

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! Landward, the sun has set behind the hills, Bathing the skies with gold; Seaward the white-capped wavelets ebb and flow.

Each tip with silver rolled Beneath the moon, and shiver in its glow Good night!

Good night! A dreamy languor fills the silent air, Success of color and of sound, As fades the day with all its duties o'er, And schemes with memories rife, Of friends who once though dead, are so no more.

Good night! The shade of a departed day are past, The stars shine out and gleam Upon the moonlit sea—the silent earth The quiet habitations, as they seem Like us, to wait the coming morning's birth.

A TERRIBLE NIGHT.

It was in 1844, a stifling hot summer-day, when I decided to accept Balzac's invitation to visit him at his fantastic house in the Rue Basse, at Passy. It was half-past seven when I entered the dining-room, where Balzac was finishing his dinner. Opposite him was seated a man with a bovine countenance, intellectual forehead and animal lower face, solid, perplexing and of an unusual character. His hair, now gray, gave evidences of having once been red; his eyes, once blue, were now a wintry gray. His whole person was complex, rude but subtle.

Taking up a great hot-house peach as he spoke, Balzac said: "Let me introduce Monsieur Vidocq."

At this name famous in police annals, I remembered Balzac's detective character, "Vautrin." Balzac held in high esteem men of Vidocq's profession and reputation—spies upon families and upon the public safety. He admired the divination of the subtle minds that have a sixth sense for following on the track of a criminal with the slightest clue, with no clew at all—men seized with a nervous trembling, like the hydrocane on the rock which covers a water-spring a hundred feet below the surface of the ground. They cry out: "The crime is there. Dig for it, it is there!"

Balzac arrogated a good deal of this rare intuition to himself. And, indeed, he possessed it, but made use of it to track the passions to the heart, where crimes are prepared before they enter the world of reality to become the prey of police genius.

"You take a great deal of pains, Monsieur de Balzac," said Vidocq, apropos of nothing, "to invent stories out of your imagination when reality is right at your elbow."

"Do you still believe in reality?" said Balzac. "I should never have thought you so fresh. Let me tell you about the real. We novelists make it. You see this fine peach? I call that the real peach. Nature's peach that grows wild, the one you would probably call real, is small, sour, impossible to eat. The one I hold is the result of a hundred years of cultivation, studies in pruning, in soil, in grafting; we eat it, and our palate, and our heart are made glad. Such as it is, we may say we made that peach. Same process in my writing. I create a reality in my novels as the orchardist creates it in his peaches. I am a book-gardener. Every time a man has come to me with: 'I have a superb subject for a novel for you, Balzac,' when I came to examine into it I never found anything worth while. If there was a dramatic event, the details, which are everything, were completely lacking; on the other hand, when there were crisp, juicy details, there was no central event. Same old peach simile. A story is made—it doesn't grow."

"I am going to tell you a story that I have just been reminded of," said Vidocq, "and you shall tell me at the end whether the completeness of it doesn't refute your theory. I was on duty one night, about ten years ago, the police headquarters, about it was a freezing winter night. My colleagues and I were round a white-hot stove, roasting chestnuts, and momentarily expecting a call from the prefect. It was nearly one o'clock at night, when I saw two wavering shadowy objects pass the glass door of the waiting-room. I opened the door, saw two women, and asked them where they were going. The lady for it was easy to see that the two were mistress and maid—replied shortly, and without looking at me, that she wished to speak to the prefect. She was in ball costume, but just the way she was dressed perplexed me. The flowers in her hair looked as if they had been thrown there, her hair itself was disordered, and under her rouge—for she was rouged, though she was extremely young and pretty—she was deathly pale. I thought she must be mad, or temporarily beside herself, for she had a kid boot on on foot and a white satin slipper on the other.

