

### SOME DAY.

Farewell, bright dawns and perfume-laden  
airs,  
Faint with the breath of roses newly  
blown—  
Warm slumberous noons, when sleep our  
haunting cares,  
Long summer days and nights too swiftly  
down,  
With sighs and sad regrets we saw you go:  
Why did you leave us, who had loved you  
so?  
"Neath sapphire skies, and starry, hedgerows  
sweet  
Laced with gold thread of gossamer, we  
went,  
Wild summer blooms beneath our wander-  
ing feet,  
And summer in our hearts; our love in-  
tent.  
"I will return," you said, "when roses  
blossom."  
That time we said "good-bye" a year ago.  
But I alone have seen them bloom and die.  
While you have passed beyond those  
shadows here  
Into the light, I'll follow by-and-by.  
Meantime I wait, and hold the roses dear,  
And summer sacred, for the love I bear:  
Until we meet again, some day, somewhere.

### Budell's Proposal.

This time two years ago our Square Club was flourishing; now I am sole member. Budell, Marby, Smithers and myself had formed ourselves into a private bachelors club for the purposes of whist and other intellectual occupations, and a very good time we contrived to have together. We hadn't many rules and by-laws for our club. We were sworn bachelors, and each of us had to allege a reason why he did not intend to wed; but we had so far recognized the possibility of a change in our sentiments as to solemnly bind ourselves to inform the club at once if we should ever meditate "halving our pleasures and doubling our expenses." Smithers said he hadn't time to marry; I was too poor; and Marby, who was regarded as our romantic member, gave us indefinitely to understand that "blighted affections" stood between him and the hymeneal altar. Budell at first laughed at the idea of assigning a reason; and he wished to allege as his that he hadn't met Mrs. Budell yet. That was unanimously rejected by the rest of the club; whereupon he insisted upon our accepting as an alternative that he was afraid of ladies. We were willing to stretch a point in favor of Budell, who was one of the jolliest possible fellows at a bachelor supper, and so we received this second reason. For the rest, we nobly resolved not to fly, but to withstand temptation; our maxim was that every lady is charming so long as one is not married to her; and we were all ready to go into society, and even sustain the reputation of being "dancing men." We used to relate to each other, over our celibate pipes, wonderful stories of narrow escapes from gulleful women every season; but if these were all as dependent upon the narrator's fancy for their important details as my contributions to the conversation, the escapes were somewhat more than hairbreadth. Budell was especially a favorite in society; he was one of those rare phenomena, young barristers with some practice, and he had, besides, a very comfortable allowance from his father. Like the rest of the club, I had at first taken as a joke his assertion that he was afraid of ladies; but I gradually came to see that there was some truth in it. So long as Budell was in large company—in a ball-room or any place like that—he was quite at his ease, and as bold as a lion; but if, by any chance, he happened to fall a temporary captive to a solitary damsel's bow and spear, he was almost overwhelmed with nervousness, and his usual powers of conversation completely deserted him. I once met him at the Royal Academy, escorting a very pretty young lady, and looking as uneasy as if he had had a worse conscience than King Herod; and I have seen him tremble at a mere passing mention of the conservatory by his partner at a dance. However, in the Square Club he was our most enthusiastic member; and horror and indignation filled our souls when we realized the direful fact that Budell was in love, and doing his best to be married.

Had we been women we might probably have seen the symptoms of the advancing malady; but we were obtuse and short-sighted men. Now, as I look back over these months, I recall incidents that might have been warnings. The gradual decrease of Budell's hilarity at the club, and the gradual increase of his excursions into society, could hardly indeed have been portents, for Budell always did go more into society than the rest of us. The first allusion that he made to me about the lady who was afterward to play Beatrice to his Benedick was at a concert—rather in the cloak room, after a concert. "That's what I call a pretty girl," he whispered to me: "there, that dark-eyed girl over there in the warm, fleecy, brown shawl—none of your flimsy white opera cloaks." The girl was pretty, in a fresh and piquant sort of way; and even a sworn bachelor might have been excused for being pleased at receiving such a frank smile as she greeted Budell with. Again, not many days after, he remarked to me, *apropos des bottes*—"Met rather an interesting girl last night; quite agrees with me on the subject of James." I may be excused for neglect-

