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Song.

Rolls the long breaker in splendor, and glances
Leaping in light!
Laughing and singing the swift ripple dances,
Sparkling and bright;
Up through the heaven the curlew is flying,
Soaring so high!
Sweetly his wild notes are ringing, and dying
Lost in the sky.
Glitter the sails to the south wind careening,
White winged and brave;
Bowing to breeze and to hollow, and leaning
Low o'er the wave.
Beautiful wind, with the touch of a lover
Leading the hours,
Helping the winter worn world to recover
All its lost flowers.
Gladly I hear thy warm whisper of rapture,
Sorrow is o'er!
Earth all her music and bloom shall recapture,
Happy once more!

—*Scribner.*

A Story Told Nantucket.

"There are no heroes now," said she,
And turned with scornful, wearied air,
And looked across the waves to where
A dim gray island met the sea.

"I wish there'd be a ninth Crusade,
Or Arthur's knights would come once more,
Or of Nantucket's prosy shore
A second Ilium might be made.

"No flame of genius lights our page;
Our muse is dumb. No martyr wakes
Our hearts from sleep. No hero breaks
The level of our stupid age."

He looked at her in sad surprise;
Was she so heartless and blase?
Was there no bravery to-day
Could make a hero in her eyes?

"And yet on that prosaic shore
A hero may have been," said he;
"A knight or martyr here might be
Who never cross or armor wore.

"Just off Nantucket's rugged coast
One day last week a boat went down
In sight of dwellers in the town,
And all on board but one were lost.

"For there were two who caught an oar
And floated for a moment; they
Had comrades been for many a day,
Had danger shared on many a shore.

"One felt the oar begin to sink
Beneath the double weight; he knew
It surely could not float the two,
And one must go. He did not shrink;

"His sacrifice his friend might save,
And pausing not to give him choice,
He shouted, with a ringing voice
That never faltered, strong and brave

"As when they scaled an Alpine height
And shouted to the arching sky
In triumph, 'One must go—good-bye—
God bless you!' and was lost from sight.

"His friend was saved; but now alone
He ever hears that voice repeat
'Good-bye—God bless you!' clear and sweet,
In tides that roar and winds that moan!"

The red lips lost their scornful curl,
And quivered now with tender pain,
And tears fell like a summer rain
From the dark lashes of the girl.

"That was a hero! 'greater love
Hath no man!'" passionately thrilled
The vibrant tones; her face was filled
With reverence all words above.

He murmured to himself apart—
Watching the languid cynic's face
Transformed with radiant, tender grace—
"Ah! now I know she has a heart!"

—*Parsons.*

WHOSE WAS THE GUILT?

Ellis Tremayne laid his fork down with a gesture half of impatience, half of discouragement, and a frown that had no business on the forehead of a six months' married man, the husband of the prettiest of women, corrugated his handsome white forehead.

"You seem to have not the slightest appreciation of affairs, Effie. I have explained time and time again that I am living up to my income—not saving a penny—and yet you still persist in demanding money for every trifle that takes your fancy."

Ellis Tremayne spoke more decisively than Effie had ever heard him, and she mentally vowed him horribly cross, and parted her red lips and leaned back in her chair with a very aggrieved look on her lovely face.

And yet it was lovely.

Mr. Tremayne thought so that same moment as he looked at the delicate pink-and-snow complexion, and the large dark blue eyes that had played such mad havoc with his heart a year ago—at the full, exquisite lips that had only seemed made for smiles and kisses then, that now were rapidly consummating their task of discovering the clay feet of his idol—that now were parting to utter words he knew were coming, that did come.

"You are just as mean and cross as can be! What's the use of living at all if you can't have what you want—if you can't have things like other people? I tell you I do think you might let me have some money this morning; I need it most awfully."

Her blue eyes certainly looked pleading enough to give entire credence to her assertions.

"I am almost tempted to say that cannot be true, Effie, since it was only a week ago to-day I handed you twenty-five pounds—a sum amply sufficient for even the most inexperienced financier on which to keep a family of two."

Darker frowns were gathering on Tremayne's forehead, but Effie answered with a sneer:

"Twenty-five pounds! You speak as if it were a fortune! I tell you, Ellis, I must have things like—like other people. How on earth do you suppose I feel when Mrs. Coddington or Miss Bell burn calls for me to drive, wearing their elegant carriage costumes, and I in the same dress I appear in in the street or at church?"

Tremayne smiled contemptuously.

"So you hope to rival the wife of a millionaire and the only daughter of a wealthy banker, do you?—you, the wife of a cashier at Wingfield & Sons, on seven hundred a year? Effie, have nothing to do with women who are, unconsciously, perhaps, sowing seeds of discontentment and extravagance in your heart."

"I am neither discontented nor extravagant, Ellis—you shall not say so. But I must have some money to get a new suit. Oh, Ellis, such a heavenly shade of prune, and you know I can wear so well one particular shade. Honestly, I haven't a dress to wear to Mrs. Lamar's reception."

