TO HEAR HER SING.

To hear her sing—it is to hear
The laugh of childhood ringing clear
In woody path or grassy lane
Our feet may never fare again,

Faint, far away as memory dwells,
It is to hear the village bells
At twilight, as the truant hears
Them, hastening home, with smiles and tears.

Such joy it is to hear her sing,
We fall in love with everything—
The simple things of every day
Grow lovelier than words can say.

The idle brooks that purl across
The gleaming pebbles and the moss,
We love no less than classic streams—
The Rhines and Amos of our dreams.

To hear her sing—with folded eyes,
It is beneath Venetian skies,
To hear the gondoliers' refrain;
Or troubadors of sunny Spain.

To hear the bulbul's voice that shook
The throat that trilled for Lalla Rookh,
What wonder we in homage bring
Our hearts to her—to hear her sing.

MARIETTE'S HAIR.

Little Mariette had long yellow hair. It was so long that it fell almost to her knees whenever she pulled her comb from it and tossed her head, like a bird shaking its plumes. It was as yellow as ripened grain and showed golden lights that made one imagine that it had caught and imprisioned the light of the morning sun whose rays had indiscreetly lingered to kiss her white shoulders as she braided her hair before the window. Ah, the beautful tresses of Mariette! Many youthful gallants dreamed of them. Among these was Jean, a young man of twenty, and one fine day Jean and Mariette were married.

Jean was a clever, merry youth, who looked upon life as if it were a good farce. He was gifted by nature with a talent for drawing. It was by this talent he expected to make his way in the world.

Well, Mariette and Jean were married. Why? Because they loved each other, of course. Jean, who treated Mariette as a comrade, carried his heart in his hand. One evening, when they had clasped hands for a longer time than usual, Mariette found his heart in her little palm. The giddy-headed Jean had forgotten it. To punish him, Mariette kept it. That is the whole story.

The day after their marriage Jean, after searching his pockets, found three francs.

"They will not last us very long," he said.

They hardly lasted until dinner, which was somewhat abridged. Jean and Mariette, however recovered themselves at supper—a supper of fond caresses and kisses.

Two days afterward Jean was surprised by the receipt of five hundred francs. An uncle who lived in the province had sent it to him as a wedding gift. After having pinched each other to assure themselves that they were not dreaming, the couple began to lay their plans, and talked of buying everything in Paris. Mariette was the first to become serious.

"Give me the money," she said. "I will take care of the cash box. It is necessary for us to economize and think of the future,"

Jean, with a royal gesture, handed her the bank notes, and took no more thought of the money. One thought only troubled him a little. When he went into the street and saw himself in the large glasses of the store windows he found that he had a bourgeois appearance and he was constantly examining himself to see if he had not reduced his obesity somewhat. Then, in order to make himself slender, he would run about Paris searching for work.

At the end of a fortnight Mariette began to experience great uneasiness. It could hardly be believed—the 500 francs were nearly exhausted. Was it possible? Was there not some magic under it all? Mariette became grave and reflected a long time.

"You know," she said to Jean in the evening, "it is eight days since you have had work."

"I know that very well," he replied. "But why that serious air? Have we no more money?"

"Yes, yes," she answered, "only a man ought not to be doing nothing."

"You are right. I will look for work, but it is not easy to find."

Eight days later Mariette became very anxious. She could no longer conceal from herself the fact that starvation was at hand. She said nothing to Jean, knowing that he was doing his best to find work. She tried to imagine what would be the end of this terrible misery. She began to practice the most extreme economy.

At the end of a week Mariette had become a most prudent as well as a most clever manager.

One morning, as Jean was about to depart, Marriette was seized with a fit of weeping. One hundred sous—only one hundred sous were left—only enough to last two days—and then! Decidedly everything looked black. She made her toilet, however, but not without sighing. As she was putting up her hair before the glass she found that she had no hairpins left.

"Another expense!" she groaned.

