

THE DUDE.

Who strolls the Ave each afternoon;
Who whistles airs all out of tune,
And dons short coats cut too soon?
The Dude.

Observe his form. You can, for he
Wears pants as tight as tight can be—
(And pants for notoriety).
The Dude.

Who's stiff as statue cut in wood;
Can't bend, and wouldn't if he could;
A sort of nothing 'twixt the bad and good?
The Dude.

Who wears his hair all nice and banged;
And says, "By Jove, that Mrs. Lang-
Ry's chawming quite, or I'll be whinged?"
The Dude.

Who drives a tandem through the park;
Says, "Life's aw, such a jolly lark."
(Perhaps the Dude's the long sought
"Shark")?
The Dude.

Who goes to all receptions, teas;
Who smirks a smile at friends he sees;
And, for his health, sips sanagoges?
The Dude.

Who dresses in the latest style;
Declares, "The weathah's thimply vile."
And licks some dainty swart the while?
The Dude.

Who's neither fool, nor knave, nor sage;
This funny speck on nature's page—
Conundrum of the modern age?
The Dude.

Who, then, can work the puzzle through—
Tell what it is for—what it can do?
Guess what it is: I'll give you—
The Dude.

Ethel's Error.

It was a dull, gray, dewy September eve as the emigrant train stopped at the little hamlet of Chicamauga, in the state of Susquehanna. From it sprang a young girl, wearily carrying a bundle on a toothpick across her finely-formed shoulder. A tear stood in her eye until it fell down, as she gazed on the caboose of the slowly receding train which had brought her back to the home she had left two years before.

"I wonder if Aunt Gruelton will be glad to have me back," she soliloquized, as she nearly fell over a barrel of pork which had been standing at the depot for a week waiting for the consignee to fetch it away.

It is a lovely place, Chicamauga, at any time, and trains only stop there once a week as a rule, but the conductor had been so moved by the tears of Ethel that he had consented to slow up and reduce the pace of the train to a walk to enable her to alight.

Ethel Evingslee was an orphan, brought up in a small cottage by a spinster aunt, Miss Tissie Gruelton, who struggled, out of a small legacy and the proceeds of a pumpkin patch, to make a living. Two years before Ethel had left her for the west, to study law in the great city of Berkeley, and try and earn a fortune in the superior courts of California, like Laura Debussy and several other bony, strong-minded things.

But Ethel was neither bony nor strong-minded. Her figure might have been modeled by Phidias, but it wasn't, for several reasons. Her velvety eyelashes drooped all over a cheek, the bloom on which was like that of the violet after it has been kissed by the sun-god arising from his salt-water bath at 4.55 A. M. on June 21 (vide almanac).

Her golden hair needed no jute switch to add to its glory. It was like an aurora borealis lit up by the rays of a thousand moons at their perigee, so to speak.

Her teeth were perfect, except three that had been filled, and one that was going; and her rosy lips would have made Venus weep for envy and leave heaven to come to earth and buy a bottle of carmine.

Such was Ethel Evingslee as she tripped daintily over the alkali prairie to Aunt Gruelton's cottage. She could not miss the road, for every rut was familiar to her, and Aunt Tissie's cottage was but fourteen miles from the depot.

As the lovely old home of her childhood loomed up with the nine hundred and ninety-nine memories of the past, Ethel's eyes filled with pearly tears. Yes, there were the nodding potatoes waving in their hills, the stately squashes lying lazily near their vines, and the tall apple trees laden with ruby and aureate fruit, and in the middle of all the darling old two-roomed farmhouse, where she had spent so many happy hours.

Aunt Tissie heard the gate open, and so did Bobbie, the watch-dog, erst once and formerly, a long time ago, a fierce mastiff, but now crippled with rheumatism and that dread disease, the mange.

As his only remaining eye fell on the form of Ethel, old Bobbie gave a cry of delight, and limped slowly to her with his affectionate tongue hanging out on the left side of his massive jaw.

"Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie! Bobbie!" cried Ethel, as regardless of her new polonaise, she knelt on the ground and pressed the almost hairless canine to her bosom, overcome with his devotion.

"But, Bobbie, I must hurry on and see Aunt Tissie," cried Ethel, and in another moment she was in the arms of her only relative, rapturously kissing away the floods of tears which joyfully oozed from the lachrymal glands of that dearest of souls, Miss Tissie Gruelton.

"Oh, auntie," cried Ethel, "it's like heaven to see you again and look at dear old Bobbie, too. He has actually dug up a piece of meat from the back yard, which he had buried, and is offering it to me as a sign of welcome."

"Ethel," said Aunt Gruelton, between her sobs of joy, "I think Providence must have sent you back to me. I am stricken with lumbago and have a touch of pleuro-pneumonia. I am unable to move from the house and there is neither flour nor Worcestershire sauce, no hominy nor canned green turtle, and not even a bit of wood to light the stove. Besides this, there is a large mortgage on the property, and I have not a cent in the house with which to buy oleomargarine."

"Never mind, auntie, we're right side up, bet yer boots, as they say at Berkeley. I've come home to run a model farm, you can wage your sweet life, and I've got three cans of oysters in my bundle, and a lot of pears, and we'll have a banquet in three minutes by my patent stem-winder."

It was a scene never to be forgotten to see Ethel, take off her things, collect some old fence rails, split them, light the fire, and run out with her merry laugh to watch the blue smoke ascending like a liberated Peri to the gates of paradise.

Oh, if you could have seen that couple an hour later, after Ethel had washed up. There she sat, with her dainty dimpled arms around Aunt Tissie's neck, and a large smudge of pot-black, which almost seemed to kiss her pretty nose, telling Aunt Tissie her story.

"I can never be a lawyer, auntie. I did not pass a single examination, and I hate Blackstone, but you must let me rub some mustang liniment on your back and cure your lumbago, and then I'll fix you a regular snifter out of some old rye which I've got in my bundle—a sockdolager of a toddy that'll make you dream you're a bad old darling from Bitter Creek."

"My own dear darling," murmured Aunt Tissie.

"And I'll be up at daylight," said Ethel, a dreamy smile floating over her marble brow, "and get in the pumpkins and a load of apples and take 'em to market, and we'll be all hunkey, auntie. Why, I should blush to simper, Aunt Tissie. Now go to bed and say your prayers. Here's your toddy, throw it down, and before you're awake I'll have the pumpkin patch clear. Kiss Effie. Now go to sleep. That's the racket," and the affectionate girl turned off the gas and left her aunt to slumber.

It was hardly dawn when Ethel tripped into the pumpkin patch, and, before Aunt Tissie had slept off the effects of her composing draught, Ethel had cleared half an acre and got two wagon loads of pumpkins ready for the market. "I guess I'll get outside o' suthin'," she said to herself. "This pumpkin pili'n ain't no slouch of a job. Wish I had a time, though. However, it's just a healthy straight."

So saying the fairy Ethel, glowing with uddy health, her gorgeous hair only half hidden by a green sun-bonnet, and her dimpled, round arms bare to the elbow, tripped into the house, looking like some sweet angel just dropped out of paradise to brighten our sad earth.

She came back in a minute or two, wiping her dainty lips on her elbow, country fashion, and murmuring: "Oh, my! wasn't that a snorter?" was about to resume her work, when she was conscious of the presence of a stranger.

He was leaning over the fence, gazing silently at her, with a gun over his shoulder and in one hand a couple of dead hares.

In person he was tall and erect, his manly figure set off by three diamonds and studs and a velvet coat. A long, silky moustache fell carelessly on his vest, which he pulled down from time to time. His hair was as black as the wing of a raven. His nose was aquiline, and his eyes large, melting, and aesthetic. His shapely legs were swathed in silken shoon, and a large gold watch-chain that drooped, like the cypress, nearly to his knee, completed his negligé attire.

