

SUMMER LODGINGS.

All my heart is weary waiting,
Waiting for the May—
Waiting for the pleasant ramble
Where the fragrant hawthorn branches
With the woodbine alternating.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

Well, well, I wish you'd make haste
and decide," said Mr. Worthington,
a trifle testily, to his deliberating wife
and daughter.
Mr. Worthington, who had worked
his way from a country farmhouse to a
Westland manor, though proud of his
aristocratic wife and daughter, feebly
resented this annual outlay, and was inclined
to ill-temper accordingly.

ried Bertie off to his native town—a
straggling world-forgotten little place
among the hills.
And in the long scented summer days
that followed, the girl grew to love
everything animate and inanimate round
Poppy Farm.
One evening she loitered in the great
sloping gardens before the verandah
green shuttered house.
Such gardens!
Not the painfully regular Dutch di-
agrams we city folks boast—prim,
conce, boxhedge—but whole sheets of
color, fragrant, luxuriant, bloomful.
A gentleman passing, young, good-
looking, grey-clad, paused suddenly
outside the low rustic fence.
A moment more and he had vaulted
over and was standing, bareheaded, at
Bertie's side.

A Peculiar Custom.
When a Chinaman finds himself
financially embarrassed and is in need
of money he does not do as other peo-
ple do, borrow it, and either give a
promissory note or chattel mortgage as
security for the same, but he forams
what in Chinese is called an "owey."
This is something which is peculiarly
Chinese and requires a minute explana-
tion in order that it may be clearly un-
derstood. The lowest "owey" is fixed
at \$1 for each person forming it and the
highest \$200. For instance, if a Chi-
naman needs \$100 he will call on a num-
ber of his friends, not to exceed ten,
and tell them that he wishes that
amount of money and desires to form
an "owey." If it is decided that it
shall be a \$20 "owey," then five person
in addition to the originator combine.
For the purpose of explaining the
"owey" the originator will be designat-
ed as Sam and his five friends as
Yow, Yen, Kow, Chew and Hing. At
the first meeting of the six the origina-
tor receives from each of the other five
\$20, making up the amount he requires.
This is a loan made to him without in-
terest, which he must repay at the rate
of \$20 per month. At the time this
sum is advanced the other five bid for
the privilege of the "owey" for the
running month. Each one writes on a
slip of paper the amount of the pre-
mium he will give. These slips are
rolled separately and thrown into a
bowl and shaken up, after which each
slip is unrolled and the amount noted.
The "owey" is then awarded to the one
having bid the highest premium. Yow
having bid \$1 premium, Yen, Kow,
Chew and Hing each pay \$19, which is
the amount less the premium, and
amounting in all to \$76; and if he adds
the amount of his own contribution it
will make a total of \$96, or equal to the
amount advanced to Sam less \$4, which
is reckoned as interest, allowing \$1 for
each of the four who advance the
money. At the close of the first month
Sam, the originator, is, by the rules
which govern this system of money
lending, forced to notify all who belong
to the "owey" of the next meeting. At
this meeting Yen, Kow, Chew and Hing
are the only ones who are permitted to
offer a premium, Sam and Yow having
no voice in the matter. At this meet-
ing the premium of \$1 is again offered,
and it having been awarded to Yen the
other three pay him \$19 each, and Sam
and Yow repay their first monthly in-
stallment of \$20 each. At the next
meeting only three, Kow, Chew and
Hing, can bid, and if the same amount
of premium is bid and it is awarded to
the first of the three named, the other
two pay him \$19 each, while the other
three, Sam, Yow and Yen, pay him \$20
each. At the next meeting only two,
Chew and Hing, are permitted to offer
a premium. The one to whom the
"owey" is awarded receives from the
other the amount, less the premium,
and from the other four \$20 each. At
the next and last meeting, only one re-
maining, he receives from the other five
\$20 each, making the full sum of \$100.
By this method the originator of the
"owey," who obtains the money with-
out interest, has the use of \$100 for one
month, \$80 for four months, \$60 for
three months, \$40 for two months, and
\$20 for one month. In return for the
use of the money he is forced to act as
collector from the other members of the
"owey," who are required to pay the
monthly instalments of \$20. He also
assumes a risk, and that is, if any mem-
ber of the "owey" does not pay at the
appointed time he has to be responsible
for the amount due. The other mem-
bers of the "owey," who by instal-
ment advance money to one another,
receive interest for the amount of their
advances and each in turn has the use
of the total amount of the "owey" in
the same proportion as the originator.
This method of money lending is in
vogue among all classes, and women
often form "oweyes" among themselves.
When the slips of paper before alluded
to are drawn from the bowl it often hap-
pens that two or more contain the same
amount of premium. In such an event
the "owey" is given to the one whose
slip is first drawn. The "owey" may
be composed of any number not exceed-
ing ten besides the originator, and the
greatest amount that may be raised by
such means is \$2,000. Whenever an
"owey" is formed and the amount to be
awarded to the originator is \$500, or in
excess thereof, he is required to treat
those who loan him the money to a din-
ner not to cost less than \$2 a head.
Often times a high premium is bid for
the privilege of the "owey" for each
succeeding month, and this gives the
lenders considerable interest for the use
of their money.