"Just as I was going to tell her that it was impossible to see the prefect at that hour, the guard opened the door of the ante-chamber and let her in. This left the maid on the staircase. I asked her to come into the room with my men, where the stove was, she consented. Although not as temptuously dressed as her mistress, she was quite as demoralized. Her trembling was not all due to the cold. I have studied all sorts of emotions, and hers was fright. She was in such terror that it was contagious. I never saw such fear in my life—it was ghastly; and yet I could see that she was a woman of firm commanding character. Although given her a seat by the stove, she jumped up every minute and went to the window, where she would rub off the fog from the pane with her half-gloved hand and look out. Once I looked out over her shoulder. I saw that she was looking at the carriage she had come in, and it was not a hired conveyance of any kind, but the rich and solid establishment that belongs to a great house. Her horses, eyes, lamps and all. I heard the maid murmur, with an indefinable accent of relief, 'He's asleep,' but whether it referred to the coachman or some one inside the carriage I could not possibly make out.

"Now, what was going on in the Prefect's room all this time? This: 'The prefect after a hard day's work,

had given orders that he was not to be awakened till daylight—and his word was law. Hearing this from the guard, the lady asked when the Prefect might be seen. She was told at eight o'clock in the morning. The lady wrung her hands and sprang impetuously toward the Prefect's door, but met the iron arm of the guard—Papa Caron was his name—much amazed he was at the vigor of the assault from such a delicate antagonist. The more the lady begged, the more Papa Caron said it would be ruin and loss of place for him to wake the Prefect when the Prefect said he was not to be waked.

"What compensation will make that ruin good to you?" cried the lady, excited to frenzy. "Will this? Will this? And as she spoke she undid, or rather burst with one wrench, the heavy pearl necklace she wore, took off her diamond bracelets with the same violence, put them all pell-mell into the astonished guard's hands, and said: 'Now go!'

"Twenty thousand francs in pearls and diamonds were too much for the guard, yet he went reluctantly, for the Prefect had the irritable nerves of a man exposed fifteen hours out of the twenty-four to the complaints and petitions and demands for justice of the public. His awakening was a terrible affair. One more Papa Caron returned to the lady with 'Impossible!' for an answer. This time she promised him on her honor and with the simple air of one speaking the truth that she would get him a pension of four thousand francs, to be continued to his family after his death if any punishment fell upon him for urging her suit with the leonine Prefect. This time she sent in her name in a sealed envelope. The Prefect read it and leaped a foot.

"Who is she?" he asked. "She is Helene de B—, a star of the citizen court, a star of the first magnitude, one of the great ladies of the reign of Louis Philippe's reign, one of those who carried the life and death of Cabinets in the folds of their sweeping trains.

"Of course the Prefect attempted to veil his astonishment under abject apologies for having kept her waiting, but she did not allow him to finish his first sentence. She began to speak herself, a bluish pallor creeping about her lips.

"A great misfortune has happened to me," she murmured in a stifled voice; "you cannot imagine what it is." She stopped gasping for breath, then, with a violent effort at self-control, she repeated, eagerly: 'You will save me! You will save me! You will save me!' and rushed to the window, but as the office looked out on a different street from the waiting-room, she did not see the carriage and uttered a piercing scream. The Prefect's explanation calmed her, and she recommenced her talk with the same painful interruptions as before:

"My husband, whom you know, has been absent eight days in Bordeaux on business connected with a disputed will. All Paris knew this, and the Prefect also; he notified, and the Countess continued, in a hollow and distressed voice, that during his absence she had been called upon by a person—a young man, she added with an effort—whose acquaintance she had made at the Austrian Embassy. She reproached herself for imprudence in receiving him at such a time, because the Count, her husband, was of a jealous disposition, and had already noticed the young Hungarian's attentions.

"He was a Hungarian officer," she said parenthetically, always speaking of him in the past, which considerably bewildered the Prefect. Although she had not encouraged his visits, she continued, he persisted in calling on her more frequently in her husband's absence than before. At last he insisted on leaving the opera with her, accompanying her home, and coming in to chat a few moments. This had all been wrong, because the world might have ascribed the proceeding, and because a frightful occurrence had been the result of the fatal weakness. She had a letter from her husband the day before, setting his return from Bordeaux for the following night, at three o'clock in the morning—the morning following that very night of which she, Countess Helene de B—, was passing the latter half at the police headquarters.