Ellis ate his egg with very little show of satisfaction, and his silence, while bitter thoughts were rushing through his mind, was taken by Effie as a sign of consent.

She was not slow in pressing her advantage.

"It won't cost over twenty pounds, Ellis—very reasonable indeed, for I shall make it nearly all myself, and I'm sure you can't be displeased at that. Then say 'yes,' won't you, Ellis dear?"

A settled, white look came around his handsome mouth.

"If you care more for show and fine clothes than for my respect and the consciousness that you are my economical, prudent wife who is helping her husband save instead of almost goading him into debt, you can have the money."

Her eyes flashed as delightedly as a child's over a new toy. She had accomplished her desire, and his cold yet touching words had fallen unheeded before that—

"You can have the money."

She sprung from her chair behind the coffee urn, and threw her arms around his neck, kissing his handsome, worried forehead.

"You darling! I knew you would not say 'no,' for all you read me such a lecture on economy. Really, Ellis, when you see how lovely I shall look in my new silk, you will not grudge the money, will you? You like to see me look as pretty as I used before we were married, don't you? And you're not angry, dear? You do love me!"

Her sweet, girlish face all alight with happy enthusiasm, her blue eyes dancing with such honest delight, her smooth cheek lying against his, and her dainty little hand stroking his whiskers—of course Ellis laid down his napkin and pushed back from the table and kissed her.

She was his wife—sweet, pretty, delicate as a mountain pink, and he loved her—loved her dearly, truly, as in the days when he had won her, thinking what a rare flower she was.

He loved her, and was willing, yes, anxious, to increase her happiness by every honest means in his power—only Effie was extravagant and unreasonable in her demand for dress and style that were beyond the capabilities of the well salaried man that he was.

So, now he kissed her tenderly, and then took out his purse and laid a bank note on the tablecloth.

"There's your new silk, dear—may you enjoy it."

His forbidding manner had so entirely disappeared, that Effie's heart was encouraged to undertake another pet plan. So as she demurely folded the note away in her pretty little crimson Russia pocketbook, she began, so quietly that Ellis was quite captured by storm:

"I was wondering if it would not be a good plan if we shut up the house for August, dear, and went somewhere. It will do you so much good, I'm sure, and there will be no expenses here while we're away. Can't we go to Hastings?"

She opened the battery very suddenly, almost staggering Tremayne.

"Oh, Effie, no. It would involve a larger expense, ten times, than it costs at home."

Then seeing that well known, martyr-like expression settling on her face, that always drove him to desperation, he added, hastily:

"If you can manage it, go yourself. I dare say some of your fashionable friends will chaperon you."

"Oh, may I, may I, really? Indeed, I will manage it! I don't need many new things, I'm sure. I have enough for the silk, and with a little more I can easily get what I absolutely need. Ellis, you are a darling!"

He laughed—not very joyously.

"I'm glad you think so. Well, I'm off."

Two hours later, Mrs. Effie Tremayne, dressed in an unexceptionably elegant walking costume, started out on her shopping tour, to meet at the silk counter Mrs. Godfrey Coddington, carelessly tossing over rare pieces of evening silk.

"I am so delighted to have your taste on my new silks, my dear Mrs. Tremayne. Do tell me which you prefer, the salmon, or the pearl blue, or this sunnier pink? I intend to have a couple of them for Hastings."

Hastings!

Mrs. Tremayne's cheeks glowed.

"I hope to see you at the shore, Mrs. Coddington, and in either this exquisite maize or silver pink."

"So you will be there? Do join our party—only Godfrey and sister Blanche and Nellie Bellburn and I—for next Thursday week. Have you engaged rooms? What shall you get new?"

It was certainly very delightful to be talked to thus, but, once home, there occurred little qualms of conscience, as, very, very gradually, she felt herself drawn into arrangements she knew were far beyond her reach.

And yet she consented to Mrs. Coddington's kind offer that Mr. Coddington should secure rooms for her with his party.

She made up her mind that the elegant stock of clothes that two hours ago she thought needed only a little renovation and a small addition to make it all that was necessary, would not do at all.

And so, besides the money her husband had given her being spent in the dozen and one trifling accessories that a well dressed toilette demands, there was folded away in a seldom used compartment of Mrs. Tremayne's pocketbook an unreceipted bill for fifty pounds, made out to Mr. Ellis Tremayne.

Effie's blue eyes were dancing and her cheeks flushed when she was set down with her parcels from Mrs. Coddington's carriage at her door.

She had time and to spare before Ellis came in to the five o'clock dinner to look over her purchases, that after all seemed very few and small considering that horrid bill in her pocketbook, that she dreaded to show her husband, for all the flushed gayety of her manner.

"Ah, is there any need to tell him now?" she reasoned, while she removed her walking suit and donned a lovely black tissue. "Not the slightest use to tell him before I go away. He'll only make a fuss, and I do hate a fuss. Besides, after I'm home again, perhaps I can save it out of the house money."