When she went into the street she entered the shop of a hairdresser at the corner to buy a package of hairpins for two sous. The hairdresser was busy in a corner of his shop braiding a plait of blonde hair which was fastened by a nail to a wooden head.

"You have no need of that," he said, glancing toward Mariette's hair.

"No; fortunately not," replied Mariette, "for that must be dear."

"Oh, it costs twenty-five francs."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, for the labor of arranging it, you know, brings a good price."

"To be sure! But the hair alone, that is worth something?"

"Indeed, it is! This now is worth fifteen francs."

"Fifteen francs! How much would mine be worth on my head?"

"Let me see it."

Mariette drew down her comb, and, as she shook her head her luxuriant hair fell about her.

"Ah," exclaimed the hair dresser, "a beautiful head of hair."

Then, suddenly restraining his enthusiasm as he scented business, he added:—

"That is worth—well, a hundred francs would pay you well for it. Do you wish to sell it?"

"Not to-day," replied Mariette, as she put up her hair, "but one of these days, perhaps. For some time it has tired my head very much."

"But we could arrange not to cut it all at once. I would buy it by the piece.

"That will be a good idea. Well, we will see."

And Marriette went homeward in a thoughtful mood. Jean had just returned for dinner.

"Jean," said Mariette, with a little laugh, "do you know what the hairdresser below has just proposed to me?"

"No."

"He wishes to give me a hundred francs for my hair."

"What an absurd idea."

"Oh, I don't know.' When our money gives out that would be a resource worth thinking of."

Jean suddenly worked himself into an angry passion, saying that if ever she did such a thing— Well, what would he do? He did not know, but—Well, anyway, only a woman could have thought of such an absurd idea.

Mariette made no reply. A fortnight later as she was combing her hair, Jean, who had forgotten something, hastily entered the room.

"Goodby," he said, embracing his wife.

Then he suddenly paused.

"Look here! This is strange. One would say your hair was falling out."

"Do you think so?" answered Mariette, drawing her hair through her hands. "Yes, it has seemed to me for some time past that it has been falling out somewhat,"

"Then buy a hair restorative."

"Bah! they are worthless."

Eight days afterward, as he leaned over the bed to say goodby to Mariette, who was rather lazy that morning, Jean said:—

"Decidedly, your hair is becoming thin; you have not nearly so much as formerly."

"Yes, yes," replied Mariette, sinking back and burying her neck in her pillow; "it falls out continually. Well, when I have none left you will no longer love me!"

"You deserve not to be loved for saying so. But be patient. If I conclude my negotations to-day we will bring back your hair. I promise you that."

At mid-day Jean returned, entering the room so hurriedly that he failed to close the door behind him.

"There," he cried, "the bargain is concluded. It appears that I have talent, talent enough. I am engaged for 300 francs a month. Peru and Golconda! And to begin with, I have received pay for half a month in advance. Look at that! I am rolling in wealth!"

And the triumphant Jean threw five Louis on the table.

Mariette, astonished, looked at him with admiration.

"But," said she suddenly, "why have you all those bottles?"

"To restore your hair, madame," replied Jean. "I have a dozen bottles of the best hair restorative. I have rifled all the perfumers."

"And for that?"

"Yes. I paid only fifty francs; no more."

Mariette almost fell to the floor.

"Ah! you have done a fine thing!" she exclaimed.

"How so?"

"Why my hair is not falling out. Here look at it."

And, taking her hair in both hands, she pulled it without moving a muscle. Then, as her astonished husband stared at her, with open mouth, she broke into a hearty laugh.

But Jean suddenly approached her, and, seizing her hands, thrust them aside.

"It is not possible!" he said, in a changed tone.

"Why not possible?" answered Mariette.

"Cut! You have cut your hair?"

"Well, it was necessary—to live, as we were out of money a month ago."

Jean for a moment remained silent and motionless. Then he tenderly pressed his wife to his bosom and kissed her forehead.

As she let him do this without saying a word. Mariette perceived two large tears fall upon her hair.

