THE WREN'S NEST.

It was a wee bit housie,
But shaped with deftest care,
Of twisted twigs, a feather or two,
A scrap of cloth of doubtful hue,
And a bit of tangled hair.

And the merry little artist,
Who twittered overhead,
Viewed her work with happy pride—
Fluttering about from side to side
Around the pretty bed—

Which held a tender promise
Of something fair to be;
And she poured a song
The whole day long,
Over the pale eggs, three.

Never a fear of the morrow
Clouded her hope so glad;
Never a doubt in the little brown breast,
As she gaily trimmed 'the dainty nest,
With such things as she had.

Oh! happy little warbler,
In thy blithe note is blent
A song of trust from day to day,
And I learn of thee, as I go my way,
A lesson of sweet content.

CHRISTINE.

It was the 23d of December, a still, beautiful night, not a breath of air stirring the trees, with a light, powdering of snow that sparkled and shone in the weird moonlight.

So still, so bright, was it, that a spider's web spun in delicate intricate fashion from one frost bitten roseleaf to another, stood out from its dark background as if outlined in diamonds; and far-off church bells sent their strokes so solemnly and distinctly through the room that before the eleventh hour had sounded, even Robert Lovell's absorbed attention was aroused, and, putting aside his book he rose, crossed the room, and flinging open the unshuttered window, looked forth into the quiet winter night. Looked slowly from its glistening diamonds, up to where shone its numberless stars.

A year ago he stood by the same window, at the same hour, thinking how, if all had gone well, it would have been the evening of his wedding day; and almost unconsciously he began comparing his sensations of to-day with those of that bygone time, tearing down the dividing curtain that twelve months had drawn between the past and present.

"Though there is not much to remind me of it," he thought, "this quiet scene and that other December night, with the wind roaring through the trees, and the rain falling in torrents, and an echo of its own fury in my own breast.

"I said then I would never forgive her. I wonder, do I forgive her now? No, I do not think I forgive," folding his arms, "but perhaps I understand her better.

"She was so weak and timid, and they persuaded her to say 'Yes.' Ah, why did she? If she had only told me the truth; but," sighing, "she had not the courage and I—I never guessed it. And so—yes, I suppose the sequel was natural."

And his mind for a minute lingered over the sequel. The timid, gentle girl struggling to put aside the love that had been forbidden her, and be kind to the suitor who had found favor in her parents' eyes. Then the old story:—a chance meeting with him who had won her heart before wealthy Robert Lovell came a wooing; a few words from him telling of the wherefore of his departure in silence—a soft reply from her, which told how the silence had broken her heart; then one day a letter signed "John Fane," addressed to old Mr. Davidson, informing him that his daughter had preferred poverty, shared with the writer, to that other future to which he had essayed to bend her unwilling feet. And by the same post an envelope containing one small sheet of paper was put into Robert Lovell's hands, a small sheet all blotted with many tears, and on it only two words written: "Forgive me," and a signature which, for the moment, puzzled him—"C. Fane." But that all happened more than a year ago.

It was an old story now, quite thrust out of his life, and the woman who had been his love was the wife of John Fane, living far away in India.

No tidings of her ever reached him; he did not wish for any.

She had cut herself adrift from him—from the love and the wealth that would have stood between her and the rough places of life—and had chosen instead—he paused in his thoughts, and said half aloud: "Has chosen instead, a bad tempered man with a narrow income. That is about it."

He sighed quickly and impatiently when he had so spoken, and shifted his position, leaning more heavily against the window frame.

"I wonder if she has ever repented?" The thought flashed quickly through his mind, and perhaps from a slight consciousness of the motive that was the mainspring of the thought, he colored a little in the moonlight.

Then shivered, roused to the fact that the night was cold, if still, and that he had been standing for a long time by the open window.

He took a final look abroad, noticing, as he did so, that the conservatory door stood open.

"I must go and shut it," he decided, and closed the window.

"Last year, as I did that," he reflected, "my last thought was that I hoped that she might live to repent; to-night," wavering and there paused, and added, as he turned the arm chair round to the fire, "to-night I am not sure.

