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### By the Sea.

The waves come crowding up on the shore
Like nymphs in silv'ry green;
Forward in line, they trip to the time
Of orchestras unseen.

They sport, and leap, by the rocky point,
Sparkling in gems and gold;
Murmuring ever a liquid strain,
Like siren-songs of old.

With snowy plumes which wreathe and curl,
And toss in wanton glee,
Their riotous dance brings to the heart
The gladness of the sea!

Oh, the sea seems in a happy mood,
Happy! and so am I;
With heart as light as the foamy crest
Of waves that jostle by!

—*Portland Transcript*

### The Undertone.

I lay upon the water's edge,
The lapping waves crept to and fro
With murmuring soft 'gainst rocky ledge,
With moaning where the rushes grew;
And e'er beneath the tide and moan
Sounded an undertone.

'Neath the tangled branches of a wood
I stood, and heard the giant limbs,
With thousand tongues of leaves, enflood
The place with solemn, dirge-like hymns,
And there through sound familiar grown
Sounded an undertone.

I watched a bird upon the wing;
His song of gladness, like a thread,
Wove in and out the air of spring
A web of sweet song 'broidered;
And blent with carol high and lone
Sounded the undertone.

A wandering band of minstrels strolled,
With thrilling harp and wild, sad song;
I listened as the notes out-rolled
And beat against a careless throng;
And there heard I—was't I alone?
The sounding undertone.

And e'er, beneath the child's sharp cry,
The maiden's laughter pure and sweet,
Man's oath, man's prayer, comes drifting by,
Life's undertone the soul doth greet.
Is't echo lost to common ears
That idling poet vaguely hears?

—*Marie Le Baron.*

### The Romance of a Hammer.

Yes, I am, I believe, quite a disinterested person, and fairly well-known for both my courage and modesty. I was boarding in a retired neighborhood in New York, and next door to me lived, in a private house, an old lady, with her granddaughter. Need I say that that young person was unusually attractive? I regret to state, however, that any advances on my part in that direction were met at first with much indifference. Of course, an acquaintance with the old lady had to be made, and a very queer old lady was she. With a great many eccentricities, she had one in particular which overshadowed the rest. Once her house had been robbed, forty years before, and she had never forgotten it. Though she was deaf as a post, she assured me that the least noise disturbed her of nights, as the dread of robbers was always on her mind. Whether the young lady shared her grandmother's fears or not, I did not know. I rather hoped she did.

If, as I thought to myself, I could only take advantage of this old woman's fancies, that might give me an introduction to the house. The old lady was garrulous, and I very soon scraped up an acquaintance with her. I had not been talking with her more than five minutes, shouting my words into her ears, before I broached the subject of robberies. From my pocket I drew a newspaper and read therefrom in loud tones a long account of a housebreaking adventure. I must confess that in order to add some point to the story I introduced some quite new facts into the description. For instance the street in which the robbery took place was in an entirely different part of the town from ours, and for it I substituted our own immediate neighborhood. In the original version, however, it was an old woman who had actually been at the mercy of the bandits. I howled it all out, and had the satisfaction of seeing that it had an instantaneous effect on the old lady.

"Deary me!" said the old lady. "Terrible! and we are so entirely unprotected—two lone women!"

"Awful!" I replied; "and when robbers get in a neighborhood they never let up until they clean out everything. I don't like to tell you, but I have seen some very strange and mysterious-looking fellows—tramps apparently—lounging around here lately."

"Bless us! and I am so deaf, and so nervous. I am sure I shan't be able to sleep for weeks. What can I do?"

"I have an idea," said I. "In what story of your house do you sleep?"

"Second story." Then the old lady described the position of her bedchamber—second story back. Her granddaughter slept in the same room.

I had known that before from a careful reconnoissance I had made. My own modest chamber in the boarding-house was on the same floor, and our rooms were contiguous, only separated by the thin party wall.

"Now, my dear madame," said I, "I am going to propose a plan of action for you, quite simple of its kind, which ought to relieve you of all anxieties. I might recommend a burglar-proof apparatus with telegraph attachments, but those are very expensive things to set up. I can manage it all with a hammer."

"A hammer!" exclaimed the old lady, opening wide her mouth and eyes.

"Yes; a simple hammer."

"But I should be so terrified that if a robber were to break in I never could use it. I couldn't knock him down with it." The old lady was terribly flustered.

"I didn't mean a hammer to be used as a weapon. Oh, dear, no; quite different from that. Your room in your house and mine in my house are adjacent, and the head of your bed is just near mine. Now, I will buy you a small hammer, and all you have to do is to take it to bed with you. At the least noise take your hammer and give it three raps on the wall. I will at once understand that by that is meant a precautionary signal. It's quite as good as any telegraphic apparatus. I hear the three raps good. I wake up at once, and, springing out of bed put on my clothes. I am prepared for action, as it were. Then, should your fears continue, you keep on rapping. I understand at once that the danger is imminent. Then I seize my revolver, cock it, runs downstairs, bound over the fence, and my presence at once disconcerts the robbers. They endeavor to escape; I shoot two or three of them, and you and your charming granddaughter are saved."