"Ah, foolish fellow!" she said, "be reasonable. My hair will grow again—have no fear—for those two tears will do it more good than your dozen bottles of restorative."

American and Indian Wheat.

Statistics have appeared showing the imports of wheat into the United Kingdom from September 1, 1883, to March 31, 1884, and also showing how largely the export from the United States to England is falling off. During the period above named, the total export of grain from the States to Great Britain was 12,780,496 bushels, whereas in the corresponding period of 1882-3 it was 21,697,119 bushels. India, Russia, and Australasia very largely made up the deficiency. The fact now remains that there is an increased surplus in America over 1883, while the crop prospects in Europe are good. Although, as claimed by the Bombay Chamber of Commerce, India is capable of supplying not only the wants of the United Kingdom, but of producing an unlimited supply, American wheat can be placed with a profit at a lower rate than Indian wheat can be sold in Mark lane as a rule. The Indian railway system extends over 10,000 miles of track, and has scarcely penetrated the central provinces, which are best adapted for wheat. Allowing a production for British India of 190,000,000 of bushels, to which require to be added 50,000,000 of bushels from the protected States, not a fourth can be got out of the localities.

The proud are the most provoked by pride.

Wild Frank, Scout.

Wild Frank, scout, is one of the best known, honest, most reckless, dare-devil rangers on the Southwestern frontier. Tower was born in Iowa, and when he came to Texas 15 years ago was a boy of seventeen. He found employment at a cow-ranche on the Pecos river and the wild, rough life he led in camp and on the trail hardened his muscles, steadied his nerves and developed all of those courageous qualities which distinguish the frontiersman. He became a superb horseman and wonderfully skilled in the use of the six-shooter and Winchester. He has had many hazardous adventures in the West and South. One time he set out to carry some despatches to an American officer. About 50 miles from camp he met seven Indians driving a bunch of stolen horses. Intent on the management of the stolen animals the Indians failed to notice the approach of the scout. When he was discovered he opened fire upon them and, before they had recovered from their astonishment, three of their number lay dead on the plain. Then they returned the intrepid man's fire and the first volley killed his horse. Nothing daunted he dropped behind the body of the dead animal and a bullet plowed through his leg. The Indians set up an exultant shout and spurred forward. Taking careful aim at the foremost Frank discharged his rifle and more than half his enemies had been destroyed. The Indians retreated in dismay and took counsel as to the best means of attack. After a lengthy powwow they mounted their ponies and driving the loose animals before them rode off. Frank rose to his feet. His wound pained him and the limb began to swell. A long journey lay before him and he had no horse. Limping painfully he turned his face toward the setting sun, determined to carry his dispatches through safely or die. First he scalped the four dead Indians, All that day, under a burning sun, he crept across the arid plain. His throat parched with thirst and fever rioted in his brain. He became delirious and, raving and shouting, wandered aimlessly about the plain. The next morning a company of United States soldiers, who had been following the trail of the Indians, overhauled the wounded ranger and going into camp nursed him back to life and reason. When he was fully recovered he was provided with a horse and in three days delivered the papers that had been entrusted to his care to Sergeant Floyd. He made the journey back to the main camp safely, but he made no report of his adventure and the story would never have been known but for the soldiers. When the truth came out Frank modestly admitted that he had "met a small bunch of Indians" and exhibited the four scalps as trophies. He was a mighty hunter and while with the rangers kept us well supplied with fresh meat. Once in the Guadaloupe Mountains, while hunting for bear, he came upon two half-grown cubs in a small canyon. He shot both, and was busily engaged skinning one of the dead animals when the mother bear suddenly appeared and leaped upon the unsuspecting hunter. He had laid aside his rifle and six-shooter and was armed only with a hunting knife. The attack of the monster was so sudden that Frank could only lunge out with his knife, and then man and brute closed in mortal combat. The struggle lasted some time and Frank's clothes were torn into shreds. He was badly scratched and bruised, but he finally succeeded in plunging his knife into the bear's heart and staggered to his feet a victor. He had been roughly handled in the fight and it was several weeks before he recovered from his injuries.