"And yet she wrecked my life; took out of it all the happiness that she had herself promised it should contain. Why should I wish her to be happy either?"

Turning from the chill contemplation of the outside world to the warmth of the fireside did not break the chain of his thoughts, did not cause him to shift from the centre figure, round which the hour and scene had served to group them.

He scarcely noted that the fire needed replenishing, as he traced in its red caverns the story of his life. The little lurid tongues of flame, lighting the transient gleam the few bright hours of his engagement, with the shrinking, timid girl whose love he had once felt so sure of winning.

And as he watched his thoughts grew harder towards her, though he had fancied sometimes in these late months they had been softening, or perhaps they had only usurped a less prominent place in his life, thrust aside by the endless work with which he had strove to replace that other, happier life that was to have been his.

"I must not let my mind dwell on it—it changes me, hardens me."

But for the moment he did not check the current; rather allowed himself to contemplate, with a kind of defiant satisfaction, the idea that she was learning in her Indian exile that there were worse things in life than remaing true to the man who loved her.

"Come in."

The knock, gentle, hesitating as it was, made itself distinctly heard through all the turmoil of his brain.

"Come in," he repeated, as there was a moment's lingering still; then very noiselessly the door was pushed open, and a slender woman's figure entered the room.

Long before she stood beside him, almost before his eyes had done more than take in the dim outlines in the shrouding cloak, Robert Lovell knew who she was.

And seeing her, he felt no surprise, no wonder that she should be there, that no dividing ocean stretched between them; on the contrary, she seemed to him for the moment merely the embodiment of his thoughts—that was all.

Even her unannounced arrival failed to startle him; the open conservatory door seemed to explain it.

But seeing her thus standing before him—silent, for she spoke no word of greeting—it was strange how his thoughts changed. The point of view had shifted at once. This was the girl he remembered who had striven to please him and her father, and had failed.

Not boldly declining the task she found too hard, but slipping out of it, leaving others to bear the burdens she had shrunk from. Yes, the weakness that had faltered before her share in the battle of life was plainly visible in the pleading eyes, the trembling lips. But then, it was for all these things he had loved her—before he knew.

And, for the moment, it was of his love alone that he thought.

"Christine!" he cried, and for the moment only the past was present to him, "what brings you to me to-night?" And then as she lifted her eyes, and looked at him, he realized the change the year had brought to her. So white her cheeks, so large and sad her eyes, he felt that it might have been possible even for him to have met and not have known her.

"How changed you are," he said then, and his voice almost involuntarily softened. "Have twelve months done so much?"

"Life is too hard for me;" she said, and there was a suggestion of tears in her voice, which had the soft emphasis of her eyes. "I made you suffer; I know it well. Ah," coming a step nearer, "how many gray hairs you have that you had not when I saw you last! Is that all my doing?"

"Yes," he answered, slowly, "that is all your doing. And you," lifting his eyes and looking at her again. "Are you happy? But no, I see you are not. Ten minutes ago I hoped you were not—I hoped your life was as bare and wretched as mine is. Now that I have seen you—"

"Well?" she questioned, as he hesitated.

"Now I wish that you were happier. But I knew it," almost exultantly a moment later repeating his own words of so short a time ago. "A bad tempered man with a small income, what chances were there of happiness?"

"But did you wish," she cried, kneeling down by his side, and laying her slender, ungloved hand on his, a hand on which gleamed her wedding ring, "did you wish it? Are you glad to know that he is tired of me, unkind to me, that I find his life so hard to bear? Is this all your love was worth? Could such a flower indeed yield such a poison?"

His own words! Just that which he had thought himself, but letting the idea float vaguely, half fearfully surge through his mind, was different from hearing it put in plain words, with those sad, heart broken eyes looking into his.

"No," he said, sitting more upright, and taking the small trembling hands in his, "No, you are right, that would be a poor sort of love; mine was of better worth than that.

"Do not cry, poor child, poor child," soothingly smoothing back the fair hair from her forehead.

"I feel your tears still falling upon my hand. Tell me, what can I do for you? Why have you come to me?"

She half lifted her eyes, but did not take her hands from his.

"Now you look kind and good, as you did in the old days when you were always so good—only"—she sighed, "But you are changed."