"I see, said the Prefect gravely; 'your husband returned, surprised the Hungarian officer in your parlor, his jealousy was aroused, and you have flown to tell of some crime, or to warn me of an impending duel?'

"My husband has not come yet," said the Countess; 'his train gets in at three, and it is not two o'clock yet.'

"Then no one is wounded; no one dead?" cried the Prefect.

"She came close to him and whispered with rigid lips: 'There is a dead man in my carriage, down stairs. M. de Karlisen, the Hungarian officer, while calling upon me this evening after the opera, died in my parlor, and his corpse is in my carriage.'

"Murdered?" cried the Prefect.

"No; struck down by an apoplectic stroke as he sat by my side. Is it not horrible that when I long to grieve for a dead friend I must only think of my reputation and a censorious world? Now, help me. There is a dead man in my carriage! What shall I do? You must have a thousand resources," said the Countess, mingling the authority of the woman who commands with the authority of the woman who implores.

"Many resources, but nothing for just this case," said the Prefect, however, was longing to aid the poor lady, who was enduring tortures with super-human courage. He rang the bell, saying as he did so: 'There is but one man in Paris who can deliver you from this delicate position. Are you willing that he should make a third in our counsels?'

"If you answer for his discretion," said the Countess, "I will consent."

"It was the man," said Vidocq, pausing magnificently. "When I answered the bell, he continued, 'the Prefect told me the story, concluding with the words: 'Vidocq, you must get rid of the body.'

"What do you say to having the body found at daybreak on the highway, wounded in two or three places? He is found, his purse and valuables are gone, he has been murdered by rob-

bers, Grand commotion for twenty-four hours. Investigation by the police—fruitless—eight days afterward every thing forgotten."

"Enough!" cried the Countess, who had hidden her face in her convulsed hands. 'No stabs on that body! I will not have it! No!'

"Then how would it be if the body should disappear from the world as if it had never existed?" said I.

"Never to be found again?" "No, burial, then?" "I'm afraid not."

"Just how would you make it disappear?" "Oh, madam, don't try to know."

"I will not hear of your second plan either," said the Countess, decidedly.

"Madam," said I, "I have but one more plan; but to carry that out I must know how many of your people know of this young man's visit to you this evening."

"Only Honorine, my maid," said the Countess earnestly. "It was like this; Monsieur de Karlisen was telling me an amusing story; he was laughing very heartily; I had turned my head away, but noticed that his laughter had ceased suddenly. Seconds passed by. Astonished at the transition from exaggerated gaiety to profound silence, I turned, rose from my arm-chair and approached the sofa, where he was sitting. His face was horribly distorted. I discovered that he was dead. I shrieked and fell. See, I cut my forehead. Honorine came running in, revived the carriage driver, and he was but a few hours from Paris, and that something must be done. She thought of the Prefect, and arranged everything with immense presence of mind. Every one was asleep. We two carried the body down into the court, opened the carriage-house and put the dead man in the carriage, then woke up the coachman and told him to drive us to the corner of the Rue de la Sainte-Chapelle. He is a good German, has only been in Paris a month, and is not inquisitive. He got the carriage out of the carriage house and harnessed up. Meantime I went to get on a ball dress, in case I should find my husband home on my return, Honorine devising where I should say I had been. I had to dress alone, Honorine had to be with the coachman most of what a toilet made! Only here I discovered that I had on one kid boot and one satin slipper. I crept down stairs. All was in readiness. Honorine and I got into the carriage and we three came here together."

"That was the story she told. It made the chills run over me."

"Madam," said I, "just one thing more. Where does M. de Karlisen live?"

"She gave me the street and number."

"Now," said I, "I promise you that without wounds, without mysterious disappearances, and without compromising him in the least, the remains of M. de Karlisen shall be at his home in his room, and in his friends' hands, in about a quarter of an hour. Your story has inspired me with the idea of the means to employ."

