#### IT CAME TO HER.

Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a cow.' "I never whistled, mother, and neither can I now-

It puckers up my mouth so !" "Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a horse."

"I never whistled, mother, and cannot now

of course-It puckers up my mouth so!"

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a sheep." It puckers up my mouth so !"

"Whistle, whistle, loving daughter, and you shall have a man. "I never whistled, mother, but know very well I can And the whistling pretty soon began.

## MY BIRTHDAY.

We, Mother Raynor, Jack and I, were sitting in our little sitting room, our best room, but not parlor, for mother would never call the little box of a room by so dignified a title, and for the hundredth time they were telling me what they knew of my life,

"You see, Birdie," said mother, as I had always called her, "it was a stormy night and Jack had been detained at the store-he was cash-boy at Cotton & Co.'s then-but just as he was running up the steps about 7 o'clock, he met a woman hurrying down them. She brushed by without speaking, and he, when he reached the door, almost stumbled over a basket where you lay all snugged up in warm flannels. Ah, but you were a nice baby. my dear!" "Pity my mother hadn't thought so!"

I sarcastically observed. "Undoubtedly you would have fared better than in our humble home," said Jack, grimly.

"Why, Jack, you don't think I meant that, do you, dear?" I hastily asked. "It made me feel badly to think my own flesh and blood would abandon me and trust me with strangers, that's

"That was seventeen years ago tomorrow night," meditated mother, un-

heeding our conversation. "Yes," chimed in I, anxious to clear the cloud from Jack's forehead, "and you have always called it my birthday, and have slways made the day so pleas-ant for me, too. Let me see," I rattled on, "you thought I must have been about a year old, and so I am eighteen to-morrow! Have you made my birthday cake yet, mother?"

Yes, indeed, and that reminds me I must go and see to the frosting of it too, to-night. No, you stay right here. Watch her, Jack, for she's not to see

the cake until to-morrow," I retreated before her laughing command, and seeing how sour Jack still Jack, looked I determined to do my very best to make him behave like his own self again. Perching myself on the arm of his chair I leaned over, trying to eatch

"No," he replied, in a tone that said 'Yes, decidedly so; let me alone."

I was not to be rebuffed. Slipping my arm around his neck I drew his face around toward mine,

"You're sorry you didn't send me to the Foundlings' Home, aren't you? It's enough to make any one cross to think how he has been troubled for seventeen years just because he was so soft-heart- little romance was to be shattered. ed over a miserable little baby whose Well, I would never stay and let him own people didn't care about keeping it. Are you sorry. Jack?"

"Are you, Bird?" He suddenly straightened up, a look in his dark eyes I had never noticed

there before. "What have I to be sorry for?" I asked. "Wasn't I thrown into the hands of the dearest, kindest mother and ing or caring where my steps tended. brother a girl ever had?"

"Yes, dear-that is, we've always meant kindness; but still, I am not your brother, Bird."

"I know it, but I love you just as well," I began, but some way under the shouts of warning, feeling a sudden steady look of Jack's beautiful eyes I shock, and then all was blank. could not go on with my usual protestations of affection, as I had always been in the habit of doing, and I drew my arm away from about his neck. "But I don't want you to, Bird,"

he said, slowly, and then he went on eagerly:
"My darling, I want you to love me just as well as I do you dear. I want | they fell on a sweet-faced lady not yet

you for my very own, for my wife, Clasping me close in his strong arms he told me how happy I could make

him by saying that I loved him. And so strongly did he argue his case that some way 1 was completely won | decided to explain the situation. over to his way of thinking, and before

the great birthday cake was frosted Jack and I were engaged. "I've accepted Jack as as a birthday

A radiant look of surprised joy fairly was nothing about you to identify you, illumined her dear old face as she comprehended the meaning of my re-

"It has been the wish of my life," she whispered, kissing me softly. "Be ready for other birthday gifts to-mor-' she called after me

"Oh, happy birthday," I whispered when to morrow dawned; and I, awak- they would go to the station and then ing, remembered my promise to Jack.

