BOOKS.

The books I love you will not fina On narrow shelves arranged, Beneath the sky they open lie, And oft the type is changed.

Oft by the streams, where thrilling words Are set to music wild, And space abounds with sylvan sounds That charmed me when a child.

Within the wood, where song is rife, 'Mid branches intertwined, Thro' the blue haze I silent gaze On pages intertwined.

One dreary moor, on mountain side,
And by the lone sea shore;
Or turn the leaves where autumn sheaves

Are full of wondrous lore. At eve the page lies open still, In the mysterious night, The ancient book on which I look, Gleams in the star's pale light.

In cottage homes, in halls of wealth, The books I love abound, A hand divine has traced each line Above, below, around!

ON THE RIVER.

"So Vane is at his old tricks again. If I were that girl's father or brother I should be inclined to express my opinion

of his tactics pretty strongly. ' Is that Miss Elliot? I have noticed him by her side more than half the evening-but, if I may judge from the lady's expression, his attentions are not otherwise than acceptable."

"Splendidly handsome girl, isn't she? Alice Hargreaves, the new beauty, is no a patch upon her in my opinion,

Handsome enough-for those who admire that style-great Eastern eyes and Juno-like figure. For my own part I prefer something softer and more

"So apparently did Vane yesterday under Mrs. Fairfax's parasol for over an hour and a half. How a proud girl like Blanche Elliot can stand such an open rivalry passes my comprehension." "Mrs. Fairfax? The widow of Jack Fairlax, of the artillery?"

Even so-Nina Forrester that was, You must remember her, Graham-a pretty little fair-haired thing who looks as if a puff of wind would blow her away. She is awfully well off-Jack took good care of that, poor old chap! And really she looks hardly more than a child stil, though she has a little girl, as pretty as herself, over five years

"And she is flirting with young Vane, yon say?"

"Firting! She is the veriest little firt in England. Her villa at Twickenham is a paradise for that kind of amusement. Sloping lawn down to the river-boat always ready-strawberries and cream-and a pretty little hostess so charmed to see you it you run down for a breath of fresh air on a hot afternoon. She has been up in town this week, staying with her brother, but was to go home yesterday.

During this last speech Colonel Gra- Where were you last night?" name's attention had been chiefly betenance of the man who is so assiduous- worth speaking to.' ly bending over her.

It is a very good-looking face-a face which one of Sir Reginald Vane's dogloving friends has sometimes likened to to a Gordon setter, with dark, lustrous say for herself." eyes and delicate profile-and if there are weak lines marring the mouth and eloquence! Come, Reggie, dont be chin they are concealed by the black cross; take some more strawberries. I silky mustache which covers both. He want you to amuse me now you are is a popular man, especially with the women, who casily learn to call him free-and-easy compliments which have Lady Hetherington's rooms were tolera charm of their own when uttered in ably cool, however, that low musical murmur. In fact, a and there in the course of every season.

Of a very different type is Leslie Grahame, the man who, standing in the door-way, has been listening to the careless remarks of a gossiping acquaintnation, he might, except for his com- I tea, manding height, pass unnoticed in the crowd assembled at Lady Hetherington's 'At Home." But probably, on Aldershot field-day, a spectator would pick out the cavalry officer who sits his horse so gallantly (though three fingers | little figure is drawn up, and the baby of his bridle hand are gone, and he is fain to wind the charger's reins around his wrist) as an object of curiosity.

For do not other medals besides those so lately won in Egypt decorate his breast, and is there not some tale of danger and heroism, almost unparalled in the modern annals, connected with the cross earned at Ulundi?

Blanche Eiliot, keen-witted in reading countenances, has singled him out plexity to the stranger's face. this evening, and appeals to Vane with a half conscious laugh.

leaning against the door? He appears passed away, before poor Jack Fairfax to take an interest in me-this is the won her with his hasty, impetuous tale second time I have caught him gazing of love-before she had, as it were, this way.

quent and natural to attract your attention-although it is rather wonder- sciously softening his deep tones with ful for Colonel Greshame to condescend | the gentleness he would have used in to notice any one. His head is usually addressing a child. in the clouds.