"It s very dreadful, but quite kind and thoughtful of you, and so ingenious. I do believe that if I knew that some one was watching for my safety half my fears would be dissipated." The old woman really looked quite grateful. "So you think you could hear me?" she asked

"Of course I could. I sleep on one ear," I replied. "It is true the idea is perfectly my own, but as introduced by me it is quite practicable, for it has been put on trial; in fact, by means of the hammer system we might dispense with the police entirely. Once, when I lived in quite a deserted neighborhood—a long row of houses in a suburban portion of the city—I organized a hammer alarm. I had to do it for self-protection. There had been robbery after robbery in the row, and the police were afraid to interfere. Everybody in that row went regularly to bed with a hammer. It was very hard on the thieves, for, as bad luck would have it for those rascals, they tried to break into one house just at the end of the row. In six seconds every inmate in the row had been informed that a burglarious attempt was being made. You might have heard the three taps working along from house to house in the stillness of the night. Everybody turned out under my lead. We made a cordon, swept the street, and captured six or seven of the robbers. I don't remember the number of them exactly, only that they were the most bloodthirsty rascals known in the annals of crime."

The old lady, whose hair fairly stood up by this time—or would have stood up if she had had any—was profuse in her thanks. Just what I wanted took place. I was invited next evening to take tea, and the old lady in person showed me her garden, so that I might understand the lay of the land.

Now, I had reconnoitered the premises before, not that I thought anything ever would happen, but really out of consideration for the young woman. The fence was not a very high one, though adorned with spikes. To facilitate my climbing, I rolled a big barrel near it. I could step on that and then with a slight effort could scale the fence. I showed my plans of succor and the old lady approved of them. I bought a tack-hammer, presented it to her, and explained to her, in detail, the method of signaling.

The tea was a very pleasant one, and the young lady agreeable. I went to bed that night quite happy and quite forgot all about the signals. In fact, a week or so elapsed and nothing occurred to break the quiet of that really peaceful neighborhood.

I am sound sleeper generally, but on a certain night not long afterward there was such a terrible storm of wind and rain, with rattling of windows, that my usual rest would not come. At last I went off into a half dreamy doze, when suddenly close to my ear I was awakened with a start—I heard the three ominous taps on the wall! I never listened to anything so dreadful in my life. Was I awake! I waited a while. It was the precautionary signal, but not the positive alarm. Rat-tat-tat—went the devil's tattoo on the wall, then I knew that danger was imminent. I looked out of the window, and it was raining cats and dogs I shuddered! Still the cursed rapping of the hammer reverberated through the room. I huddled on my clothes. I never had a revolver in my life, and, had I owned one, would not have known how to shoot it off. I wished I had not lied so, but I always was romantic. The rapping continued like mad. Suppose these were real, true for true robbers next door! What could a single, poor, inoffensive, unarmed young man like me do against a whole gang of bloodthirsty housebreakers? I know that they would murder me for interfering with their legitimate business. I thought once I would open the window and yell: "Murder! theives!" but my window looked on the yard, and the wind was howling so that had there been a whole squad of police below not one of them would have heard me. It was dreadful to be waked up that way, to walk to sudden death, and so unprepared as I knew I was. I cursed my officiousness! I was dressed somehow at last and went slowly, shivering down the stairs, making all the noise I could, but it was just one of those selfish boarding-houses where the inmates never take notice of anything. I opened the back door which led to the garden.

I was wet to the skin before I found the barrel and what was mysterous about it was that the barrel had been moved away from the fence. In a minute it flashed across my mind that did I once venture in the adjacent garden my retreat would be cut off, and that as the victim of some villainous trap, next morning I would be found dead—dead—my skull beaten in with a jimmy.

At last, however, at the expense of several severe excoriations, I was over the fence. I gazed at the back of the house. All was still—still as death—there was a lull in the storm. I waited to hear the agonized scream of the victims, but there was nothing save an appalling stillness. Then something rustled, and I covered my face with my hands. I was awaiting some crashing blow on my head, when a stray cat bounded past me. No lights were visible. I waited ten minutes, exposed to the drenching of the pitiless storm, for it rained now harder than ever; then, feeling that if the worst had come it was all over now, and I could do nothing, I retreated, quietly, deliberately reclimbed the fence, and at last regained my bed. I was miserable, chilled to the marrow, and so nervous and excited that I never went to sleep any more during the whole of that wretched night.

Next morning, having recovered somewhat from the effects of that night of terror, I awaited with much anxiety the appearance of that old lady at her door, for she always took in the milk herself. Should she not respond to the milkman's call then the mystery would be solved. But she did turn up. I at once went to the door, and I expected that she would have a story of some dreadful character to impart to me, and I was ready to tell her how I had saved her and her granddaughter from death, when, much to my disgust, after having exchanged an ordinary good-morning with me, she was about re-entering with her milk. "You had a most narrow escape last night," I said.