So she quieted her conscience with the hopefully specious promises, and the next day, finding it impossible to get ready by herself in time to go with Mrs. Coddington's party, was obliged to employ the services of a high priced dressmaker, whose bill for her work she tucked away in her pocketbook also, and thus swelled the indebtedness of her husband to be paid when she returned.

Ah, when she returned.

If she had only known, as she kissed her daintily hidden hand to her husband as he stood watching her off, with a look in his eyes that was mingled love, sternness, pride, annoyance and harassing worry.

* * * * * *

"One of the prettiest women at the seaside, and certainly the best dressed. She must be a banker's wife, at the least. Who did you say you understood she was?"

Old Mr. Wingfield put up his eyeglass as Mrs. Tremayne went by, fair to see as a lily, in her carriage dress of tender cream tint, with her lace covered, pink lined parasol making faint rosy shades on her clear blonde face and brilliant golden hair.

"She is Mrs. Ellis Tremayne, from London, with the Coddington's, I believe, and putting up at the Parade. A regular beauty, isn't she?"

Mr. Wingfield put his eyeglass slowly back, staring after the Coddington carriage.

"Mrs. Ellis Tremayne. I suppose her husband is here?"

"Not that I know of. Indeed, I think I heard young Bellburn say he was unable to leave his business—a bookkeeper or something, I believe, for a firm in the city."

Mr. Wingfield arose from his chair with an old smile on his face.

"Mrs. Tremayne must either be mistress of the wonderful economy of making a pound travel both ways, or else"—

A boy with a yellow envelope tapped him on the arm.

"Oh, a telegram; from my son, I presume. Wait a minute?"

He deliberately adjusted his glasses, and then opened the dispatch.

"Come at once. Everything traced to T. JAS. WINGFIELD."

And as he returned the paper to the envelope he looked up to see Mrs. Tremayne dashing by again, her face radiant with pleasure and excitement as Bellburn talked and laughed with her.

* * * * * * *

The pretty little house seemed so lonely and deserted after Effie had gone, and Ellis Tremayne threw himself wearily on the lounge in her boudoir, his face wearing marks of strangely contorted discouragement and excitement.

For an hour or two he lay there, his eyes closed, his figure motionless, and then he arose with a half groan of mental distress.

"This will never do. I shall go mad if I stay here with only my thoughts for"—

He had gone over to the little dressing bureau, carelessly taking up two little pieces of paper that Effie had entirely forgotten to hide, and a pallor, even more marked than his late deathly paleness, overspread his face as he saw the two formidable bills.

Then something very like an oath came from his set teeth.

"My temptation be on her head—my"—

He sprung suddenly to his feet as the doorbell pealed imperiously, and listened with no ordinary curiosity as a man's voice demanded to see Mr. Ellis Tremayne, and heard the servant usher his company into the drawing room.

Then he went slowly, slowly down stairs, into the presence of Mr. Wingfield and an officer.

"Mr. Tremayne, you are discovered in your neat system of embezzlement. Officer"—

Ellis stepped haughtily back.

"One moment, gentlemen, if you please. Mr. Wingfield, I am discovered. Twenty-four hours later I would have been beyond pursuit; as it is, what is the difference between a hunted life abroad, or—this?"

Quick as a flash, the pistol gleamed in the gaslight.

A report, a heavy fall that thundered through the house like a doom, and the husband of a woman that was too unwomanly to bear her share in the burden of life—the woman enjoying her brief hour of pleasure on the sunlit ocean shore—the woman who had it in her power, as all women who are wives have, to goad to destruction in some form or another, or guide to happiness and success, in some means or another, this husband, who was less wicked than weak, went to his reward.

And who shall say whose was the guilt?

Hers or not, who knelt and sobbed over his dead face, and tried to reason into silence an inner voice that refused to be still.

Sister wives, be you careful, lest, although your hands and hearts are not stained with a crime like this—and many a wife's hands and heart are thus reddened to day—be careful that it lays not at your door that your husbands lose all their faith and trust in woman's sacred vow as well as blessed privilege to share eagerly in their economies and many petty grievances that no household is without—that small though they now are, if not accepted in the spirit of patience, love and forbearance, are the little vexes that destroy the vine beyond the hope of recovery.

Murder in the Ring.

In Pennsville, Salem county, N. J., has been perpetrated one of those revolting crimes that too often shock the community, but which in this case has peculiarly horrible accessories that tend to magnify the occurrence. Two men, or brutes clothed in the garb of humanity, hailing from Philadelphia, fought a prize fight in the above named locality, and one of them gave up his life at the conclusion of the contest. Battered and bruised until he was almost unrecognizable, the dead man's body presented a fearful, horrible spectacle when found by the police on a Philadelphia dock. Now, possibly, the police will endeavor to find the murderer; but, had they acted with decision and prevented the departure of the roughs from their city, the fight and murder could not have occurred. They failed in their duty, and the entire community is shocked in consequence. It is a sad commentary upon our boasted civilization and progress, that while we are inviting the world to witness them, such scenes as this prize fight could occur, and, above all, owing to Philadelphia's negligence.