ing this hint; Budell, I think, would have found a mollusc "interesting" if it had not only agreed with him that there was nothing more objectionable than to have one's name murdered. He was nervously anxious that his name should be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable, and I afterwards found that he had been introduced (for the second time) to this "interesting girl" as "Boodle." "Just as though I rhymed to noodle"—as he indignantly expressed it. But the most important hint was given the night after Mrs. Burton's Ball, at which we had all been present. We were lounging in Budell's rooms, and Smithers was giving us a highly colored and graphic illustration of the frivolity that passes for conversation between young men and maidens. "That's all nonsense," broke in Budell; "it's your own fault at any rate. Why, last night I had quite a serious and interesting conversation about woman's education with a 'maiden.' I even quoted Scripture to her."

"Bet you a hat you misquoted," said the irreverent Smithers, who thought every one was as ignorant as himself.

"No; I'm not joking; it's a fact and I got an idea or two, let me tell you." Had he only told us that he had ventured into the conservatory in order to carry on his conversation without interruption, I am convinced that I at least should have surmised that the acquisition of an idea or two was not the only result. However, I was not long in my state of ignorance. One day, a month or so after, Budell hunted me up to confide to me that the bachelors' club was all bosh; he was over head and ears in love, and did I think he ought to tell the other men? Then there followed a shower of apologies, in which "soft brown eyes" and goodness knows what other personal attractions were prominent. When I recovered breath, I assured him that I thought it quite incumbent upon him to inform the club. I was rigid and cold with him, for I felt indignant; it was almost an insult to select me as his confidant, as though my celibate principles were less fixed than Marby's or Smithers'.

His announcement that evening was received in solemn silence by the Square Club; even Smithers had at first nothing to say. At last Marby asked, "Is it permitted to inquire the lady's name, and when the marriage is to take place?" Budell looked uncomfortable. "Well, the fact is," he said, "I thought I ought to tell the club at once; but I really haven't—that is, I don't quite know how to set about asking the lady."

Budell looked so comically distressed as he made this confession that the club hailed it with a shout of laughter. The notion of the bold and confident Budell finding himself muzzled by the tender passion was too suggestive for our risibility. Budell was seriously annoyed. "I don't think," he said, "that my courtesy to the club has been met with courtesy." He glared at me as if I specially had been guilty of revealing his confidence. We apologized humbly, and at last pacified him. He really was puzzled as to how to accomplish his proposal. Marby suggested the old-fashioned plan of plumping down on his knees, like a swain in a valentine; but Budell paled visibly. It was such a cold-blooded way, he objected; yet it appeared he had almost adopted it on two occasions. The first time a little brute of a brother had importunately appeared—"I never knew a nice girl that hadn't a little brute of a brother," exclaimed Budell, hastily generalizing; and on the second occasion he had even got the length of informing the object of his affections (to adopt a phrase that used to madden Budell) that he had something to tell her, when her mother entered, and he had hastily to devise some idiotic fact about a flower-show. It was quite evident that his nerve was not equal to a third attempt. I suggested that he should write; but it seemed that the young lady, in talking about a certain novel, had laughed the her too scorn for resorting to so cowardly a plan as writing his proposal.

"Can't you save her life in some thrilling manner, and then cast yourself at her feet?" asked the romantic Marby.

"Or can't you get overtaken in a shower, and then you could neatly ask her to share your lot as well as your umbrella?" suggested Smithers.

Budell smiled faintly. "It's all very well for you fellows to make fun of it when you haven't to do it yourselves; but all the same it's a ticklish thing to do well. I wish to do it in a neat and direct manner, without any humbug."

"It's my opinion," Smithers, "that you'll end by 'popping the question' in some altogether extraordinary and absurd manner."

"Very well, sir," said Budell, with dignity, "we shall see."

