

LUCKY DAYS.

When May with apple blossoms
Her loving cup is brewing,
With beams and dews and winds that get
The honey from the violet,
With hopes on which the heart is set,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When August calls the locust
To sound the year's undoing,
And, like some altar dressed of old
In drapery of cloth of gold,
High pastures thick with broom unfold,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

When brown October pauses,
Then ripened woodland viewing,
And all the sunny forests spread
Their fallen leaves, as heart's blood red,
A carpet fit for brides to tread,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

Oh, listen, happy lover,
Your happy fate pursuing:
When fields are green, when woods are serene,
When storms are white, when stars are clear,
On each sweet day of each sweet year,
Oh, then's the time for wooing,
For wooing, and for wooing,
Dear lad, the time for wooing!

AN OLD MAN'S YARN.

We are not on bad terms with the young folks, but we are on first-rate terms with the old ones. We fancy that we can clearly analyze the cause of this. We have our faults—who has not?—but we believe honestly that they are more the faults of the pocket than of the heart. A state of authorship is highly suggestive of a state of debt. All that we have to say is that, if the amount of brains bears any proportion to the amount of "little bills," then may we fairly assert pretensions to an exceedingly exalted position in the kingdom of literature. We claim the emperors until some one appears with more extended credentials. Who's ambitions?

However, we fancy that the great cause of our cronyism among the old folks arises from the fact that, with all our faults, we never yet, not even under the influence of hatred, betrayed a confidence. We believe that, if people generally were to follow our example, the world would be all the happier for it. More misery probably arises from "tittle-tattling" than from any other cause.

However, to our story. I am attached to one old gentleman in particular, and he seems quite delighted when I drop in of an evening to smoke a quiet pipe with him. He loves to talk of the past. I may probably one day take the trouble to put some of his yarns in a readable form; but I never thought of such a thing until this morning, when, finding myself still under the influence of a reminiscence of his early days, and who praisers I now listened to with pride.

But was Kate really in love? I wasn't going to put my foot into it, for Kate was an awful hand at talking, and she would have worried the soul out of me if I'd got on the wrong scent. So I kept my weather eye open. But it was no use, and I came to the conclusion that I might possibly be mistaken, after all. I one day tried to pump Mary, but she didn't know anything about it. Oh, of course not.—But this had a wonderful effect. The next time I saw Kate after that she looked remarkably sheepish, and when I asked her to come out for a short walk, she had one of mother's caps to attend to which she said must be finished. It's my firm opinion that that particular cap was never commenced. I believe that was the only story Kate ever told in her life.

"Oh, young lady," said I, as she left the room and bolted down stairs for another confidential confab with Mary, "very cunning you think yourself, don't you?"

I was in an awful state of curiosity all that day. I felt, I couldn't explain very clearly why, that Kate was over head and ears, and that confounded Mary was in the secret, and that she'd told Kate about my attempt to pump her. I experienced a strong inclination to throttle Mary.

However, love is no easy thing to keep hidden long, even when there is a strong motive to do so. My old chum, Tony Hastings, began to drop in oftener than usual, always bringing a scolding from his mother for Kate, because she didn't go and see her as frequently as she used to do. Tony seemed to have been suddenly struck with the idea that bunches of flowers and the last new novel were indispensable requisites for young ladies in general, and Kate in particular; and one day, as I went suddenly into the parlor, I noticed Kate out of the corner of my eye suddenly push something or other under the sofa cushion. I didn't get a chance to have a peep; but Tony was swaggering, a few days after, with a new gimcrack bead purse, which he'd bought in town.

Oh, yes, of course. Cunning dog, how I could have staggered him.

However, I pretended to see nothing. My mind was now perfectly at ease. But I registered a vow to be down upon them like a thousand of brick one of these odd days. I had never, as I said, till then, contemplated the idea of losing Kate, but if I had ever thought about her marrying I would, if I had had any say in the mat-

ter, have picked Tony out for her husband from among all the men I had ever known. He was a fine fellow, was Tony; a noble-looking fellow, frank, and as true as steel. He was comfortably off, too; and this is no bad thing in a future brother-in-law. I do not mean this in a selfish point of view, but as regards the influence it exercises over a woman's happiness, and one feels the more particularly interested when that woman is our pet sister.

Well, to make a short story of it, the old lady's eyes began, gradually, to open, and she tried to open my father's too; but he said "Pooh! pooh! nothing of this kind, or I should have noticed it." (Depend upon it that our fathers and mothers are not half so sharp as they fancy they are.) But mother was not to be pooh-poohed out of a notion when it had once managed to work its way into her good old noddle. Once ridden with the idea that something more than myself brought Tony there so very regularly, she saw, as she might have seen a couple of months or so before, sufficient to confirm her in her tardy idea. She spoke to me about it one day in great confidence, and I replied, "Why, yes, of course. Why, I thought you knew all about that ever so long." Wasn't the old lady astonished, and didn't I feel like one in authority? I bolted off to Kate instantly. "It's all found out," said I.