"Oh, yes," she replied, smilingly; "it's half water, and mighty blue and thin. Evidently she referred to the milk."

"If it had not been for me," I said, "you would have all been murdered in your beds. I was up and out. In three seconds after the first stroke of the hammer I was in your garden. I hope your charming granddaughter has suffered no inconvenience. I am quite positive that they—the robbers—were around last night, and my timely presence scattered them."

"God bless my soul," said the old lady, as she dropped the milk, "and I did not know it."

"But you hammered away like a first-class blacksmith."

"Indeed, I did not," said she; "and my milk, that's all gone. I slept uncommon well; better than usual. I always sleep soundly when it rains."

Would it be believed that the old woman denied the hammer incident in toto? Had I been dreaming? Was it force of imagination, the teaming of a delirious brain? A shocking bad cold in my head assured me that it had been a reality.

I was quite out of heart all that next day, and went to bed at night in a most unhappy state of mind. Was my rest to be broken upon again? I had hardly fallen off into a feverish slumber when I heard the accursed hammer again. I covered my head with the bedclothes. Rat-tat-tat it went. It could not be a hammering of my imagination, for I put my ear to the wall and felt the vibrations through the flimsy partition. Oh, the unutterable selfishness of that old woman! And what if she were robbed of a silver teapot or so or a dozen teaspoons! I was desperate now. I rushed downstairs. Fortunately it was not raining. I found my barrel at once, and that was reassuring. I excoriated myself again. I scaled the wall and landed with a crash on the other side on a pile of flower-pots some one had carelessly placed there. I waited a moment for the noise to subside. I knew that if any robbers were there the row I had made must startle them. I rubbed a very badly skinned ankle and waited and nothing came.

Night after night went on that accursed hammering. Was I to be doomed to the terrible task of discovering thieves in that old lady's garden; and, what was worse, my chivalous conduct, my dallying with death, receive no recognition? Evidently there was some mystery. I was the victim whose sad end was being plotted.

I never went to sleep after that without stuffing cotton in my ears and always in a most wretched frame of mind. I was a martyr of my disinterestedness. I was being robbed of my sweet sleep. Life became a burden to me. The old lady was either laboring under some hallucination or I was crazy. There was only one thing which made me suffer all these torments, and that was the belief that I was a hero in the eyes of the granddaughter. I cannot say that she ever directly expressed herself in that way, but looking at her at times when I met her in the street, as I addressed a few words to her, I thought I recognized an expression on her face which told me of her sympathy.

These nocturnal visits at last preyed on my spirits. I went to bed now with my clothes on. I had bought a second-hand revolver. I had become reckless. I am quite sure that had I met a small boy of about the size of Oliver Twist at night in the old lady's garden I should have shot at him.

The rapping would cease for a night or two and then commence again. I felt that this business must come to a stop. My employers, leading grocers, had noticed my sleepiness during business hours, and had complained about it.

One night this spring wearily I climbed the garden fence, pistol in hand—for it had become a mechanical process now—and I dropped into a wash-tub of water, placed with devilish ingenuity on a three-legged stool. As I fell over my pistol went off. The neighborhood was aroused at last, but I distinctly heard in the bath-room that overlooked the old lady's garden peals of laughter, and a young woman appeared at the window who was apparently enjoying the scene.

If this brutal conduct on the part of that girl were not sufficient, think of the impertinence of a young man who called next day on me at our place of business. As I have said, I am a clerk in the wholesale grocery line, and druggists' clerks are always stuck-up creatures. That young sprig twirled a stick in one hand and in the other he had a card. I am to suppose his name was written on it. "See here," said he, making his stick whiz through the air within a few inches of my nose. "See here, oleomargarine, codfish, prunes, pickles and glucose, you have been fooling around grandmother's place long enough, and you are a precious ass, and Mary Jane—that's my cousin, a lady I am going to marry—has had quite enough of your nonsense. What a prime proprietary idiot, with a revenue stamp on it, you must be not know that the old lady has got robber on the brain bad when she's awake, but when she's asleep of nights, bless her, she snores away like a humming top. A Chinee cracker under her ear wouldn't as much as faze her. Now, the old woman never had any use for your hammer, but I guess from what Mary Jane has told me she has been pounding around with it quite promiscuously. Now, see here, here is your hammer, and do you take it before I make you swallow it, handle, claw and all, just as if it were a glass of cream soda, and the very next time I hear you have ventured to cross that fence, or to put that big foot of yours in my grandmother's house, I will just thrash you dizzy, and listen to some good advice—change your boarding-house, figs, even if you have to go back on your landlady."