"I also?"

"Yes, you are not like the Robert Lovell I once knew. Your eyes have grown stern and hard; they frighten me—frighten me so that when I came in and saw you I could not tell you what I had come for.

"Only for your forgiveness," she sobbed, clasping her hands tighter, "only that; but I am afraid to ask you. I thought always that if you knew I craved for it you were so good you would grant it; but when I looked in your face I read there that you would not. I read in your eyes that you were glad that I had suffered too; that you had been hoping all this year that he has been making my life miserable; that you would rejoice when you knew it was so."

"You were quite right," he answered, slowly, "I have never forgiven you—never. But—"

She had slipped her hand away, and had risen to her feet, wrapping the heavy folds of her cloak about her.

"Then that is all," she said, her voice falling sadly in the empty room. "It would have made me happier, I think," hesitating, and looking toward him once again—"and—"

"Come here," he said, gently, stretching out his hand and taking hers. "Come here and look again into my eyes. Do you not see written there, as plainly as you hear my words, Christine, that all I have to forgive is forgiven, and I wish that with my life I could buy back your happiness?"

"Yes," she answered, softly; "I see it all there."

And having so spoken, she sank down on the ground at his feet.

He felt the tears rising to his eyes as he noted her, and then: "I trust you may be happy yet," he said.

"Forgiven," he heard her say, very softly, "yes, I am happier."

There were a few seconds' silence, whilst he watched the slender outlines of her figure in the firelight; seconds in which he was wondering what he should say next. Then the door of his study was suddenly flung open, and looking up, he saw standing on the threshold a lovely, dark-eyed woman, a glad vision of white satin and diamonds.

"Cecile," he exclaimed, rising hastily to his feet, and moving toward her with the vague idea of standing between her and the timid, shrinking figure in the fire-glow.

But something in his sister's face changed the current of his thoughts. Something was wrong, but that something must surely have to do with the other, and he glanced unconsciously back; but no shrouded figure met his hasty glance.

"Where is she?" he cried.

"Robert!" his sister's hand was on his arm, her lovely eyes, misty with unshed tears, were looking into his. "Robert, I have come straight to you; I was at the Davenants', where I heard the saddest thing; and I was so afraid," her voice trembling and a tear falling, "that you might hear it first from some one else."

"What is it?" he questioned.

An awed feeling stole over him, due in part to the shadow of the past, in part to the shadow of the future.

"She is dead—"

"Who?" he faltered, but there was no need to ask.

He knew, though no name answered his question.

"Yes, she is dead, her baby was born—and they both died. Oh, Robert, is it not too sad?"

He was sitting down now, not in the chair drawn close up to the dying embers of the fire, but in the big arm chair from which he had risen to look at the beauties of the outside world.

And Cecile had her arm about his neck; he could feel the tears falling fast.

"You must never again feel hard about her," she said. "Of course you had a great deal to bear, but I knew her well, and was so fond of her—and she was never brave."

"No," he said, gently, "no." And then, "Poor child. No, Cecile, I do not feel hard at all. If," hesitatingly, "I ever have been so, such is no longer the case. I have quite forgiven her."

"Ah, yes, now," began his sister.

"No, not now, Cecile, I forgave her before I knew of this. Good night," he said a moment later; "it was kind of you to come, but I should like best to be alone."

His sister stooped and kissed him, and noted, as she did so, that the dark hair was growing sadly gray, but that on the kindly face was an expression of tender pathos that had been absent from it, she had noted, with a sigh, of late. She said nothing, only turned away in silence and had reached the door before his voice calling "Cecile" had arrested her attention. She turned round to find that he had followed her.

"Tell me," he said, in a slow, constrained voice. "You have often heard of her since she married. Was she"—his eyes shifting from hers—"happy?"

"Yes, quite happy—I am sure. She wrote to me once"—speaking timidly—"and told me so. You are glad, are you not, to know it?"

"Surely," he replied. "Oh, Cecile, it cannot be that you"—he paused abruptly—"Good night," he said again, and opened the door, watched her until she disappeared, then reclosed it.