"What's found out?" said she looking as innocent as a sheep.

"Why," says I, plump, and looking as saucy as I could, "Tony."

Just at that moment there was one thing, and that wasn't vermilion, that could have deepened the color on Katie's cheek, and that thing popped in the shape of Tony.

Tony saw that something was up. I said nothing, but maliciously sat and looked at the pair of them. Katie looked at the carpet, Tony stroked his beard; and a very handsome one it was to stroke, too.

"By the way," said I, breaking the silence, "by the way, Tony, I'm going to town to-morrow; just tell me where you bought that bead purse of yours; I want to get one as near like it as I can. It is a very nice purse, Tony."

Kate raised her head like a flash of lightning, and I guess there will never be a telegraph invented which will say half as much in twice the time as two pair of eyes did then in about half a second.

I roared with laughter; I couldn't keep it in. They saw the game was up, and owned to it like martyrs, but felt highly disgusted with my powers of perception and unpardonable duplicity. —However, that was soon forgiven, and I left them alone and went to hint to mother that she'd better broach the subject to father, which she did with a vengeance, dilating much (poor old soul) on his dullness and her own clear-sightedness.

Father was as much pleased as I was at such a match. So the time was named when we were to lose our pet. (Here the old man's voice faltered, as though that hour of parting still weighed upon his mind.) Tony was almost continually at our house, and Kate and mother never missed a day going to have a long chat with Mrs. Hastings. It was a busy, bustling time for the old ladies. The fat, venerable pony saw more of the town that week than he had ever seen in any three months before, quite sufficient to elicit his disapprobation of matrimonial enterprises.

When I say it took five distinct trips to decide upon the pattern of a carpet, I consider that I have said quite enough to justify the old fellow's opinion.

"Poor Kate, poor Kate," he continued, and a big tear stood in his eye, "there went a good lass. She's gone now."

And the old man busied himself in a corner retilling his pipe.

It is reported that at the Anthropological Congress, which is soon to be held in Rome, there will be a collection of 700 skulls of criminals, with the photographs of 3,000 convicts, and the brains of more than 150 convicts, besides thousands of autographs, poems, sketches, and special instruments, the work of criminals, with an album containing a record of 700 observations, physical and moral, on 500 criminals and 300 ordinary men. There will also be graphic maps of crime in Europe with reference to meteorology, food, institutions, suicide, etc., and tables of the stature of criminals in relation to the length of the arms and of crime in country. Photographs of Russian political and other criminals, especially of those from Moscow, and wax masks of a large number of celebrated criminals will likewise be exhibited. Persons prominent in criminal anthropology are expected to take part in the congress.

It has leaked out that the last words of Captain Carter of the Genesta before sailing for Europe were: "There are doubtless many English skippers who think they can beat the Puritan with their cutters. That is what they will tell me when I go back, and I will say to them: 'Go over and try the job, and good luck go with ye, for ye'll need it.'"

Do not meddle with business of which you know nothing.

A Chinese Mason's Burial.

Che Lueng of 11 Pell street, New York, who had the post-mortem distinction of being the first Chinese Free Mason who ever died in Gotham, was buried with impressive Chinese rites on Celestial Hill, in the Cemetery of the Evergreens. Che Lueng had amassed what his fellow countrymen in Mott street consider a fortune, and was on the eve of his return to China with his savings when hasty consumption seized him. According to the almond-eyed tenants of 11 Pell street, his last hours were remarkable. He became unconscious a week ago last Monday, and relatives and friends who had sat cross-legged and moaning around the cot supposed that he was dead. They dressed him in brand new burial robes of silk and gold embroidery, and burned joss sticks near his head. Amid the purring singing of gongs with which they accompanied their funeral song, Che Lueng sat up and stared around. "Bad luck to your souls! D'ye think Ol'm dead?" is undoubtedly what he would have said if he had been a countryman of Tim Finnigan's. What he did do and say was to point to his rich burial robes and expostulate against the waste of so much money. He fell back in bed again an instant later, and died in less than half an hour. His cautious relatives waited until Wednesday before they went to Undertaker Naughton's and bought a rosewood coffin to bury him in.

Four closed carriages followed the hearse to the grave from Egg-teem Mott street, where the lodge room is. When the joss sticks had been stuck in the earth and kindled after the burial, the members of the lodge formed in a full circle around the mound and bowed their heads solemnly and repeatedly, while Lee Thong uncorked a flagon of liquor and spilled the contents over the grave. Then, in a soft, purring intonation, Lee Thong made a funeral oration. It lasted ten minutes. Bits of red paper with eulogies of the dead man on them were scattered to the winds while he talked. He held his teeth tightly clenched as he talked, after the manner of Chinese orators. When the carriages got back to 18 Mott street Lee Thong hung out a great red placard from the second-story window. It is said that Che Lueng had been buried with the full Masonic honors of the only Chinese lodge in America.

Jalapa.