Several little tokens were at my breakfast plate, some very expensive, too, for | ity all my life." since Jack's pictures had begun to sell | so well and orders poured in faster than unnecessary it was to speak of my own he could execute them he had begun to history to a stranger, be quite extravagant.

He had gratified an oft-expressed no one had called, wish of mine by having a cameo earring, found in the basket in which they first found me, set in a ring for me for lay looking at my wasted fingers I no- The fainting kind are the best; they one of my birthday presents. It was | ticed my ring was gone. an exquisite, clearly-cut cameo, and it had a decidedly unique setting; so I new-found acquaintance blushed and had always indulged in the hope that | then said: some day, perhaps, I might learn through it who me parents were.

a It had evidently dropped into the basket by mistake, for there was nothing else about me to identify me. There was none of the proverbial straw- room. berry marks or moles so often found on lost children in stories, so I had only the gizing for being the cause of my iliness.

cameo to connet me with the unknown

So I slipped it on my finger, and when Jack told me to keep it for an engagement ring until he could procure another, it became doubly dear to me, By-and-bye, as soon as breakfast was

finished, much to my surprise and disappointment, my lover went up to his studio and remained invisible for two hours. "He might have spent my birthday

with me, anyway." I pouted, as I plod-ded upstairs, feeling "blue" enough I knocked at the door of his studio, "Not just now, dear, I'm busy," came in Jack's voice from beyond the door. Angry and indignant, for he had allowed me to spend my mornings there for two monihs past, I silently went to my own

And I was angrier still when not ten minutes later his door opened to admit Miles Griffith, a fellow from the Artists'

And then I was ready to cry with vexation. They had always petted and spoiled me, mother and Jack, and let me have my own way, so that I could not bear even this little neglect grace-

And besides we were just engaged, and Jack, it seemed to me, wasn't acting just as he ought to under the circumstances.

At last I was determined to be mean enough to listen, and hear, if I could, what they were talking about so earnestly in the studio.

Me, I found out at once, for Jack had just spoken my name as I guiltily put my ear to the keyhole. (A disgraceful thing to do, I admit, but as I mean this to be a faithful account of my birthday, and as I really did listen at the keyhole, I record it).

"I have made a great mistake," said Jack, sighing heavily. I could not distinguish Mr. Griffiths' reply, but I, hushing my breath, heard

Jack say again; "It has always been my mother's wish. I did it more to please her, I suppose. She loves Bird dearly, and-With a dry sob I fell forward on the rug. I could not have stirred then

had they opened the door and saw me "He has found out this early that he has made a mistake, has he?" I thought bitterly, when my brain stopped whirlling so I could think. "It was only to please his mother that he had asked me to become his wife! And to think he should reveal his disappointment to that horrid old Griffith first! Oh, it was too

humiliating." I resolved to release him at once, but again I listened, having a dim hope, I suppose, that perhaps my ears had de-

ceived me. "If it suits my mother-" began

"That's not the thing," interrupted Griffith. "You never would be suited, She lacks expression and---' "Yes, I know-naturalness-I know

the faults-for I'm better acquainted "Cross, dear?" I asked, very sweetly. | with Birdie than you are, Griffith." "To be sure," assented Griffith. "Mouth too large; eyes very vacant, I've noticed. I advise you to give it

> up. "I'll take your advice" said Jack, emphatically, and then I rushed to my

So through "Griffith's advice," which Jack seemed so ready to take, my brief see my heart break, too; for I felt sure I never could live through this trouble, so dear had Jack in the role of lover become to me in a few short hours.

And so some way-and now it seems like a vague dream to me-I found myself a few hours later wandering aimlessly down a strange street, not know-Some workmen obstructed the sidewalk and I was obliged to cross the street.

I remember of stepping down and advancing a few steps, of hearing hoarse When I returned to consciousness I

was in a strange room, everything was strange to me. "Where am I?" I asked, although I could see no one, 'What has hap-

pened?" "You are with friends," said a low voice near me, and turning my eyes, old, although her hair was nearly white, sitting near me.