When Frank left the Rangers he determined upon a trip through Mexico, and this was one of his numerous adventures in the Land of the Montezumas: He crossed the Rio Grande at Presidio del Norte and amused himself for four or five days hunting and fishing. Game of all sorts was abundant and the simple-hearted peasantry were kind and hospitable. One afternoon the sky became overcast and when toward night a furious storm burst he sought shelter at a casa rancho. No one was in sight when he rode up to the massive gate of the corral, and it was not until he had pounded vigorously on the barrier with the butt of his cuarte and called loudly several times that the door opened and a sour-visaged, wrinkled old Mexican woman appeared on the threshold. Frank demanded shelter in Spanish, but before the hag could reply a brutal-looking man, who spoke English like an American, pushed her aside and began to question the stranger. Frank's answers were evidently satisfactory, for the ranchero bade him enter and a peon hoppled his horse and turned the animal loose to graze. Frank's host provided him with a change of clothing—his own was wet—and after supper conducted him to a room. When the door opened a young and beautiful girl rose and faced the two men inquiringly. The ranchero addressed her.

"This stranger will camp with us Eleanor," he said. "He will occupy this room. You can sleep with Dolores."

"The girl bowed and, gathering up some fancy needlework upon which she had been engaged left the room.

"She's my daughter," said the stern-visaged ranchero when they were alone.

When he finally retired from the room Frank closed the door. It had no lock, and placing his six-shooter under his pillow he threw himself upon the bed without undressing. The anomaly of a beautiful and accomplished girl being the voluntary resident of a miserable ranche house and acknowledged as a daughter by so villainous-appearing a man as his host excited Frank's suspicions and he examined the room carefully to discover some clue to the identity of the fair stranger. The room was comfortably, almost luxuriously furnished, and the books which filled the shelves of a hanging closet and were scattered about the room, the pictures on the walls and the general air of refinement convinced him that the girl was far above the average ranchero's daughter in education. He looked through the books and searched every bit of paper in the room, but without finding a clue to the mysterious Eleanor's identity. Still thinking of her and her strange surroundings Frank fell asleep, to be aroused by someone gently shaking him. He started up and discovered by the dim light of a taper which she bore that his visitor was the beautiful Eleanor. He attempted to speak, but she signed for him to be silent and whispered the words:

"Follow me."

Buckling on his six-shooter belt Frank followed her from the room and she led the way through several narrow entries to the yard. His horse stood ready saddled and bridled just outside the corral gate. The girl pointed to the caparisoned animal.

"You are an American," she said. "Your life will not be safe here."

She pointed again to the horse and retreated into the house. After a moment's hesitation Frank mounted his animal and rode away. Day was just dawning. He made inquiries about the ranche people he had just quitted, but could learn nothing concerning them. A few months thereafter while at Saltillo he strolled by the walls of a rich convent one evening. The heavy gate swung open and two Sisters of the order came out. They started at sight of the stranger and Frank uttered an exclamation of surprise. One of the nuns was the beautiful Eleanor, who had so mysteriously assisted him to leave the old ranche house.

"Eleanor!" he said and started toward her. The nun shook her head and laid her finger on her lips as a sign of silence. The scout drew back, the two nuns passed and he saw them no more. The next morning the citizens of Saltillo were horrified and excited. The nunnery of Saint Dolores had been robbed of valuable plate and jewels and it was presumed the vandals were led by the celebrated female bandit El Chiquita, who had a hiding place in the mountains toward the Rio Grande and was the terror of all that country. The daring women had entered the convent in the guise of a pious novitiate, had learned the secrets of the convent and at the first favorable moment admitted her confederates, who had robbed the nunnery of all its valuable treasure and escaped safely with their booty. They described the false nun "and," concluded Frank, as he told me the story, "will you believe it, the description exactly tallied with Eleanor. She was captured by the rurales about three months thereafter and I was on the plaza when she was shot. She died without making a confession and no one knew who she was nor where she was from. Her career had been wilder than the most exaggerated romance. She was reported to be wholly devoid of mercy, but she did me a good turn and—well, she was an American, and I felt sorry for her."