It is well known that certain prize fighters who had only recently been connected with a similar exhibition in New Jersey, were among the abettors in this contest at Pennsville, and had been in Philadelphia for days preparing for the fight. The police cannot plead ignorance of this fact, and they deserve, as they will receive, the condemnation of every pure-minded citizen throughout the land.

The very contest itself, too, was a disgrace to those concerned in its furtherance. The dead pugilist was a mere boy, only nineteen years old, and his opponent was a strong, stalwart man of over thirty.

The instigators of the contest will probably remain unpunished, but if the contumely and execration of mankind can have any effect upon their future, then can they rest assured that it will follow them wherever they go.

The Montenegrins.

The Montenegrin mountaineer and warrior is a man six feet in height, with grave, thoughtful face, singularly contrasting with his quick, nervous gait. He has high cheek bones, like an American Indian; his eye is black and piercing and his shoulders have a slight stoop produced by constantly bending forward as he ascends difficult heights. He is, perhaps, the most agile human being on European soil; there is no haunt of the chamois which he cannot follow; and even the goats sometimes hesitate to go after their shepherds when there is a dangerous path to be crossed. The Montenegrin women are often the objects of pity to travelers, but they claim no sympathy and acknowledge no hardships. Their destiny is to work and to suffer. They are not even welcomed into the world, and the birth of a daughter is regarded as a calamity. The girl grows up neglected and often cursed. She carries fagots of wood on her head that she may earn a few coins to buy arms for her brother. She has no youth, and is old at twenty-five. She is married young, and bears children while enduring labor in the fields which would be too hard even for strong men. The woman urges the warrior to the fight, loads his guns, and dresses his wounds. She is seldom beautiful of feature, and the coarse work which she performs soon ruins her form.

Demoralizing.

The condition of the industrial classes in northern Germany shows that flush times are quite as demoralizing as hard times. After the close of the Franco-German war wages rose to an unnatural level, all classes fancied that the flood tide of prosperity had set it in, thrift was discarded and luxuries became indispensable, a craving for wealth beset all classes and discontentment was fomented, and the ultimate result was deterioration of workmanship. Herr Reuleaux has summed it up: "The products of German workmen are wanting in finish, wanting in soundness, wanting in taste, and absolutely devoid of imagination." The best work in the world is done by contented workingmen who are moderately prosperous.

The claim holders in the African diamond fields are about to stop digging until the price of the precious stones advance. The *Cape Standard* says: "Diamonds are dirt cheap."

The Burning Forests.

It is a peculiarity common to all great fires, says the New York *Herald*, that they create their own winds by reason of the local rarefication of the atmosphere. The continuous indraught of air assists in extending the area of destruction and lends intensity to the flames by supplying the oxygen needed for their support. The heat is so great in advance of the line of fire that the vegetation becomes charred and deprived of its sap before the flames reach it, and it is, therefore, prepared for rapid combustion. Without an abundant rainfall it will be very difficult to arrest and extinguish these forest fires, especially on the parched mountain slopes of northern New Jersey and eastern Pennsylvania. Fortunately the coming weather changes will have the effect of creating rain areas along the line of the Ohio valley eastward toward the Atlantic coast and over the region in which the burning forests lie. But certain portions of the fire-swept country will receive but little of the rainfall, being situated to the eastward of the northern portion of the Alleghany mountains.

Ranges of lofty hills which lie transversely to the tracks of areas of low atmospheric pressure exercise the same influence on the movements of the latter as the cushion of a billiard table has on the moving ball that impinges upon it. The area of low pressure with its marginal rains is deflected from its direct course and forced to follow that which gives it the readiest means of resuming its eastward progress. The Alleghany range lies northeast and southwest, so that storm centers striking it on the western side are caused to move along parallel to its axis until the termination of the chain is reached north of the Catskill mountains, whence the storm moves eastward into New England. For this reason Albany may have a season of copious rains, while Newburgh and Poughkeepsie experience a prolonged drought. The regions now suffering from the forest fires are particularly affected by this topographical influence on the weather conditions, and it is really remarkable that they have not long since been denuded of their timber by such conflagrations.

The attempts of the local residents a fighting the fires in an almost waterless region will prove fruitless, so long as the efforts are confined to trying to extinguish the flames directly. Those engaged in such a work cannot approach near enough to arrest the advance of the devouring fire. All post and rail fences should be torn down and removed, and a wide belt of forest cut down about a quarter of a mile in advance of the conflagration. In felling the trees care should be taken to cut them so that those next the fire would fall with their tops toward it, but all the others should fall the other way—that is, present their butts to the flames. By this means a wide space would be created between the most combustible parts of the trees and time would be given to beat out the flames when they reached the heavier portions. If possible, the trees felled in the center of the clearing should be hauled as far away from the exposed line as possible. With the large force composing the army of the fighters, this work could be easily accomplished in a single day. The avenues of clearing so formed should be kept open as permanent safeguards against future forest fires.

