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"Behind Her Fan."

Behind her fan of downy fluff,
Sewed on soft saffron satin stuff,
With peacock feathers, purple-eyed,
Caught daintily on either side,
The gay coquette displays a puff.

Two blue eyes peep above the buff;
Two pinky, pouting lips, * * * enough!
That cough means surely come and hid e
Behind her fan.

The bark of hope is trim and tough,
So out I venture on the rough,
Uncertain sea of girlish pride.
A breeze! I tack against the tide—
Capture a kiss and catch a cuff—
Behind her fan.

Frank D. Sherman, in the Century.

Who Is Your Doctor?

"Who is your doctor?
A pertinent question,
And one that troubles
Two-thirds of the world,
Who after life's frolics
Have spasms and colics,
And pains through the veins
And the arteries hurled.

Who is your doctor?
Of allo——and home——
Of quack and botanic.
Who has your employ?

Who is your doctor?
The wise ones will answer,
Good air and good diet,
Good conscience, good hours,
Contempt for bad passions,
Bad tastes and bad fashions,
That rosy health's pathway
Be strewn with bright flowers.

HIS WORD OF HONOR.

The "Green Dragon," at Orpington, assumed to be an inn, was really little more than a wayside public house. Mr. Hunter, landlord and proprietor, was therefore not a little surprised and flurried when [illegible] one October afternoon, a young man having a great coat over his arm, a light bag in one hand, and a stick in the other, presented himself at the bar of the "Green Dragon," and asked languidly if he could be accommodated with a bed and a sitting-room.

"A bed, sir?" replied Mr. Hunter, a big man with red face and gray hair; "yes, I think we can manage to give you a bed."

"And a sitting-room?"

"A sitting-room?" echoed the landlord, in the tone of one who is considering some great undertaking; "one minute, if you please, sir."

And Mr. Hunter disappeared into the little room immediately adjoining the bar, there to hold counsel with some second person; the upshot being that, in a few minutes, Mrs. Hunter, Miss Hunter, and a few Hunters just out of the crawling state, issued forth, bearing respectively working materials, socks in process of being mended, tin whistles, and decapitated dolls.

"You can have this room all to yourself, sir," said Mr. Hunter, triumphantly.

"You really must not let me disturb you," replied the traveler.

"Don't you mention it," replied the landlord, in a tone which was at once genial and confidential; "we would not turn a customer away from our doors. You see, we do not have much parlor company."

"And this is the only room you have that is disengaged?"

"Well, yes, sir; this is the only room at present. Susan! coals for the gentleman's fire."

The traveler having, as he thought, shown a due amount of consideration for the comfort of Mrs. Hunter and the young Hunters, was glad enough to enter the apartment alluded to, and to draw close to the fire the one dilapidated arm-chair.

Arthur Seaton, barrister by profession, and literary by choice, was not really more than thirty, though he looked considerably older; for the dark hair and beard were streaked with gray, and the face, with its regular, handsome features, wore a look of such intense mental weariness as would have saddened the most hopeful man had he looked on it for long.

For some time he leaned indolently back, his hands clasped behind his head; at length he rose and took from his bag a locked diary, which he opened, and availing himself of pen and ink which stood upon the table, made the following entry:

"October 17, 1874.—Got up late. Called on the Brainstones; George was out. Had a pleasant chat with Annie; went, like a fool, to Richmond, and, like a fool, haunted the Well house. It looked just the same as in the old, dear days, but I heard children playing in the garden. The house is let, I believe, to city people. Came back to London; dined at the Pall Mall; went to the club. Got back to chambers late. Wrote a column—'Review.' A weary, weary day. Shall I never, never know a moment's forgetfulness?"

He drew then from the leaves of the diary a letter written in a delicate feminine hand and addressed, "Arthur Seton, Esq., 12 Gray's Inn." This letter he regarded with a long, sad, loving look; then, resting his head on his hand, he read it through very slowly. It ran as follows:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR: If you will be so suspicious, so jealous and exacting, I cannot see how we are ever to be happy. Faith without works is dead, and love without faith is no blessing, but a weary burden. I am tired of cross words and looks. Some women, I believe, like the feverish excitement of quarrels, but I only wish for peace. This miserable, petty jealousy is quite unworthy of you. Do try and put it from you; and remember that love, once wounded, is sometimes hurt past hope of recovery. I received your article quite safely, but I cannot speak about it now. You have made me too sad, too weary, and even a little indignant.

"Yours affectionately,

"ALICE CLAREFIELD."

He replaced the letter, closed the diary, took up his pipe and began smoking. The early part of this day had been fine and mild, but toward the afternoon the sky grew all at once leaden, and the wind shifted to the northeast. Now the wind was rising and the rain was falling—a cold, penetrating, impetuous, determined rain.

