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It Might Have Been.

Ah, yes, those words, "It might have been,"
Are the saddest of all—if the fruit of sin,
If the pride of life, or worldly might,
Have turned us aside from the path of right,
And our steps we learn, in after years,
We cannot retrace, though we seek with tears;
Ah, yes, those words, "It might have been,"
May be the saddest of all words then;
But, as the angel duty has led,
We have lived alone, or have loved and wed,
Though storm and clouds may come to-day,
And rough and stormy be the way,
If whispering in the darkest hour
Come with the storm from some sweet bower,
A tempter's voice now seems to say:
"You might have rested here to-day."
Shall we regret the way we've come?
The storm that brings us nearer home—
That home where an endless crown is ours,
Where the King shall lead to fadeless bowers,
Shall any thought of "What might have been"
Have power to sadden a moment then?

—*Wilmer H. Johnson.*

Gone Before.

Only a little bud, that faded ere it bloomed;
A little sunbeam, quenched in clouds too soon;
A bird, whose morning chirrup cheered the heart;
A summer day, darkened before the noon!

Only a little grave! Ah, small indeed,
But planted with a precious earthly seed—
I needs must look beyond this lowly field
To where the harvest will requite my need.

Oh! lone and sore the aching mother heart!
Surely, sweet infant-love, thou longest still
To rest thee on my breast when evening falls,
To turn for guidance to my fostering will.

Ah, me! with thee there is no need of rest;
No evening rounds the hours of thy day;
Thou needest no guidance from my will's behest,
No earthly longing can thy spirit sway.

Glad summer day, I bless thy endless light!
Oh, bird, whose chirrup swells to heavenly song!
Warm sunbeam, ask to shine on grief's dark night!
To bloom, thou flower, my lonely path along!

So dreary are the fairest days below,
That they who early die are highest blest;
No false love stabs the hearts that quickly
From babyhood to full sweet life professed.

And yet, I fain must make the heart's wild moan;
How can I live—how bear my grief—so sore?
Where we were two; how learn to tread alone?
How see the light and see thy face no more?

Not with thee, but long after may I come!
I am so lonely that I fain would die!
Turn, little sweet, with thy tones call me home;
Fair, guiding spirit, lead me safe on high.

JANE'S LONG DAY.

Above the plain fronting the glen hung the tranquil autumn moon. The air was filled with a silver haze that floated like a curtain at the remoter limits of the plain. The pines and beeches of the glen stood mute, their voices hushed in heavy moisture. Far down the plain a jagged blur of light showed where the city slept, and from either edge of this jagged blur of light the river stretched like a silver belt with the city for a golden clasp.

In the glen no sound stirred the silence, save when a dewdrop fell from a spray or bough and shuddered through the sleeping leaves to the ground. The shadows of the trees filled the place with unexplorable darkness. Half way down the glen a black parapet, reaching from side to side, cut the fleecy air.

A furlong further up than the bridge, and high above the shadow it cast, stood a large white cottage fronting the moon. From the lower levels of the glen it looked like a cloud which had wandered from the sky and floated down the glen until it rested on the ledge.

The silence of the place at length was broken, and footsteps approached by the path along the dry bed of the torrent. From the shadow of the parapet two figures emerged slowly. As they drew near the cottage they looked black against the light; but where the arm of the woman bent level with the moon through the arm of the man, the sleeve showed a sparkle of white fringe to the moon. The head of the man inclined so as almost to meet hers. Now and then he raised her hand and touched it with his lips.

They advanced until they were close to the garden wall of the cottage. In the pulseless stillness of the hour their voices floated wide and seemed to clothe the glen with mystic life. The listening spirits of the verdurous arcades echoed their words in fine, faint tones.

"The time won't be long coming round, darling." He put his arm about her and brushed the hair back from her face.

"No, Luke."

"And, Jane, when the day does come you won't be sorry, will you?"

He pressed her closer and drew her head down upon his shoulder.

"You won't be sorry, Jane," he repeated, "when the day comes and I raise the veil and kiss my wife?"

She did not speak, but a long tremulous sigh floated into the night. He continued to speak:

"And when you are my wife I will not only do all I can to make you happy while I am with you, but work hard to assure your future when I am gone; for, Jane, I am ten years older than you, and men are shorter lived than women, and I shall die long before my darling."—

"Hush! Stop, Luke! What do you mean? Why do you talk of dying?"

"There! I will not again."

"But, Luke—my Luke, you are strong. Why do you put such thoughts into my head? It has always seemed to me as if you could never die." She clung to him and held him wildly, looking with distracted eyes into his face, as if she feared evil approaching from behind those mute, watchful trees.

"Don't be uneasy, Jane. Never fear I shall live as long as ever I can for you. Why, it seems to me as though I shall live forever if I am to have you. I was a fool to talk as I did. The moonlight made me melancholy; it always does. Sweetheart, do you not feel my arms round you? What harm could come while we are thus! and as for the future—"

"But you will go away now."