"One of old Bolliver's farm laborers, I guess," said Ethel to herself. "He's out early. I wish he'd give me one of them rabbits, though. Say, boss," she cried, timidly, a blush at her hardihood suffusing her cheek and making her look like a canned tomato; "say, boss, give us a hare, will yer? I'll bet my pile you're hungry and ain't had no breakfast. If yer'll skin it and clean it I'll cook it right off, and we'll divvy on the bird. What d'yer say?"

In clear, manly tones, that rang like a clarion through the still morning air, the stranger answered: "Certainly, miss, I shall be only too delighted," and springing over the six-foot fence, he was at her side in a moment.

"You're a bully jumper," she said innocently, as he approached her, and then, as she looked up into his eyes and saw the great depth of tenderness that protruded from his azure optics, she cast her own down timidly, and continued in a low tone: "I am afraid you'll think me very rude, but I guessed you were one of old Bolliver's farm hands,

so I called you. I am just from the law schools of California, so you must pardon me if I was impolite."

"You guessed right," he replied, in a superb baritone voice. "I am a farm hand, and they call me Dick, and I accept your invitation to breakfast, and will prepare the hare without more ado."

"Why ain't you smart, Dick?" she said. "You rip him up and leave me the pelt for my old aunt for a night-cap, and I'll put the water on to boil. Hurry up, Dick!"

As she ran into the house the stranger, who had pulled out a gold-handled dagger, deftly prepared the hare. In ten minutes it was in the pot, and an hour after the two were sitting on the porch enjoying a delicious hare stew.

"Sorry I ain't got no jelly, Dick," Ethel was saying; "but if you'll tell Bolliver I want to borrow one of his wagons, so as I can sell Aunt Tissie's pumpkins, I'll lay in a lot of groceries that'll make your mouth water. Why, there is old Bolliver coming. Great sakes, ain't that bully?"

She rose to meet him, and after a hearty hand-shake she said: "Pesky glad you dropped over. I got here last night, and want to borrow one of your wagons and your man Dick to make two trips to market."

"My man Dick?" said Farmer Bolliver.

"Why, Ethel, this is the Hon. Cyril Waterberry, the banker and member for Susquehanna, who holds a mortgage over your mother's farm. Let me introduce you—Miss Ethel Evingslee Mr. Cyril Waterberry."

Ethel's face was crimson now, as she gave him her hand and murmured, "Jumping Jehosaphat, Great Scott!"

"Can you forgive me, Mr. Waterberry?" she almost whispered.

"Forgive you," he replied, passionately, and in another moment she was in his arms, weeping the first tears that welled up all over his coat from her new fond love.

But he drove her to market all the same, and sold the pumpkins and to-day Aunt Tissie has a deed of gift to her homestead and a new cottage on it. Mr. and Mrs. Waterberry reside chiefly at Washington spending the summer at Lake Como, and thus the rich young banker and rising politician found his bride and they both bless the morn, the happy morn, that brought them together, through Ethel's error.—*San Francisco News-Letter.*

Idle British Youth.

Hundreds and thousands of young men in this country spend their whole existence in the battle with time. They have absolutely nothing whatever to do except to kill it. Beyond the race-course, the covert and the hunting-field they have no appreciable interest. The blackguardism which was universal among the golden youth of five-and-twenty years ago may be veneered by social affectations, but the quality, the fibre and the tastes of the race are unchanged. Our insular brutality has been crossed by a strain of exotic dandyism, and the attractions of two or three play-houses have eclipsed the charms of the rattling-ring and the cider cellars.