Rochefort's Sinecure.

Henri Rochefort relates the following good story on himself: "When I was a clerk at the Prefecture of the Seine in the Cemetery Bureau I was about the worst employe in the office. In fact, I never went there at all (one of my colleagues, a hump-backed little fellow, used to do my work in consideration of my keeping him in theater tickets) except to renew my stock of stationery to be used for my comedies and articles in the *Charivari*. It so happened that I had just then a piece in rehearsal at the Vaudeville, in which Francine Cellie, for whose beauty Baron Haussman, Prefect of the Seine, had an especial weakness, was cast for a leading role. Of course I passed all my time at the Vaudville superintending all the rehearsals of my piece, and naturally the head of the Cemetery Department at last got impatient. One day, when I came to draw my salary of 125 francs a month, he said: "I am going to ask the Prefect to revoke your appointment," and as Baron Haussman entered the office at that moment, he was as good as his word. "Monsieur le Prefect,' said he, 'I have a young man attached to my department whom I never see here and who spends all his time writing for the theaters and the newspapers.'

"'What is his name?'

"'Henri Rochefort."

"'Stop a bit; it seems to me I have heard that name before. The young man has a piece in rehearsal at the Vaudeville,' and he picked up a newspaper in which the cast was mentioned, to satisfy himself that Francine Cellie was in it.

"'Well, Monsieur le Prefect?' asked the head of the Cemetery Department.

"'Well, Monsieur le Chef de Bureau,' answered Haussman, who was anxious that the actress should keep her role, 'you are asking me to do something which is very difficult—indeed, it seems to me to be impossible.'

"'How so?'

"'How can I put a man out of the office who is never here?' and before the astonished chief could find an answer Haussman had left the room. The next day I was transferred to the Fine Art Department, with the title of Inspector. As there was nothing to inspect, I soon afterwards sent in my resignation."

Wheat Gambling.

Gambling in wheat at Chicago is described thus: A loafer comes in with his hair cut short, and then puts his head in the window where four or five clerks are sitting in a kind of showcase, and he says: "Ten thousand bushels of wheat." He deposits $100 for all that. The man who gets the money shouts it to the next man, who records it in a magnificent day-book, and then the man with the ledger some distance below takes it down, and so it goes down with all the seriousness of an actual transaction, whereas not a bushel of wheat was purchased. That $100 is good till wheat shall go off 1 cent, and the moment it does they sell the man's wheat, which never was bought, the entire transaction being like Ferdinand Ward's, mere moonshine, but if the wheat should slip up 1 cent, the young man comes back and says: "I will sell my wheat," and they meekly give him about $88, taking one-eighth of 1 per cent off. How preposterous it is to shut up gambling houses when this sort of thing is going on in almost every large hotel in the country now.

A Famous Scotch Duel.