Fashion Notes.

Old fashioned aprons with braces are striving for favor.

Paris houses are already designing autumn and winter costumes.

Embroidery is seen on all materials and mixtures of materials.

A new material for *neglige* toilets, called "rendumac," has suddenly become popular.

At Paris watering places the fashion of tie-back skirts is followed to the furthest possible limit.

The newest style for fall is the Heloise costume, so called because the bodice is fashioned after a mediæval type.

A new porte-bonheur is formed of seven porte-bonheurs twisted one with the other, and composing a single bracelet only.

A popular way of wearing the hair is in a French twist, with the ends made in two or three finger puffs on the top of the head.

Quilles or robings made of silver braid formed into network, will be worn during the autumn on sicilienne dresses of dark colors.

A bride indicates to her bridesmaids the precise costume which she desires them to wear, but they purchase these themselves.

Porpoise hide or kangaroo skin boots, and either thick woolen or silk stockings, are worn by ladies traveling abroad, for mountaineering.

A new form of needle case just introduced resembles a one-pound weight, and when open discloses a pincushion and several packets of needles.

A novelty in jewelry are rings composed of several narrow bands of gold, either plain or set with gems, miniature copies of porte-bonheur bracelets.

The latest fashion in bracelets is a gold bracelet with the wearer's name in Byzantine letters, but so interlaced and so large that they cover nearly half of the arms.

Catagon nets, composed of silk braid and ornamented with a ribbon bow at the top of the head and another at the bottom of the net, are designed for country wear during the summer months.

There are batiste flounces nearly covered with Eastern embroidery, to be used for ornamenting light silk dresses; they are worked in quaint shades, and the silk of the dress matches the pale faded tints of the backgrounds.

Indian gauzes in which faded colors are introduced, Persian gauzes with arabesques, and Egyptian gauzes with characteristic designs, are numbered among the popular Oriental goods now in demand for overdresses to evening toilets.

Fall and Winter Wraps.

A wrap of some warm material is usually the first garment purchased when cool autumn days arrive. Large importations of these, says a fashion journal, show the fashionable shapes to be enlarged editions of all the styles in vogue last year, viz.: Large mantles, long sacks, large dolmans, and long cloaks of both sack and circular shape. The size of these garments gives an air of comfort and warmth, and their simple trimming, usually a mere border, is in keeping with their plain and graceful style. Heavier materials are used than the cashmere and drap d'ete that of late have done service all winter, and these heavy goods are often wadded, and are always lined with silk or with farmer's satin. The soft pliableness of lighter wool fabrics is given to luxurious camel's hair cloths that are one-fourth of an inch thick, to diagonal stuffs, regular beaver cloth, and to the figured, basket, canvas and armure cloths. A great many rich black silk wraps are shown, but very few velvet garments are imported. It is said that fine cloth cloaks are to be the first choice next winter, and will become fashionable for dressy wear again, just as last season fine woolen stuffs were restored to favor for rich costumes.

Why he was Anxious.

Mr. Robinson went out to the cemetery the day after the interment of his wife and had an interview with the superintendent.

"What are your regulations in regard to monuments in this cemetery?" asked Mr. Robinson.

"Well, we hardly have any special rules. We let people do pretty much as they please."

"You wouldn't make a fuss," said Mr. Robinson, "if a man should put something original and novel over a grave, now would you? Something calculated to attract attention."

"No-n-no, I guess not. What have you in view?"

"Well, you see, Harriet was an uncommon patriotic woman; made socks for the soldiers during the war, and was all the time knitting fiddle-faddle things for sanitary fairs, and I thought maybe I'd get her up some kind of a red, white and blue monument, with a brass eagle on top, and the American flag flying from a pole. Perhaps I might put 'Hail, Columbia' in gilt letters on the stone on one side, and a picture of General Washington holding the Declaration of Independence in his hand on the other. How does that strike you?"

"It would be unique, anyhow."

"But what I wanted to see you about particularly was to know about the size. Now, would you allow me to make the monument about fifty feet high of some solid kind of stuff that'd spread over the ground a little piece?"

"Oh, yes! I s'pose so. It will be costly, though."

"Oh, I don't mind the cost. What I want is to get weight in the material so's it'll set heavy on the ground and stay there."

"You must have thought a great deal of Mrs. Robinson to expend so much money on her."

"Well, betwixt you and me that isn't exactly it. She was one of those restless, oneasy women that never'd stay quiet when you wanted her to, and it occurred to me that maybe something might happen to resuscitate her, and to tell you the honest truth my idea was to run up some kind of a monument that'd hold her down permanent—keep her there, you understand. I don't want her bustling about, now that she's stowed away as dead."

"You are probably not aware that we have introduced an alarm here which connects the vaults with the office, so that if a person returns to life out of a trance we can at once go to the rescue. Mrs. Robinson, you know, is in a vault temporarily."