### The Oldest Reigning Monarch.

A telegram (happily contradicted) that the emperor of Brazil had abdicated in favor of his daughter Donna Isabella, the Countess d'Eui, brings to mind the fact mentioned in the *Register* some months ago, that he has been on the throne longer than any other living monarch. Fifty-one years ago last April Dom Pedro I., the father of the present emperor, rather than yield what he conscientiously believed to be his constitutional rights, abdicated in the following letter: "Availing myself of the right which the constitution concedes to me, I declare that I have voluntarily abdicated in favor of my beloved and esteemed son, Dom Pedro de Alcantara. (Dated) Boa Vista (Rio de Janeiro), April 7, 1831, tenth year of the independence of the empire." The present emperor was governed by regents for nine years, until his majority was declared in 1840. He had thus been governing monarch for forty-one years; but as his reign dates from the 7th of April, 1831, he has in reality been monarch six years longer than the queen of England.—*Panama Herald.*

### To Keep Grapes.

A New York paper publishes two recipes for keeping grapes which will perhaps be a practical help to housewives in this vicinity, where grape culture is extensively carried on:

I. Select nine fresh clusters, and cut the end of the stem smooth and dip it in melted sealing-wax; then put in cotton batting; pack them away in wooden boxes; keep them in a dry, cool place. In this way they will keep fresh all winter.

II. Take full bunches, ripe and perfect; seal the end that is cut from the vine so that no air can get in or the juice of the stem run out, and let them stand one day after sealing, so as to be sure they are perfectly sealed (if not, they will shrivel up), then pack in boxes of dry sawdust and keep in cool places. They will keep nicely all winter without losing their flavor. In packing, do not crowd the bunches; sprinkle the sawdust over the bottom of the box, then lay the grapes carefully, a bunch at a time, all over the box, then sawdust and grapes, alternately, until the box is full.

### BULL RUN.

**How Henry J. Raymond and Dr. Russell of the London "Times" Rode Like Mad for Washington---Rumors of the Occasion.**

Probably the best description of the wild stampede which followed the battle of Bull Run ever printed appeared in the Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently. The historian is Kennedy Marshall, of Butler, Pa., a prominent lawyer. Mr. Marshall at the date of the battle was a member of the Pennsylvania legislature, and with hundreds of persons followed the army to see the rebels crushed by McDowell. Mr. Marshall was accompanied by Henry J. Raymond, editor of the New York *Times*, and Dr. Russell, the famous war correspondent of the London *Times*.

"Raymond, Russell and I," began Mr. Marshall, "were seated on the roadside, taking lunch, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. While we were talking together we heard locomotives whistling over on the Manasses railroad. The trains stopped in a cut, out of sight. Pretty soon out marched a lot of soldiers in gray, with a stand of brigade colors, and came at a double quick across the field. It was Kirby Smith with the last installment of Johnson's army from Winchester, which had eluded Patterson. The panic which seized our troops when these fresh fighters hurled themselves at the Union lines, already tottering with exhaustion, was wilder than anything in military history since three Austrian soldiers, coming out of the woods to surrender after the battle of Solferino, put the whole French army to rout for a time. Regiments that had stood up to their work bravely since 9 o'clock in the morning, melted away in a few minutes at the sight of the gray charging columns. There was no knowing what force was behind Smith, and Hunter's men did not wait to see. They took the road to Centreville pell-mell, every man for himself. The infantry charged their own batteries, cut the horses loose, jumped on their backs and went to the rear at a gallop. Russell disappeared on the tide at the top of his speed. Raymond drifted away from me, and I did not let many pass me in the race myself. It was the further the faster, and after covering what seemed to me about five miles, I dropped exhausted beside the road to rest.

"By-and-bye Raymond came along. He had found his barouche and he took me in. We whirled along in the crush of ambulances, artillery horses, privates, officers and camp-followers on foot, ladies and politicians in carriages, and 200 or 300 steers, all making the best of their way to Washington. A drove of cattle had been driven out behind the army to be slaughtered after the battle. They were stampeded with the rest and added to the confusion. Tnere were many amusing incidents. Earlier in the day I had noticed L. L. McGuffin, of New Castle, since judge in this judicial disttrict, now dead. He was carrying water to one of the field hospitals. He had been one of the 'On to Richmond' crowd, had come down to stiffen up the President's spine, and was loud in advocating a vigorous prosecution of the war.

"He was a large man, and wore a long linen duster. When the rush in the rear began he ran with the rest. He was fat, and as the crowd gradually swept past him he at last began to think the rebels must be almost within grasp of his flying duster tail. Blind with sweat and dust, he tripped on a log and fell flat on his stomach, or as flat as he could fall on such a round stomach. A zouave, who was hard at his heels, came down with emphasis on top. Mr. McGuffin was certain that the Philistines were upon him, and with a weak endeavor to roll his eyes around that he might see his foeman's face, exclaimed: 'Great heaven, gentlemen, can't this thing be compromised?'

"Before Raymond and I had driven far an ordnance wagon crushed into our barouche and demolished it. I mounted one of the carriage horses. Raymond was in despair.

"'Get on the other horse,' I cried.