For want of something better to do Seton began to write a letter; but he made slow work with it. For minutes together he sat holding the pen listlessly in his hand, leaning his arm wearily upon the table, listening, as we all listen when alone, to what sounds may be going on near us, from a feeling which is not curiosity, but more overpowering.

Suddenly what must have been a very light vehicle dashed swiftly down the road and drew up with great precision at the door of the "Green Dragon," while the voice of a new-comer became audible. Seton, however, could only catch a few disconnected words, such as "caught in the rain—delicate—shelter—Chiselhurst—closed carriage."

Then the door opened, the landlord presented himself upon the threshhold, and said, in a very pointed manner:

"If you please, sir, a young lady, driving over to Sevenoaks in a light, open trap has been caught in the rain, and her servant wants to know if I can give her a sitting-room while he drives back to Chislehurst for a closed carriage."

"And this is the only one you have?" repined Seton. "Oh, ask her in by all means. However, I am sorry the room smells so of smoke," he added, as he knocked the ashes from his pipe.

"Don't mention it, sir, and thank you very much," replied the landlord.

In another moment the door opened again, and the unexpected intruder entered—a lady, tall and very graceful, having a pale, Madonna-like face, and golden hair shining like an aureole round a small, classic head.

Seton's face had grown white to the very lips, and his voice quivered perceptibly as, extending his hand, he said:

"This is a very unexpected meeting."

"Very unexpected," echoed the lady, removing her wet mantle, and sitting down on the leather sofa. The recognition had been mutual, but women, as a general thing, have more self-possession than the sterner sex.

"Let me recommend this chair," said Seton, laying his hand upon the one from which he had just risen. "No, thank you; I prefer sitting away from the fire."

"I am sorry the room should smell so of tobacco," observed Seton, after a pause, "but you see I did not expect the pleasure of a visitor."

She smiled a rather forced smile by way of answer, and Seton folded elaborately and put into an envelope a blank sheet of paper.

"The country is very beautiful around here," he observed, writing his own name with great care upon the envelope.

"We have only been back from the Continent six weeks," she observed, after a pause. "Mamma has taken a house near Chiselhurst. I was driving over to Sevenoaks [illegible] this morning, and I was caught in the rain, and induced to ask for shelter here."

"And how is Mrs. Clarefield?"

"Mamma is quite well, thank you." Then after a pause, in a full, sweet, low contralto voice, which had a ring of infinite pathos, "Are you stopping here?"

"Hardly," said Seton, with an assumption of gayety in his tone, "but I'll tell you all about it. My friends kindly took it into their heads that I was sticking too closely to work—that I wanted fresh air and exercise—so they bound me over on my word of honor to walk from London to Hastings in a week. I acquiesce in everything now, so, of course, acquiesced in this, and this is my first day of hard labor and imprisonment."

"But you used—" began the lady; then she colored a little, and seemed unwilling to finish her sentence; "you used to be so fond of walking."

"But a man changes a good deal in three years," he replied, wearily.

It would weary you, dear reader, and to no purpose, were I to set down here the dreary commonplaces with which these two tried to beguile the time for over an hour. At length, worn out by the arduous effort of trying to entertain each other while their thoughts were so far away, they took refuge in silence, while the wind roared, and the rain lashed the window, and the dusk came on prematurely, and Seton, looking out on the cheerless prospect, shivered as with the cold. Then that other person rose very quietly and stirred the fire into a blaze, and resumed her seat on the sofa.

"No, you shouldn't, really," said Seton, not turning round, however, though with a look of great pain on his face. It is wonderful what suffering some small, commonplace word or action may cause us. What vistas of possible joys may they not open up to us!

"I suppose the carriage will soon be back," said Alice, presently, and speaking with effort, "and our coachman drives so fast too."

"Yes, and your term of imprisonment will soon be up," rejoined Seton, resting his arm upon the mantelpiece, and examining with critical interest a photograph before him.

"How the time passes!" said Alice, in a low voice, as if speaking to herself. Then, with sudden energy, "I cannot tell when we shall meet again. Before we part, answer me one question. You are looking worn and weary—are you happy?"

Now he stood before her, and through the dusk and the firelight his eyes flashed on her, as he said, in a low, harsh voice:

"From your lips that question is an insult."

"Of which you need not fear the repetition," she rejoined, promptly, with cutting formality.

"No, it can't end like this," he went on. "Do you know, ever since you have been here, I have bitten my lips through and through to keep them from speaking of the past? This meeting was not of your seeking, and it seems to me unmanly to take advantage of this opportunity."

"We are sometimes so mistaken," she said, hurriedly, but her words were hardly audible, and he continued:

"Alice, you have treated me very ill. On that day, now three years ago, when I gave you my love, and believed in yours, I was frank with you. I told you how wild and irregular my life had been, and how full of faults I was. You reclaimed me—you transformed my days—you made life, all at once, pure and fair; and then, because some thorn in my love hurt you, you threw it all away and left me to perish miserably." She would have interrupted him, but he silenced her with a gesture, and went on: "And now when we meet, after three years, you ask me if I am happy. If I loved you once, I shall love you forever. Do I look happy?"