"You don't mean to say," exclaimed Robinson, "that she's got one of the alarms anywhere near her?"

"Certainly she has."

"See here, now, I want to say something to you in private. The honest fact is, I'm about to marry the Widder Jones, and if I can make any little arrangement with you to snip off that wire for a few days until Mrs. Robinson is thoroughly dead, it'll be money in your pocket."

"Can't do it, sir."

"Because you see for yourself how thundering embarrassing it's going to be if the old lady should come to and begin to stir around just after me and Mrs. Jones were comfortably married. Now wouldn't it? Look at it in a common sense light. So if you could muffle up that machine somehow, or give me some kind of a written guarantee that she won't resurrect, it'll be regarded as a personal favor. Do they ever come to?"

"One old lady revived last week, after she had been in the vault three days."

"My gracious, man, you take my breath away! Why, it's awful! Upon the whole, I believe I'll run Mrs. Robinson out and bury her in the burying ground. I'll send over a man for her this afternoon, and put her in a hole forty feet deep. I never did like these cemeteries anyway, with their new fangled notions. So you be ready to ship her off when that fellow comes with the wagon."

Mrs. Robinson is now entombed securely, and Mrs. Jones and Robinson are one.

Rufus Choate's Fence.

I suppose that the story about Rufus Choate's handwriting has been told often. It seems that Mr. Choate, while living on a farm down in Massachusetts, wanted a new fence around the home lot. So he called in his carpenter and had a talk with him about the work, and the next time he went to Boston he got his architect to make a rough sketch, showing his ideas of how he desired the fence to be built. On the day appointed for the work to begin Mr. Choate was summoned away. Just as he was about to start the carpenter appeared, and Mr. Choate pulled the plan out of his vest pocket, and hurriedly delivered it, and then drove off to catch the train. Returning after an absence of two weeks, on approaching his home, he was filled with amazement, and led to doubt whether he knew where he lived; his home lot was surrounded by a zigzag fence of most extraordinary design. When he saw the old carpenter pounding lustily away, he felt reassured as to the identity of the place, but most puzzled by the marvelous fence.

"Hello!" he shouted. "What are you doing?"

"Doin'!" said the old carpenter, smashing in a tenpenny nail with one blow. "We're doin' some pooty tall work. We've just slung this fence together in a little bit less time than any similar slingin' was ever done in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts! We're two days ahead of contract time now!"

"But, for Heaven's sake, what kind of a fence is this?"

"Don't know. Thought when you gi' me the plan it was the darndest fence I ever heard off, but I supposed you knew what you wanted."

"Plan!" said Rufus, "plan? Let me see the plan!" and when the carpenter handed it over the fence, Mr. Choate realized that in his haste he had felt in the wrong pocket, and handed him, not the plan, but a note in his own handwriting.

Posted.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: A Gloucester letter writer says codfish are caught with a line thirty fathoms long, provided with four hooks, which are baited with "porgie." That kind of stuff may do to tell away down in Gloucester, where the people aren't posted, but out West here we have seen too many codfish swaying from the grocery awning in the summer breeze not to know better than all that gibbering gosh about lines and hooks. You don't catch codfish, you buy them, just like mackerel.

CORN IN ENGLAND.—Indian corn has attained a permanent footing as an article of food in England, and to our agriculturists this is a matter of much importance. In 1875 about a million tons of corn were imported into Great Britain. English people, however, do not receive the article in all its original sweetness. It must undergo a process called kiln drying, or it would heat in the barrels. This process is performed before grinding, and requires great care.

The Japanese have arranged for an international exposition, to take place shortly after that of France has closed.

A Brave Woman.

A story in *Scribner's Monthly*, entitled "A Little Centennial Lady," has the following regarding Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Cromwellian memory:

"There are high-paneled walls, on which hang the old English Fairfaxes; here a Vandyke of the great Parliamentary general, "Black Tom," of Cromwell's time, clad in leather doublet, sash and gorget, and starting from the canvas with a strange fire which a couple of centuries have not yet dimmed any more than they have the luster of his fame."

Among many historical reminiscences of General Fairfax one in particular is revived by the perusal of the above. In the year of grace 1644 James, seventh Earl of Derby, Lord of the Isle of Man, placed his vast wealth, numerous vassals and his life (which he subsequently lost on the scaffold) at the disposition of his king. Obliged to absent himself from his territory in the service of his sovereign, he left in charge his wife, Charlotte de la Tremouille, descended from the illustrious houses of Bourbon and Nassau. During that absence Sir Thomas Fairfax came to demand of the Countess of Derby possession of the island, in the name of the Parliament and Oliver Cromwell. Alone with her young children, an insufficient and undisciplined garrison, she asked for a month to consider the proposition. The Parliamentary general, through a mean intrigue with one of the countess' retainers, believing himself authentically informed that the garrison was not in a condition to resist successfully a vigorous attack, curtly answered: "Not a day's," and he departed to begin that siege from which he retired after three months of incessant action, utterly discomfited, with a loss of 2,000 men. The heroic courage of Charlotte de la Tremouille animated her faithful soldiers. She taught them by her own lofty and steadfast endurance to prefer death to dishonor.