"'But I can't stick on.'

"'Then good-evening; I'm going to Washington.'

"'Hold on; I can ride behind the nigger,' exclaimed the distinguished editor, and he was about to climb up behind the colored driver when a carriage drove past with some Congressmen whom he knew and he got in with them.

"I galloped away, but before I had gone far I saw a regiment drawn up in line across the road, with fixed bayonets, stopping the fugitives. I took to the fields, executed a flank movement and got past with a few others. When I came to the little field telegraph office, near Fairfax Court House, I was riding ahead of my party. A wire had been laid out thus far and dispatches from the field were carried here and wired to Washington. The last messages sent had told how our troops were driving the enemy.

"'What news from the field?' cried the little operator, with his finger on the key.

"'Our men are routed. They are running this way,' I shouted back to him as I galloped past. He cut loose his instrument, tucked it under his arm and took to his heels. When the next orderly came with a dispatch he found the battery dismounted, and that was how I came to be the first to carry the news to Washington.

"I overtook Bull Run Russell, and we rode together for a while; but his horse was fagged and mine was fresh, so I soon left him. After that I rode foremost and alone. At Ball's Cross Roads I was challenged by a Dutch sentinel. Ben Morgan had my pass through the lines, but I had an annual over the Pennsylvania railroad, signed by Tom Scott. I showed the sentinel the name of Scott, told him it was General Winfield Scott, the commander-in-chief, and he passed me through. I got over the Long bridge at Washington at 9 o'clock, just as the countersign was being given out for the night. I rode up to Willard's hotel through streets thronged with people, wild with excitement over the favorable dispatches that had come in from the front. The brass bands were out in force, and sombody was making a rousing 'On to Richmond' speech from the balcony of the hotel. I walked into the office under the sound of his inspiring words, knowing how soon those cheers would be hushed to whispers of affright. Chadwick was keeping the hotel then, and as I pushed up to the desk he stared at me, bareheaded and streaming with dirt and sweat as I was, and finally recognizing me, asked me where I had been and what was the matter.

"'I come from the front. McDowell is licked out of his boots, and the wreck of our army is not far behind me.'

"Chadwick dived back into his private office with a scared face, and in a few moments came back and took me in with him.

"There sat General Mansfield, who was in command of the troops around Washington, with a bottle of champagne before him.

"'Mr. Chadwick informs me, sir, that you report our army retreating. Are you a military man, sir?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Then, how do you know, sir, that they were not merely making a change of front or executing some other military maneuver, sir?'

"'Well, general,' I replied, as calmly as I could, while the gray-haired old martinet eyed me sternly, 'I saw whole regiments throw down their guns and take to the woods. I saw artillerymen cut their horses loose from the guns and caissons and gallop away. I saw officers, men, Congressmen and Texas steers running neck and neck down the road toward Washington, and steers were the only things that had their tails up. It may have been a change of front, as you say, but—'

"'I don't believe a single word of it,' broke in the general, who had listened to me with evident impatience.

"'Good-evening,' I replied, and walked out of the door. The crowd had got the news by this time from Chadwick, and I was almost pulled to pieces. Somebody noticed that I was wearing a gray suit, and shouted: 'He's a rebel.' There were several suggestions that I be lynched for trying to stimulate a rising of the rebel element in the city. General Mansfield hurried off to the war department, and pretty soon a sergeant and a squad of soldiers came for me and took me to the department. President Lincoln and his entire cabinet were there, with old General Scott, anxiously waiting for news from the front. Simon Cameron had known me as a member of the legislature and vouched for my loyalty. There was very little said while I told my story briefly.

"The President sat with his head bent down upon his hand, and was evidently very much depressed. Simon Cameron, then secretary of war, was the coolest head in the cabinet. He immediately consulted with Scott as to hurrying reinforcements across the Potomac, and orders were issued to stop all fugitives at Long bridge. They asked me very few questions, but after I had told my story and was dismissed, the newspaper correspondents nearly devoured me. Just as I came out of the war department I met one of General McDowell's aids bringing in the report of his commander's defeat."