"I think there were faults on both sides," she said, quietly.

"Yes, perhaps there were," he replied; "but I was reading your last letter over only to day. Oh, how terribly bitter it was!"

"And have you forgotten your answer to that letter?" she said, passionately, her voice quivering and her breast heaving.

"I don't remember it word for word," he returned, quickly; "I know it was written on the impulse of the moment."

"But I have it by heart." Then, very slowly: "You said if your love, in its heart and strength, was a little exacting, mine was cold and tideless; in fact, no love, only a cold, sluggish affection. You almost thought I was right, and that we could not be happy. I am naturally proud," she went on; "but a woman with less pride than I could not have acted differently. Only one course was left to me—to be silent."

"Well—it is all over now; we shall probably never meet again."

"You won't take my friendship, then?"

"No, thank you; you are very generous, but I do not want that gift."

He drew himself wearily into a chair, and for a time there was a complete silence. Hope is so subtle, so intangible, that we are only aware of its existence when it has ceased to be. Arthur Seton looked upon himself as a man quite without hope. It seemed to him that his life could hardly be more desolate than it was, yet who shall say what feeling, of which he was not directly conscious, may have sustained him during the last three years. Now everything seemed gone—there was nothing left for him but death.

Presently carriage wheels came down the road; carriage lamps flashed through the dusk, and grew stationary opposite the window. Mr. Hunter bustled in and announced, in a tone of triumph, that the carriage had come for the young lady, and had done the distance wonderfully quick. Then the door shut, and they were alone together again.

Softly and distinctly Seaton heard her say his name, "Arthur!" but he did not move. It seemed to him that he would keep back all his love, clinch fast his heart till she was gone, and then die swiftly of the pain.

"Arthur, I am waiting, dear. Won't you come? Are you not going to forgive me?"

Now he rose and groped his way toward her like a blind man. She stretched out her hand and drew him to her. Then he bent down; she raised her face, and the hearts and lips so long disunited came together in a long, passionate kiss. He knelt down by her, her head sank upon his shoulder, and for several minutes they remained thus, lost in love's profound peace and mystery. And the corks continued to pop, and the wagoners on their way to London tramped in and out of the bar, and good-nights were exhanged between customers and landlord, and as Arthur folded Alice's mantle around her, she said, shyly:

"You are coming back with me to see mamma, are you not?"

"May I?" he answered, great joy evident in his face and voice.

So the bedroom which Mrs. Hunter had been preparing all the afternoon, and of which she was not a little proud, remained unoccupied; but the payment was lavish and the day's labor was not regretted.

Oh! that never-to-be-forgotten ride to Chiselhurst through the wild, windy evening! And the rain ceased, and strange voices were abroad in the wind, singing jubilantly over love rerisen and redeeming. And the clouds drifted away, and the pure, sweet moonlight quivered over wet fields and trees, and seemed love's benediction.

I leave you to imagine the arrival home. Arthur had always been a favorite with Mrs. Clarefield, and in the old days of quarrels she used always to take his part. When dinner had at last been disposed of, Mrs. Clarefield pleaded household duties and went to her bedroom. There she sat down before the fire and wept profusely, dear soul, over the happiness of her children. And down-stairs these two were very quiet. To them love was a very solemn thing, and they were solemn lovers. And the wonderful, priceless moments went silently and swiftly by.

Presently Alice said, as she looked up in Arthur's face:

"You are not going to continue your walk to Hastings this week?"

And he answered, with a smile:

"But, my dear, I have pledged my word of honor to do so."

"And I command you to break it."

Yes, and he did break it; but none of his friends brought it as an accusation against him that for once in his life he had broken his word of honor.

The Future of the Mormon System.

In the *Century* the "Legal Aspects of the Mormon Problem" are discussed by Arthur G. Sedgwick, who concludes as follows:

The failure of the attempt to break up the Mormon system by congressional legislation does not by any means show that the Mormon system will ultimately prevail in Utah. The operation of natural causes is certain in the long run to sap the foundations of polygamy. The railroads have already brought the Teritory into communication with the rest of the country, and the development of the mines must ultimately bring in a large Gentile population—almost altogether male. A strong tendency in the direction of marriages between Gentile men and the daughters of Mormon parents must spring up. Indeed, this is said to show itself already. There is no surplus of women in the West from which to recruit polygamous households; the births of the two sexes are always very nearly equal, and the Mormon population is no longer being rapidly increased from abroad, as it was in the times of the early persecution of the church. It is now stationary, or nearly so, and being rapidly hemmed in by a community having a social system which all experience shows is the only one permanently adapted to modern industrial life.