"How came I here?" I demanded, in a weak, startled voice. After a brief consultation with the woman, evidently the nurse, the lady

"You are weak, but I trust to your good sense to remain calm while I tell you why you are here. About a month ago you were crossing the street and gift," I whispered to mother as I ran my husband and I accidentally ran against and severely injured you. There

so we brought you home." "And this is a month ago; has no one been here?" Did you advertise?' "No," replied the lady, "It was reported in the police news, I believe, as my husband had to pay a large fine for his

be directed here, if you had any in the ing, remembered my promise city."
"What better gift could I have asked city."
"I have none," I said bitterly. "I was only a foundling, living upon char-

> I was reckless, I did not think how A whole month I had lain there and

And my pale, thin hands showed how near to death's door I had been, As I

"Hastily I inquired where it was. My "Will you allow my husbund to talk with you a few moments? He has your

cameo. In a few moments a tall, handsome gentlemen accompanied her into the

"Years ago," he began, after apolo-

and congra'ulating me upon my recovery, "I had a pair of cameos carved in this city. They were untike anything ever seen here. I had them set in a pair of earrings for my wife. One night our house was robbed by a trusted servant; the cameos were taken along with

other valuables. "Was anything else taken?" I asked, sitting upright, forgetting for a moment my weak state.

The gentleman strove to control his emotion, but his wife was silently weeping near the window.

"Yes, our only child," he replied, brokenly. "Now will you tell me how you came by this cameo, for it is the same? I to-day took it to the person been reset.'

"Was it seventeen years ago that your child was stolen?" I asked, eager-

"Yes. What do you know of it?" he questioned hoarsely.

"I know that I am your child then." After I had told the story so often repeated to me by mother Raynor they were perfectly satisfied that I belonged to them, and their joy beggars descrip-

Their story was that my father had given his wife a necklace of diamonds, and seeing how pleased her baby was with it she had shaken the stones before his eyes, and at last, in a spirit of fun, clasped it about the child's neck. But she did not understand the fastening, and as her husband was away from home and she could not get the short chain over the child's head, she was obligod to let the nurse put the infant to sleep with the glittering ornament about its neck. But temptation proved too great for the nurse's rapacity, so had taken baby quietly out to a neighboring jeweler and had the neckisce unfastened.

The theory we, my new found parents and I, formed was, that becoming frightened at her own exploit and not daring to try to replace the baby-I never can realize that that baby was myself-lest she be discovered, she concluded to abandon it entirely.

"Now, where do these people live who have cared so kindly for you? I must

see them," said my mother. Reluctantly I gave the address. Jack came straight to me after my mother told her errand, and he looked so old, so worn, and haggard that for a moment I was lost in pity for him,

Then I remembered the indelicate remarks he had made to Miles Griffith, and in trying to be frigidly cool I only succeeded in crying weakly.
"Oh, Jack! Jack!" I sobbed, unable

to be anything but my own impetuous self, "why did you teach me to love you only to tire of me soon?"

"Tire! How? What do you mean, dear?" he asked, taking my hand anxlously as if he feared I was not quite rational. And then as I grew calmer I to be the very lowest specimens of huhad to confess how I had descended to manity existing and only one link short the contemptible business of eavesdrop- in the chain to connect them with the ping and what I had heard.