"And in one short month you will come away with me."

"Oh, Luke!"

"What?"

"I dare not say it, and yet I cannot keep it to myself."

"Tell me. Trust me."

"A month seems so long. I know it can't be sooner—but a month. You will come to-morrow evening, won't you?"

"Yes; and every evening."

"I must go now. You will be here to-morrow evening, surely?"

"Surely."

"Good-night."

"Good-night."

"To-morrow evening."

"To-morrow evening."

With a cry that was half a moan, she ran swiftly to the cottage, and he strode fiercely down, breasting the moonlight and tearing his shadow into a thousand fantastic shapes among the tangled weeds and shrubs.

When she reached her room she knew she could not sleep. She drew back the curtain of her window and let in the moonlight. The moon was setting. It wanted about an hour of midnight. The glen was silent, and, save when the clocks of the city struck, no sound reached her. She could not dismiss his words. They made a tumult in her brain. Do what she might, they came trooping upon her ears, like unbidden guests. Over and over again she tried to banish them. She sought to stimulate her imagination pleasantly about the future. She strove to think of her new home and of the love between her and Luke daily deepening into a calm, unbroken, full-toned peace. All in vain. Turn where she would, the vista ended at a tomb. At length, in despair, she closed the curtains on the setting moon, and, with a plea for delivery from her fears, went to bed.

At two o'clock the moon set. A light wind rose and blew the vapors from the plain and fanned the stars into trembling flame. Soft music wandered through the trees.

Still she could not sleep. As she lay the striking of the distant clocks came to her on the wind. Three o'clock drew near. The murmuring of the leaves and fatigue began to dull her hearing. She was growing drowsy at last.

"I shall be asleep before three," she mused, dreamily, "and when I awake it will be day, and he will come in the evening."

At half past three she awoke with a violent start. She had had a fearful dream which she was unable to recall. But there had been great noises in it, great noises of bells and shoutings of despair.

She sat up. The casement was now quite dark. She brushed back her hair and listened. All the clocks of the city were striking together. What a noise they made in the silent night! And how long they continued striking! She had been listening several minutes and they were all striking still!

She pressed her hand over her face, and rose and went to the window and looked down at the city in the plain.

The air was cool and clear. The sounds came fuller and deeper. No clocks now, but bells. The bells of the city ringing an alarm, and in the core of the city a red patch like the hectic spot on a dull cheek.

Something in the sound of the bells and sight of the fire stimulated her strangely. She drew back, dressed herself hastily, and stepped with great caution out of the house, and stood awhile at the low garden wall watching the throbbing spot in the plain. She turned her eyes inquiringly from right to left. No foot of man or beast passed over the grass. Drawing her shawl tightly around her she descended to the path and moved rapidly in the direction of the bridge. When she gained it she leaned over the parapet.

The clamor of the bells could now be more distinctly heard, and she could see that a great fire was raging in the most popular district of the city. A vague terror took possession of her. His words were still wandering through her mind. His talk of death now seemed a pertinent preface to a great catastrophe. Driven by the breeze the fire crept in the direction of the glen. His house lay straight in the way of the flames. Where was he now? Had those awful bells aroused him? Was he, like her, looking at the conflagration?—or was he sleeping in the path of the destroyer?

She turned her white face to the calm stars and then glanced round the glen. She felt half conscious that her alarm was exaggerated, that the risk was slight; but as often as she quieted her heart some silent specter seemed to point to the city, and some mysterious voice cried out she knew not what. Tearless and terrified, she grasped the parapet and watched. Her nerves tingled and her breath came quick and short. At length a last volume of smoke, and sparks, and flame shot into the air. Then for a while the fire abated. Presently bitter, eager tongues flew up towards heaven nearer to his house, closer to where he, perhaps, lay sleeping and dreaming of her. The effect was electrical. She had no consciousness of having moved until she found herself at the end of the glen beginning to cross the plain. For one brief moment she threw herself on her knees and lifted up her hands and heart. Then she rose and ran onward, without looking right or left.

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Luke had heard the first alarm. He had risen and gone out. The fire originated in a large carriage manufactory. Full of inflammable substances, the place burned with amazing fury; nothing could save that building. All efforts were directed to arresting the spread of the element. But, aided by the wind, it soon extended its lines until one whole side of the street was blazing.

Luke had been among the earliest volunteers. The brigade was entirely insufficient to deal with so colossal an enemy. Therefore the rank and file of the briga le became captains of amateur bands.

When ruin had reached the end of the street people thought it would travel no further. The flames were not long enough to bridge the roadway. A barrel of varnish, saved from the carriage manufactory, had, with other salvage, been thrust into an archway under a house on the opposite side. Suddenly, when all had begun to hope the worst was past, came a dull explosion from the archway, and a roaring mass of flame broke out of it into the street and up the front of the house, like an inverted cataract. A wild cry of terror burst from the people as they dashed back in dismay.

"My daughter!" shouted an old gray bearded man, breaking from the general mass of the crowd and standing in front of the doomed house.