But when we left him, the idea of the irrepressible Budell being tongue-tied before a dainty little damsel, who couldn't even sit on a jury, came upon us again with redoubled force, and we

awoke the echoes of the silent street with renewed shouts of laughter.

Poor Budell could find no opportunity of settling his fate. He revolved drearily round my rooms, where he materially interfered with my work by constantly putting skillfully elaborated questions to me, devised to extract my opinion as to his lady-love, without revealing her name. I rose and fell in his estimation as my answers were what he desired or not; and I committed myself to an immense number of infinite opinions as to the preference between blonds and brunettes, large mouths and small ears, etc. "Whether do you prefer Greek or Saxon names for ladies?" he once asked me. I answered at random that I liked them both equally. "No, but really," he persisted, "I mean modern names derived from those languages." "Well," I replied at a venture, "I like Saxon names." "Do you?" he exclaimed: "why, so do I. For example, I don't think you could find a prettier name than Edith anywhere." "Oho!" I cried, "her name is Edith, is it?" Budell blushed, but couldn't deny it; and I dare say he would have revealed her surname also had I pressed him.

August brought me an invitation from Will Carlyon to spend a fortnight at his father's place in Scotland, and have a shot at the grouse. "I asked Marby, Smithers and Budell," he wrote, "and I expect them all. I know you have frightful chains-and-slavery notions about matrimony; but there are lots of nice girls staying here with Fanny, and if you don't all go home with the full intention of becoming Benedicts I shall be surprised. Anyhow, we have plenty of birds."

When I arrived I found the house full of pleasant men and agreeable girls; while the grouse gave very fair sport. The club was there in full force. Budell was in tolerable spirits, and came out in grand style as master of ceremonies, and as the originator of all sorts of amusements. He was too busy to in diet any more confidences, but I had no reason to suppose that he had yet accomplished his proposal.

One afternoon a heavy rain-storm had driven the sportsmen in sooner than usual; I was examining my breech-loader in the gun-room when Smithers mysteriously requested me to come to the smoking-room at once. There I found Budell and Marby. Smithers had convened the club, and we had the room to ourselves. He briefly explained his object. "I have an announcement to make," he said, "similar to 'one made by Budell not long since. I'm going to follow his example, and I hereby invite you all to the wedding. Like Budell, I haven't yet put the final question, but I am not afraid of the answer. I have no objection to tell you that the young lady is at present in this house, and that her name is Miss Maxwell."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated Budell.

"Well," said Marby, "I may as well take this opportunity of informing the club that I too am going to follow suit. Only I've taken the precaution to speak to the young lady first, and Fanny Carlyon is shortly going to become Mrs. Marby."

"I was thunderstruck," "In that case," I said with dignity, as I strode from the room, "I am now the only member of the Square Club."

Just as I was trying my necktie a few minutes before dinner, and reflecting that, though nervousness, want of leisure, and even blighted affections might be got over, I at least had a reason that would preserve me from matrimony, Budell hurried into my room.

"Look here," he said, "I'm in a deuce of a box! Smithers is going to propose to Miss Maxwell; and hang it! what's Edith?"

"What! you're both in love with Miss Maxwell?"

"Yes, and that forward beast, Smithers, will be sure to propose right off; and I've never had a good opportunity."

"My dear Budell, you must make your opportunity. Do it to-night."

"To-night? Why, it's dinner-time already! and after dinner we're to have those blessed tableaux vivants; and goodness knows what Smithers will do while I'm looking after the wretched affairs. And then, to-morrow I've promised Carlyon to start for the East moor at 9 o'clock."

I endeavored to comfort him by suggesting that possibly Miss Maxwell might refuse Smithers; but Budell shuddered at the possibility of being forestalled. He was palpably upset, and he looked nervous all dinner-time. The company generally attributed it to theatrical responsibility, but they were wrong; Budell was too old a hand to be anxious about anything so simple as tableaux vivants. Smithers, on the other hand, had secured a seat beside Miss Maxwell, and seemed to be making himself vastly agreeable.