'It was my birthday, Jack you remember you had Griffith up in companions, sat upon the rail and sung the studio. And you told him you had a song. They sit, or rather squat, as a made a groat mistake in engaging your- monkey does, and this fellow at short self to me, and-and he advised you to intervats would yell out: "Ama, ama, give it up, and you said you would follow his advice,

For three minutes Jack stared at me, on they all went off to the shore and and then he, with difficulty repressing | we saw them no more, an inclination to laugh, said;

"My darling, how could you believe it? Now listen. As you know, my forte is landscapes. Well, I thought I'd make one more trial at portraits, so while lately I have been entertaining you and mother so politely in the studio I was slyly taking 'sittings,' You know your birthday, or the day we celebrate as yours, and mother's fall on the same day; so, as she had often expressed a wish to have your portrait painted, and thinking that you would like her's, I painted your counterfeits as best l could, and then before I showed them sent for Griffith, the fairest critic in the club. He told me candidly that as a portrait painter I was a dead failure, and advised me never to allow the paolic to see my attempts. The criticisms you heard were of your picture. Not

you. Are you satisfied?" "Perfectly," I answered, feeling as if now I could get well and strong at once, ·But my poor birthday was all spoiled,'

"To-day is your birthday, my dear," interrupted my new mother brightly, entering the room with Mother Raynor, 'and if the other was spoiled ask what you will and you may have it,'

"I'll take Jack," I said, gayly, And so I did, "for better or for worse," a year from my eighteenth birthday.

# Talk With a Burglar.

"The funniest experience I ever had was when I went into a bedroom one night where there was one man asleep. I was at the bureau drawers, and, lookinto the glass, I saw him sit bolt upright and look at me. I turned pretty quick, you may believe, but he never stirred nor spoke. I didn't move after turning round, but looked at him and the next day for so many feet of books, carelessness, but I never thought of he at me. I very soon saw that he was each one differently bound. He would advertising for your friends. I supposed not awake. I gathered up the swag not have even a two-volume edition of and walked round the bed to the door, but his eyes were on me all the while. got out of the room safely, and he he wanted his library closed out imnever spoke nor afterward made any mediately and a new one bought. He disturbance. I didn't stay much longer

in that house. "How is it about the women?" The fainting kind are the best; they are soon laid out. The 'screechers' language. I knew the man did not make the rumpus; they are no ways reasonable. There is only one thing to do-get out of it the easiest way

SICK MAN - "Who's your doctor,

Smith-"Oh! when I'm sick, I always send for Brown. He comes, prescribes, I don't take it, and I'm cured, That's all. I've done my duty."

Pictures of Patagonia.

The wild scenery is somewhat wonderful, and when the sun shines on the snow covered mountains it is indeed a pretty sight. In some of the ravines you soe large drifts of snow that have been carried there by the wind, and into which I should think it would not be at all pleasant to to fall. The air here, of course, is very cold, but it is a dry, healthy breeze and very bracing. At one o'clock, mid-day, we reached our anchoring place for the night, as we could not make the next harbor by daylight, and in the darkness it would be impossible to enter. About two o'clock we received a visit from some who carved it for me so long ago, and he of the Patagonian Indians. They came recognized it at once, although it had off from the shore in queer-looking canoes made out of three pieces of board-one at the bottom and one at each side. These were sewn together with fibres and admitted considerable water. With the exception of some skins they had tied loosely around their bodies they were entirely devoid of clothing, and before they had been alongside many minutes they had not even the skins to cover themselves with. They had sold them all for biscuits tobacco and boxes of matches. After remaining on board about an hour they returned to the shore, all but one being entirely naked. The exceptional one who did not return to the shore in a nade state owed it to the fact that the second steward had found on board an old bottle-green dress that had been left by some female passengers on the way out from Europe. With this the Indian was duly attired, it being tied on and around him by the sailors with seizings. Later on we had a visit from some more of them, this time accompanied by a female. The skins they brought off were those of the otter One Indian had over his shoulder what at one time had been a very valuable sealskin, but was then too old and dirty

It is strange how these creatures manage to exist in this severely inclement climate, where it freezes nearly all the year round. They use no more clothing than that afforded them by nature, and their huts are nothing but a few sticks tied together, with a few skins and some leaves thrown over the top of them, and their canoes are always half full of water. The weapons used are bows, arrows and spears. They eat the flesh of the animals they kill in the chase, and sometimes they catch fish; but their principal article of food is mussels, of which there are millions around there. They have nothing in the shape of corn, wheat, or cereals of any kind, as none grow anywhere nearer than 1,200 miles away. The olimate is too cold for any but hardy shrubs. They are in appearance something like the Indians one mee's in the altos in Guatemala but are a smaller and shorter race and very much more police degenerated. I should imagine them monkey tribe. One of them, apparent-Don't ly a better humored fellow ama," crying out quickly and much after the monkey style. As night drew