"He looks out of place here, and he teels it. See he is 'sloping off,' as you since we met-andsay. Grahame-I remember the name

p V. C., is he not?" "Just so. A great hero in his way, but not a very amusing companion in ordinary life. I only know him by but so much has happened since those ordinary life. I only know days—" days—" le answered, gently, sight, however. But tell me once more, days—" I know," he answered, gently,

Miss Elliot was playing with her fan, wondering whether the shadow in her and contrives with it to hide the color blue eyes is caused by Jack's memory, that for a moment overspreads her face or-as he looks at the handsome young at this question.

more eagerly.

morrow." "To-morrow?" Vane's handsome face other's throats, petrays evident disturbance. "I am

Why stoop to prevarication, Sir out the tea. Reginald? Blanche has risen now, and her darz eyes are flasoicg. "You are but she trem some perverse instinct of

it cool and pleasant on the river to-moris gone; leaving Vane looking decidedly foolish, and, what is worse, unpleas-

antly conscious that he is looking so. "By George!" he soliloquized, as he lit a cigar during his walk to the club. "How savage she can look when she pleases! Yet I don't know but that I admire her all the more-a flare-up shows off those magnificent eyes and widow is decidedly pratty-and I have tender inflection) "our last experience been down on my luck lately and sadly to Hampton Court." need a windfall. And I really believe she is fond of me, dear little soul!"

Waterloo, taking a return ticket to your service?"

Twickenham.

Five minutes' walk from the railroad station brings him to a charming little villa, with green lawn sloping down to the river, while from beneath a weeping ash a dainty little figure, emerging from the depth of a chaise lounge, comes with hand extended to meet

In her cool, white, summer draperies, and with the flickering sunbeams lighting up her great childish blue eyes and waves of pale golden hair, Mrs. Fair-fax is as pleasant an object on a July So Reggie Vane thinks, as, with a holiday scene. sigh and murmur of satisfaction, he sinks into a seat by her side, takes off his hat and helps himself uninvited from the fragrant pile of s'awberries in the basket near at hand.

"Frightfully hot in London is it not?" morning. He was sitting in the park do nothing but lounge about in the sometimes likes to play at maternal watched the looks and signs that passed the child, by-the-by."

A tiny counterpart of herself, giving | with us.' promise of even greater beauty, here comes up, and presents a tiny hand to low) "to invite that fellow too?" Vane; but when he attempts to kiss her she shakes her yellow curls over her face and struggles away.

"Why, Queenie, what have I done," him for years. We have he asks, had offended, yet too languid to say to one another." to go in pursuit of the baby coquette. The mother's silvery laugh raug out

merrily. "You forgot to take away the rose she gave you when you were last here. Never mind Queenie, you must forgive him now,

"And won't you bring me another in token of pardon?" as the rosehud mouth meets his half reluctantly. Queenie hesitates, but finally conquered by that winning voice and smile, goes off in

quest of the desired gift. large innocent blue eyes, "how has the him. world been using you since last we met?

"Dined at the St. Elmos', Stupid

"Miss E'liot was not there?" this careless little tone of inquiry. "No, I took in one of the girls

the house, who had not two words to "Aud who left the field open for your

here, Where dia you go afterwards?" "To a couple of stupid crushes -- really "Reggie," and smile over the rather a barbarons institution in this weather.

"And you enjoyed yourself there? It drawing-room pet of the nineteenth is hardly like you to honor an evening century, such as one meets with here rout when there is no dancing-unless some special attraction tempted you." "And how could that be when you were at Twickenham?"

"Well meant, my friend, but hardly so gracefully expressed as I should have ance. Of Scottish descent and with a expected from you. Queenie, darling, ruggid cast of features common to that run in to ask why they don't bring

"Here it comes-and confound it!another visitor. Why cannot that butler of yours learn discretion?"

"Because I prefer to exercise my own," replies Mrs. Fairfax. And the face takes an expression for a moment which warns Vane he has gone too far. "Who would have thought," he murmurs into his beard, "that the little pussy cat could show such claws?"