The tableaux began immediately after dinner, and they were a great success. Budell had skillfully arranged them, without attempting to make them into a series; and music, supposed to be appropriate, or to have some reference to

each tableau, was played while the curtain was up. Curiously enough, in the second last tableau, Miss Maxwell, Smithers and Budell were to appear by themselves; and still more curiously, the subject of it was "The Rivals." Where Budell had got it I don't know; probably in his inner consciousness. It was supposed to be a woodland scene in the paint-and-powder days. A young lady was discovered seated on a bank, with a lover kneeling at her feet, and holding one of her hands. At a little distance, and unseen by either of the lovers, was a rival glaring from among the trees at the unsuspecting pair. The tableaux was very effective. Miss Maxwell looked very charming in her costume, and Smithers glared splendidly. Budell's face it was impossible to see, for his back was turned to the audience. Up till now the performers had all managed to remain as rigid as statues; but in this tableau Miss Maxwell, who had already appeared several times, seemed to lose her nerve. The curtain had not been up a minute when she started, looked down at Budell, and at last, flushing crimson, fairly ran off the stage. However, the last tableau went off without a hitch, and the slight mistake did not affect the general verdict. An adjournment was made to have a dance in the hall, and I was standing idly looking on when Budell, once more in his usual garb, rushed up to me in a fever of excitement.

"By George, sir," he whispered, "congratulate me! I've done it; it's all right."

And he dragged me along with him from the hall into the empty library.

"What on earth do you mean, man?" I exclaimed. "What have you done?"

"I've proposed, sir; and I've been accepted."

I cordially congratulated him, and then I inquired: "How did you manage it? When did you find the time and where the courage?"

"I'll tell you. I did it in that tableau. Under cover of the music I told Edith that in all sober earnestness I was at her feet, not in jest alone, and I asked her to be my wife. That's why she ran away."

"No wonder!" I interjected.

"Wasn't it splendid doing it under Smithers' very eyes? And then of course I saw Edith afterwards in the little drawing-room; and she'll be here directly, whenever she has changed her costume."

"Well, I'm glad you've settled it; and I think Smithers was right when he said you would end by proposing in some extraordinary way. And it seems to me that it was decidedly embarrassing for Miss Maxwell."

Smithers married Edith Maxwell's sister eighteen months after the tableau.

### Sanitary.

Dr. Catchcart, lecturer on anatomy in the Edinburgh school of medicine, gives some striking facts as to the effect of systematic exercise in expanding the chest. At a school for boys where regular exercise was compulsory, new pupils aged 14 were found to have an average chest measurement of 29.3; at 15 they measured 30.16; at 16, 32; at 17, 32.6; at 18, 32.5. Pupils who had been for some time in the school measured at the same ages, 30.5, 32.1, 34.1, 35.8 and 36.8.

The remedy for overwork is rest. Tobacco is a great drunkard-maker. Simple faults, not checked, end in vices. As far as one violates law he wastes power. Good nutritive vigor is the foundation of good health. Men and women insult God by abusing their bodies. The habitual use of tobacco deadens the moral sense. Hundreds of women die annually for want of change of labor or change of scene. Sickness and death are born of human sin, and live by dooming the brightest and noblest of our race. The habits of thought and action of our young men are in a large degree unfriendly to life. Rapid consumption of the vital forces means early decay and premature death. Wheat, made into bread, puddings, etc., will make more muscle twice over, pound for pound, than fat meat of any kind.

### A Mistake Easily Rectified.

It is a mistake, says the London *Lancet*, to both rise early and take late rest. The rising early is good as a habit of life, if it does not mean robbing nature of her opportunity to recruit the exhausted strength of brain and body by prolonging sleep when that necessary luxury is at length enjoyed. There would appear to be some need of remonstrance on this score. The fashion of the day favors early rising and the manly "tub," but those who rise early have, for the most part, sat up prodigiously late, and the tub is chiefly appreciated because it rouses the system, and makes it feel—and feelings are very deceptive—strong and vigorous. This is burning the candle at both ends. If we must sit up half the night, it would be better to sleep half the day than to rise betimes and go in for arduous labor after insufficient rest. Early rising is harmful without early resting.