"Any one in there?" demanded a fireman, standing by.

"Yes; my daughter! My daughter Jane! Help, for Heaven's sake! Look! She is at the window."

All eyes were turned upward, and at a window of a top floor the figure of a young girl could be seen through the smoke and glow.

"Break in the door!" shouted the fireman, seizing a pole that lay near by. She must be saved through the door. The escape would be burned before it could touch the wall."

In an instant the door flew open. But the insidious flaming liquid had found its way into the hall, and a pool of fire barred the way. Through the waving banners of flame the staircase could be seen. Already the balustrade had begun to writhe and twist.

"The roof!" roared the fireman. "The roof is the only hope. To the roof!" He gesticulated wildly at the girl, but she stood still as one frozen.

"Will no one save my daughter? My little Jane?" wailed the old man.

"It would be certain death to try the hall. Here, policeman, let no one go this way."

Two policemen placed themselves in front of the door. Then, crying "The roof! the roof!" the fireman burst in the door of an adjoining house and disappeared, followed by a dozen volunteers.

"It is no use. There is no trap door. My daughter! My darling little Jane, good-bye!"

The old man waved his hand, bent his head, and broke into sobs.

"Room!" shouted a voice from the heart of the crowd. "Room! Way there!" The people receded from a point as if there had been an upheaval of the earth, and a tall, powerfully built man pushed to the front. He ran past where the old man stood, saying: "I'll save your daughter—or perish."

The police at the door drew close together to bar the entrance.

"Stand back!" cried the man. "Back!" he shouted, in an excited voice. "Back!" and, without giving time for further combination against him, he sprung forward, and, clasping his hands before him so as to form his arms into a wedge, rushed with all his weight between the two policemen, drove them heavily aside, and disappeared in the flames.

A faint wail passed through the crowd, followed by a deep silence, and for a moment the vast gathering seemed not to breathe. Then, as though a tempest of wind prayed, a great cry went up and shook the pall of smoke and made the flying embers tremble. Behind the girl at the window stood the man.

But up to this she had shown bright against a dark background. Now her figure and that of the man showed dark against red! For the glare of the fire had reached the landing and was flooding the space behind.

The man did not remain a second inactive. He commenced knotting long strips of sheeting and counterpane together. Again a shout went up from the multitude, and then ten thousand voices were still, as though speech had never been known. All eyes were watching him and calculating the issue of the race between him and the flames.

At that time the white figure of a woman came hastily along a distant edge of the crowd and approached the burning house. The woman was young, scarcely more than twenty. Her long light hair followed her mistily, half borne by the air, and quickened into vivid gold by the ruddy rays.

Ere she reached the burning house the rope was complete. The man had tied it under the arms of the girl and was leaning out of the window counting the risk. Already the fury of the flaming fluid was exhausted. There came but fitful flickers, still enough to destroy his rope. Now and then his eyes explored the room. Flames had by this time crossed the threshold. People below could see them shoot round the ceiling. For a moment the man left his post, and was seen drawing some heavy piece of furniture towards the window. With the sublime patience of capable heroism he waited and waited, counting the chances. Volumes of smoke burst through the sash, and the glass fell with a sharp metallic clatter to the ground beneath.

"My daughter! My Jane!" cried the old man, in an agony of hope and fear.

The man above bent over the sill and, making a trumpet of his hands, cried out:

"In a moment you shall have her safe. Courage!"

The woman in white looked up. "Luke!" she screamed.

He passed his hand across his eyes and then gazed into the street. Once more he spoke:

"Jane, stand back. The floor is hot. Stand back. If the floor falls the walls may, too."

Then, casting one more glance into the room and one more at the windows, through which the flames shot now but seldom, he lowered the form of the girl from the sill and paid out slowly.

When all the rope was gone she still hung several feet from the ground. Retiring into the room he undid the rope. He advanced gradually to the window. Still the rope was some feet short. Strong men stood below with outstretched arms to receive the girl. Without warning she fell into their arms.

The rope fell with her!

All looked up. In his hands were a few feet of the rope. Despair had taken possession of his face. A blade of flame had shot out of the window below and cut off his only means of reaching the ground.

Another rope! Make another rope! Quick!" shouted a man of the brigade.

The man above paused a moment irresolute. Then he moved back into the room, and those who stood far off in the crowd saw him tearing up something. All at once he shot downward from their view. A mighty crash followed; a flight of glittering splinters swept into the air and hung in a pall of dusky red over the four bare walls.

With a cry that was half a groan, half a yell, the people swayed hither and thither; and then, as if by some universal impulse, they bowed their heads and stood still.