Meanwhile Mrs. Fairfax has risen and moves forward to receive her guest. The servant mumbles a name which she does not catch, and she lifts her pretty appealing eyes in some per-

Something she reads in that grave, bronzed countenance brings back "Pray, who is that stern-looking man old memories-recalling a time long leaped suddenly from childhood into "Is that so remarkable? I should the glare and excitement of a spoiled have thought the occurrence too fre- beauty's life. Nor is the dream dispelled when the visitor speaks, uncon-

> "You have not forgotten me, Mrs. Fairfax? 1 do not wonder-it is years

"No, uo," she suddenly cried, with a joyous clap of her hands. "You are Captain Grahame-my playfellow of long ago. I remember you quite well;

fellow so evidently at home in this As she remains silent he repeats it garden—by Jack's chosen successor.

And then the two men glare at one "You know my hours-I always ride another, after the fasinon common to in the evening during this hot weather | Englishmen when they meet for the Jack, who was so strong, should have -5 to 8-I shall probably do so to- first time, and are uncertain whether to be on friendly terms or to fly at each

"Sir Regnald Vane-Captain-no, it afraid I shall be out of town. Very is Colonel now, surely? I thought so stern again, provoking-an old engagement with a -Colonei Grahame." And while a stiff bow is exchanged she proceeds to pour

your own master. See, mamma is beckon- coquetry bestows all her favors upon ing to me. Good-night. You will flud the colonel, whose grave aspect would hardly prove attractive to children in row." And with this parting shot she general. Yet it melts into a kindly smile as, lifting the little one upon his of her mother, older only by some eighteen years, and recalls the days tears. when Nina Forrester had sat as confidingly on the knee of the shy young cornet.

"You will let me scull you up the river, Mrs. Fairfax?" says Vane, as he the very fact of jealously betrays an puts down his tea-cup. "I have not interest in my movements. Still, the forgotten" (here his voice takes a more

"Mrs. Fairfax looks doubtfully tohe is fond of me, dear little soul!" ward her other guest, who somewhat And Sir Reginald Vane's reflections stifly observes: "Don't let me be any not leading him to any satisfactory con- hinderance to your plans. Or perhaps

> Vane's face darkens, but the widow claps her hands and answers gaily; "Capital! It would really have been hard work for one alone in this boat." So Queenie runs to fetch her mother's charms of a favorite kitten's society terra firma herself.

Vane pulls stroke, and the boat glides smoothly away from the emerald bank and out into the glassy expanse of water, amid scores of others gayly laden with a similar freight, and lookday as any man's eye could rest upon. ing as if playing their part in some

> "This has been very hard on me," murmurs Vane, bending forward so that his words are audible to the fair steerer only. "My pleasant afternoon all spoiled because-

"Because you are a foolish, selfasks his hostess sympathetically. "Even | willed boy," answers the little woman, he has to give-belongs to Miss Elliot. here Queenie and I have been able to who albeit some tour years his junior, shade and eat strawberries. Where is airs. "Come, shake off your fit of the

> "With us? Are you going" (very "Certainly I am. He is one of my very oldest friends"-("old enough!"

"Then you will certainly get through Here is your landing place." them better uninterrupted," says Sir Reginald, in a spiteful sotto voice. Then aloud: "I am awfully sorry, Mrs. her to spring ashore and give him his Fairfax, but I have just remembered final dismissal. But Nina does not Chinese sang between a squeak and in my mind the games of chess that I that I am to dine out to-night. I am move. Her head is bent down and afraid I shall have to ask yea to land overshadowed by her hat that he canafraid I shall have to ask yea to land overshadowed by her hat that he canare Surbiton so that I can get home not read the expression of her flaintly for them. They ran after them and Monthly, and compose nearly all my by train, Steer more to the right, flushed face, please; you are running us into that

"What are you growing nervous?" and again that sweet, clear laugh rings "And now, Monsieur," says the little out, and Vane grinds his teeth as he and surveying her visitor through the smite is over-spreading the face behind

lief as he springs ashore.

me notice beforehand, as I might be in ture, compels him to answer: London for the day. But, yes, come "I don't think you could usip it-

sustained sundry putls during this col-And with a vigorous stroke the boat is Oh, Lestie, you thought this!" once more in motion, the widow's eye for the first time lights upon the maimed left hand, and she exclaims in dismay:

"When-how-dil this happen?" you home in due course of time.'