# Buying Books.

"I have been sent for several times this year," said the salesman, "to measure the shelves of libraries in new houses, to find out the number of books required to fit them up. Books are an important item in house furnishing. The comfortable old-time sitting-room has made way for the formal library. As a library without books would hardly do, house-owners are bound to have them whether thy possess literary tastes or not. Besides, they add tone and color to the room. A customer recently said to me, frankly enough: 'I don't pretend to read anything except the papers; but there's a home feeling in having books around; they look well, too, and sort of encourage the children. He told me to be 'sure and "chuck" in a few big ones to put on the tables. Another harmless fellow, who wanted the reputation of a man of culture, told me that he was bound to have a queer ideas.

the labels were for. At last, in sheer was a speculater in produce, but some one had sold him a law library. He liked the uniform appearance of the "They are curious, Some of them volumes and had made the purchase will bury themselves under the bed- without reading the titles. His new clothes, while others will spring at you books were to be illustrated, all of them. like a she tiger. A good many will When I first went into the business I gladly let you take anything you want was surprised to see at a customer's if you will only keep away from them, house an extravagantly-bound copy of reasonable. There is only one thing stance puzzled me. I found out afterward that a book-seller had loaded him with a very uncalable article by telling him that every gentleman ought to have a copy of Shakespere's works in the original.

"No; house furnishers do not often

contrasted colors, or for heavy, antique morocco or Russia bindings suited to the character of the room. As a rule, the owner of the house thinks himself competent to buy his own books, though he seeks aid from us in making his choice. I once picked out a handsome assortment for a customer about to furnish his house. He had no acquaintance with books, but he looked over the titles and made some rather interesting expurgations. He told me to put all the standard 'thorities in any way, and he would attend to the rest. He threw out 'In the Meshes'-which he supposed to be a book on fishingbecause he was no angler. 'Boswell's Lite of Johnson' was rejected because he didn't want political campaign works, and wouldn't have the biographies of Presidents, they all lied so. These men do not bother's us much, for they are easily satisfied; but what do you think of a gentleman who refuses to pay his bill because you have 'left out the dictionary-the most important work of all-from a complete edition of Danial Webster's works?"

#### Fee 85.

The other morning a citizen who had been cautioned to send up some butter as he went down town or eat dry bread for dinner, stepped into a grocery and bought and paid for three pounds. The cash tendered was in the shape of a bill, and the citizen did not count his change until he had traveled several

squares. Then he made a discovery. "Why, I gave him a dollar bili and he has given me back over \$9," he soliloquized. "I could keep this money and he would be none the wiser, but I'm not that sort of a clothespin. I will at once

return it." He was as good as his promise. Returning to the store with the money in his hand he said:

"Lucky for you that I am an honest man. You gave me \$9 too much in making change.' "I guess not."

"Well, I guess you did, and here it is. I want only what belongs to me.' The grocer sulkily thanked him and the citizen went his way, but in an an hour or so he made another discoyery. He found the one dollar bill and missed the ten.