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The glen is famous for its blackberries, and often in the holidays children go up there with baskets on their arms. They all know Jane, who wanders up and down by herself. She does not speak unless she is addressed, but then she answers very civilly and in a sweet low voice that makes the eyes of the children open wide. Once a saucy boy asked her if she did not feel lonely all by herself in the glen. But she said:

"Yes, dear. A little lonely now. But evening will soon come, and Luke will then be here. He promised. If you meet Luke, dear, as you go home, tell him you saw me, and ask him to come early. Say mother died, but I am waiting still. The reason I want him to come early is because he frightened me last night with his foolish talk. Do you hear all the bells of the city ringing? But it's not for our marriage, dear. We're not to be married for a month. The bells are ringing all day. It's some one's marriage. The bells are so loud I can't hear the birds sing. But in the evening, when Luke comes, it will be quiet, and no bells will ring, and it will be dark. Oh! I wish it was evening! It's a long day—a long day—a long day."

And then she raised the ruddy boy in her arms and kissed him, and went away.

As soon as the boy got home he told his mother. She took him up and kissed him and wept, he knew not why. When he was in bed she came and sat by his side, and bent over him until he was asleep. "She looked," the boy said afterwards, "as if she was saying prayers for Jane with her eyes.

Does it Pay to be Boss?

A young contractor in one of the large Springfield manufactories, in company with his wife, a sad looking little woman in threadbare clothing, entered one of the town meat markets one recent Saturday evening, and, after gazing around for a moment, the man ordered a soup bone for Sunday. While it was being wrapped up, a spruce looking young man, with a massive gold watch chain, attired in a suit cut in the latest fashion and $60 overcoat, entered, and pompously ordered four pounds of sirloin steak at twenty-five cents per pound. The little woman looked wistfully at the tender, juicy steak as it was being cut off, and then at the bone which was to furnish her dinner the next day, and, turning to her husband, said: "George, why can't we have as good meat as that man; he works under you at the shop?" "I know it, Jenny," replied the contractor, drawing himself up to his full height, "but he's only a poor bench workman and I'm boss, and it's worth something to boss, you know." "Y-e-s," said the wife with a sigh, which said plainly that she would much rather be a poor workman's wife and eat sirlion steak than the wife of a "boss" and live on soup.

The Wicked Story Teller.

There was a wicked story teller who went to a doctor and said: "I'm a wicked story teller, and though I'm a good and pure young man in every other respect I can't get over this dreadful habit."

"I'll cure you," said the doctor. "Take this capsule and chew it up. Don't be afraid; chew away like anything. You'll get used to the flavor after the first bite or two, and then I dare say you will find it very pleasant.

"By all that's filthy!" cried the patient, as he came over deadly sick, "it's cod-liver oil!"

"That's no lie!" said the doctor. "Try one more, and you'll be completely cured." But he wouldn't.

A Slippery Place to Pop the Question.

She came tripping from the church door, her face flushed by emotions awakened by the just uttered discourse, and eyes bright with loving expectation. He shivered on the curbstone, where for an hour he had waited impatiently with a burning heart fairly palpitating in his throat, and frozen fingers in his pockets. They linked arms and started for the residence of her parents. After a few moments' hesitating silence he said: "Jane, we have known each other long. You must know just how I feel. You must have seen that clear down at the bottom—Oh, Moses!"

He had slipped down on the ice with so much force that his spine was driven up into his hat, and his hat was tipped over his nose, but she was a tender hearted girl. She did not laugh, but she carefully lifted him to his feet, and said:

"You were saying, John, when you slipped that the foundation—Oh, goodness!"

She slipped herself this time, and saw little stars come down to dance before her eyes, but he pulled her up in haste and went on.

"Yes; just as I said, clean down at the bottom of my heart is a fervent love, on which I build my hopes. That love has helped me stand face—Thunder!"

He was down again, but scrambled up before she could stoop to help him, and she said, breathlessly:

"Yes, yes, John. You remember, you just said a love which helped you stand and face thunder. And that you found your hopes on—This pesky ice!"

There she sat. John grasped the loose part of her sack, between the shoulders, with one hand, and raised her to her feet, as one would lift a kitten from a pail of water by the back of the neck. Then he said with increased earnestness:

"Of course, darling, and I have longed for an opportunity to tell my love and to hear those sweet lips whisper—Whoop!"

Somehow John's feet had slipped from under him, and he had come down like a capital V with his head and feet pointing skyward. She twined her taper fingers in his curling locks and raised him to the stature of a man, set his hat firmly over his eyes with both hands, and cried in breathless haste:

"I understand, and let me assure you, John, that if it is in my power to lighten your cares and make brighter your journey through life to—Jerusalem!"

John stood alone, and said, with breathless vehemence:

"Oh, my precious! and thus shall it be my lifelong pleasure to lift you from the rude assaults of earth and surround you with the loving atmosphere of—Texas!"

And there they both sat together. They had nearly reached the gate, and, hand to hand, and with hearts overflowing with the bliss of young love's first confession, they crept along on their knees up the front steps, and were soon forgetful of their bumps on the softest cushion of the parlor sofa.

The Quaker's Hat.