He walked slowly back to the chair on the hearth rug, and stood there a moment in silence watching the place where the kneeling figure had been; whence she had turned her pathetic eyes toward him. "It was all a dream," then he said, "but so real, that I still can see her eyes, and hear her soft voice."

He moved over to the unshuttered window, and flung it open, as he had done earlier in the same evening, and looked abroad at the peaceful night, where moonbeams still were turning the light snow to diamonds, myriads of stars still twinkled overhead. Through the still cold night came the loud strokes of a church bell, cleaving their way through the frosty air—twelve, he counted—and then: "It is Christmas Eve," he said. "Only one hour since I stood here before, and I said I could not forgive her—and now I have learned that she is dead."

The Coral Builders.

"Each of the projections on this piece of coral is a separate individual. They gather together in a hemispherical form at first. Only those on the outside of the lump of coral are alive; the rest within are dead, and so it grows. Between two coral animals a third one grows, and when one gets bigger than its fellows a branch begins to grow. The sea rolls in and brings them their food. A natural breakwater ground of a coral reef is stronger than any that can be made by the hand of man, for the stronger the sea that beats upon it the more food is brought for the coral animals to gather with their little tentacles. The bottom of the sea is smooth, and by means of a net dragged along all kinds of living things can be brought to the surface.

Is a discarded lover a beau nit?

A Pilot's Perils.

"A man don't pilot vessels up and down the Delaware river for forty years without seeing some rich adventures," said one of the oldest pilots in the service to a reporter, as he drew his chair closer to the fire and filled his short pipe. "I've been knocked about like a football by the elements in my time, and on many occasions have felt the force of circumstances so keenly that their memories will never fade while I live. I know what it is to stand on a vessel's deck for seventy-two hours' straight spell in the worst weather and heaviest seas, without any sleep save little catnaps that I took while walking the planks. I've slept many a time while walking up and down the quarter-deck or bridge, with the wind howling as though all the demons of the sea were seeking my destruction, and the waves knocking a two thousand-ton ship about like a chip. Ah! them's times as tries a pilot's soul. I know what it is to attempt to board a ship in a storm, to have my skiff dashed to pieces against her sides, and myself plunged into the icy sea, with the nearest land a mile or so beneath me, and every chance of reaching it in a few minutes."

"It's the responsibility that keeps ship pilots awake. Suppose you are at sea in bad weather, four hundred or five hundred miles from shore, with the weather thick enough to cut with a cheese-knife, and the yards touching the waves at every roll of the vessel. Then add to that several hundred thousand dollars' worth of property and a hundred lives in your hands, which makes a grand total of terrible responsibility. Are you going to sleep then? Not much. I've been knocked about on the river and sea for so many years that the brine has kind of got into my system, and I don't feel at home only when I'm on a vessel's deck with several fathoms of water under her keel. The greatest adventure and most luck that ever happened to me was getting carried off to foreign countries on outgoing vessels. That's happened to me twice. Once I was carried to Antwerp, and another time to Miragoane, Hayti.

"It was one day in December, about twenty-five years ago, that I took an old Dutch bark, bound for Antwerp, down the river. There had been a little weather for a day or two, and the wind still hungered eastward. I hurried the Dutchman down the river in double quick time, and when we got to the capes he wanted to put right out to sea, for he was in a cast-iron perspiration to get over to Limberger land. I didn't fancy the idea much, but I run her out to sea on a lively jog, without saying a word against it. The night was coming on when I got her well off to sea, and I looked for the pilot-boat which usually cruises around there to take us off outward-bounders. As the weather was getting thick I couldn't see far enough to make her out. I cracked the sail onto the galliot and headed her off to the southeast, and all that night I paced the deck a-looking for the well-known lights of the pilot-boat.

"As the night wore away the truth began to dawn on me that I stood a pretty fair chance of being carried off to sea. The weather grew mighty bad as the hours passed by, and we had to reef what little canvas we showed down pretty tight. When day dawned I was still pacing the deck, looking for the pilot-boat. All day I looked for her, but without avail. I made up my mind that I was in for it, and that the best thing I could do would be to face the music and trust to meeting some inward bound vessel which would take me off. It wasn't romantic to have a possibility of knocking around at sea for forty or sixty days and then winding up at Antwerp, which meant out of work and away for three months from my pretty wife and two as bright little boys as ever wanted to be sailors and be wrecked and kill pirates at sea. Bless their souls, they thought as how their pappy was dead long before he came back.