"It was a ten I gave him and the change was right." he gasped. must go to him and explain. He started for the grocery, hung

around for a while and then stated the "You are a vile swindler, sir!" prompt-

ly replied the grocer. 'Oh, no; I'm not; I'm simply the victim of a too honest conscience "You get out! I didn't like the cat of your phiz in the first place, and when you brought back the \$9 1 knew you had some sort of a game. Now, sir, you travel, or I'll call in the

"But I'm an honest man! I tell you there's a mistake here," protested the "You promenade! I'm on all the

little games, and you can't make a cent. Boy, call in a policeman," The citizen walked out and kicked lamp posts and rubbed against baby there are still others which cannot be carriages, and refused to recognize his bought under any circumstances whatbest friends. He had not only paid over \$2 a pound for butter, but he had time." The vines in the Steinberg vinebeaten himself all around. He rushed yard grow and bear well for thirty years, to a lawyer to see what he could do, at the end of which time they are cut

and the lawyer replied: "Bide your time and pass a counter-

### feit twenty off on kim-fee \$5." Escapes from Edinburgh Castle.

"If 'sinne' could sink town and tower,

either Thebes.' In those old times, when a Scotch prince hated a man, he very commonly acted on the maxim, "If thus gaining a few weeks of monopoly you want a thing well done, do it yourself,' and dirked his foe with his own duplicates into the market. There are hand. This was the custom of the Duke several dealers in hats who originate of Albany, brother of James III., who styles of their own, usually in felt maslew John of Scougal, and in other terials, and are able, through an acways so conducted himself that, in 1842, he was consigned to prison in the Castle. Thence Albany deemed that he was not nearly every instance. Having perlikely to come forth alive, especially as his fected the designs for the winter, they brother Mar had mysteriously vanished- close the doors of their factories as so mysteriously, indeed, that even now tightly as the portals of a Masonic the manner of Mar's fate is unknown. lodge, and manufacture a full stock as Albany's friends sent a small ship to securely as possible. Rivals send spies wait in the harbor of Leith, and a ham- to discover the fresh shapes, and someper of wine easily found admission to times successfully, but as a rule it is always told us to put in some books Albany's rooms in the Castle. The ham- possible to keep the jealously guarded that had been used a little. He once per contained ropes as well as wine, and when Albany had made his keepers drunk library as big as his neighbor's and with the liquor, had dirked them, and they are preserved unique and distinctwhenever the latter ordered a new thrown their mail-clad bodies to grill on stand-up show case he was going to do the fire, he escaped to the ship at Leith the same. Some of these folks have by aid of the ropes. But the favorite way of escaping had a bland and child-"One of the customers insisted on like simplicity. The captive's wife paid having all his books bound after the him a visit, the pair exchanged clothes, same pattern and numbered. Some and the prisoner walked out in the lady's time afterward a friend told him that petticoats! This old trick was played in people were asking if he kept a circulat- the Castle as often as the 'confidence ing library, so he had morocco labels trick' in the capitals of modern civilizastuck on over the figures. But this tion. Apparently it never missed fire, only made the matter worse, for his and we may conclude that in every case guests were particular to ask him what the turnkeys were bribed. The only prisoner of note who ever failed was the first desperation, he sent the volumes to an Marquis of Argyll, in 1601. The Marauction room and we received his offer chioness came to see him in a sedan chair; he assumed her dress and coit, and stepped into the sedan. But presently he lost heart and stepped out again, though what he was afraid of it is difficult to guess. He in great haste for a dealer, saying that could only die once, his execution was certain, and he might as well be shot privately, in the attempt to run away, as be decapitated publicly in the town where the great Montrose, his enemy, was done to death. When the Marquis's son, in his turn, was confined in the Castle, his ready brain conceived the novel idea of escaping, not in the dress of a lady, but in that of the lackey of his daughter-in-law. He let the lady's train drop in the mud, whereon, with the wit and coolness of a daughter of the Lindsays, she switched the dripping silk in his face, crying, 'Thou careless loon.' Then the soldiers laughed, and Argyli, for that time, got clean away."