As the Territory fills up and the Mormons are brought more and more into relations with the rest of the world, one of the strongest internal causes of disintegration will unquestionably be the sense of shame operating upon the younger female generation. In the natural course of things some of the daughters of Mormon householders must marry Gentiles, and others, who do not marry outside the church, will be made keenly aware that they are surrounded by a community which regards their position as a degraded one. As long as they could keep themselves separated from the rest of the world this Gentile feeling was of little consequence to them. It did not affect them in their daily life; it was something remote from them which they did not even need to disregard. This cannot continue forever, and indeed a change must begin if it has not begun already, as soon as the surrounding monogamic Gentile system of marriage has a fair opportunity to enter into competition with its rival. Under these circumstances there is nothing to be done with the Mormons but to let them alone. Persecution has been tried and has only served to strengthen and increase them. Law has been tried and has proved of no avail, because it has not been enforced. From the circumstances of the case it cannot be.

The Teeth of the Ancient Greeks.

One of the most remarkable features of the discovery of the band of Thebans who fell at Chæronea is that, according to the report, all the teeth of each member of the sacred band are sound and complete. Either these gallant patriots were exceptionally lucky, or the condition of teeth in old Greece was enviably different from that of later and more degenerate days. The Romans were well acquainted with the evils that attend on the possession of teeth and had some little knowledge of the use of gold in counteracting these evils. If we remember rightly, an exception to the rule of not burying precious objects with departed Romans was made in favor of gold that had been used for stopping teeth. We moderns may compare favorably with the skill of our dentists, but we cannot pretend to rival the defenders of Thebes in their superiority to the necessity for these gentlemen. Rare indeed are the happy mortals of to-day who can truly boast that their teeth are in the perfect condition that nature intended, and that the craft of the dentist has never been employed over them. It would be exceedingly difficult to select from our army, or any modern army, three hundred men with teeth as sound as those of the Theban warriors are reported to be.—*London Times.*

In Kansas liquor is now given out upon physicians' certificates. A correspondent says one patient, whose sole complaint was a boil on the arm, had prescribed for him in eleven days ten pints of "spiritus frumenti" and thirty bottles of beer.

There are 50,000 children in Chicago debarred from attending school for lack of accommodations.

ITALY'S NATIONAL DISH.

The Modus Operandi of Macaroni Making and Eating—Uncouth Ways of Living Among the Romans.

A Rome (Italy) letter says: Yesterday, after a good dish of macaroni, cooked as only my landlady knows how to cook it, I suddenly bethought me to write a letter on Italy's national dish. We will first begin by preparing the meat for it—as this may be eaten by itself even if no macaroni be added to it. This way of cooking meat is called umido in Rome, which means moist. In the English language it would perhaps be called stew. I will give the directions for one pound of meat, which can be increased in quantity according to necessity. The meat taken must be a square off the rump of beef without a morsel of fat. The ingredients are, therefore: One pound of rump of beef, without fat or bone; one ounce of the fat of bacon, such as is used for larding meat in general; one ounce of butter; one ounce of tomato paste; a bunch of mixed herbs (a leaf of each sufficient); one large onion; (some persons add a grain of garlic, but it is quite as good if not better without it); a wine-glass of wine (dregs of port wine—end of bottle, etc).

Having procured the necessary ingredients take the fat of bacon and beat it into a paste (in a mortar) together with the herbs; then pour this paste into a saucepan, and over this the butter and over that the meat, and over this the onion cut into shreds, and over all a sprinkling of salt and pepper. Then put the saucepan on the fire and leave it there to boil in its own fat, without a drop of any other liquid, until the meat is well browned and the onion is reduced to a paste like the bacon fat and butter. Then add a wineglass of wine and again leave to boil, until the wine is well amalgamated with the rest. Then melt the tomato paste in a little water or stock, and pour this over the meat, and then leave all to simmer for a couple of hours.

That is all. It does not seem very difficult, nor is it, if you follow the directions to the letter. Of course, during the early part of the process, until the simmering begins, for instance, you must watch that the meat or bacon fat, etc., does not burn. After the tomato paste is put in all may be left to simmer, there is no fear, and you may take a walk, if you will, and nothing will spoil during your absence.

When you eat this dish without macaroni you may add a few small or cut potatoes to the gravy. When the potatoes are boiled or partly boiled, they are put in the saucepan and allowed to simmer with the whole until served. But you may also serve the meat with its gravy and nothing else, and this is, I think, the best way.

Italians always precede this dish with a dish of macaroni, which is here eaten, you know, instead of soup.

Half a pound of macaroni is reckoned for each person, as also is half a pound of meat. Bought macaroni requires half an hour to boil, and the water must be kept on the boil, like for plum puddings. Mind that the saucepan is very large in which you boil the macaroni, as it swells like rice in boiling, and have boiling water ready to fill in, as the macaroni absorbs the water. Do not forget to add salt to the water.