"Oh, I was not thinking of myself. But does it not hurt you? I am so sorry I did not know before Sir Reginald left us. Or stay-could I help you, 1 wonder?"

"With those tiny hands of yours? you cared for Jack," No, no, I am getting on perfectly well; but give that steam launch more space, or we shall get a tossing after she has passed."

companion's face it is so grave that she exclaims in wonder:

"I was going to say, 'A penny for your thoughts,' but from the expression of your countenance yours must be weighty enough to be worth more. Won't you be generous and impart them gratis?"

A long pause, during which she leans over the side of the boat and idly dabbles one hand in the water. "Take care," he says, warningly,

you will lose your rings. "I have none on that hand excep" She takes the little waite tingers out of the water and gazes haif sadiy on the thick gold band-Jack's wedding-ringplaced there six years ago, and only

eighteen months before Jack's own honest heart was still and cold. Leslie Grahame is looking at it also, and somehow the sight nerves him to the next words he has to say.

"It is a long time since we met, is it not? I was riding with poor Jack when he bought that ring, and a few days later I had orders for India, and so 1 missed the wedding. But I did not forget my old friend or ais bride-nor,' he adds more gently, "did I forget you when sadder news reached me. Poor Jack," he says, dreamily, his thoughts busy with the boy friend of his youth, and in a manner forgetting that he is speaking to that friend's widow; "so

yonug, so open-hearted and generous." 'All that and more,' she says, quick-ly; "he was too good for inis cold, hard world. Ah me, to think that life alone." "You have your ohild." Uncon-

sciously his tone has grown a little "Darning Queenie! Yes, But it is duli sometimes, and one wants some one to consuit --- to leas on,"

"And you till a goa flud that some one in Regulation Vanet

He is sorry the next moment after to have blurted out the words, but it is too late to recall them. She flashes a glance at him, and he meets it steadily, expecting to be assailed with a torrent | ical Society recently. He said at the knee, he glances from her face to that of feminine wrath, but is takne back at meeting instead a sudden burst of

> "Mrs. Fairfax-what a brute I amforgive me. I have lived so much alone that I have fallen into a dreadful habit of speaking my thoughts aloud."

thoughts?"

"Could I help it? Only last night I heard your names coupled together by the voice of common gossip, and to-day have I not seen some confirmation of the report? And I would not presume to find fault, though 1 was once not only Jack's friend, but almost a rough clusion, the next afternoon finds him at | you will allow me to take an oar in elder brother to you in the forgotten days of long ago.

"Not forgotten," murmurs a stifled voice; "only I wondered why you never

came to see me." "It was best not. I --- Jack loved and trusted me-his mentor-ashe used hat, but at the last moment finds the to call me, poor boy! But now-now, Nina, I cannot but think of the old days irresistible, and selects to remain on when I see you about to take an irretrievable step with one whom I cannot think worthy-"

"You are jealousl Our grave colonel actually condescending to such weaksess! And pray, may I ask, what makes you think Sir Reginald Vane unworthy -I don't say of little me--but of any good thing that the world can bestow?"

"His dishonorable conduct towards another woman. Forgive me, Nina-Heaven knows I would sooner bite my tongue out than say it-but he is playing a double part in this, making up to you for fortune, while his heart-what I saw him by her side last night. between them, and I speak solemn truth blues! Be agreeable, and stay and dine when I say that I believe he has won that poor girl's affections, and that in sober earnest he cares for her. And now that I have said my say, and brought a cloud over the face I have always connected with heaven's sungrumbles Vane)-"and I have not seen | shine, I will go my way, only asking him for years. We have heaps of things that, as time softens your anger, you will try to think a little kindly of me,

that I am to dine out to-night. I am move. Her head is bent down and so scream, the Hindoos wailed, and the

It seems an age to him before the illence is broken. At last-"Did you always think me a dreadful flirt?"