She feared neither shot nor shell, and more than once a cannon ball passed through her chamber, but she made light of every peril which threatened her own person. The Eagle tower still rose imperiously in its untouched strength, the banner of the Stanleys waving proudly over it. But she was destined to encounter Sir Thomas Fairfax again, under less propitious circumstances, after seven years of conflict, broken in spirit by the death of her noble husband, who had just been executed at Bolton, in Lancashire, of whom it was said: "He died gallantly, piously, like a Cavalier." In the supreme hour of her sorrow, on the very night of her husband's death, while reading his last letter, she received a summons from General Fairfax to surrender the island. In this extremity, her heart wrung with grief, the indomitable spirit of the line of Nassau showed itself in the action of the undaunted Charlotte de la Tremouille.

She came forth bracing up her energies to action, resolved that the honor of her house should not be lost so long as a woman's head could contrive means to preserve it or a woman's influence sway the hands of others. But treachery nullified the efforts of the bereaved lady through the agency of a miscreant who had been from his earliest youth the recipient of unbounded favors from the Earl of Derby, and to whose care on the scaffold that confiding nobleman had committed his countess and her children. By the action of this creature, who betrayed them to General Fairfax for a consideration, Charlotte and her children found themselves prisoners in their own castle. She was cast into prison and kept there reduced to the lowest penury, her children starving around her, whilst General Fairfax enjoyed her revenues and reveled in his greatness as Lord of Man. Her great heart, overwhelmed with grief and endless sorrow, burst in pieces. She died in 1651.

Going to Sea.

It is not many years since, says the New York *Times*, that our merchant marine was almost wholly manned by men from the seaboard towns and villages of the New England and Middle States. And though but few of the present protectory laws then existed, the trials in court for ill usuage and cruelty at sea were then comparatively few; and the desertion of the crew in a foreign port was likewise an infrequent event. A hearty good feeling and sympathy existed between the officers and the sailors, who felt that they were working together for a common purpose; and this was strengthened by the fact that the subordinates were often friends and relatives of their superiors in rank, and were working for promotion. Now, however, there is a distinct type of sailor, who is as much looked down upon by the officers of a vessel as the Helots were by the ancient Spartans, and perhaps as deservedly so. The young man who goes to sea, before the mast, for the purpose of acquiring a thorough knowledge of the profession is now an exceptional person; and even with our reduced commerce, there is a greater demand for officers of vessels than would seem possible to those who have not looked into this subject. Those who die off, or who, from old age, quit the service, leave but few to take their place who have been properly educated from the forecastle upward. The entire service has become demoralized, and parents do not care to trust their sons under such influences.

Loss of Self-Control in Battle.

Count de Paris gives some curious instances of the loss of self-possession among soldiers in the heat of battle. He states that among 24,000 loaded muskets picked up at random on the Gettysburg battlefield, one-fourth only were properly loaded, 12,000 contained each a double charge, and the other fourth from three to ten charges. In some there were six balls to a single charge of powder; others contained six cartridges, one on top of the other without having been opened. A few had twenty-three complete charges regularly inserted. Finally in the barrel of a single musket there were found completely jumbled together twenty-two balls and sixty-two buckshots, with a proportionate quantity of powder! "But we should not severely criticise the American soldier," adds the author, "for it appears that an examination of the battlefields of the Crimea gave similar results."

WHAT IT WOULD HAVE.—Speaking of the last prize fight, the New York *Herald* says: Two vicious brutes, known to pugilistic fame as "Jimmy" Weeden and "Billy" Walker, both of Philadelphia, met in the prize ring and pounded each other until "Billy" Walker died. We raise no objection whatever to ruffians like these killing each other, but as the law has declared such a mode of slaying murder we sincerely hope that Pennsylvania law will send "Jimmy" after "Billy" by the best line that can be procured for the purpose.

THE COBBLER'S LAST WORDS.—"I feel that I wax weaker each succeeding day, and that I am fast approaching my end; a few more stitches and all will be over; and I shall go where there is rest for the weary sole, and every sorrow will be heeled." Having said awl he wished, he calmly breathed his last.

THE TRAMPS' PARADISE.

Camps of Idle Vagrants in the New Jersey Swamps—How They Live.