In answer to this remark that she had ventured away from home on a bad day, she said: "It does look like rain, but I brought my gossiper with me, and I ordered John to meet me at the buy the books for a library, but they frequently give directions as to binding. They look for light, elegant and well-

#### Hungary's Rare Wines.

A letter from Boston describing the famous foreign wine shown at the exhibition, says: The wines here shown consist largely of varieties of the renowned Tokay. This commands a higher price than any other wine in the world. They show the vintages of last year and that of a hundred years ago. This last sells at the rate of twenty-five dollars a bottle. And this, it must be remembered, is not of the first quality, that being bought up for the imperial cellars, but only of the second or third. The highest grade is obtained with difficulty

even in Vienna. To what is due the peculiarity of this wonderfully fine, sweet and aromatic wine is not known. It is the product of vineyards which embrace a country of twenty-five or thirty miles in extent, and the roots are said to strike into a stratum of volcanic origin. Perhaps it is thence the flery sweetness of the juice is drawn. Out of the strong comes forth sweetness; and so, where long ago flowed the hot stream of lava, now grow the tender vines.

It was not till the year 1650 that this wine attained its great celebrity. Then, for the first time. the grapes being gathered in a half-dried state, the juice was found to have attained its perfect flavor. When the grapes are first gathered they are placed in a cask, the bottom of which is perforated. The juice which exudes from the mass without further pressure constitutes the Tokay essence. This is so precious that a little of it is made to go a long way, being mingled with common wines. Then the first pressure on the grapes brings out the juice that makes the ordinary first quality of wine. This in certain seasons attains such a value that it makes the drinking of it almost like drink-

ing "moiten gold. In addition to this specialty of Tokay are shown samples of the other fine red and white wines that Hungary produces, ogether with the lighter and cheaper qualities for the mass of the people.

"At Backarach on the Rhine, At Hockheim on the Main, At Wurzburg on the Stein, Grow the three best kinds of wine."

And those three best kinds are shown nere. The Rhine wines constitute a distinct order by themselves. They are nearly all white wines, are drier than the French of the same quality, more delicately flavored, and are distinguished, above all, for their great durability-this latter quality, it is said, being due to the exact balance of the constituent parts which renders the fermentation perfect,

and prevents any after effervescence The Rhine wines enliven and cheer without mebriating. There is shown some of the famous Steinberg and Johannisberger. Apropos of these, it is related that when the proprietors of these respective vineyards have a guest whom they delight to honor, they prepare a little surprise. Down in the great vaulted cellars, where the barrels are stored by the hundreds, they have a lighted sperm candle put on each barrel. An illumination quite

worthy of the altars of Bacchus, The Steinberg wines, such as are shown here, come from the auction held annually at those vineyards. At that time wines three and four years old are sold. The old wines are not sold at auction, but have a fixed price that is astonishing; and ever, and are only drank "three drops at a down, and the ground allowed to rest for three years, after which they are newly planted.

# Fresh Hats.

It is the delight of importers of finery to get hold of some thing entirely novel, Edinburgh would centuries since have keep it out of sight until a fashionable been with 'Memphis and Babylon and season has actually begun, and then suddenly and extensively display it, before his domestic rivals can put quired reputation for fashionable leadership, to force them into popularity in goods safe from compeition until they are shown to the public for sale. Thus ive, and very profitably so, for the prices are five to ten times the rates for ordinary articles of the same quality. The belle with plenty of money with which to gratify her whimsical fancy will gladly pay ten dollars for a plain felt hat, though intrinsically it may not be worth two, provided she is sure she will not meet its counterpart on

every block of her walks abroad, But about the cork bonnets. The sheets are so thin that they can be used like cloth, and the surface, which is left to its natural color, has somewhat the appearance of leather, The bonnet and muff are trimmed in a corresponding style with fur, and the effect is odd.

"Have you been to the bench show?" "Yes; was there last night,"

"See any moe dogs?" "No; there were no dogs there." "But you said you had been to the bench show?' "Yes; but I saw no dogs."

' Well, where were you, anyhow?" "At a historical lecture, "Who is that poor old fellow totter-

ing along, munching a crust? He looks as if he had not had a square meal for a month. "That is the owner of a well-known line of backs."

"And who is that fat, jolly gentleman with the heavy gold chain and bulging pocket-book along side of

"Oh! he is one of the men who drive

the hacks," When the stopper of a glass decanter is too tight a cloth wet with hot water