He is startled and taken unawares by tne appealing tone. Fain would be woman, leaning back on her cushions, feels, rather than sees, that a grim answer a reassuring negative, but memories of the old days again rise before his mind-visious of the sweet sittle When Surbiton is reached at length playmate grown suddenly into an ex-Come, give an account of yourself. he scarcely attempts to disguise his re-Where were you last night?" he scarcely attempts to disguise his re-lief as he springs ashore. acting, vain piece of womanhood—of poor Jack's alternate raptures and des-"Good-bye! Many thanks, Mrs. Fair- pair in the days of his brief, ill-constowed upon Miss Elliot and the coun- affair, and intolorably hot-and no one fax. I may come over again, soon," sidered courts up-und the truth, the "It you like-only it is best to give guiding star of Ledlie Grahame's na-

when you like. Any day day this some women are formed to be the tor- sadly, that they were the songs of a week," softening as she sees his face ment of every man who comes near them-it was your nature to be s weet The colonel's heavy mustache has and lovable,'

"And now I am grown older and loquy, and his face is a shade graver harder and care only for admiration, so than usual as he steps into the vacant that I could stoop to pick up a heart seat and possesses himself of both oars. that belongs of right to another woman,

"By heaven, I did you injustice," cries the colonel, in a burst of self-re proach, "I've been insulting you all this time and you have borne it like an "In South Africa-long ago. Don't angel-just as you used to in the old be afraid. My sculling may be somedays when I was a big unmanly boy, what clumsy, but I will promise to get and tyranized over you like the ruffian I

Was. "And I liked you through it all." This was spoken very softly. "Nina, Nina, do not drive me mad. You can do it-you always could-I went away years ago because I knew

"You did?" "Was I not right? You would mever have chosen me-the grave, stern Scotchman, fifteen years your senior-A silence follows, during which both in preference to that bright, sunnyare busy with their own reflections. hearted lad. And now don't think, When Mrs. Fairfax lifts her eyes to her dear, that I have come back to harass I would not have seen you toyou. you unwarned of the gossip afloat. But now that you know, your woman's wit and your own brave little heart will prove your best defense. Good-bye, Nina. Say once that you forgive me-

as you used to long ago.' "Leslie!" down to moor the boat, does not arrive In January, 1868, I gave my first public a minute sooner, or his astonished eyes might have seen what Queenie after-wards mysteriously reports: "My mammie crying, and Colonel Grahame eight that I can remember. Gradually

his shoulder and stroking her hair." the little playfellow of early days-the denial to his boy friend-has whispered to him the "yes," which, had he been more far-sighted, might have been spoken long ago and have spared him years of self-inflicted exite.

In Prussia the sale of poisonous and arsenical fly papers is only permitted to chemists and those who are authorized to deal in poisons. Such persons even are only permitted to sell them under the same regulations as must be observed in the sale of all poisons. These regulations require that a poison certificate be given with them, and also that the word "poisonous" be stamped upon them. In this country children have more than once been seriously injured by the poison upon fly-papers, carelessly sold without caution.

Foppen corn should ne cut for curing just as the tasset blooms. If cut too early or too late the quality is inSongs and Song Writing.

Justice Charles P. Daly read an interesting article on "Songs and Song Writing" before the New York Historoutset that there was a great difference between things that were written for songs and songs that were really songs. The troubadours knew what a song was when they defined it as a piece of verse that is fit to be sung. It was what Milton happily called the marriage of "But how came you to have such music and words. To be a successful song writer one must be both a fine poet and possessed of a fine ear for music. It was this that made the brilliant lyric successes of Burns and Moore.