### A Palace of the Devil.

Another Effort for the Suppression of Monte Carlo—George Sand's Description.

The injury sustained by Marseilles, Nice, Genoa and especially Mentone, from the neighborhood of Monte Carlo and its gaming tables are the subject of an earnest article by Edmond Planchet, in the current number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*. These cities, he says, will not cease their protests until France, for the sake of moral cleanliness, and Italy, for reputation's sake, exact that the last public gambling establishment in Europe be abolished. Petitions signed by a great number of persons were sent to the French Chambers last April. De Freycinet would not entertain the subject and the motion was laid on the table. In spite of the Minister's opposition the Senate sent him the petitions a month later. In that short time the relations between France and Italy had changed. "If it were true," Planchet goes on to say, "that gambling establishments have the power to enrich a people instead of making fortunes for industrial associations, the Principality of Monaco would long ago have been white with marble palaces and have distanced the rest of the coast in luxury and prosperity. Not so. Sadness shows in the faces of the miserable inhabitants and more wretched soldiery. Saddest of all is the contrast between the beauty of nature and the ugliness of vice. The gambling fever has extended from Monaco to the 'Massena' and 'Mediterranean' clubs at Nice. All classes of society are affected by it. Small tradesmen ruin themselves at play and on gala days the roulette flourishes in the open air. Society is demoralized. Suicides are numerous. At Mentone the cottages built to accommodate the rich English and Russian invalids are empty. The doctors caution them against the excitement of gambling and the chill air of the Mediterranean that pierces their lungs when they leave the overheated rooms at night."

Of the many pictures that have been drawn of the beauties and the horrors of Monte Carlo there is none more touching than is given in a letter from George Sand. "Strange contrasts," she writes, "we leave the magnificence of nature to find ourselves, of a sudden, amid the filth of modern civilization; from the pale rays of the new moon, the great rock sleeping in the shadow and the odor of orange groves, to the fetid odor of fever and the rattle of the roulette. Young married women gamble while nurses suckle their children on the sofas. A pretty little girl of five drags herself to one of these and falls asleep, overcome with fatigue, heat and ennui. Does her unnatural mother hope to win her a marriage portion? An old foreign lady sits at the gambling table with a little lad of twelve, who calls her mother. She seems indifferent about losing or winning. The child plays, too, with the manner of a grown person. He is used to it."

"Restless or frightened shadows wander around the cafe in the vast amphitheatre formed by the mountain's steep sides. They look chilly; perhaps they only look and long for the slight refreshment they no longer have the means to purchase. Some go off with empty pockets. Others accost you and almost beg for a seat in your carriage back to Nice. Suicides are not rare. The waiters at the hotel seem to have a profound contempt for the unlucky. When one of these complaints of being badly served the waiter answers by shrugging his shoulders and saying: 'So it would not work to-night?'"

"We dine as best we can in a room full of little tables the people scramble for, deafened by the chattering of adventuresses on the lookout for a dinner and a friend to pay for it. We return to the rooms to watch for something dramatic. The villainous smell drives me away. We rush to the beach and reach the town, situated on a little headland deliciously carved amid the waters. The poor little place seems to shrink, as I did from the bad air of the gambling house, and to seek refuge among the beautiful trees that surround it."

"We climb the rock to the gloomy and forbidding old castle. It looks tragic in the moonlight. The palace of the Prince is charming. It reminds me of the fanciful home of the Governor at Majara. At nine in the evening the town is silent and deserted. We return by the beach, where only the splash of the waves breaks the silence. The moon has sunk below the horizon. The gas lights enable us to see the base of the great rock and throw greenish streaks across the white marble balustrades. The roulette is still going, the nightingale sings, a child is weeping."

### Queer Stories.

A HEN WITH ADVANCED IDEAS.