The first occasion on which the Quaker's hat came publicly and officially into trouble was at the Launceston assizes, in London, in the year 1656, before no less a person than Chief Justice Glynn. "When we were brought into the court," says Fox, "we stood a pretty while with our hats on, and all was quiet, and I was moved to say: 'Peace be amongst you!' 'Why do you not put your hats off?' said the judge to us. We said nothing. 'Put off your hats,' said the judge, again. Still we said nothing. Then said the judge: 'The court commands you to put off your hats.'" George Fox, with amazing simplicity, asked for some Scriptural instance of any magistrate commanding prisoners to put off their hats. He next asked to be shown, "either printed or written, any law of England that did command such a thing." Then the judge grew very angry, and said: "I do not carry my law books on my back." "But," said Fox, "tell me where it it printed in any statute book, that I may read it." The chief justice cried out: "Prevaricator!" and ordered the Quakers to be taken away.

When they were brought before him again the chief justice asked Fox whether hats were mentioned at all in the Bible? "Yes," said the Quaker, "in the third of Daniel, where thou mayst read that the three children were cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar's command with their coats, their hose and their hats on!" Here was a proof that even a heathen king allowed men to wear hats in his presence. "This plain instance stopped him," says Fox, "so he cried again: 'Take them away, gaoler;' accordingly we were taken away and thrust in among the thieves, where we were kept a great while."

After nine weeks' imprisonment "for nothing but about their hats," as the chief justice told them, they were again brought before him, grimly wearing the offending headgear. "Take off their hats," said the judge to the gaoler. "Which he did," says Fox, "and gave them unto us; and we put them on again. Then the judge began to make a great speech, how he represented the lord protector's person, and that he had made him lord chief justice of England." The Quakers were incorrigible. They were sent back to prison, but not really so much for the wearing of their hats as for the suspicion that they were royalist emissaries affecting religious singularity in order to win their way among the extreme Puritans.

An Incendiary Machine.

An insurance company lately unearthed the latest incendiary device in connection with an $1,800 barn loss in Schoharie county, New York. It is to be hoped that the machine will form a part of the underwriters' Centennial exhibit. The apparatus consists of a board covered with sandpaper that faces another board filled with matches, so that the sulphur of the matches can rub against the sand. These were set against a hay mow, and with the match-filled board attached to a ten foot lever with its bearing in the middle. At the end of the lever is a tin milk pail, and set above the pail was an ordinary funnel supplying the bottom to a bushel box filled with fine sand. This sand was allowed to run into the pan; and when the pressure was sufficient to move the lever, a string unloosed the funnel, and the balance of the sand, dropping suddenly into the pan, moved the lever, and so the board ignited the matches, thus firing the barn. A belated traveler passing discovered the thing in working order, rushed in, and saved it, and presented it to the insurance adjuster as an evidence of the ingenuity of man.

SENSATIONAL.—The San Francisco style of advertising is rather sensational. Here is a late specimen from one of the journals of that city: "Away from the land of her birth and loved of her youth she met the relentless conqueror, bowed her lovely head to his stroke. Other hands smoothed the long, brown tresses; other fingers closed the blue eyes, and folded the gentle hands upon the peaceful, sinless bosom." "Pure pork sausages—six pounds for $1, at William & Cook's, under Exchange."

THE PRIZE RING.

A Reformed Prize Fighter Tells Something About It.

Just think how cruel and beastlike a thing it is to be a professional fighter, says Howell Gardner, once in the business, now out of it. Suppose here are myself and another man, both in the business, and he is the best friend I have in the world. We love each other like brothers. Well, some night a man says to another man: "I'll bet $1,000 Howell Gardner can whip so-and-so," my friend, mind you. "I don't believe he can," says the other. "Dollars talks," says the first man, and, to make a long story short, they make up a match or us to fight, we not knowing anything about it, and having no reason for fighting. The next morning we are told of it, and put in training, and all the while we are in training we meet every week, like enough, and have a talk over it—friends still, mind you—and we each seek to get ourselves in the best possible condition, for what? Why, each to beat the life out, or nearly out, of the best and dearest friend he has got.