> The Chief Justice considered musical instruments at length. Egyptian hier-oglyphics proved, he said, that the oldest nations on the globe had these instruments and used them. How they used them was a mystery to modern people. Ancient mural paintings showed beyond a doubt, however, that the Egyptians had music for religious ceremonies and social entertainments. They were a lively, cheerful and gay people. who liked social enjoyment. Their instruments of music were prototypes of modern implements of melody. In a mausoleum in Thebes some time ago there was found a harp, with catgut strings, that had lain silent for 3,000 years. The moment a human hand swept the strings they gave forth the old delightful harmony. In their hieroglyphics the Egyptians also preserved their songs. One in particular was translated, and found the song of it?" threshers who beat the wheat. Two Babylonian songs were recently discovered which Babylonian plowmen sang when driving the plow.

He next considered the troubadours. They flourished for 250 years. They were poets who carried the structure and rhythm of verse to an excellence that had never been surpassed. Their songs breathed an extraordinary devotion for women. But it was an ideal sentiment that would hardly do for the nineteenth century. As a knight the troubadour selected almost invariably another man's trained in the same way that we can wife as the theme of his songs, and pledged his life to defend her from harm. The woman gave him a ring and a kiss in token that she accepted the devotion. The kiss was the first and last the

troubadour ever got. national music and songs. He said the fell down in adoration, much the same analytical articles and notes upon games as modern people do over operatic celebrities. The Dutch sang ballads. The Chief Justice expressed sorrow for Mr. Augustus Schell's sake that he could not speak more favorably of the Dutch songs, but truth compelled him to say they were very long. He would say that they were also patriotic, and that the Dutch put a good deal of enthusiasm into the singing—a good deal, that was to say, considering the singers were Dutchmen.

The Irish had produced some of the loveliest songs that ever were sung. A and, hearing the early Irish airs, said people who had lost their liberties. In 'Robin Adair' an Irishman had produced the most popular air of the century. The song had a pathetic love story as its origin, and the hero of it really lived. He was Dr. Robin Adair, phy- conductor-one of the contrivances sician to George III.

Blindfold Chess.

When Dr. Zukerfort is not playing chess he is always ready to talk chess, and to a reporter who recently asked it is unnecessary to do so, as no doubt him in New York to explain the method | most of my readers have been on it, I by which he is able to play a number of olindfolded games at once, he said:

"Why, willingly. I was first taught the moves on a chessboard in 1860, when I was eighteen years old. I was at college studying the natural scienversity of Breslau, where there was a chess club, and where I was beaten nine out of every ten games I played. This was in June 1861. Then I began to study chess—in fact, I became infatnated with the game. I played in the day time and read chess books at night. By the following February there was no man living who could give me the odds. of a knight. The great Anderson was day, but that I could not bear to leave in Breslau and we played together a games in which he gave me the odds of a knight, I won twenty and drew two.

"In reading the chess books so much I discovered my capacity for carrying on a game as I read it, without looking at a board, in much the same way as a well, too, that the gardner, coming to play two games, and was successful. exhibition of blindfold playing. comforting her, as mammie does when I run the number up from nine to tample down, holding her hand on twelve, and finally to sixteen. That is as many games as I have ever attempted For Leslie Grahame's long-repressed blindfold, and no other player has ever tate of love has been spoken at last, and done as much. I played the sixteen in the West End Chess Club of London, prize which he gave up in bitter self- December 11, 1868, against sixteen of the strongest amateur players of the St. George's and and West End Clubs. I won twelve, drew three, and lost but one. The single winner was an American gentleman living in London, Mr. W. Baliard. The games that I played recently at the Manhattan Coess Club were not a fair test of my skill, because of the noise and interruptions to which I was subjected."

"Can you play more than sixteen games, do you think?" "I have no doubt of it. I think there is no mental limit to the number of games I might play, but there is a

physical limit; it is very wearying "Do you play simply from memory." "I have a way of photographing a

boards before me even for an instant; My mind at such times is like a wail upon which a magic lantern casts a shadow, and just as the pictures are changed in the magic lantern so the photographs of the chess board change before my eyes."

"Do you adopt a certain sal of openings when you undertake to play a number of blindfold games, so arranging the series that you may know what style of opening was played on a partieular board?"