There was a strange funeral from the
undertaker's shop, 82 Greenwood street,
New York, the other afternoon. No min-
ister, no weeping relatives, no flowers, no
tears were to be seen. Only a couple of
dozen rough men went into the shop, singly
or in couples, and took a look at the
corpse. It was the body of a man of 30,
with a high forehead, prominent nose, and
the expression of a man who had seen life
in some of its roughest phases. The un-
dertaker said:
"Here is no use in publishing him.
His last request was that it should be kept
secret, because he did not wish his poor
old mother to know of it. She is 70 years
old, and lives in a comfortable home
down East, which he provided for her.
He said it would not do any good to let
her know he was dead."
"Was he the slickest handed man that
ever tossed a pasteboard," said one of the
bystanders to a reporter. "He went by the
name of Jordan, but his real name
was Bruce. He was well known among
the sporting fraternity as the original
'Slim Jim' king of the three card monte
game. His real name was James Brown,
and he was a farmer boy away down in
Maine up to 1885. One day he went to a
county fair and saw a man tossing the
three cards. He thought he could pick
out the little joker. It looked so easy to
make \$5 by saying 'that's the card,' when
he saw the corner turned. He bet and
lost, and bet and lost as many a greenhorn
has done before and since. In trying to
get \$24 out of the three card monte
man, on what he thought a sure thing, he
lost \$25. Then he made up his mind it
would be a good game to learn. He learned
it so well that he made over \$400,000
out of it."
"Jim was 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighed
150 pounds, had a smooth face and looked
like a natural verand or 'sucker.' To look
at him when he was made up for business
you would think him a country lout, who
needed to be taken care of. He used to
wear a suit of 'dunagers,' or brown coun-
try garments, that made him look like a
farmer's man in store clothes. When he
got on those dunagers with a six yard hat,
big boots with his pantaloons tucked in,
and a hunk of gingerbread, he was ready
to skin any countryman that ever tried to
rob a monte man, by pretending to guess a
card when he thought he had it sure."
"Jim, dressed in this rig, would stumble
into an express train at a country sta-
tion, sprawl over the floor, spill a few
out of a bag of \$20 gold pieces, swear that
he had been robbed of a part of the money
he had got for selling his farm, and in a
chancey way get up the train to show
some gentlemen at the best of him. His
captors or confidants would gather
about and soon Jim would have a first
class game under way. The greenhorns
would be sure to bite. Jim would turn
up the corner of the ace in such a clumsy
way and let them win a few times to get
them excited. Then the snappers would
bet all they had, and Jim would scoop
it."
"For years Jim has been known at races
fairs, and on the principal railroads. He
worked them all as long as he could. He
was very successful on the Grand Pacific
and Central Pacific Railroads, and was the
best 'sure thing' gambler in America. He
was the equal of the celebrated 'Canada
Bill,' the three card monte man who died
in Philadelphia recently."
"Jim offered the Union Pacific Railroad
Company \$10,000 for permission to ply
his game on their road in 1876, and agreed
that he would not fleece anybody but
deacons and clergymen. He used to say
that it was a perfectly fair thing to swindle
the pious people who were trying to cheat
others by betting on what they thought
was a sure thing."
"Jim was well known in Utah, Califor-
nia, Nevada, and, in fact, throughout the
West. Often the railroad companies
would put detectives after him to keep him
off the trains. Lately he worked the
trains between New York and Washington.
He was not without sympathy. If he won
from a man who could afford to lose he
would not care how much he took away
from him. But, if he thought the victim
could not spare it, he would give back
part of the money with the good advice:
'Don't gamble; don't even bet that you
are alive.'"
"Jim was registered at the Park Hotel,
Mat Goddard's old place, as James Jor-
dan and by that name he was generally
known. Two weeks previous to his death
he was out with some friends pretty well
on Sunday morning. He got scuffling, all
in fun, with Mat Carroll. Carroll got into
a scuffle with another man and shot at him
killing Jim by mistake. The ball lodged
in the groin and he was taken to Bellevue
Hospital, where he died. Some of
the boys visited him in the hospital, and
did what they could for him. They raised
\$150 to bury him decently, and some of
them sat up with the body on the last
night. Who were they? Well, perhaps
there is no use saying who they were, as
the man was crooked. But, though he
was a crooked man, he had a good heart,
and many is the dollar he took from those
who could afford to lose it and gave it to
some poor emigrant without a dollar in
the world."
The facts with regard to the shooting of
Bruce were as follows: On a Sunday after-
noon a man was heard in Park Row,
and immediately afterward a thin man
limped across the road to Frankfort street,
a stout man fell on his back on the foot-
way, and a man in a white slouch hat was
seen running along the sidewalk toward
the sidewalk toward the postoffice with a
revolver in his hand. He was pursued
and arrested. In the Oak street station
he was accused by the fat man, who said
his name was Maxwell, of having fired at
him. The prisoner was identified as "Boston
Jack," a confidence man. In the
morning a reporter had found that the
thin man, who had been forgotten in the
excitement, had been wounded in the
thigh, and that his name was James L.
Jordan. He was taken in an ambulance
to Chambers Street Hospital, where it was
found that the ball had passed through the
thigh. He said he was 82 years old, had
been in the city two or three years, and
was living at 2 Chatham street. He
would give no further information. He
was sent to Bellevue the same evening.
This was James Bruce, alias James Jor-
dan, who gave his name as Frank
Ramsley, and Maxwell were brought be-
fore Judge Murray the following day.
Ramsley was committed, without bail, to
await the result of Jordan's injuries, and
Maxwell was fined \$10 for being drunk,
and was held in \$500 bail to keep the
peace for six months.