After the macaroni is boiled strain it off from the water; then place a soup dish over the boiling water to keep it warm, and put in the macaroni by layers. Over each layer you place a slice of butter, a spoonful of the gravy of the meat, and a spoonful of grated Parmesan cheese. When you have thus seasoned the whole macaroni, mix up all quickly and lightly (not to crush the macaroni) and serve very hot. Do not attempt to brown it before the fire or in the oven, as English and American cooks generally do—that is not macaroni. The macaroni must not be seasoned, therefore, until it has to be served; you had better wait than have the macaroni spoiled; that is why Italians always begin dinner by an ante-pasta, that is, a "before-meal" course, of sardines, anchovies, dried ham, or sausages etc., to while away the time required to season the macaroni. Grated cheese (like salt and pepper) should always be on the table for those who may wish to add any seasoning to the macaroni. Macaroni is eaten with the fork only; with a little practice it becomes quite easy to twist the macaroni round and round the fork; if not, it is broken by the fork, helped by a crust of bread in the left hand, like fish used to be eaten before fish knives and forks were invented.

To eat macaroni perfectly, however, it should be made at home, and this is as easy to do as to make pastry.

It is made with flour, water, butter, and the yolk of an egg. When the paste is made—rolled out as thin as a wafer—it is left hanging a short time, say half an hour or even an hour, to dry; then it is rolled round and round, as if to make a "roll" pudding, and when it is thus rolled tightly together the roll is cut into strips, as narrow as mere line, if you wish, or as wide as a ribbon. The size of these strips is quite ad libitum. When cut in this way you shake up the whole, when a heap of macaroni will fill the table. According to the size of these strips a different name is given to the macaroni, but the different name does not alter the taste, which is the same, whether the strips be as thin as a watch cord or an inch wide.

Homemade macaroni takes very much less time to boil than bought macaroni. Ten minutes will generally boil homemade macaroni.

Italians generally make their own macaroni the same day they require to eat it, or they order it to be made on purpose for them, stale macaroni being sent abroad. It does not spoil by keeping as bread does, but it is never so good as when freshly made.

After the macaroni the umido is eaten as a separate dish, of course; and this, with ordinary families, completes the usual dinner.

If a friend is invited to eat "macaroni" with any one, however, immediately after the macaroni comes a dish of fritto, for which Italians are celebrated, and then comes the umido and then a dish of roast veal or fowl and a salad. Sweets are eaten only on grand occasions—family festivals, name days, church holidays, etc.

But, however great the festival may be, or however numerous the guests or dishes may be, knives and forks are never changed, excepting for fish or sweets, and then they are not changed but merely wiped.

There is no table luxury in Italian families, even in those in easy circumstances. The table linen is coarse and unironed. The plates are of the coarsest kitchen ware. I need only tell you that the old "Willow" pattern is here considered a luxury. One glass is used for all the dinner, even if several different wines are drunk, and no one seems to think or suppose that a change of knives, forks and glasses would be an improvement.

Discomfort in every way characterizes an Italian dinner table, as it characterizes Italian houses in general. Of course I do not allude to princely houses, where there is as much luxury as in other countries. But the houses of such men as Depretis, Cairoli and high government officials are all, or nearly all, what we should call shabby. Our smallest shopkeeper at home is surrounded with more comforts, little luxuries, than is an Italian family belonging to the upper middle class, as advocates, lawyers, government officials, doctors, etc.

The fact is that instead of spending their money in making their homes comfortable, they spend it at coffee houses and other places of amusements not shared by the women; and the women, left so much alone, feel no encouragement to embellish their houses in which their husbands so rarely a say. Instead of embellishing their houses they embellish themselves in order to attract admiration when they appear in public.

A home is yet unknown in Italy, both by husbands and wives; nevertheless they are very hospitable, and if you are not sophisticated about table linen, knives, forks, glass and crockery, you may be a daily guest among your friends or acquaintances here. You will always be welcome, for no people share more gladly the little they have with a friend than do Italians, and macaroni and umido are their most favorite dishes, and they are far nicer than French [illegible] but as they are not to the taste of my lady readers will thank me for a genuine household receipt not found perhaps in any international cookery book yet written.

Prison Life in Sing Sing.

"We have a great deal of trouble with prisoners in consequence of their stealing," said Warden Brush, of Sing Sing, to a reporter recently, as he sat in his office in the prison at Sing Sing. "They take to it naturally and perpetually, and it is not for fun, but for the simple satisfaction of getting possession of some other person's property. It may be that they are afraid they'll lose the knack if they don't practice it here. They steal each other's shirts and towels and shoes, if they get a chance. They will make more of an opportunity than you can possibly imagine. When the men are given clean shirts they have to be watched with eagle eye or the keeper will find himself 'out' a dozen or more garments."