"No, I go entirely by the numbers of the boards. Each game becomes identified in my mind with a certain number. call that number and I see the game. The most difficult part of blindfold playing is not, as many suppose, to-wards the conclusions of the games, but in the beginning of them, where the pieces are apt to be similarly placed on two or more boards. The further the games progress the easier it is to recall them. A board always comes into my mind precisely as I left it after the last move. I never have to go back over the moves to find out how the men stand, but I can at any time give the moves in the regular order. I played twelve games in Glasgow blindfolded in January, 1873, and the play was adjourned to attend a dinner given in my honor. After the dinner and before continuing the games, I named the precise position of every man, black and white, on each of the twelve boards."

"Why is it," asked the reporter, "that many good chess players not only cannot play blindfolded, but are unable to comprehend how another man does

With a little shrug Dr. Zukertort replied:-"I suppose it is a difference in the power of memory. My memory had a peculiar training. When I was seven years old, and before I could read or write, I was able to demonstrate such a problem as the square of the hypothenuse or to work out a simple equation entirely from memory. My godfather was a professor of mathenatics, and he had great faith in the value of training the memory. I myself believe that the memory may be train our bodies. My memory is good in other lines than chess. Whatever I read a few times I commit to memory I have not read Roman history since was in the University; but I am ready to stand an examination in Roman his-He described the characteristics of tory to-day. I believe I have forgotten none of the dates. I can play over now played in the London tournament. of chess while traveling and with no board near me.'

"You can play as well blindfolded as ou can with a board?" "No, but I believe if I were to practice blindfolded playing more that I could conduct one game without a board better than with it. I could concentrate my mind more entirely by

not seeing the board." "How many blindfold players of distinction are there now living?" "Not many," replied Dr. Zukertort, 'they are scarce,'

The car which I entered was nearly full-no car is ever full. It was one of the short cars called by the light-minded "bob-tailed," having one horse and no that presumes upon the honesty of everybody except the driver, The car was dirty; but as this is the only dirty line in the United States it would be ill-natured to mention its name and city, besides, was interested in studying the legenes in English and German posted above the windows. They related, mostly, to diseases and the benefit of soap applied. There were also directions about negoces. Soon after that I went to the Uni- tiating with the driver for change, and one, many times repeated, and written over the fare-box by the door, requested the passengers to "put the exact fare in the box." This legend always annoys me by its narrowness and petty dictation. Often I do not feel like being bound by the iron rule; sometimes I would like to put in more, sometimes less, than the exact five cents. But no great deal. In a series of twenty-four allowance is made for different moods and varying fiancial conditions. I often wonder if this rule is founded on real justice in the bosom of the company, and whether it would be as anxious to seek out the traveler who It is well that the drooping branches musician might read music. I culti- should by chance overpay and restore of a weeping willow have made a se- vated the faculty, and finding that I the excess, as it is to follow him when cluded little bower of the landing place; could play one game blindfolded, I tried he puts in too little. If this is not the meaning of "exact," then the company is more anxious to make money than to do justice. I do not suppose this is so, but there is one suspicious thing about a horse-car. The floor is sometimes a grating, and straw is spread on this, so that if the passenger, who is often nervous and obliged to pass his fare from hand to hand to the box, lets it drop.

> Stationers always have more loss in gilt goods and it is no easy matter to keep these gilt goods bright and cleau. The following is a good recipe: Gilt articles, if of metal, may be cleaned by rubbing them gently with a sponge or soft brush moistened with a solution of half an ounce of potash, or an ounce of sode, or, perhaps best, an ounce of borax, in a pint of water; then rinsing them in clean water and drying with a soft linen rag. Their luster may be improved, in certain cases, by gently heating them, and then applying gentle. friction with a soft rag. A very dilute solution of cyanide of potassium will answer the same purpose, by applying it in the same manner as above, washing in water and finally drying by gentle friction with a liner rag; but as this board in my mind, and—the boards substance is very poisonous, it is not to being numbered-when one board is be recommended for household uses, called, the photograph of the position of Gilt frames of mirrors, pictures, etc., the men on that board comes instantly should never be touched with anything before my mind while the last board as but clean water, gently applied with a quickly disappears. I never see two soft spouge or brush

into the straw, he never can find it.