### A Sea Captain's Revenge.

It has often been said that there is no despotism in the world equal to that exercised by the captain of a vessel when at sea. This, of course, does not apply to yachts, for those are not registered vessels, but sail under a license, and the captain of such a craft could be discharged by the owner when in mid-ocean if for any reason the owner found fault with his management. But with merchant vessels when once out of port the authority of the captain is, by the laws of every nation, supreme. It is necessary that this should be so. A ship when at sea represents a number of different interests; those who own the vessel, those who own the cargo, those that insure the hull and its contents, and then last, but not least, are the lives of crew and possibly of passengers. There must be a responsible directing head, armed with the legal power to enforce any order he may think necessary for the protection of these different interests, and this authority could be lodged nowhere but with the captain. His judgment may be at fault, but if at the end of a voyage he can make oath that he considered what he did to be necessary for the protection of the interests intrusted to his keeping, it is almost impossible to punish him for his mistakes. An example of this arbitrary power was given some years ago by the captain of a merchant vessel sailing from one of our Atlantic ports. The ship was bound on a voyage to the west coast of South America, and her owner invited one or two of his friends to go down the bay in her and return on the pilot boat. When outside the weather became somewhat threatening, and the pilot boat was not immediately on hand. The captain had long cherished a grudge against the owner and saw in the situation an opportunity of revenging himself. In spite of commands and then of appeals made for the owner, his friends and the pilot, he put his vessel upon her course and sailed out to sea. His involuntary passengers were, of course, in a wretched state of mind, coming, as they did, wholly unprepared for a voyage around Cape Horn, and well aware that their relatives and friends would have doubts as to their existence. This led the owner to resort to methods which led the captain to construe to be mutinous, and hence he had the former placed in confinement, while the entire party, with the exception of the pilot, were treated very much as if they had been common sailors, so far as their food supply was concerned. When the ship arrived at her port of destination the captain was instantly dismissed; but that was all the punishment that could be visited upon him.

### Sunday in Paris.

The church duties of the Parisians on Sunday are regarded as over at noon, and the balance of the day is devoted to recreation and pleasure by even the piously inclined, writes a correspondent. Every Parisian who can afford five francs for a couple of hours' drive on Champs Elysees and the Bois de Bologne is sure to be there with his family, though it often happens that Paris, with its tens of thousands of vehicles, cannot supply the demand, particularly on race Sundays. It is the special day for important races. The theatres all provide extraordinary attractions for Sunday; the Punch and Judy shows and the "merry-go-rounds" on the Champs Elysees are thronged with customers, and everything that is bright on other days and nights has an extra polish given to it on Sunday. The Tuilerie gardens, the gardens of the Palais Royal, and the numerous open squares in the city are extra crowded with mothers and their children, all in Sunday attire. All appear to be joyful and happy, and if a committee from the city council of some other sphere were to take a comprehensive glance over this world of ours on a Sunday afternoon, it would be compelled to report that the people of Paris were the happiest people on the face of the earth. They look happy, seem happy, and undoubtedly are, especially on Sundays, intent on the pursuit of happiness, according to their various tastes and inclinations.

### HARVEST HOMES.

**A Sudden Revival of an Old English Custom**

Says the Pittsburg (Pa.) *Dispatch:* The old-time harvest home picnic which, like so many other excellent old customs, has dropped out of general observance, is just now receiving a great revival. A couple of years ago it suddenly sprang into usage again among some of the famous farmers of Middle New York, and has rapidly spread beyond the confines of that State, and beyond the limits of the farminfi class alone. In the rich farming country of Eastern Pennsylvania, and in Ohio and Illinois to the west of us there have been notably large gatherings.

The farming folk have not been able, if they so desired, to make these picnics exclusively farmers' affairs. It has become quite the fashion among city and townspeople as well. The festivals being under the management of representative men from the country, have insured a respectability and decorum which does not always attend picnic parties which go from the city to the country. It never degenerates into a carouse, but retains its character as a decent, orderly gathering for a day's enjoyment in the woods. Parents with large families of children, of the inconvenient size that tumble out of boats, gather stray toads to their bosoms, get beetles down their neck and squall have seized upon this new enterprise as an opportunity for taking them for a day of merry-making at a picnic where there is no drinking and no fights. Besides, there is a fragrant suggestion of red apples and broad slices of bread and butter about a real farmers' picnic that is very taking to city-living people. Of course, the farmers and their families constitute the largest part of the attendance, for the obvious reason that they can see more of their neighbors there than at any other place. Many a horse trade is consummated at the harvest home and new varieties of seed wheat exchanged. The wives and daughters go partly for the fun, and largely because it is the latest fashion. The railroad companies have not been slow to promote an enterprise which cultivates sociability, and hence conduces to visiting and consequently traveling. The rates of fare to and from the harvest home are usually lower than on any other occasion.

The custom of celebrating the gathering in of the harvest by a feast or merrymaking is older in England than the introduction of Christianity, and as formerly practiced had many features of the old Druid dispensation. In England generally this festival passes under the name of the "Harvest Home." In the northern counties it was called the "Mell Supper." In Scotland it was hailed under the designation of the "Kirn" or "Kirn Supper." And there were perhaps other local names.

In the old simple days of England, the harvest home was such a scene as Horace's friends might have expected to see at his Sabine farm, or as Theocritus described in his Idyls. In these days the working people of a few contiguous farms only united in the celebration, but subsequently whole counties came together. The grain last cut was brought home in its wagon, called the hock cart, surmounted by a figure formed of a sheaf with gay dressing, presumably representing the goddess Ceres. Sometimes the figure on the cart, instead of being a mere dressed-up bundle of grain, was a pretty girl of the reaping band, crowned with flowers and hailed as "the maiden," or in Scotland "the har'st queen." Of this we have a description in a ballad of Bloomfield's:

"Home came the jovial hockey load,
Last of the whole year's crop,
And Grace among the green boughs rode,
Right plump upon the top.
"This way and that way the wagon reeled
And never queen rode lighter;
Her cheeks were colored in the field,
And ours before the fire."