"Ah, what gratitude of mine can ever be so great as the service you are doing me!" she murmured, wringing my hand. It was the proudest moment of my life."

Vidocq passed his hand over his eyes. "Take some cognac," said Balzac.

"No," said Vidocq, "later. Just now I do not need anything." He continued his story:

"There was no time to lose. The Countess promised the royal favor to the Prefect, and we left the private office. We went down stairs and stopped for the maid who had been left in the waiting-room.

"Everything is going well, Honorine," murmured the Countess; 'but courage for all is not over yet.'

"Decidedly all is not over! I signaled to one of the inspectors to join us, and, telling him the whole story in a few words, told him, also, what we would do if the Countess's coachman was still asleep—we would take the body out of the carriage. As we crept down the street we got a bad fright from hearing some one singing a rude song, but it turned out not to be the coachman, who slept peacefully on."

"Run and tell the ladies they may come," said I, "my colleague, who is a magnificent man—five feet eight or nine, splendid torso, beautifully dressed. I laid him in the shadow of the parapet which guards the Quai des Orfèvres. I saw the two poor women coming. The agent and I had to literally lift them into the carriage. Their future looks around for it were distressing."

"No violence!" repeated the Countess for the last time. I banged the door of the carriage, swore lustily at the sleeping coachman that his mistress had been ready to start for the past quarter of an hour, and away they whirled to the Rue Bellechasse.

"The agent and I went back to the place where I had laid the body of M. de Karlisen. We picked it up between like two drunkards supporting a third. We went to Pont Neuf—a central point where no one can tell where the man he meets there came from. Of course it was of the first importance that no one should be able to guess where M. de Karlisen had passed the night. It was a short walk to get there, but I would not take it again under the same conditions for a good deal. Once opposite the Place Dauphine, we waited for a cab to pass by. As soon as one drew near we began to sing a drinking song and gabbled as German a gibberish as we could muster, staggering about with our ghastly burden.

"Hullo, coachman," said I, when the cab came up, 'will you accept a fare? We have neither the time nor the steady legs to get our friend home.' Without waiting for the Jehu's answer, we opened the cab door, shoved in the body, and called out the address, 'Rue Saint-Florentin, first house to the right.'

"We had given him five francs. The thing was done. As for the sequel, this is the way the papers told it next morning: 'A rich and noble stranger, M. de Karlisen, sole heir of one of the oldest Hungarian families, had a fatal apoplectic stroke last night while driving to his home in the Rue Saint-Florentin. He

had taken a hired cab, and the honest cab-driver, as soon as he perceived the frightful accident, which the chances of his calling had brought to his notice after in vain attempting to arouse the druggists whose establishments he passed on his road, at last delivered the body to the servants at M. de Karlisen's residence on the Rue Saint-Florentin.

"The papers had something more serious the next day: 'To-morrow at the Church of the Madeleine, the funeral services for the repose of the soul of M. de Karlisen will take place. His friends are requested to be present, as the body is to be sent to Hungary, and all religious ceremonies will be finished at the church, beginning at noon.'

"Nothing had transpired in the meantime to indicate that any unpleasant incident marked the return of the husband, and on account of his relations with the Austrian Embassy the Countess appeared at Karlisen's funeral in deep mourning, masking strange thoughts under her conventional dignity. She returned to her home never to leave it. She languished from that day, and soon died of hypertrophy of the heart. Nobody was forgotten, however. Papa Caron, the man on duty in the Prefect's ante-chamber that strange night, received a big sum of money; Honorine a little property at Vilvorde, where she lives to this day; and I received this magnificent ring. Look, it's worth two thousand francs. During one of these representations he heard a Frenchman in the box next to him talking some people how much the prima-donna looked like the Countess Helene de B—; 'a great lady,' he added 'very well known in Paris. Her husband poisoned her on suspicion of her infidelity, although the world supposed she died of a decline.'