While, as is only fair to say, the courage of our young men remains what it has been at all stages of our history, they are as desperately intelligent as ever. Art, literature and politics are as much sealed books as ever to the "chappies" and "mashers" of the period. The dullness of metropolitan dissipation is periodically relieved by rural recreations, to which a flavor is given by their latent or avowed ferocity. Our young barbarians—and, for that matter, our old barbarians—must, when they are in the country, have their appetites whetted by blood. To kill something during the day, to crown the exploits of the day with a dinner substantial enough for Squire Western, to lounge afterwards on chairs and sofas in a state of suporific stupor—so runs the interesting programme. The more closely the culture and civilization of the age are examined the more apparent will be the basis of cruelty upon which the whole social structure rests. The condition of English schools, public and private, has improved enormously in the course of the last fifty years; but there are no signs whatever that the mutual intercourse of English school-boys is becoming purged of its inveterate taint of savagery. Our sons are still brought up to believe that there can be nothing free or manly in a system which does not accord the privilege to inflict a maximum of mutual discomfort and misery. We are told this constitutes an essential part of a genuinely English training, and perhaps that may be the case. At any rate it is not to be wondered at if the boys who start life with these ideas develop into the men to whom there can be no perfect enjoyment without the consciousness of "killing something," and if after a time the mere enjoyment of killing is subordinated to the legitimate pleasure of sport.

A Chinese Funeral.

It is the general custom in China, when a man is about to die, for the eldest son to remove him from the bed to the floor of the principal room of the house, where he is laid with his feet to the door.

The inhabitants of the province of Fukien are in the habit of placing a small piece of silver in the mouth of the dying person—with which he may pay his fare into the next world—and carefully stopping up his nose and ears. In certain cases they make a hole in the roof, to facilitate the exit of the spirits proceeding from his body; their belief being that each person possesses seven animal senses, which die with him; and three souls—one of which enters Elysium and receives judgment; another resides with the tablet which is prepared to commemorate the deceased; and the third dwells in his tomb.

The intelligence of the death of the head of a family is communicated as speedily as possible to all his relatives, and the household is dressed in white—the mourning color of China. Priests and women hired to mourn are sent for at the same time; and on their arrival a table is set out with meats, fruits, lighted candles and joss-sticks, for the delectation of the souls of the deceased; and the wailing and weeping of the mourning-women is relieved at intervals by the intoned prayers of the priest or the discordant "tom-tomming" of "musicians" who have also been called to assist in the ceremonies. The women weep and lament with an energy and dolefulness which, if genuine, would be highly commendable; but ungenerous "barbarians" of extensive acquaintance with the Chinese assert that this apparently overwhelming grief is, at least in the majority of cases, mere sham.

In regard to the nearest relatives of the deceased, it would be uncharitable to presume there is not a considerable amount of real grief beneath all this weeping and wailing; but hired mourners, who are usually the most demonstrative on these occasions, can hardly be expected to launch every other day into convulsive lamentations of a genuine nature over the death of individuals they hardly know by name. As it is, the priest usually directs these emotional demonstrations much in the same way as a conductor controls the performance of a band of musicians; now there are a few irregular wails, then a burst of them, relieved in turn by a few nasal notes from the priest, the intervals being filled up by the "tom-toms," and an occasional titter from the latest comers.

Nobody in course of transportation from one part of China to another for the purpose of interment is allowed to pass through any walled town. No corpse, either, is ever allowed to be carried across a landing-place or to pass through a gateway which can in any way be construed as pertaining to the Emperor. The Chinese are, indeed, so superstitious in regard to death, as seldom to mention that word itself, preferring to take refuge in a circumlocution—such, for instance, as "having become immortal."

After the body of the deceased is washed, it is dressed in the best clothes which belonged to the man in his lifetime, a hat being placed on his head, a fan in his hand, and shoes on his feet. The idea being that he will be clothed in these habiliments in Elysium, and consequently that he must appear there as a respectable and superior member of society.

At intervals during these and subsequent ceremonies, gilt and silvered paper in the shape of coins and sycee bars is burned, in the belief that it will also pass into the invisible world, where it will be recoded into solid cash; and clothes, sedan-chairs, furniture, buffaloes and horses made of paper are transferred on the same principle to the "better land" for the benefit of the dead.

Among the poor the bodies are put in the cemeteries, but it is the practice with the richer Chinese to keep the confined bodies of their relatives in their houses for long periods—sometimes for years.

Gems.