The main retreat of the tramps in Eastern New Jersey, a correspondent of the *Sun* says, is in the groves and swamps bordering the Pennsylvania railroad a short distance above Waverley station. As this point is nearly midway between Elizabeth and Newark, the officers of both cities disclaim jurisdiction over it, and the tramps, recognizing it as neutral grounds, have taken possession. Night after night during the past four months their camp fires have lighted up the swamp, and crowds of males and females have held carnival beneath the trees. Tramps of every nationality, age, and condition resort to this rendezvous, and the farmers of the adjacent district have suffered so severely from their depredations that they have determined to take the matter into their own hands, and drive out the marauders. The Pennsylvania railroad company has also suffered from their piracies and lawlessness, as new and old ties have been burned, telegraph poles have been injured, and trains have been stoned by some of the drunken miscreants. A few nights ago at least thirty of these outcasts were congregated in and around a blazing log fire far in among the trees in the swamp. Interspersed among the crowd were five hideous looking women. One of the peculiar yelps of one of the men in the gang, while passing a farmyard at night, it is said, will set every dog in the neighborhood to howling, and he is further distinguished as one of the most adroit thieves on the road. Not far off sat four men playing "seven up" for pennies, and scattered around in various positions were a dozen of more, chatting or making preparations for "turning in" for the night. Empty tomato cans, ham bones, broken crackers, and feathers, the *debris* of former feasts, were scattered on the ground.

A short distance above, cooking their evening meal, were several strange tramps, ragged, filthy, and, judging from their language, "down on" the crowd below. One of the party, dirtier and more piratical in appearance than his companions, was pointed out as "French Lou." He said that he had just reached "the retreat" the night before, and had been robbed of a silver watch by the other gang, pointing over his shoulder. "Wait and see," said another, in a significant way, "if we don't get square yet wid dem fellows. We'll put up a job on 'em that'll make 'em sick." When questioned as to work and the prospects, the Frenchman—who spoke excellent English—replied: "Work! What do we care for work when there's plenty to eat without it?" "That's so," chimed in another. "It's no use for us to attempt to work; we couldn't get any if we tried. Down in Philadelphy, the other day, I was arrested and locked up for asking for work, and do you think I'll run that risk again? Why, the country is rich enough to support such gentlemen as we be, and then not feel it. Talk about hard times, why these are just bully!"

"How about the coming winter?"

The tramps made no reply for a minute or so, when a little dried-up fellow answered: "We'll get along well enough. We understand our business, and if there isn't bet times in the big cities by Christmas, I'm a fool."

"Tain't going to be like it was last winter, you can just bet your bottom dollar," said another. "We'll have something to live on; and if we have to fight for it, why we'll do that."

The night following, a Troy molder, while walking along the railroad track, with a little bundle in his hand, was accosted by three tramps from the swamp, who demanded his money. The molder knocked the spokesman down; but before he could realize his peril was in turn knocked down, and was robbed of $1 50—all the money he possessed. Two of his assailants even wanted to take his bundle, but were persuaded by the third of the party to let him retain it, and he was suffered to go on his way upon giving his promise not to tell the police.

"The retreat," as it is known to the tramps, is silent during the day, its regular denizens being out on begging tours in adjacent towns or cities, or among the farmers in the vicinity. Toward dusk they may be seen returning, "dropping in" from the railroad track and country road, singly, or in pairs, and are lost sight of in the thicket which screens their haunts from the road. A farmer who lives in the vicinity estimates that, since the commencement of the present year, fully one thousand chickens, young turkeys and geese have been stolen from himself and his neighbors; their fences have been torn down, their cows milked in their pastures, and, in several instances, their orchards stripped of the green fruit. They are now apprehensive that the corn in the fields will suffer unless prompt action for the driving away of tramps is inaugurated.

Life in Arizona.

An Eastern gentleman engaged in mining in Arizona has written to a friend in New York, giving an account of the difficulties under which mining operations are prosecuted in that Territory. He says: The amount of progress I make seems to me small, but you can have no idea of the difficulties which have to be constantly met and overcome. The labor is very unreliable, and it is hard to get a day's work for a day's pay, and there is a strong feeling of jealousy between the whites and Mexicans which is hard to overcome. The weather is hot beyond belief. Never, I think, less than ninety degrees in the shade, and from that up to 120 degrees. There is no lumber in the country, and all the building has to be done with cottonwood poles, and hauled five miles on jackasses to the mine. In addition, I have had to pack water five miles, as we have had no rain, and the tanks at the mine are exhausted. We have now killed three rattlesnakes in the house, besides any quantity of scorpions, etc. In opening my trunk I was stung in the finger by a scorpion. I bound a poultice of onions and tobacco on the wound and drank three full pints of whisky. It make me very drunk, and I think killed the other poison, although my whole hand and arm was numb for a day or two. It is a pretty hard country, and three men have already died of thirst near here. My last letters were sent here from the —— mine (only fourteen miles distant) by an old Scotchman. The letters did not arrive, and we searched for him and found him dead only four miles from camp. He was stripped and his nails were worn from his hands by scratching in the sand for water. We have sent out twice and brought in men who were crazy and blind and speechless from thirst. The sun is terribly hot, and the rocks so hot that they blister the flesh if touched. You can hardly realize what a country it is, nor how expensive it is, as well as hard work, to accomplish much. Transportation, more than anything else, is the great bugbear.

A few days since the poor Empress Charlotte escaped from the Chateau de Lacken, where she is still under care. After finding her it was difficult to make her