in the bloodhound's scent were still unconvinced, averring that they had sighted the man for part of the journey at least; and to settle the point beyond dispute, another match was made, to be run at night, the distance this time being but a mile and a half. Unsuspicious of foul play, Mountjoy went gayly on his way, but had not accomplished more than two-thirds of the distance allowed him by the conditions, when his hair stood on end, as the cry of the dogs, hot upon his trail, reached his ears. They had been purposely slipped before the proper time, without any warning. "For one second," said he, "I stood stock still, as if I had been frozen, and then dashed away and ran as I had never done before, and have never since. I was in perfect training and condition, but the cold sweat broke out from every pore, and poured down my body, while my legs seemed like lead, and I trembled all over. Still I kept desperately on, while nearer and nearer came the deep hoarse bay of the hounds as the scent grew warmer, and they knew they were running up to their prey. I thought I was lost. Those few seconds were like weeks, and I wondered whether they would grip me first by the leg or fly straight at my throat. Luckily, I did not lose my head; and after the first mad burst I settled down and raced away at a pace which I knew would last the distance; but still closer and closer came the horrible cry, that sounded like my death-knell; and, in sheer desperation, I put on all the speed I could. At last I saw the lights of the lonely little inn, and my heart rose within me, but at that very instant the brutes broke out into a fierce savage yell that told me that they had sighted me at last. There was a small garden in front of the house, and as I flew up to it I saw the gate was shut. How I did it I never knew, but, blown and exhausted with terror and the pace as I was, I cleared it, darted through the door, which fortunately stood open, and slamming it to, stood with my back against it. The lock had hardly closed, when bang! bang! against the panels came my terrible pursuers; and then they lay down and yelled savagely at finding themselves baulked of their prey." As soon as he felt himself safe rage took the place of fear, and, seizing hold of a bottle, Mountjoy swore he would brain Lord W. if he entered the place, a threat he would have fulfilled had not those present got him out of the room in time to prevent most justifiable homicide.

Marriage in the Celestial Empire.

Thirty pairs of embroidered slippers are necessary for the trosseau of a Chinese lady of position, and her boudoir is crammed with confectionery, dried fruits, burnt almonds, barely sugar, syrup of aloes, oranges, ginger, and shaddocks, in confusion with rich silks, jewels of wrought gold and precious stones, rings, bracelets, case of nails, bodkins for the hair, and a thousand other charming nick-nacks. In this strange country a young girl when she marries never has a dowry. She is literally purchased either by the husband himself or by his relations. Although she may have no brothers, she cannot inherit any portion of her paternal fortune unless her father makes an express declaration in her favor. Such arrangements are always completed before the marriage, and are usually negotiated by agents, called "Me jin." The young *finance* is next presented to her husband's parents. The husband himself she never sees until the wedding day, when she is carried in a closed chair to the house. The key of the chair is handed to the bridegroom, who opens the door, and if the lady within pleases his taste he holds out his hand to her; if not, he slams the engagement is at an end, the girl's parents having the right to retain the marriage money.

Fowls to Last the Week.

A Detroit grocer took a new clerk a few days ago, and among other things he cautioned him to keep a good lookout and see that none of the goods at the front door were stolen. The other evening when the grocer returned from supper he thought he would give the clerk a fright, and he crept softly up and took twelve dressed chickens from a basket, and carried them around to the back door, and hung them on a hook. When the chickens were missed the clerk was given a bad scare by being informed that he must pay for them. After a while the grocer decided that the joke had been carried far enough, and he went out to bring in the chickens. They had flown away. While he was scaring the clerk some one had come through the alley and provided himself with fowl to last all the week.