Herrick describes the harvest home of his day, the earlier half of the seventeenth century, and chronicles the cheering virtue of the "all-tempting frumentie," the "smirking wine" and the "stout beere" which flowed freely upon the occasion.

A custom obtained at the close of harvest of "Crying the Mare," as it was called in Hertfordshire, the "Nack," as it was termed in Devonshire, "Goobbir Bhacagh" or "the Crippled Goat," as it was named in the Isle of Skye. The last handful of grain cut by a farmer who got through his harvest first was tied up in a bundle, tricked out with ribbons and sent with some rude preliminary ceremonies to a tardier neighbor who still had some grain still standing. He in turn, when he completed his harvest work, passed it on to the nearest tardy one, and so on until all the grain being cut in a neighborhood it was time for harvest home. The last man holding the handful of grain, which constituted the Mare Nack or Goat, was esteemed a sluggard all the year through. In Scotland this last handful received more honorable treatment. It was cut by the bonniest lass in the district, tied up with ribbons and usually preserved in the farmer's parlor for the remainder of the year.

The modern celebration of the ingathering of the harvest is by no means the rude festival of former days. The progress of the farmer socially is very well illustrated by a comparison of the festivities mentioned above with the amusement resources provided for at a picnic next Tuesday. There is to be a band of music on the grounds, and fat men's races, sack races and a boat race on the Ohio river opposite the ground. Swings, flying horses, croquet, base-ball and the like amusements will make glad and tired the young generation. Altogether, the farmer of to-day provides his family with a decidedly greater variety of enjoyments than his remote ancestor in the days when "the Mare" was cried from one end of a county to the other.

### Children and Work.

In an English industrial school containing about six hundred children, half girls and half boys, it became convenient to give the girls about eighteen hours of book instruction per week and eighteen hours of work, while the boys remained at full school time of thirty-six hours per week. On examination day it was found that the girls were more alert mentally and practically in advance of the boys. When work was found for the boys and their school-hours reduced from thirty-six to eighteen, they did as well as the girls. While too much work and too little play makes Jack a dull boy, it seems pretty evident that a portion of children's time can be employed in industrial work to their advantage. Perhaps it would be well to divide their waking hours, one-third to work, one-third to study and one-third to play.—*Dr. Foote's Health Monthly.*

### FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The telephone is gradually developing into rivalship with the telegraph—at least for limited distances. It has been used to advantage between Brussels and Dover—a whole distance of 240 miles, sixty of which were under water. If submarine difficulties have been sufficiently overcome, the time may not be far distant when New York and London will be talking to one another.

An elderly gentleman of Benton, Montana, the father of Katie McGrorty, learned that his daughter intended to elope with John Cleary. Early that evening he took his blankets and spread a comfortable bed under the buggy which he expected the young people to take. He slept soundly the whole night through, and in the morning found the buggy over him safe. But the young people had taken another buggy, and were quietly married in Bodie the next day.

The value of babies has been fixed. A child less than 1 year is worth $14; between 1 and 2 years, $19; 2 to 3 years, $28; 4 years, $31; 5 years, $35; 6 years, $40; 7 years, $50; 8 years, $60; 9 years, $70; 10 years, $90; 11 years, $123. These are the valuations made by a baby insurance company of Cincinnati. The parents pay five cents a week for the insurance of their child. The rates for colored children are twice as much, owing to their two-fold ability for contracting contagious diseases.

A Cleveland man named Jones has a cow addicted to the uncomfortable habit of switching her tail in his face while milking her. The other day Jones took the tail and tied it firmly to his leg. The cow, irritated by the flies she could not drive away, started off and feeling the curious attachment to her tail became frightened and ran. Jones is now walking about on crutches and remarking: "About the tenth time I had been hauled around that lot I began to see where I missed it. I oughter tied her tail to her leg and not to mine."

The possibilities incident to the general use of electricity and its presence in all parts of a large city, are suggested by an incident which happened in New York a short time since when at a certain point in Nassau street, horses, no matter how old and worn out, or lively and spirited, jumped and curvetted and pranced to the great delight of the crowds who witnessed the performance. Much to their disappointment word was sent to the Edison Electric Light company and the current was turned off from that vicinity. A wire pressed upon the steam pipes that had been laid down in the street, these communicated with the surface, and every time the horses' iron shoes closed the circuit the animals received a shock which set them to curvetting and even to running.