Thanksgiving was regarded as sacred
time in Connecticut a century ago. A
negro slave of Governor Huntington,
of Norwich, was thoughtlessly chopping
wood on a Thursday, Thanksgiving Day
in late November. One of the young
ladies called to him, "Sambo, you
mustn't cut wood to-day; it is Sunday;"
"Sunday," said Sambo, reflectively;
"we no hab baked beans last night." A
traveler in prairie-dressed up to a log-
house on a Saturday night as the family
were sitting down to supper. His first
salutation was, "When did you hear
from Connecticut last?" "How did you
know we were from Connecticut?" "By
your bean pot, of course."
Was not one of the good dames of
those times famous throughout the colony
for the thickness and richness of
her bean soup, whose husband, it is re-
ported, invited a Governor or some
other dignitary home to dine with him,
promising him a rare luxury? It was
late, the family had dined, and the mis-
tress had gone out for an afternoon visit.
"Never mind," said the host, "here is
the porridge pot, still on the crane in
the chimney," and forthwith bowls of
steaming liquid were spread upon the
table. "Wife's soup's not as good as
usual to-day," but by crumbling bread
into it they managed to make a meal.
At tea the husband said: "My dear,
seems to me your bean soup was not as
good as common." "Where did you
get it?" "Out of the pot in the chimney
corner." "Bless me," says the horror-
stricken wife, "that was my dishwater."
Baked beans, baked salt pork and rye
and Indian bread were the luxuries.
Beans every Saturday night or the oven
toys would fall in. Why on Saturday
night? It was said to be commemora-
tive. In Indian war times an alarm
sent the settlers scurrying through the
woods to the block-house. It was Satur-
day and provisions were short. One
lady said she left an oven full of good
things, and two adventurous men stole
through the alder swamps and returned
with whole scalps, and the whole garri-
soned community made a supper of
baked beans and brown bread, and
therefore the custom prevailed till
it has spread over the Union, along
with hasty pudding, to which Barlow
dedicated an ode, and succotash, which
the Pilgrims learned to make of the red
Cape Codites.