"Yes," remarked Keeper Fury, "I have to put my foot on the dirty ones as fast as they are changed, and deal out the clean ones, one at a time very carefully; and even then I am liable to lose a shirt or two. The other day I allowed a man who is 'square' and all right to go into the middle mess-room to change his shirt. He laid the clean shirt down at his feet and was just pulling the soiled one over his head, when, quick as a flash, one of the convicts whipped up the clean garment, and it was gone when the fellow's head came out from the shirt. The garment was found afterward 'planted' in an out of the way place. They always 'plant' or hide anything they steal, until a more convenient season, expecting perhaps that they will get away with it when their time is up."

"Mr. Fury had an interesting experience some time since in the egg trade," the warden went on, drily. "The men are allowed a good supply of eggs daily. On this occasion several of them saved the shells carefully and filled them with potato. They then sent them back and complained that the eggs were rotten. They managed to get about twenty extra eggs that time."

"That happened only once," the mess-room keeper replied quickly. "They did not catch me in that way again."

"It is really remarkable, though, what an almost insane propensity the men have for stealing," Mr. Brush said further. "I took a fancy to a colored boy who was sent up here for a couple of years, and made him my waiter. On the very first day what did the fellow do but steal the soup! He might have had all he wanted; but no, he must steal it or he wouldn't be happy. We had a fellow here who was in for five years, who ought to have been in an asylum for idiots. He would walk along by the tables and steal everything and anything he could lay hands on, cups, knives or anything else. He was sentenced in New York because he went up to a baker's window, thrust his hand through the glass, took out a pie and went on eating it in the open street. A policeman came along and arrested him, and he was sent up here. He had been at Blackwell's Island before, and he supposed he was there all the while he was here. Some of the keepers liked him and taught him a good deal for a fool—the prisoner, I mean."

The Boy's Heart.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon, upon the sea, in spite of adverse wind or current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled, is his heart. With your grasp gently and firmly on that helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and willful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barricades of pride. And it is your business to get at that heart, get hold of that heart, keep hold of it by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working only for his good by little indirect kindness to his mother or sister, or even his pet dog. See him at his home, or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure, set him at some little service of trust for you; love him practically. Anyway and everyway rule him through the heart.

From Candles to the Electric Light.

The materials used by the ancients for producing light were wax and tallow, oil of various kinds being also used at a later day. Their candles and lamps were exceedingly rough and uncouth, and the light yielded was of the feeblest description, and gave out the most disgusting odors. Even up to the present century little or no progress had been made, gas being unknown, and the perfect-burning oil lamps with which we are so familiar having no existence until many years later. Gas was first introduced in 1802, but as late as 1842 the Haymarket theater, in London, continued to be lighted by candles. Mark the contrast. Less than forty years ago London witnessed the drama by the dim, flickering light of foul-smelling candles, while within the past few days Paris has had the privilege of listening to the opera beneath the brilliant, noon-day glare of the electric arc!

Although a hen may take her nightly roost on a roost, she is not a rooster.

USELESS! USELESS!

Some New Facts About the Death of Wilkes Booth.

The following is from the letter of a correspondent who has visited the Garrett farm, where John Wilkes Booth was shot: William Garrett is, I should judge, approaching thirty-five years of age. He is a rather tall, slender man, with a full suit of black whiskers. He is a farmer, and was dressed as became his vocation.

"I have been over to visit your old home and gather some points about the death of Booth, and I have come to visit you for the same purpose."

"Those were serious times indeed," he replied, "and it has always been a wonder to me that the real facts about his sojourn at our house have never yet been truthfully told. I was Booth's constant companion nearly all the time he was at our home. Between 2 o'clock and 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the 18th of April, Captain Jett brought Booth to our place. He told father that Booth was a wounded Confederate soldier; that he had surrendered with Lee's army, and that he had gone to his home in Maryland, where they had demanded that he take the oath of allegiance; that he would not do this and he was now making his way back to join Joe Johnston's army in North Carolina. Father said that he would of course do [illegible] for him, and he took what he could [illegible] him in. I came home shortly afterward and was with Booth almost constantly until he was shot."

"What was the general tenor of his conversation?"

"Whatever he had to say was about the war. He never alluded to the assassination of the President. He reiterated the story that Captain Jett had told my father, and he also said that he had been engaged in the riots in Baltimore when the Massachusetts troops were fired upon. Although he talked so much of the war I could not ascertain what regiment he belonged to. I had been a Confederate and had a Confederate uniform, which he wanted, and I agreed to exchange with him.

"'I am going back into the army and need your uniform, and you are going to be a citizen and need my citizens' clothes,' he argued.

"My!" said Mr. Garrett, with a shudder, "what a narrow escape I had. Suppose Booth had been captured with my uniform on, and I had been found in possession of his clothes?"

"Was he well dressed?"

"Not particularly. He had on a very good suit of clothes for those times, and I thought I was making a good bargain by trading my old Confederate uniform for them."

"Was there nothing in his manner which led you to suspect that he was not what he represented himself to be?"