Gardner goes on to say: When men come to enter the ring they find rules for everything there, and all the forms of etiquette already provided. Each man comes forward, we'll say, in perfect condition, clean as a whistle, in the highest health, with an eye like a hawk, just as pretty as if he was fresh out of a bandbox. There are two rings, an inner and an outer one, made of ropes. Outside the latter are the spectators. The referee's and timekeeper's places are between the ropes. One man comes up and throws his cap over into the ring, as his challenge like, and follows it himself. Then the other throws in his cap—an acceptance of the challenge—and follows it, amid the shouts and cheers of the multitude—for by that time, let me tell you, everybody around is pretty full of excitement. The four seconds next enter the ring, two for each man. Generally each man's trainer is his head second. When "time" is called the men about to fight walk forward to the center of the ring and shake hands. The two head seconds also step forward, and, crossing their hands over those of their principals, go through the same friendly form. Then all step back to corners, choice for which has been decided by a toss; each head second kneels on one knee and takes his man on the other, and there he sits until "time" is called. A timekeeper, a referee, and a doctor are chosen by mutual consent. Suddenly "time" is called, and each fighter, leaving his second's knee, advances to the center of the ring and puts his hands up. If they only wouldn't hurt each other, the prettiest sight a man ever saw, of any kind of machinery, is to see two men, well trained and stripped for battle—each with eyes like a hawk's, looking as if their keen, concentrated gaze would pierce through his antagonist; each with finely-developed muscles and skin like satin—sparring for an opening. Great caution is exercised here, for often there is a great deal of money bet on first blood, as on first knock down and first fall; and the least incautious look or movement, and you are gone. That is why the opening is always so slow and the men stand so long, moving their arms with the precision and grace of beautiful machines, but after first blood, and first knock down, and first fall are decided, then the battle, the quick, and perhaps merciless hard work, commences. Then there is not so much beauty. Then it is give and take, swift and cruel, from the moment "time" is called until one or the other man is felled to the earth. As quick as a man falls his seconds step forward and pick him up, with one hand under his shoulder, the other under his thigh, and carry him back to his corner. He is not allowed to move a hand to help himself. All his strength must be reserved for the combat. He is handled as if he was a child. In his corner they have brandy, linen, a sponge, and some water. If his eye is badly bruised it is lanced, and perhaps the clotted blood sucked out by one of his seconds. They sponge him off, give him a little water if his throat is parched, and if the fight is going hard with him a little brandy. Now the fight is horrible in its brutalities, and I need not pursue the subject further to the last moment, when a sponge tossed in the air is the confession of defeat of one or the other poor battered, disfigured, hideous, bloody wrecks of the two beautiful machines. I saw in a paper the other day that two men had fought a battle of eighty-seven rounds. Well, that must have been a desperate fight. It is sickening to think of it. I know one of these men. He's an unfortunate fellow—never wins; serves him right, he has no business to fight.

Premature Burials.

I pity the stranger who dies within the gates of Munich, says a writer. Every one here is treated with equal injustice, be he high or low, friend or foe. The body of the deceased is taken almost immediately to the cemetery, where there is a chamber of death for its reception. A row of windows look in upon the many couches, and almost every hour there are anxious faces peering in through these windows at the bodies that are laid in state, side by side, until the hour of burial. Each body is dressed in its best; there are those who are borne to the exhibition hall in bridal robes; some are attired tastefully and some gaudily, for it is thought that their bodies may yet breathe again, and every precaution is taken to make this awakening as agreeable as possible. There are wires attached to the hands or breast, so that the least motion will communicate with an alarm bell, and at this strange summons the watchmen are prepared to rush to the assistance of the poor soul that has not yet escaped the trials of this life, but is delivered up to new suffering and a second death. Tradition says that once or twice this bell has rung, and the watchers arrived in terror to bear away the half conscious body, ere it had knowledge of its gloomy surroundings.

Care of the Child.

A Chippewa Indian, a noble looking man, by the way, who lectured, some time back, in one of our large cities, advised all mothers who heard him to tie their babies, as soon as they were born, to a board, bind them down tight, and keep them there, most of the time, till they were ten months old. "Put a hoop around the head," he says, "and then, when the board gets knocked over, it won't break the child's nose." He summed up other advantages as follows: "You see, ladies," holding up a specimen, "the child's hands are tied down, so it can't scratch its mother's breast; it can't wriggle about and get very tired; it can't bend over, and must grow straight; when the mother goes out after herbs, she can hang it on a tree, and snakes can't bite it; when it cries, the mother can swing it across her back and rock it, and carry it a great distance in this manner, too; she can set it up side of the wigwam very handy; and when canoe turns over, the child swims off on the board and don't drown; and its back don't break across its mother's arms, because the board supports it; the child can't crawl into the fire and burn up, too; can leave it long, all safe. So I think this much the best way, ladies—much the best." The ladies gave in their assent by a general laugh.

A CITY'S TRAGEDY.

A Sad Case of Domestic Unhappiness in Humble Life, as Told by the New York "Graphic."

The great city is full of tragedies. Looked at with psychologic eyes capable of piercing disguises, every street would be found draped with shadows. Amid this compact den of misery it is difficult to disengage the attention and fix it on a single case, however peculiar in its network of happiness and misery or however steep the descent.

But an instance of sudden waywardness and want in the very building in which the *Graphic* is printed prompts us briefly to outline its more salient points.

On the fifth floor the little family lived, the mother and her two babes, in very humble apartments, to which they were made to feel they were welcome. The father of the family was formerly known for his excellent habits, and he officiated for some time as a sort of janitor's assistant, but he became dissolute, stayed out late at night, and finally deserted his home altogether, and at the time of which we are speaking had not been seen by any of the family for months. The mother had heard that he had found a situation in one of the grain elevators, but she knew he was no longer worthy of her respect, and resolved to maintain herself and her little brood by her own unaided exertions. She was a patient, sad eyed creature, never complaining, but never hoping—one of the last in the world that would naturally be suspected of any desperate deed. She was always neatly but cheaply dressed, and had a grace and dignity of bearing that showed she had formerly been more happily circumstanced. Nobody ever thought of inquiring into her history, and she seemed incapable of speaking of it. If a friend sought her confidence, she appeared to say, in gentle deprecation: "No, no! Let us not talk about that." She made herself quite helpful; she brushed all over the building every morning and made herself a general favorite.