Even when sport fails the Highlands have always some resource by which to amuse the stranger. The other day I came across an old gamekeeper who was able to throw light on the subject of the famous duel, in 1822, between Mr. Stewart, of Dunerran and Sir Alexander Boswell, of Achinleck. It may be remembered that a few weeks ago there appeared in many Scottish journals—and in not a few English ones—a note announcing that a history of the Boswell family was being written by an Ayrshire man of letters, and that the history of the duel was to be cleared away. If the Ayrshire journalist's story runs on the same lines as do previous narratives of the same event, it will differ entirely from the tale of the Highland gamekeeper. If any one should know the true version that Gaelic chronicler should, for he was in the service of one of the principals, and learned the details from the mouth of an eye witness. It is generally understood that the duel arose out of a political quarrel and a political squib. It did nothing of the kind. It arose out of a dispute about a breed of oxen for which Mr. Stewart, of Dunerran, was famed, and it culminated in Sir A. Boswell, through the columns of the *Sentinel*, dubbing his opponent "The Dunneran Ox." That, of course, would never do, and Mr. Stewart was stirred up by Lord Rosslyn to seek vengeance on his traducer. The duel was fought on the shores of Auchtertool Loch, in Fifeshire. At first the odds seemed all in favor of the Baronet, for he was a dead shot and could "snuff his candle at twenty yards twenty times running." On the other hand Stewart had a miserable aim. He never lifted his gun to his shoulder and "could not hit a bucket at five yards distance." The conditions of the fight were that the combatants were to be put back to back; and that, on a given signal, they were to walk twelve paces in opposite directions and then turn to fire. It is at this stage probably that the mystery begins; for instead of walking twelve as he was in honor bound, Stuart ran eight or nine and then turning fired off his pistol with both hands. The bullet struck Sir Alexander on the back, and the worthy warrior fell. Then Stewart flung his pistol into the Loch of Auchtertool, or, as the gamekeeper put it, "gart it fuug into the water," and hastened off to the postchaise awaiting him. He fled immediately to Belgium, from which he returned a year afterward. The government of the day never attempted to arrest him and he spent the rest of his days peacefully in Fifeshire. This story, it will be observed, is altogether different from the accepted narrative. In spite of its extraordinary character it bears in its details indubitable traces of truth. It dispels the halo of mystery that has so long surrounded the fate of one of the most popular and gifted of Scottish lairds and lyrists.

An Omission.

A few days ago two men, who were afterward found to be Detroiters, arrived in a town about 50 miles West, leading a pig. It was perhaps big enough and heavy enough to be called a hog, but they termed it a pig, and as they turned it over to the care of the landlord at whose inn they proposed to rest for the night one of the men explained:

"Be awful careful of that pig. He's a daisy—a new breed just from Scotland. We've sold him to a farmer out here for $50 and we don't want anything to happen to him."

The landlord locked the pig up, and then began to think and cogitate and suspect. When the strangers had gone to bed he called in some of the boys and said:

"I've twigged the racket; them two fellows are sharpers, and that's a guessing pig. To-morrow they will give you a chance to guess at its weight at ten cents a guess, and you'll be cleaned out—only you won't! As the fellows sleep we will weigh their pig and beat their game.

Nobody slept until the pig was taken over to the scales and weighed. He pulled down 170 pounds to a hair, and the villagers went home and hunted up their nickels and dreamed of pigs and scales and sharpers through the remainder of the night.

Next morning the pig was led around in front, and before starting off on his journey one of the owners remarked to the assembled crowd:

"Gentlemen, I'm going to weigh this pig directly. Maybe some of you would like to guess on its weight? I'll take all guesses at 10 cents each, and whoever hits it gets 50 cents.

This provoked a large and selected stock of winks and smiles, but no one walked up until the man said that any person could guess as many times as he cared to, provided a dime accompanied each guess. Then a rush set in. Three or four merchants put up fifty guesses each. A justice of the peace took 30. A lawyer said about 20 would do for him. Before there was any let up in the guessing about six hundred had been registered and paid for. Every soul of 'em guessed at 170 pounds. It was curious what unanimity there was in the guessing, but the pig men didn't seem to notice it. When all had been given a chance the pig was led to the scales, and lo! his weight was exactly 174 pounds!

"You see, gentlemen," explained the spokesman, "while this animal only weighs 170 pounds along about eleven o'clock at night, we feed him about five pounds of oatmeal before weighing. You forgot to take this matter into consideration!"

Then somebody kicked the landlord, and he kicked the justice and the justice kicked a merchant, and when the pig men looked back from a distant hill the whole town was out kicking itself and throwing empty wallets into the river.

Patience is bitter but its fruit is sweet.