How Seals Begin Life.
Of the different sorts of North At-
lantic seals all but two are migratory—
that is to say, the whole body of them
move from north to south each Autumn,
and back from south to north each
Spring. The annual southward journey
of the restless harp-seal furnishes a vi-
vid picture of these great migrations
which are so prominent a feature of
polar history. Keeping just ahead of
the "making" of the ice or final freez-
ing up of the floes and bays, at the
approach of Winter they leave Green-
land, and begin their passage southward
along the coast of Labrador, freely
entering all the gulfs and bays. Floating
in with the Arctic current, their progress
is extremely rapid, and in but one short
week the whole multitude has passed.
Arriving at the Straits of Belleisle, some
enter the gulf, but the great body move
onward along the eastern portion of
Newfoundland, and thence outward to
the Grand Banks, where they arrive
about Christmas. Here they rest for a
month, and then they turn northward,
slowly struggling against the strong cur-
rent that aided them so much in their
southward journey, until they reach the
great ice-fields stretching from the Lab-
rador shore far eastward—a broad con-
tinent of ice. During the first half of
March, on these great floating fields of
ice, are born thousands of baby seals—
all in soft woolly dress, white or white
with a beautiful golden lustre. The
Newfoundlanders call them "white-
coats." In a few weeks, however, they
lose this soft covering, and a gray, coarse
fur takes its place. In this uniform
they bear the name of "ragged-jackets,"
and it is not until two or three years
later that the full colors of the adult
are gained, with the black crescentic or
harp-like marks on the back, which give
them the name of "harp." The
squealing and barking at one of these
immense nurseries can be heard for a
very long distance. When the babies
are very young, the mothers leave them
on the ice and go off in search of food,
coming back frequently to look after
the little ones; and although there are
thousands of the small, white, squeal-
ing creatures, which to you and me
would seem to be precisely alike, and
all are moving about more or less, the
mother never makes a mistake nor feels
any bleating baby until she has found
her own. If ice happens to pack around
them, so that they cannot open holes,
nor get into the water, the whole army
will laboriously travel by floundering
leaps to the edge of the field; and they
show an astonishing sagacity in discern-
ing the proper direction. It is supposed
that they can smell the water at a long
distance. Sometimes great storms come,
breaking the ice-floes in pieces and
jamming the fragments against one
another, or upon rocky headlands, with
tremendous force. And it is touching
to watch a mother seal struggling to
get her baby to a safe place, "either by
trying to swim with it between her fore-
flippers, or by driving it before her and
tossing it forward with her nose." The
destruction caused by such gales is far
less when they happen after the young-
sters have learned to swim. A baby seal
is afraid of the water; and if some ac-
cident, or his mother's shoulder, pushes
him into the water when he is ten or a
dozen days old, he screams with fright,
and scrambles out as fast as he can.
The next day he tries it again, but finds
himself very awkward and soon tired
the third day he does better, and before
long he can dive and leap, turn
somerset (if he is a bearded seal), and
vanish under the ice literally "like a blue
streak," the instant danger threatens.