"Nothing whatever. The last night he was at our house he slept in the room with my brother and me, but he had very little to say. The next day he and I were around all day together, and yet I suspected nothing. I had a pistol, and we went out to shoot at a mark."

"Was he a good shot?"

"He claimed to be, and said he would shoot five balls in succession through a knothole in the gate some two inches in diameter. He took position about two rods off and fired all the five shots, and then sent me to see the result. I could t find where any of the balls had struck, and Booth said he had put all the five balls through the knothole. When we came to examine the pistol, however, to reload it, we found all five balls still in the pistol, the powder having exploded without driving out the bullets. He laughed as heartily as I did at the fizzle, and we tried no more marksmanship."

"Were you the one who brought the paper announcing Lincoln's assassination?"

"No, sir; that was my brother Jack. We were all at dinner when that occurred. Brother Jack said that the President was shot and that $100,000 reward had been offered for the apprehension of his murderer. I said: 'Gracious! don't I wish he would come this way some day, I could capture him.' Booth turned upon me and said with great earnestness:

"'Would you betray him for $100,000 if you could?'

"'I would, indeed,' I replied: '$100,000 is a great lot of money.'

"Booth turned away and became thoughtful, and had very little to say after that. Some time after Harold came from Bowling Green, and they went away to the woods together. Before they returned father had determined that they could not remain in the house over night. He had become convinced that they were some kind of suspicious characters. We imagined that they were members of Mosby's gang and might steal our horses. When we told them they could not sleep in the house they asked if they could not go under the house. Father said that would not do, as the dogs would get after them.

"'Let us go out into one of the outbuildings,' said Booth. Father finally consented to this, and they went out into the barn, which was filled on one side with corn blade fodder and on the other with farming utensils and a lot of furniture belonging to refugees from Port Royal. After they got to the barn I went and locked the door with a padlock on the outside, so that they could not get out without making a noise. When I returned to the house I was not exactly satisfied with that precaution, and said to brother Jack that we would take our pistols and go and sleep in the corn-crib near the barn, that we might more readily prevent any attempt on their part to steal the horses. About 2 o'clock in the morning we were awakened by a commotion at the house, and Jack and I both ran up as fast as possible, and found father in his night clothes in the custody of the soldiers, who were threatening to kill him if he did not reveal the whereabouts of the two men. When brother Jack came up, he said to the soldiers:

"'I will show you where the men are,' and the officers released father and took Jack and me into custody.

"'The men are in the barn,' said Jack, and the officers ordered him to lead the way there. A moment later the soldiers had surrounded it, and Jack and I were put under arrest. One of the detectives demanded of Booth that he surrender, and then unlocked the door and pushed brother Jack in, with the command that he go and tell them to come out and give themselves up. My brother approached the point where Booth was lying on the corn blades, and said:

"'The soldiers are here after you, and they want you to surrender. If you don't come out they threaten to burn the barn and destroy all our property.'

"'Get out of here, young man,' whispered Booth, desperately, 'or I will take your life. You have betrayed me.'

"Brother Jack tried to argue with him as to the uselessness of resistance, and appealed to Booth to prevent the destruction of our property. Booth became very violent, and my brother came out and repeated to the officers that Booth's only reply had been a threat to kill him. The officer then took my brother and me and placed us a short distance from the barn, and set a light directly in front of us. Two men were placed to guard us, with instructions that the first time Booth fired upon any of the party they should immediately shoot us. Booth, who had been watching the operation through a crack in the barn, and heard the order of the officer for our execution, shouted at the top of his voice:

"'That is unfair; these men are innocent. These people do not know who I am.'

"The officer then revoked the order he had given, and Colonel Conger, one of the detectives, ordered me to pile dry brush against the corner of the barn so that it could be fired. I had piled but little when Booth called to me and said:

"'Young man, you had better stop that. If you put any more against this place I will shoot you.'

"Colonel Conger then ordered me to stop and Lieutenant Baker began a parley for the surrender of the fugitives. Booth was determined from the first that he would not be taken alive and he so informed Lieutenant Baker. Harold, however, wanted to give himself up, and Booth, after calling him an arrant coward, virtually drove him out of the barn into the hands of the officers. There was quite an extended parley between Baker and Booth, during which Booth begged the officer to draw his men off fifty yards, then twenty-five yards, and then he came down to ten yards, and give him a chance for his life.

"'Be fair, captain,' said Booth, 'and give me a show. I could have killed you a dozen times to-night, but I took you to be a brave man. Now give me a chance for my life.'

"'You must surrender,' replied Lieutenant Baker, 'we came to take you prisoner, not to kill you.'

"'I will never be taken alive,' retorted Booth; 'you may make up your mind I will fight to the death.'