The lives of great men all remind us that the best of them can do foolish things.

I have lived to know that the secret of happiness is never to allow your energies to stagnate.

When you travel from vice to virtue you ride on a corduroy road and get many a bump; but when you go from virtue to vice it is just as easy as to slide down hill.

The habit of being always employed is a great safeguard through life, as well as essential to the culture of every virtue.

POLITENESS.—The fountain of true politeness is a good and generous heart. It consists less in exterior manners than in the spirit that is developed on conduct in the true intercourse of society.

A Man's Age.

Few men die of age. Almost all die of disappointment, passion, mental or bodily toil, or accident. The passions kill men sometimes very suddenly. The common expression, choked with passion, has little exaggeration in it, for even though not suddenly fatal, strong passions shorten life. Strong-bodied men often die young—weak men live longer than the strong, for the strong use their strength and the weak have none to use. The latter take care of themselves, the former do not. As it is with the body, so it is with the mind and temper. The strong are apt to break, or, like the candle, to turn the weak to burn out. The inferior animals, which live, in general, regular and temperate lives, mostly live their prescribed term of years. The horse lives twenty-five years; the ox fifteen or twenty; the lion twenty; the dog ten or twelve; the rabbit eight; the guinea-pig, or seven years. These numbers all bear a similar proportion to the time the animal takes to its full size. But man, of all the animals, is the one that seldom comes up to the average. He ought to live a hundred years according to this physiological law, for five times twenty are one hundred, but instead of that he scarcely reaches on an average, four times his growing period; the cat six times; and the rabbit even eight times the standard of measurement. The reason is obvious—man is not only the most irregular and most intemperate, but laborious and hardworked of all animals. He is the most irritable of all animals and there is reason to believe, though we cannot tell what animals secretly feel, that more than any other animal, man cherishes wrath to keep it warm, and consumes himself with the fire of his own secret reflections.

A Magnificent Brigade.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of London, controls 124 fire-escape stations, four floating stations, three large land steam fire engines, thirty-eight small land steam fire engines, seventy-eight six-inch manual fire engines, thirty-seven under six-inch manual fire engines, 144 fire-escapes and long scaling ladders, three floating steam fire engines, two steam tugs, four barges, fifty-two hose carts, fourteen vans, thirteen wagons for street stations, two trollies, two ladder trucks, forty-nine telegraph lines, seventeen telephone lines, eleven fire-alarm circuits, with seventy-seven call points; 576 firemen, including chief officer, second officer, superintendents, and all ranks. The number of fire alarms during 1882 in London was 2341, but of these 254 were false alarms, and 161 were mere "chimney alarms." One hundred and sixty-four fires resulted in serious damage, and 1762 in slight damage. The number of persons seriously endangered by fire during 1882 was 175; of these 139 were saved and thirty-six were lost, twenty-two of whom were taken out alive, but died afterward, and fourteen were suffocated or burned to death. During the year there were 121 injuries to firemen, of which many were serious and three were fatal.

Absurdities of Men's Dress.

Trousers are not economical, inasmuch as they get baggy at the knee long before they are worn out, and they are always getting dirty at the ankles. They are not specially adapted for cold or wet. On a wet day it is the part from the knee downward that catches the rain and necessitates the changing of the whole garment. Indeed, it is the way in which they ignore the knee-joint which renders trousers so practically objectionable. It is at this joint that they not only spoil their own shape but inflict a sense of tightness over the whole body by means of braces.