The hippophile is earnestly at work. Horse-shoes of sheep's horn are now made in Lyons, France. They are for use, particularly, on street pavements, as they prevent slipping on smooth stones and tram rails.

Chinese Burial Grounds.

As you walk around Shanghai you think that about half the land is waste. You fancy it is left, as large coverts and heather-clad heaths are left where game-preserving flourishes; but if you look closer, you see tuft-covered mounds. It is a burial ground. Nowhere else in that neighborhood will you see a square yard of land that is not under tillage. Half our little wars with the Chinese came from trespassing on these cemeteries. The French at Shanghai had what threatened to be a big row when they wanted to drive a road through one of them. They are "taboo." Sometimes of an evening you may see a village elder walking round and explaining to the youngsters that their ancestor of a hundred years ago is buried here, and that five mounds off lies that happy father who was raised to the rank of marquis because his son came out first classic and senior wrangler in the final examination. I am speaking of an old burial ground. In a new one you see the solid, highly-varnished coffins (often carved) lying on the surface. There they are left for a year or two, after which they are thatched or bricked over, according to the wealth of the family, the result being a mausoleum like those set up to several of our royal family. This soon gets grown over with grass and weeds, and ends by becoming a mound, still hallowed in the recollection of the elders, still visited on anniversaries with the appointed offerings. The thing to remember is that in China all is above ground; there is no digging of graves; simply laying down of coffins and covering in by-and-by.

In old times they used to bury beside their dead gold and precious stones of all kinds. They are more economical nowadays; one remembers how they burn horses, and birds, and furniture, etc., cut out of gold or red paper, instead of the old offerings, which have grown too costly. In their present state of mind, the Chinese are not likely to take to cremation or to let their grave-fields be desecrated by plough or spade; therefore they are bound to go re for sewage, and if our people out thein want to make life pleasanter, let them try to get an imperial edict for deodorizing. Our residents cannot complain much about the unhealthiness of the present system. The Chinese are, on the whole, a healthy people.

Keep Him Warm.

He had six fly screens under his arm, and was talking to a man in front of a house on Hastings street.

"I am offering these at fifty per cent. below their cash value," he explained, "because I want to get out of town."

"Vhell, it vhas soon coming winter, und I like to know how some flies come aroundt den?" the man answered.

"That's true enough, my friend, but the fly question is not the only thing. These screens save twenty-five per cent. in fuel."

"Vhell?"

"They give an air of refinement to a house."

"Vhell?"

"I don't say that they keep out cholera altogether, but you can't point to a house in Detroit provided with them which has had a case of cholera."

"Vhell, dot vhas so."

"In buying them you help a poor man to reach the bedside of his dying wife in Buffalo."

"Yes."

"You add at least $200 to the value of your place."

"Yes."

"They are not a burglar-alarm, but when a burglar finds them in the windows he turns away discouraged."

"Dot vhas good."

"The air which enters your house is strained, as it were, and must therefore be free of chips, gravel, sand, dust and other substances deleterious to health."

"I see."

"And you will take 'em?"

"My frendt, vhas dose fly-screens like a watch dog? If some poys come in der alley dose dey raise a big row und let me know?"

"Why, no; of course not."

"If I vhas in a row mit my vhife, does dose fly-screens help me out?"

"Of course not."

"If I come home in der night und der front door vhas locked, und I can't get in, does dose fly-screens make it all right?"

"No, sir—no, sir. How can you expect any such things from fly-screens?"

"Vhell, I doan' know. I guess you petter moof along to der next corner. Eaferypody says I vhas sweet-tempered und kind, but if a man come along und impose on me und take me for some greenhorns, I let myself oudt and knock him so far into next Shanuary dot fly-screens doan' keep him warm."

Concerning Bridesmaids.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, as nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of their principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill-mistress, "sizing" them, so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridesmaid was not only provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a posey pinned to the breastfolds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand. In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded, and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand, she tries to place it on the head of one of her bridesmaids as they dance around her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married in a year from that date.