Country Life in Greece.
A drive of an hour and a half brought
us to Veronda, the little village where
we were to see for the first time the real
country life. Its name is Turkish, and
is that of a flower which grows abun-
dantly in the vicinity. We turned off
the main road into a lane through the
fields then waving with wheat and barley
ripe for the harvest. This farm was
bought sixty years ago, by the father of
the present owner, from a pacha, for a
diamond hilted sword worth five thou-
sand drachmas, or about one thousand
dollars. It is now estimated at about
forty times its value. It is very extensive
and beside the grain fields, has vine-
yards and valuable chromium mines.
The village is small—a group of ten or
twelve houses, clustered about the white-
washed church. Behind this, on higher
grounds, stand the house and garden of
the proprietor, nestled at the foot of an
abrupt and wooden cliff. A way in the
distance the snow-capped peaks of Del-
phi, the highest mountain of Euboea,
looms up to a height of over five thou-
sand feet. Its base is a half day's
journey from Veronda on horseback,
and we hoped at first to make the ascent;
but, hearing on all sides the difficulties
to be encountered, we did not attempt
it. One of the few people who had
climbed it, however, was Queen Amelia,
who was an undaunted explorer of all
parts of her kingdom.
The house of Mr. X. is a low cottage,
covering much ground, and built around
a courtyard, which we entered through
a high, strong gateway. The gate and
the iron barricades at the windows gave
me a feeling of trepidation; but my
friends laughed at my fears, and the es-
trictive and cheerful aspect of the es-
tablishment reassured me. Flowers
were growing everywhere, pigeons were
cooing from their coles in a little tower,
and several smiling servants were
awaiting our arrival. The inside of the
house was most comfortable, and the
view from the front windows was sub-
erb; overlooking the garden and village
to the sea, half a mile away; beyond
this lay the Boetian Mountains, and
still further in the distance, shining
like a golden crown in the setting sun,
rose the eternal snows of Parnassus.
After a little I wandered out into a field
opposite the house, where a woman was
cooking at a fire built in a rough sort of
stone furnace. She had an immense
copper kettle full of soap. I said: "You
must have a large family?" "Yes," she
replied with an amused smile: "thirty
women." Supposing that they had a
system of co-operative house-keeping,
and that she cooked for the whole vil-
lage, I continued my inquiries, when
she told me that, it being harvest sea-
son, there were many extra laborers,
who were women, and she as the steward's
daughter, had the supervision of them.
The supper consisted only of a piece
of bread beside the soup; and this diet
has but few variations, such as black
olives, salad, and fruit in the season.
Meat is a great rarity; many eat it but
once a year, at the feast of Lamhri, or
Easter. Then every one eats roast spring
lamb; and if one is too poor to buy it
he will be sure to find somebody to give
it to him. The generosity of the Greeks
is extreme at Easter and New Year, as
it is considered a religious duty to help
the poor at these seasons. She took
her soup off the fire, and put it out in
the air to cool, remarking that it was
very injurious to the teeth to eat hot
food. As Greek peasants always have
fine teeth, probably the theory is a cor-
rect one. After this she raked out her
fire and put a number of loaves of bread
on the heated stones; there, she said,
they must remain all night to be thor-
oughly cooked. Her work finished, she
gave a sigh of relief, and sat down to
await her family of thirty women, whom
we soon saw approaching through the
gathering darkness. As they came nearer
I perceived that they were mostly girls
of fourteen or fifteen years, with one or
two older women who led the party;
they were a sturdy-looking, sunburned
set, and, instead of seeming weary with
the long day's work, were in the best of
spirits, laughing and talking. The effect
was most picturesque: for although clad
in the poorest, and in many cases most
ragged castimes, the shape of their
garments was such as best to set off
their superb figures, and their free, un-
trammelled gait gave them even a maj-
estic air. The material of the dress is
both woolen and cotton, of soft yellow-
ish-white, embroidered with bright
colours; the broad sashes and the ker-
chiefs worn over the head are also of
some gay color, becoming to their dark
hair and eyes. As soon as they had
reached the place where we were they
sat down in groups, keeping up the same
lively chatter.
During our own repast, which was
soon announced, Mr. X. told us that
these women laborers were a set of
people from the poorest part of the
population, who always went about to-
gether from estate to estate to help
when there was extra work on hand.
They receive a drachma per day and
their food, the day lasting from sunrise
to sunset. This company was from
Chalchis; but he soon expected a band
of men from Salamina, whose natives are
considered to be remarkable good workers.
The conversation then turned upon the
condition of the laboring classes in Greece,
whereupon he expressed much dissatis-
faction at the large number of feast-
days that the peasants keep, and said
that the country would always be poor
until the laborers would learn to work
more steadily. Some of his people,
particularly the older ones, would never
work on any saint's day; as the name
of the saints is legion, there would be
an average of nearly a day a week, beside
the Lord's day, when they would do nothing
but dress in their best clothes and dance
and sing. I could not help thinking
how much this sociable dancing and
singing added to their charms as human
beings, and wondering whether they
would come home at night from their
labors with such an elastic step were it
not for this waste of time, of which the
landlords so bitterly complain.

Use your leisure time for improve-
ment.