At last the little ones got so that they could toddle about the building, Tommy leading his younger sister. They were not much in the way, and they soon became favorites among the workmen, who liked to share their lunches with the infants, who opened their wide gray eyes at the novel world, and gazed cautiously at the buzzing machinery.

One day in the last winter month occurred a calamity which some of our readers may remember, and that will not be soon forgotten. The industrious mother was out earning the bread for the family and the little ones were in the press-room watching the bright sheets fly from the ready fingers of our great four-cylinder, when horror seized on the foreman. Little Bessie was in the machinery! How she got caught was always a mystery. Her pain was but for a moment. Her funeral was simple, but her loss was sincerely mourned, and the shocking accident left a shadow on the establishment.

Tommy was even more to his mother after that. She seemed to cling to him with a desperate fear, and went around apprehensive and heavy hearted. One evening of the very next week he was missed. He was sought with passionate anxiety. A policeman had seen him in the company of another small chap on the next corner. In the morning his remains were found in the dock.

His mother never spoke after that. She was calm and tearless when the corpse was brought into her apartment, and took no notice of it. She went about in a mechanical way, eating languidly what was placed before her, but saying nothing and never smiling once. She was still beautiful. She dressed as scrupulously as ever and had a wistful, far-away look, as if constantly waiting for somebody who never came. Once the janitor found her late at night in an open window, as if about to dash herself upon the pavement below.

In a week she was missing. Nobody seemed to be much surprised. Had she gone out in the night with the key that was always within reach? Search was cautiously begun. A policeman had seen her walking on the roof with her hair floating in the wind and scarcely at all protected from the cold.

Her body was found next morning, stark and stiff, at the mouth of a sewer on the North river.

Her fate was hard and her lot was pitiful, but she was a most tender, motherly, faithful, and exemplary cat.

Fashion Notes.

All new suits are composite.

Holbein work grows in favor.

Sorties du bal are half dolmans.

Toile d'Alsace is a new dress fabric.

The cuirass is still the popular corsage.

Spanish blond is the lace of the season.

Lace capes and fichus are still in vogue.

Linen parasols lined with brown are shown.

The reign of the basque and tunic is not over.

Black promises to remain the favorite street dress.

Gentlemen's boots are square toed; ladies' round.

The hair is worn low on the forehead in large waves.

Cambric suits are to be worn on the street this summer.

Narrow cravats of figured pique are shown for gentlemen.

Jean d'Arc belts, made of tortoise shell, are very elegant.

Sashes are made of soft silk, with heavily fringed ends.

Black corsets are worn by some ladies when in mourning.

Checked foulards make very pretty and inexpensive suits.

Many imported polonaises are coming in with the new goods.

Grasses gone to seed are very fashionable for hat trimmings.

The "Queen Elizabeth" is the name of the new leather belt.

Smoked pearl buttons are shown in dark blue, brown and green.

Broad black velvet bands around the neck have been revived.

Button holes on ladies' dresses this season are worked, not bound.

Mixed gray cheviots are sought after for gentlemen's oversacks.

Centennial masquerades will be in vogue as soon as Lent is over.

Pale blue and pale rose are favorite colors for striped batiste suits.

The most fashionable spring wraps have long, square mantilla fronts.

Bustles are made to throw all the fullness at the bottom of the skirt.

Bouffants, poufs and sash loops are worn still, but low down on the skirt.

White Lisle thread stockings are embroidered with white or colored silk.

Very fine diagonals are fashionable for frock coats and cut-a-ways.

Cream colored cashmere lace shoulder shawls will be worn in the summer.

Evening slippers or shoes for ladies are made of the same silk as the dress.

Dog skin gloves with embroidered backs are shown in all the spring shades.

Black silk continues to be the material for sacks, dolmans and mantillas.

The favorite dress of the Princess Beatrice is pale lilac, with seringee bouquets.

Linoleum is the floor covering for halls and kitchens; it is better than oilcloth.

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

What an Old Time Merchant Says of the Late A. T. Stewart.