"Day after day I watched anxiously for a ship, but the long-wished-for sail did not appear on the horizon. To shorten my story, we arrived at Antwerp just forty-nine days after we left the capes of the Delaware. I stayed in Antwerp just long enough to buy some tobacco and catch the first train down for England. I arrived in Liverpool two days afterward, and looked about for a steamer bound for Philadelphia, but could find none. You see, if I got a vessel bound for Philadelphia I would, probably, get the job of taking her up the river, which would partly pay me for my lost time. It was just my luck, though, to have to take a New York packet and in due time I arrived in New York. I got home after an absence of just two months and nine days. My wife had almost given me up for dead, and she was powerful glad to see me. Ditto young pirate-killers—bless their hearts—dead, now, you know. My, what a time that was!"

The old pilot turned his head, drew the back of his hand across his eyes in a way that hinted of tears, coughed to conceal his feelings, and the reporter silently withdrew.

A Chapter Upon Almanacs.

If any book deserves the name of "irrepressible" it is the almanac. Notwithstanding its great antiquity, it is still important; and though we grow old, it renews its youth every year, and greets us regularly with a kind of good-natured, "Here I am again!" The oldest almanac in existence is an Egyptian one, and may be seen in the British Museum. Buried nearly 3,000 years ago with some human contemporary of Rameses the Great, it has been brought to light again and copied in fac-simile. Twenty-five columns wholly or partially preserved. The fortunate days are marked in black ink, and the unfortunate in red—a curious instance of a superstition which European nations have revered. It contains observations about religious ceremonies, cautions against unlucky times, and predictions as to the fate of children born on certain days. But apart from this immense antiquity, we find almanacs early occupying an important part in the Christian economy. Indeed, to churchmen and to church-goers, they soon became indispensable; the more so, as fast days, feast days and saints' days increased in number.

A French almanac which began to appear about this time is still published—"Le Grand Compost et Calendrier des Bergers," and it claims to be 400 years old. "A Prognostication of Righte Goode Effecte" was set forth by Leonard Digges, in London, 1563. It contained some queer astronomical and astrological observations. In it we are told that the moon is 15,750 miles from the earth, and Mercury only 12,812; that Saturn's conjunction with the moon caused unlucky days, but the moon with Jupiter fortunate ones. Venus gave luck to woo and marry, and make pleasant pastimes, and, strangely enough, "blood-letting" is included among the latter. Mercury was good to buy and sell under and to send children to school.

When the French revolution came Moore was more terrific in his prophecies and more awful in his hieroglyphics than ever. The people wondered and trembled, and the sale of this reached a point without parallel in the annals of imposture. But the continent of Europe had a rival even to Moore in the famous almanac of Liege. A tradition ascribes it first to a canon who lived in 1590. Its early numbers are published "with the permission of the superior powers:" the latter ones are content with "the favor of His Highness." It is full of political predictions. In 1700 a French almanac called the "Almanach Royal" started a new idea—the one which has since made the "Almanach de Gotha" so famous. It gave the names and birthdays of all the princes and princesses in Europe, lists of clergy, bar, army and diplomatic corps. The latter almanac has been brought to a high pitch of perfection, and contains a vast amount of valuable and well-assorted information.

Shortly after these French almanacs there appeared a famous American one—the "Poor Richard" of Dr. Franklin. He did not care to put his name upon the title page, and therefore it was duly credited to Richard Saunders. It was published from 1733 to 1757, and was a great financial success. It is now a rare book. A correspondent in *Notes and Queries* mentions one sold in Philadelphia for $52.

In 1828 the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge took the almanac in hand. Then the Stationer's Company, perceiving that the day of ignorance was dying and that decency would pay, issued a really excellent one called "The Englishman." Yet superstition dies hard. Only sixty years ago the popular feeling was tested by leaving out of Moore's almanac that mysterious column showing the influence of the moon on the different parts of the body. But the editors, being prudent men, only issued 100,000 copies of this emendation, and the result showed their wisdom. The omission was at once detected and resented; nearly the whole issue was returned to the publishers, and they were compelled to reprint the column in order to retain their popularity.