J. L. Beasley has a hen with a very progressive turn of mind. She has scratched around and laid for her master a pair of eggs of entirely new design. One egg contains the yolk, the other the

white. Both are joined together by a ligamentous membrane, something after the style of the Siamese twins.—*Santa Rosa Republican*.

### EDUCATED CHICKENS WHICH FISH.

Aaron Lowe, of Hawkinsville, has some educated chickens. Among their numerous accomplishments is the sagacity displayed in catching jack worms. The fowls have been taught to take pine straws in their bills, run them in the holes where the worms live, and then keep very quiet until the jacks move the straws. When this is done the chickens, with great dexterity, snatch the straws from the holes, and, nine times out of ten, they catch the jacks. Tom Jordan says it's a real treat to see them fishing for jacks in this manner.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

### A SINGING MOUSE.

Mr. Robert Beverly, a well-known resident and land-owner of Fauquier county, Va., says he has in his possession a natural curiosity in the shape of a mouse that sings, chirps and has the other peculiarities of the bird kind, minus the feathers and conformation. It warbles similar to a mocking bird, and its notes are of equal sweetness to either that or the canary.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat*.

### A WHITE PARTRIDGE.

Polk Miller has on exhibition at his store a Virginia partridge which is nearly white. The bird was killed in Fluvanna county during the late snow and sent to Clifford Bridges, who showed it to Mr. Miller while it was in the flesh. He sent the bird to Miss Drewry of Chesterfield county, a good taxidermist, and under her direction the bird was stuffed, but it was so badly shot that it could not be mounted. The head of the bird is just like all hen partridges but the balance of the plumage is almost white.—*Richmond Whig*.

### A GEORGIA FOX UP A CHIMNEY.

Mr. Bose Price, of Tusculaw district, started out bird hunting one day last week, but had not proceeded far before his dogs jumped a large gray fox. He was shortly reinforced by several other gentlemen, and the chasing became quite spirited, lasting for two or three hours. Upon being closely pressed by the dogs the fox finally took refuge in Aleck Norman's house, to the great consternation of the family, who were seated around the fireside. It first ran up the chimney, but did not remain longer than a minute before it scurried down again and ran under a bed, from which place of concealment it was dislodged and promptly exterminated.—*Henry County Weekly*.

### AN INTELLIGENT PARROT.

Mr. L. S. Winne, of the upper part of the city, has a very handsome and very intelligent parrot. Its plumage is very brilliant, and, though young, it speaks plainly a great many words and will form sentences of its own accord. It will say "Good-by" whenever any member of the family dons a hat to go out of the house. It says "How do you do?" "Are you very well?" and whistles at the dog and the dog used to come, but he is now too wise altogether to be fooled by a parrot. The dog and the parrot eat together out of one dish, and if Polly don't get a full share she will scold the dog like the worst of old scolds.—*Kingston (N. Y.) Freeman*.

### A DOG WITH ESTHETIC TASTES.

"Carlo" was formerly a handsome and good-natured Newfoundland dog, belonging generally to the United States steamer John F. Hartley, stationed at North Beach; but of late he has shown a disposition to insert his incisors in the calves of the legs of such individuals as came into his presence without a suit of broadcloth or to bespeak them as gentlemen. This particular abhorrence of persons ill-dressed gained so strong a hold upon him as to induce him yesterday to take a clunk of flesh out of the leg of one of the attaches of the Hartley, simply on account of that individual happening to have on garments that were considerably soiled in consequence of having been at work cleaning machinery. The two had, up to that time, been the best of friends, but the bonds of affection were suddenly sundered and, after having his legs tied together, Carlo was pitched into the bay, and in the course of ten minutes he was food for the fishes.—*San Francisco Call*.

The strife of politics tends to unsettle the calmest understanding and ulcerate the most benevolent heart. There are no bigotries or absurdities too gross for parties to create or adopt under the stimulus of political passions.—*Whipple*.

M. de Lesseps is at present engaged in studying the plans of the projected canal across the Isthmus Malacca, a work which, when carried out, will abridge by four days the voyage of vessels plying between Europe and the far East via the Suez Canal.