Henry C. Bowen, before he became publisher of the *Independent*, was an extensive dealer in silks and fancy goods, and held business relations with the late A. T. Stewart that continued for nearly a quarter of a century. "I was a clerk for Arthur Tappan & Company, at 122 Pearl street," said Mr. Bowen, "when I first made Mr. Stewart's acquaintance. That was forty years ago. Mr. Stewart was doing business opposite the park, somewhere near where the *Independent* offices are situated. I used to wait on him and sell him goods. Arthur Tappan & Company at that time controlled a line of French prints which were known as *gros oliers*. They had all of them that were in the market at that time. I remember that it was in these goods that I negotiated my first large sale to Mr. Stewart. Even at that time Mr. Stewart was an extensive purchaser from the importers. I remember that the late John Rankin, who was a large importer, declared then that Mr. Stewart was the shrewdest merchant in New York. When Mr. Rankin had an arrival of goods, at that time, it was his custom to invite the leading buyers to his place and inspect them. The cases were opened, the prices of each line and quality of goods were determined upon, and then Mr. Rankin received the merchants. Many buyers always came, and among them A. T. Stewart, and while the others went about the store feeling the fabrics, as to how thick this was or thin that was, and while they hemmed and hawed and debated with each other the desirability of one line over another, Mr. Stewart would take Mr. Rankin with him through the store, selecting the best of the stock and purchasing it at once."

Mr. Rankin, who became Mr. Bowen's special partner, often referred to Mr. Stewart as being, in his opinion, the shrewdest, quickest and most intelligent merchant in the city. Mr. Bowen was then the head of the well known house of Bowen, McNamee & Company.

"I recollect," continued Mr. Bowen, after a pause, "that Henry Sheldon, an extensive importer of French goods, had at one time sold Mr. Stewart goods to the amount of $25,000 or $30,000, and felt a little timid about increasing his credit with him. He informed the great merchant that he desired to know more about his capital and business than he then knew. In reply, Mr. Stewart said: 'I regard Mr. Lewis Tappan, of the firm of Arthur Tappan & Co., as one of the most intelligent merchants in New York, and as you sell that firm largely, and have confidence in them, if you will satisfy me that I will ask Mr. Tappan to come here and examine my books. He will then be able to tell you all I know myself.' Mr. Sheldon consented to this, and Mr. Lewis Tappan spent several evenings in Mr. Stewart's counting-room studying his books. He reported, when his task was ended, that Mr. Stewart was abundantly good and worthy, and was worth about $70,000. Mr. Stewart did not ask the usual long time of six or eight months in which to make his payments. When he asked credit it was for a short time, but even then his aggregate credits were considerable, and it was necessary for him to stand well among merchants. He was never questioned after Mr. Tappan's report went abroad. Mr. Stewart's great store down town was not erected all at once. A land owner in Chambers street asked too high a price for his lot there, and Mr. Stewart built around it, erecting six story structures, so that the prop- of the stubborn landlord was injured and rendered insignificant, and at last, a few years ago, he was obliged to sell it at Mr. Stewart's price.

"During the late war Mr. Stewart's contracts with the government, directly and indirectly, formed an enormous business. Besides his own contracts, he filled large orders for other houses who were obliged to go to him to carry out their promises. Wherever Mr. Stewart reposed confidence he sold unlimited amounts, and has thereby assisted energetic merchants in different sections of the country into prosperity and prominence. Potter Palmer, of Chicago, and John Shiletto, the rich Cincinnati retailer, benefited largely by Mr. Stewart's confidence in them."

Mr. Bowen regarded Stewart as the "king of buyers in an auction room." If he succeeded in obtaining a good bargain, the quantity of the goods on hand never frightened him. No other man had the means to buy as he did.

Early in his business prosperity Mr. Stewart frequently managed to control certain styles of goods, as, for instance, the Alexandre glove, compelling all to purchase of him and at his own price. In the olden time, before the days of the telegraph, he was frequently known to have sent agents through the market quietly with orders to learn just how much of certain styles of goods could be found in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. He purchased all that could be bought, and controlling the market, advanced the price of the article, never exorbitantly, but simply to a controlling figure.

The New Tariff Bill.

The committee of ways and means of the United States House have added to the free list of the Morrison Tariff bill the following named articles:

Window glass, painted or stained, imported by and for the use of educational, literary, benevolent and religious associations, and not for sale; books in other languages than English, Greek or Latin; balsam, copper ore, castor oil.

The following named articles have been stricken from the free list:

Drugs, medicines and other crude chemicals not otherwise provided for, paving tile, coal, including slack and bituminous. The following changes have been made: Collodion of ether of all kinds, fifty cents a pound; the present rate is $1 a pound. Opium prepared for smoking, and all other preparations of opium not otherwise provided for, $9 a pound; it is, under the present law, $6 a pound.

Licorice in paste or rolls, five cents a pound.

The committee have added the following: Champagne and all other sparkling wines, in bottles, each containing not more than one quart and more than one pint, $9 a dozen bottles; containing not more than one pint each and more than one-half pint, $4.50 a dozen bottles; containing one-half pint each, or less, $2.25 a dozen bottles. This is an increase of one-third over the present rates.

Emery grains, one cent a pound; emery ore, $3 a ton; emery, manufactured, ground or pulverized, one-half cent a pound. This a reduction of one-half of the present rates.

TURBOT A LA CREME.—Take five pounds of halibut or cod; boil