He gossiped on in a way that must have been distressing to the Count, who, however, waited for himself. What a relief it was to find the door of the box, passed in his card, with a place and hour of meeting written on it, bowed, went back to his own box, and heard out the opera. He was known to be an expert swordsman. Swords were the weapons chosen for the duel. They met, and after a few passes, the Count literally threw himself upon his adversary's sword. He had committed suicide by another man's hand. My story is finished."

"Ah!" cried Balzac, triumphantly; "now I will show you where it falls down. Unless the Prefect, or you, or Honorine betrayed the matter, how could the Count know of the frightful death of Karlisen at his house, at his wife's feet? Now, if he knew nothing of it, I say that the duel, the suicide by another's hand, is not sufficiently justified. If you were telling the story I should have to imagine or invent a more detailed, more logical end. The death is dramatic and original, but I do insist that for such despair the Count is left too ignorant of what happened during his absence. The story is not the metaphorical peach, which only needs to be plucked and eaten."

"There may be more," said Vidocq, a little abashed by the novel-reader's tone. "I told you that I was reminded of this story. What do you think reminded me? The cab-driver who drove me over here this evening. I recognized in him the cab-driver of the Pont Neuf to whom we gave Karlisen's body that night ten years ago."

"Not very," said Balzac incredulously, a cab-driver. "You rarely become Colonel," said Vidocq, "and you rarely are a cab-driver."

"Is he at the door? Let's have him up," cried Balzac, tossing his napkin up in the air, which was a great sign of joy in him.

The cab-driver was summoned. He looked like every cab-driver of his age—fifty years, weather-beaten skin, puggy red nose, mouth deformed by constant smoking, gray hair and stooping shoulders. Balzac tilted every glass on the table and signed to the cab-driver that it was all for him. Then a lively interrogation began.

"If I am not mistaken," said Vidocq, "you are the man I hailed on the Pont Neuf the other evening?"

"The cab-driver cocked his chin.

"What other evening?"

"You don't remember? We were there and we were singing."

"When? I pick up so many people who are singing."

"Ten or twelve years ago," said Vidocq.

"You call that the other night? Why, I don't remember for ten days."

"I'm going to tell you. We stopped you in front of the Henry IV, statue."

"I've been stopped there a hundred thousand times."

"It was four o'clock in the morning, and we gave you five francs."

"The five francs is the most unusual thing you've said yet."

"The man who got in was going to the Rue Saint-Florentin."

A dash passed into the cab-driver's eyes.

"When you opened the door you had a great surprise. I've forgotten the name of the man, but I've forgotten leather case in my cab the morning after I carried the dead man to the Rue Saint-Florentin; so, of course, the case belonged to me. There was a letter in it, addressed to this Countess or

Duchess Rue Bellechasse. Oh, you needn't look like that, there weren't any bank-notes. I should have returned them. But I earned forty sous. I carried the letter to its address, and gave the letter to a gentleman and lady who were just getting into their carriage. The gentleman, a very handsome man, with his breast covered with orders, took the letter. I said: 'Forty sous.' He read the letter, turned as white as the paper, and told his footman to give me forty sous. The man put a two-franc piece in my hand.

"The story is complete now," said Balzac. "The husband read in the letter some declaration of love from the de Karlisen to his wife. The overheard gossip at the Trieste Opera-house opened his eyes to the fact that the world considered him disgraced, and that decided him to kill himself. The story is complete."

Something About Noses.

We often see fine eyes in an otherwise ugly face, but rarely is a thoroughly beautiful nose found in a face which could be called ugly, for the nose is the characteristic of the countenance. Beautiful eyes and beautiful lips have, it is true, more charm—it is the expression of the eyes and lips of those we love which we most remember in absence—but it is the nose which, more than any other feature, affects the general character of the face. This will be seen if we try the experiment of drawing the nose and face of any beautiful creature—the Venus of Milo, for instance—and, while giving it all its fair proportions of brow and cheek and chin—we substitute a small turnup nose, or worse still, a flat or snub nose for the noble yet softly graceful line of the nose in this most perfect head, and how much we should lower the noble type of beauty this Venus presents! Of course no one in real life could be unattractive with such a nose, and a beautifully shaped nose, to say nothing of the perfect lips and softly rounded lines of the chin; but the nobility of the face would be entirely lost by this alteration of the lines of the nose; whilst we might alter the beautiful lines of the eyes, narrow the brow, and even take from the softly voluptuous contour of lips and chin, yet by leaving untouched the perfect form of the nose we should still retain the dignity of expression which is so characteristic of this statue.