"Hardly had the last words died upon his lips before a blaze shot up among the dry fodder. Colonel Conger had during the talk slipped around to the back of the barn, and, lighting a handful of dry straw, had passed it through a crack in the boards and fired the building. The combustible materials inside the barn burned like tinder, and in a moment the whole inside of the building was a blaze of light, and in the middle Booth could be seen leaning upon his crutches, with his carbine in his hands, trying to get a sight and a shot at his enemies. He could not see beyond the light which surrounded him, while those outside could see him plainly. At last, when the fire was fast approaching him he started for the door, as if about to take his last desperate chance for life. He had only advanced a step or two when the crack of a carbine was heard and Booth fell, mortally wounded, shot through the neck by one of the soldiers who had been sent to capture him.

"Lieutenant Baker and myself were the first to reach him after he fell, and to carry him from the burning building. Both of us then thought that he had shot himself, and I am not yet convinced that he did not. He attempted several times to speak, but his words were incoherent, and as soon as possible we bore him to the house and laid him upon the porch, and did everything possible to ease his dying moments. The story of the death scene is the same as that of thousands of other men who died in the war from gunshot wounds."

"Did you hear anything he said as he lay on the porch?"

"He attempted to speak several times, but could not utter many words. I remember he held up his hands and looked at them, saying as he did so:

"'Useless, useless.' These were the last words Booth ever spoke."

Vinegar's Votaries.

"Do you know or have you ever heard why it is that negro women drink vinegar?" asked a gentleman of a *Times* reporter one day last week.

The scribe professed the profoundest ignorance in regard to the matter, but he immediately set to work to find an answer to the question. In the first place he inquired of several negro women if they ever drank vinegar.

"Yes," said one, "I drink it all the time, especially when I am ironing, and the women in our yard drink it, too."

"Does it do you any good?"

"Yes; it is cheaper than whisky, and it keeps up a person wonderfully. I don't know why I began it—because the others did, I reckon. It hurt me at first, made me feel sick at the stomach, but when I got over this feeling I felt a good deal better. It's especially good after smoking a pipe, and leaves a kind of cooling feeling behind."

"How much of it do you take at a dose?"

"About two tablespoonfuls. The first dose I took was about a teaspoonful, but I know some ladies who take as much as a quarter of a teacupful. If I took that much it would make me sick."

"How did the habit first begin?"

"Some of the ladies used to take it, when feeling badly, and it did them so much good that others followed the example. The men folks can't drink vinegar, and don't like the women folks to take it, but they do it though."

The reporter subsequently saw an uptown lady who is at the head of a large boarding-house. In answer to questions propounded to her, she said: "Oh, yes, I have had a number of colored women in my employ who were great vinegar drinkers. The way I found it all out was in this way; I had a washer and ironer who ate very little. I always kept a bottle of vinegar in my kitchen where I could get it easily. One day I went to take it from the shelf and found that the bottle was nearly empty. I was not annoyed at this, although a little bit surprised, but concluded to keep the vinegar under lock and key. The next day the servant came to me and asked for a little vinegar. I asked her what she wanted it for and she answered, "to drink." She then told me that she always drank it, and that it did her a power of good. I have noticed that those women who are the greatest whisky drinkers, are also the greatest vinegar drinkers."—*New Orleans Democrat.*

'Twould Make No Difference.

A bright youth, undergoing examination a few days since for admission to one of the departments at Washington, found himself confronted with the question:

"What is the distance from the earth to the sun?"

Not having the exact number of miles with him, he wrote in reply:

"I am unable to state accurately, but don't believe the sun is near enough to interfere with a proper performance of my duties if I get this clerkship."

He got it.

The widest part of New York city is Twenty-third street, where from the East to the North rivers the distance is two miles and a half.

HEALTH HINTS.

A solution of common salt given immediately is said to be a successful remedy for strychnia poisoning.

Celery boiled in milk and eaten with the milk served as a beverage, is said to be a cure for rheumatism, gout, and a specific in cases of smallpox. Nervous people find comfort in celery.

Dr. M. S. Leslie, of Lexington, Ky., says that the best remedy in ordinary hiccoughs is about twenty-five grains of common table salt placed in the mouth and swallowed with a sip of water.

The worst toothache, or neuralgia coming from the teeth, may be speedily ended by the application of a small bit of clean cotton, saturated in a strong solution of ammonia, to the defective tooth. Sometimes the sufferer is prompted to momentary, nervous laughter by the application, but the pain has disappeared.

When hoarse speak as little as possible until it is recovered from, else the voice may be permanently lost or difficulties of the throat may be produced. —*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

A Hardy Chinese Pirate.

In the village of Wang Ye, in the district Ning Li, which is near Ningpo and the Chusan isles, so renowned for piratical exploits, stands the castle of a pirate chief named Kwang-king-man. He is head of a strong nest of pirates, and he styles himself King of Kingman, which signifies the King of Gold. Kwang king man is a native of Ningpo of the Ninghi district. He is an unusually powerful man, and can lift with ease weights more fitted for a Milo than an ordinary man. He is proficient in the use of all warlike weapons and can use the rifle as well as the bow and arrow with equal and remarkable