Why are buttons placed on the back of a coat? Mr. Gotch remarks that the tailor says they are there to "mark the waist." But why should the waist be marked? As a matter of fact, the only reason for the existence of these two buttons is they are a survival of the time when they were of use, when men buttoned back the long flaps of their coats in order to walk more freely, or found them useful in sustaining the sword belt. We have no flaps now; we wear no swords now; then why keep the two buttons? Another rudimentary article may be found at the end of the sleeve. There is always a cuff, marked generally by a double row of stitches, which perform no useful service unless it be to remind us that our grandfathers had facing on their sleeves, and that the little buttons which still appear at the end were of real use when the sleeves were tight at the wrist. Another inevitable feature of the coat is the collar. In old times this collar was of some service; it was large and turned up well in inclement weather; in order to admit of it buttoning properly around the neck a nick was necessary. But though we hardly ever think of turning up an ordinary coat collar, and find it of little use if we do, we still

preserve both it and the nick as survivals. The stove-pipe hat, too, is only the carcass on which our ancestors were wont to display ribbons and knots and other gauds. In itself it is both ugly and uncomfortable. Then we wear absurd neckties that do not tie, and pins that do not pin.

Field Mice in France.

Darwin's familiar paradox, that the fertilization of certain flowers may depend upon the number of cats in their neighborhood, has an illustration, says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, now in France, where it may even be carried a step further. Any observer who knows the French rural districts well must be struck by the immense number of mouse-holes which may be seen in some places. The surface of the ground at times has quite the appearance of a network of little burrows, where it would be impossible for one of the field-bees required for the fertilization of Mr. Darwin's flowers to find a secure spot for its nest. In the Department of the Seine-et-Oise, has just been calculated by a special commission that these field mice have cost the farmers no less than thirteen million francs. The climate seems to be especially favorable to these creatures, and the population being sparse, the number of cats is few, and the mice increase and multiply beyond belief. Arsenic has been tried in the open; but the hares and rabbits get killed first; and now the plan adopted is to construct heaps or small stacks of straw, to which the mice resort in myriads. These heaps are placed partly below the level of the ground, and securely packed and covered in, being first stored with poisoned beetroot, turnips and carrots. This plan is said to be succeeding well, and without harm to the hares and rabbits.

Knowledge in a Nutshell.

A cubit is two feet.
A pace is three feet.
A fathom is six feet.
A palm is three inches.
A league is three miles.
A span is 10 1/2 inches.
There are 2750 languages.
A great cubit is eleven feet.
Two persons die every second.
Bran, twenty pounds per bushel.
Sound moves 743 miles per hour.
A square mile contains 640 acres.
A barrel of ice weighs 600 pounds.
A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds.
A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds.
An acre contains 4840 square yards.
Oats, thirty-three pounds per bushel.
A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches.
A rifle ball moves 1000 miles per hour.
Slow rivers flow five miles per hour.
A firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds.
A storm blows thirty-six miles per hour.
A rapid river flows seven miles per hour.
Buckwheat, fifty-two pounds per bushel.
Electricity moves 228,000 miles per hour.
A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour.
The first lucifer match was made in 1829.
Coarse salt, eighty-five pounds per bushel.
A tub of water weighs eighty-four pounds.
The average human life is thirty-one years.
Timothy seed, forty-five pounds per bushel.
The first steam-boat plied the Hudson in 1807.
The first horse railroad was built in 1828-27.

A Cool Tramp and a Cool Maiden.

A well-known printer's family met with a singular experience on Monday. The daughter answered a knock at the door. An old tramp asked for "a bite." She didn't like his looks and told him so and he left. Shortly after his disappearance a neighbor's daughter came in and told the printer's daughter that the latter's clothes (an entire washing) had just been stolen by the man she had turned from the door; that he had taken them all down and done them up in a bundle before asking for the bite and lugged them off at his leisure. The two young ladies started in pursuit. At the Southport depot they learned that the bundle and the man went down the railroad. They followed and soon overtook him. "We want those clothes you stole from us!" said the printer's daughter. "H'm! Well, I don't know that you can have 'em," said he, coolly turning over the bundle. "There's a shirt or wrapper missing," said she, after looking them over; "now, what have you done with it?" "Got it on!" said the tramp, opening his vest to prove it. "Well, off with it, then!" said the plucky maiden. "What? Here?" The maiden paused in a predicament. A gentleman friend was near, and she balled him, telling him about the trouble. The gentleman friend took the tramp into the bushes near the engine works and got the shirt.