A nose to be perfect should equal the length of the forehead; it may, when the forehead is exceptionally low, be even longer than the forehead (and in most of the beautiful antique statues it is so), but on no account should it be shorter than the brow. Viewed in profile, the nose should be somewhat starts from the brow) than below. The end of it should be neither hard nor fleshy, but it should be well defined, though neither very pointed nor very broad, for all extremes of form in all features are bad. Viewed in profile, the distance from the line of the wing of the nose to its tip should be only one-third of the length of the nose. Thus, those noses which stand very much out of the face as they near the end of the nose, while they are low on the bridge and between the eyes, are out of proportion. Those having such noses are vivacious, but wanting in dignity and force of character. They are impressionable and inconstant.

Nicotine and Death.

Schuyler Colfax, who died so suddenly at a railway station in Minnesota was attacked by vertigo while at the head of his career at Washington many years ago, and he was then advised by his physicians to greatly restrict himself in the use of tobacco. He was almost as great a smoker as General Grant, and it may be that his sudden death can be traced back to the same source as the attack which temporarily prostrated him at the Federal Capital. General Grant is understood to have been in peril of cancer of the tongue as the result of excessive smoking, and his physicians are amazed as well as gratified to find that he has wholly abandoned the use of tobacco although they requested him to be moderate in smoking, and not to smoke the last half of his cigars, from which part the nicotine is always received. The pernicious effects of the excessive use of tobacco can not be too vigorously portrayed, and it is best for every man to reflect that the best physicians are unanimous in the opinion that to neither smoke nor to chew is the best rule. Impartial observers who find the companionship of one who daintily uses the weed agreeable, rather than otherwise, are forced to admit that in advanced age the habit seldom fails to become injurious and filthy as well as expensive. This is a free country, and whosoever will may contract such a habit, but users of tobacco should bear in mind that to go beyond the bounds of moderation is to expose themselves to death from nicotine.

Dedicated to Our Family Physician

"How'd you find your patient, doctor?" "Went to his room." "Yes; but I mean how'd you find him when you got there?" "Found him in bed."

"Well, but is he better?" "If he's well, he must be." "Does he improve any?" "Hasn't any to improve; he sold his farm and lives in a boarding house."

"Is he better, then?" "Better than who?" "Oh, doctor, what is there about him?" "A doublet and two blankets." "But what ails him?" "Nobody ails him; he's a St. John man."

"But is he dangerous?" "Naw, gentle as a lamb." "See here, doctor, don't you want to tell what's the matter with him?" "No matter at all; it's a fresh cut." "Well, you seem to be pretty smart; do you know how to tell how to tell, but you don't know how to ask." "Some physicians never want the neighbors to know anything."

"Used you pretty rough, didn't he?" remarked a sympathizing bystander to the man who had just got a most awful licking. "Well, no," replied the subdued one, "I thought he polished me off very nicely."

What You Might Call Nerve.

"I saw an exhibition of what you might call nerve, the other day in Delaware county, N. Y.," said Deacon Chas. N. Bean, of the public stores, to a reporter. "I was up there on business last week, near Harpersfield, and an acquaintance took me out to fish for pickerel through the ice. On our way to the pond we came to a couple of men chopping in the woods. My friend knew one of the men and stopped to talk with him. The other man kept on chopping. He had made but two or three strokes with his axe when it flew off the handle. The sharp blade whizzed through the air, passing close to my friend's head and, striking the other chopper, whose name was Hagar, cut his nose off close to his face as clean as if it had been done with a razor. The man who had lost it put his hand up to his face in a startled sort of way and looked down at the severed nose as if he could hardly believe his eyes. When the full force of the situation struck him he looked at his fellow-chopper with an expression of surprise and deep injury on his face, and said: 'Well, Jack, you're a nice fellow, ain't ye?'