Peculiarly Afflicted.

"I have been gone—gone asleep," remarked a very singular looking individual as he raised his head from a table at the Astor House and rubbed his eyes vigorously, with a maudlin chuckle as an accompaniment. The person thus expressing himself was none other, as the register indicated, than "Professor Asa T. Green, the great lecturer on natural science, astronomy and other like subjects." Since the sudden and untimely departure of Professor Monroe Bushnell, who was recently given four hours to leave town, the new arrival is the greatest phenomenon that has struck this city since the flood. He arrived yesterday morning from Cincinnati, and whiled away the time until daylight on a pile of trunks at the Ohio and Mississippi depot.

He is, indeed, a most singular man, and is peculiarly afflicted. In stature he is about five feet six inches in height, with shaggy brown hair and a mustache of the same color, which seems to be making strenuous efforts to get down his throat. His eyes are bleared and seem starting from their sockets, and the highly colored nose and face, the expression of his mouth, in fact everything about him, bears the imprint of a confirmed whisky drinker. Nature has so far carried out the illustration of a toper as to make him stagger and stumble along when he walks, and his voice is as thick and husky as that of a man suffering from the tremens. If put upon trial before a hundred men unacquainted with him, ninety-nine out of the number would be willing to swear that he was beastly drunk, and had been so for a considerable period.

The professor, while keenly sensible of his affliction, is not at all sensitive about it, and talks freely on the subject. He was born near Troy, Ohio, thirty-seven years ago, and since his birth has been afflicted in the manner above described. His parents were poor, and he received little or no education, but even in early youth showed evidences of being possessed of genius. The first thing which brought him into notice was his wonderful memory. He could listen to a lecture or sermon and then repeat it word for word as it had been originally delivered.

"I have not met with the success I deserve," he said, "as everybody thinks I'm drunk. I find difficulty in obtaining a hearing in the schools long enough to explain the situation. I visited three here to-day, but they shut me out before I got fairly inside the yard."

"This must necessarily cause you a great deal of trouble?" ventured the reporter:

"Well, I should say it does. Just as likely as not if I venture out on the street some policeman will arrest me for drunkenness. I was taken up once in Cincinnati and put in the station-house to sober up. When I was brought before Court in the morning I was as drunk as on the previous night, and they remanded me to jail to sober up. This was repeated every morning for five days. They even put a guard over me in the station-house to see that I did not get anything to drink before they would believe my story. I never touched a drop of intoxicating liquor in my life, and even do not drink coffee or tea."

Tonsorial Beautifying.

The most important man in Hartford, Conn., in the estimation of ladies, is the experienced professor who clips, combs, crimps and curls the pretty lovelocks into beguiling aureolas over their foreheads. We say "professor" because it is not advisable to reveal his name, and we dislike to call him a barber, or a wigmaker, or even a "tonsorial artist," although "autocrat" would be rather appropriate, for he is simply remorseless in his daily habit of cutting off long lengths of cherished hair. But the ladies all agree that existence would be a burden and bangs a failure without him. His pleasant occupation keeps him busy every day, but Saturday afternoon is the biggest, busiest, bangiest time in his bangup establishment. Scores of customers go there to be "beautified," and the autocrat has his shop, heart, head and hands full of ladies. His combs, brushes, mirrors, patience, judgment, gas stoves and curling irons are in great demand, and his assistant flies from one head to another as fast as steam-heat, and a dexterous use of time, scissors and skillful hands will permit. It is a comical scene. Women of all ages, sizes, religions, temperament, colors, charms and variety are perched in rows and pinioned in barber's aprons, with each particular hair numbered, parted and standing straight up in tufts, as if the entire crowd had been touched off by an electric battery. In a twinkling these tufts are steamed into small round rolls. Each woman's head appears to be covered with small but very symmetrical caterpillars, which in their turn are combed out into fluffy clouds, and converted into a red, brown, black, grey or golden nimbus, according to the color of the hair.