A New York reporter has been investigating the footsteps of the many millions who walk the streets of New York. "Investigate" is a good word for it, too, because in the original Latin it means to look after the tracks or footprints of anybody or anything. Nearly all the steps of public buildings are worn hollow, and the wear upon the elevated railroad stations is so great that a combination of iron and india rubber, to prevent wear and slipperiness, has been devised. The curbstones where people wait for vehicles are hollowed out. A deep furrow is worn upon the steps of buildings, like those in front of A. T. Stewart's, running the whole length of the building, where people have left the sidewalk and walked along on the step. The renewal of stone steps, curbs and stairways in a large city is not infrequent.

A remarkable Italian peasant custom has just been brought to notice at Naples. A year ago the daughter of Carolina Garguillo was married to a sailor named Giuseppe Esposito. It is the usage among the lower classes for the bridegroom to visit his mother-in-law on the morning following the marriage. Esposito was reminded of this custom but neglected to make the visit. The mother-in-law then became angry and urged her son, Vincenzo Garguillo, to kill Esposito. The son at once went to his sister's house and waited for the husband, who on coming welcomed him and begged him to stay and dine. Vincenzo thereupon drawing a knife, threw himself on his brother-in-law, stabbed him and laid him dead at his feet. Vincenzo has been sentenced to imprisonment for life and his mother to "seclusion" for three years.

Under the constitution of Switzerland any federal law, before it can take effect, must, if demanded by 30,000 citizens, be submitted to a vote of the people and be approved by them. At the recent session of the federal chambers two laws were passed, which upon demand were submitted to a vote of the people and were both rejected. One of these was a national law for the regulation of epidemics. It made vaccination compulsory throughout the republic and it gave the federal authorities power to take persons affected with epidemic diseases away from their families and isolate them under government care. This law was rejected by the overwhelming vote of 220,000 to 60,000. Its rejection, however, leaves to each canton its present power to enforce vaccination when it thinks it necessary. The other law was one authorizing the federal government to establish a system of patent and copyright laws, none of which laws, it seems, exist in Switzerland. A Swiss inventor can obtain no patent in his own country. This law was also rejected by a vote of 126,500 for to 138,500 against it.

### The Cradle of the Bootblack.

New York lays claim to be the place where the street bootblack first appeared, but Boston says the professional bootblack is essentially an institution of the "Hub." The *Traveller* of the latter city says at first the business was associated with window-washing, chimney-sweeping, clothes cleaning and waiting and tending. In time, however, it became a distinct branch, and many of the bootblacks of that day acquired a handsome independence and became real estate holders. The custom then was to call at the homes of the gentry, take the boots and shoes, string them on long poles and carry them to their respective places of business, polish and return them at an early hour the next day. These poles would hold a dozen or more pairs, and it was a novel sight to see the bootblacks passing to and fro.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and it is remedied by exercise and motion.

### FOR THE LADIES.

**Wouldn't Change Her Name.**

Miss Risley Seward, a daughter of ex-Solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with Wm. H. Seward while he was secretary of state, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour round the world. Mr. Seward, in his will, bequeathed her $30,000 on condition that she should adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted his name, and now refuses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy, studying the old monasteries of that country.

**A Royal Wedding in Nevada.**

His majesty, Winnemucca MDLV., king of all the Piutes, was recently married to a princess of his tribe. Buenna Vista John, a trusted member of Winnemucca's cabinet, says the royal consort is past the middle age and weighs all the same as four sacks of flour. Winnemucca, who traces his lineage, according to Piute tradition, from the time when the Humboldt valley was a lake, is said to be the fifteen hundredth and fifty-fifth monarch of his line. He has children past the prime of life, and the old fellow takes a new wife to provide for his necessities in his old age. The Piute marriage ceremony is a very simple affair. The chosen bride retires to her wickiup at an appointed time and huddles in a corner. If she does not like the bridegroom she gets up and runs away when he enters the wickiup, but if he is the man of her choice remains and becomes his slave for life. The old king will now have an easier time than has been his lot for years past, as the queen will have to "rustle for grub" for the aged monarch.—*Winnemucca Silver State.*

**Fashion Notes.**

Ficelle shades and hues are fashionable.

Copper red is pronounced an elegant red shade.

Velvet and velveteen will be much worn.

The close English turban hat remains in style during autumn.

New colors show many faded tapestry shades, and these shades are labeled old.

The new osier bonnet is trimmed with peaches, bunches of grapes and other fruit.

Small birds are imported in great quantities for trimming bonnets and round hats.

Printed figures on plain batiste are used for morning fichus and squares for the neck.

The seams of basques will be defined by braid, similar to the old style of cording.

A simple standing clerical collar, in linen, is the neatest neckwear for the warm weather.

There are indications that skirts plaited from belt to toe will again be much worn this autumn.

Parasols for country use are of plain or figured cottonettes, trimmed with ruffles of the same or of ecru lace.

Fashion authorities say that the close turban should be worn quite back on the head instead of low on the forehead.

The newest trimming ribbons are the ottoman reps of thick, yet soft quality, in widths varying from two inches to five or six.

The osier bonnet is the caprice of the moment at the watering-places. It resembles a brown wicker fruit basket placed almost inverted on the head.

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