"Hagar then stooped and picked up his nose and, pressing his handkerchief to his bleeding face, astounded both my friend and myself by resuming the subject upon which they had been talking—which was the making of a contract for chopping—as if nothing of consequence had occurred to interrupt it. My friend, however, started the other way to the village after a doctor, and wanted to take Hagar back at once on his backboard. Hagar wouldn't hear to this, and said he would cut across to his cabin through the woods and walk for the doctor, and he started off, without any apparent hurry, carrying his nose in his hand.

"When we returned at night we went out of our way two miles to inquire after Hagar. We found him chopping up fire wood in front of the cabin. There was a bandage around his face. When we asked him if the doctor had seen him, he said: 'Yes, he's been here. He stuck the nose on in its old place and bound it there, and said he believed it would grow fast again, as he had known of such things happening. Say, I came blame near getting mad at Jack when that axe flew off to-day. He's always cutting up some dodo or other.'

"Then we drove back to Harpersfield. I had a letter to-day from my friend. He had just come from a visit to Hagar. He says the man is getting along, and that the nose will grow fast again, sure. Now, these are facts, and I tell you that Hagar struck me as giving an exhibition of what you might call nerve."

A New Kind of Dog.

A wild looking man who resembled one who had wrestled with misfortune in a catch-as-catch-can hold, and been thrown in the contest, went into a Woodward Avenue bird store the other day, and approached the affable proprietor.

"Look here," he said, "may I take you apart for a moment?"

"Certainly," replied the man of animals, "if you can put me together again."

"Well, here's a letter from my wife—come out and have something!"

"They went out and had something; when they came back the wild-looking man resumed the letter."

"She writes me to get her a white canvasbag dog, in cross—"

"Now you go," said the bird-man, severely; "business is business, and I've no time to fool away!"

He sat down on the curbstone to rest. He was still reading the letter, when a sympathetic lady stopped to look at him.

"Poor man, are you ill?" she asked, very kindly.

"Heaven bless you, Madam! Will you read that letter? If you can and will, I can be saved man!"

The lady took the letter as if she were humoring the whim of a lunatic, and hastily ran it over.

"It is easy enough to read," she said. "Your wife, who seems to be an excellent woman, wishes you to buy her a white dog in cross-stitch, stamped on a canvas sash-bag, with cross-stitch to finish it, and send by express at once. 'In mine there's nothing about it that isn't plain enough.'"

"Thank you, ma'am. I'll never forget your kindness. Where did you say the cross-stitched dog on canvas could be found?"

"At any art-embroidery store," and the lady walked away quickly, remarking, to herself: "Of all stupid men are the stupidest. Not to know what cross-stitch is!"

An Intellectual Hermit.

Another genuine hermit has been discovered in the Temple in London, and an inquest has been held upon his remains by the city Coroner. This old gentleman's name was Oliver. He was a barrister who for many years abandoned practice, or had been abandoned by it, and he was seventy-four years of age. He was found dying on his hearth-rug, and the doctor, who was summoned too late to render any aid, says that the unfortunate man was in a very neglected condition and much emaciated. There are a number of these hermits in the Inns of Court and Chancery. They are usually barristers who have failed, but who haven't the place like living ghosts, and exist in the most extreme squalor. Not a few of them are men of ability, who, with more help in early life, might have done great things.

The paper bottles made in Paris are cemented with a composition of alum, lime and blood albumen. Neither water nor alcohol has any effect on these bottles, and of course they are not easily broken.

It is announced in the Nature that a grotto from 8 to 10 meters high has been discovered in a rock washed by the sea, in the Morbihan, by M. Gallard. He has since continued his researches at low water, and found some human bones, ancient earthenware marked with allegorical figures, and coins believed to have been struck by the ancient Gauls.