How different it is from a man's barber shop, where the victims, partly covered with lather, sit in a smoky silence, with their heads thrown back at the mercy of men who might suddenly become demented or seized with revenge, and cut the throats situated so conveniently for that purpose. It always makes a woman shiver to pass a barber's shop, although she finds it impossible to remove her frightened but fascinated gaze from those ghastly chins and proceedings displayed so confidingly but mysteriously to the public through plate-glass windows.

In the woman's barber shop there are no murderous suggestions. It is all fun and animation and the ladies rival the sparrows outside by their incessant chatter. To women their is nothing like bangs to level all distinctions and formalities. They bind friends acquaintances, strangers and polite enemies by one tie of common interest. Even the pretty country girls have discovered this place. And when they come to town with little morocco shopping bags, baskets of macreme lace, a grandmother and a beau, and tied their horses to every tree, fence, lamp-post, barber's pole and hitching-place on Pratt street, and bought their bonnets, Rhine stones and bangles, and finished their lunch and errands, they arrive in a flock to be banged for Sunday. The clipped locks fall to the floor on all sides. A slight smell of burning, apprehensive groans, giggles, shrieks and a buzzing chorus of criticism, comments comparisons, adjectives, exclamations and "perfect lovely's" fill the air and the professor's brain with confusion and bewildering ideas on the ever-interesting topic of "women, lovely women." However, he is gradually becoming accustomed to them, and we fell sure he has more insight into feminine nature than Shakspeare or Balzac ever did.

A Bad Place for Chinamen.

Strange to say, there has been a Chinaman in Leadville for some time, and nobody has objected to his presence. He has expressed the intention of establishing a novelty store, which will doubtless have for an adjunct the opening of an opium den. For the purpose of purchasing the necessary equipment and wares he will depart for San Francisco. It is reasonable to expect, however, that his entire outfit will be confiscated when he returns. Chinamen have never been tolerated here, and his escape from formal notice to quit the country can be explained by the fact that only a few confirmed opium fiends knew he was in the city.

There is a grim tradition connected with the early history of the camp, which tells of the midnight murder of a Celestial, who refused to leave when informed of his danger, and the lonesome burial of his remains on a ridge lying between California gulch and the Arkansas river. In 1878 two Mongolians came in on one of Barlow and Sanderson's stage coaches. They were instantly surrounded by a clamorous mob that forced them to walk out of town instanter. The intense hatred which is felt here for the moon-eyed washee-man was engendered in 1878, when Stevens & Woods, the owners of the hydraulic ditch and the iron mines, proposed to import an army of them to take the places of rebellious miners. The miners not only threatened to kill every Chinaman who came to the camp but were making preparations to lynch the men that would cause them to come. It was owing to the menaces of the miners, it is said, that Wood sold out his interest at a sacrifice to Leiter of Chicago, who realized from an investment of $400,000 several millions.

Romance From the Dust.

Representative Cassady, of Nevada, recites the following interesting romance which was dug out of the dusty files of the Pension Office: A short time ago Mr. Cassady received a communication from Eli Johnson, of Luning, Esmeralda county, Nevada, making application for a pension and arrearages. The letter stated that he was a private in Company C, First California Cavalry. Upon inquiry at the Pension Office Eli Johnson was reported dead, and his widow until recently has drawn his pension. Further inquiry showed that Mrs. Johnson, believing her husband dead, had married again and was living in Florida, Henry county, Ohio, as Mrs. Gill. A careful investigation was made, which proved that Eli Johnson was wounded during the war, sent to the hospital and afterwards reported dead. His wife came East, thinking herself a widow, made application and was granted a pension, which she continued to draw until she married Mr. Gill. In the meantime her first husband, believing his wife dead, went to Europe and remained several years. Returning to America, he discovered that he was entitled to a pension, and immediately made application for it through Mr. Cassady. Events have shown that the marriage of Mr. Gill was illegal, and the prospects are that Mr. and Mrs. Eli Johnson will be reunited after being separated over fifteen years.

Miss Mary Blake has published a little volume entitled "Twenty-six Hours a Day." Mary must have to get up about two hours before she goes to bed.