Jalapa now contains not more than 10,000 inhabitants, having lost much of its importance as a commercial entrepot by the opening of the Mexican Railway from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico via Orizaba. Such another odd old town can scarcely be imagined. Grass grows rankly in all its stony streets, which straggle up and down the deep hillsides, winding in and out with labyrinthine crookedness. Its low cases, clinging to the heights, are all of solid stone—plainer without than those of Vera Cruz, but more handsomely decorated within; all apparently built centuries ago, and nothing but the sturdy vines that overgrow them has held their crumbling walls so long together. There is no squallid poverty in Jalapa, no filthy alleys nor uncleanly hovels. Every antique house is as neatly whitewashed as its canopy of roses will allow, and bordered with outside "dadoes" of blue, pink or yellow. The Hotel Vera Cruzana is a dilapidated but delightful rookery, built around a Moorish court filled with fountains, flowers and pomegranates, where peafowls strut and pigeons cool all day in the sleepy sunshine. Mine host is a picture to behold—his swarthy face half hidden by a wide sombrero, breeches bedecked with silver coins, and a dagger and brace of pistols stuck in his crimson sash. The tiled floor of my apartment is, of course, carpetless; the little iron bedstead is beruffled like a Frenchwoman's; pitchers and water-jars of dark red pottery from Gaudalajara are quaint enough to drive a collector of ceramics crazy, and the wide unglazed window has iron bars outside and rude inner shutters of solid mahogany, which wood is here as cheap as pine, made like the doors of a barn. The walls being of enormous thickness, the stone window-ledge are wide enough to admit several chairs; and in this safe but slightly dim alcove I spend most of the quiet days with book or pencil, after the manner of Las Japenas. Outside, at this moment, I see a *lepero* sleeping peacefully in the sunshine—for in this enchanting atmosphere even beggars forget to beg; and a boy, jolling upon the sharp stones that pave the main thoroughfare, is lazily cutting grass for his donkey with a *machete* somewhat longer than himself. These *machetes* (enormous knives, much resembling Roman swords) are worn by all the natives herabouts, and are the universal implement for every purpose, domestic or mechanic, peaceful or murderous. You might search the whole great State of Vera Cruz for a rake or a hoe, and find none, even among the ranchers; but these huge knives are as common as canes among the dudes of New York, throughout Southern Mexico, Yucatan and Central America, though they are unknown in the Northern States. Doubtless, in an earlier day, they were essential for defense, and for cutting paths through the tropic wilds—and, among these unreasoning

people, a habit once formed descends from father to son forever.

In quiet Jalapa no sound of wheels is ever heard, and probably a carriage was never seen here, for these steep streets, as tiresome as picturesque, were constructed long before such vehicles had been thought of. The backs of mules and Indians serve all purposes for which carts are usually employed, and horse-back riding is an unending delight, for some of the finest views in the world are obtained from the surrounding hills. The only drawback to unalloyed enjoyment in these otherwise perfect days is the frequency of *chipi-chipis*, as the light drizzling showers are called; and even these are blessings in disguise, for they keep vegetation perpetually at its greenest and render dust an "unknown quantity." Of all the queer plazas, quaint market places and charmingly grotesque old churches it has been my good fortune to find, those of Jalapa bear off the palm. All the ancient stone sanctuaries have curiously shaped roofs, with towers and buttresses, having been built in days when churches served for forts and places of refuge, as well as for purposes of worship. Among other landmarks belonging to a half-forgotten epoch is the old monastery of San Francisco, built in 1555, looming up amid bloom and beauty like a ghost of the gloomier past. Its walls are apparently bomb-proof, but that wing which was formerly occupied by the Inquisition was rent in twain by lightning not many years ago, and the ghastly wound remains as a sign from heaven that such iniquities as once occurred within its walls shall be practiced no more.

The Franciscan Convent, built by the conquerors for the benefit of the early Jalapans, is now converted into a college. If one dare venture upon the moldering stairs that wind up its lofty steeple it is well worth the trouble of climbing them for the sake of the matchless view to be gained from the summit. The courtyard of the convent is a hundred feet square, surrounded by massive stone walls shaped into arcades of two stories, the upper part being a series of spacious cells. Now all wears an aspect of ruin and decay, like the fortunes of its founders, for more than once has the old pile been converted into a cavalry barrack, where the bugle has sounded the morning call as often as the big bell to matins, and monks and mules shared the desecrated cloisters together.

Chief Justice Taney.

Judge Taney lived to the age of eighty-seven, and he seemed all his life to be hanging on the verge of the grave. For a long time before Andrew Jackson appointed him Secretary of the Treasury, and got him to remove the deposits from the United States Bank, Taney was one of the leading lawyers of Maryland. Luther Martin and William Pinkney were for a time his chief competitors at the bar. At this time a man who had a chancery suit which had been a long time in the courts and bade fair to become a second "Jarndyce versus Jarndyce" was looking for a new lawyer to take up his case. He had employed both Martin and Pinkney, and one after the other they had died on his hands, leaving his case still unsettled. He was recommended to get Taney, and with this view he called upon him. He entered the office, took a look at the emaciated form and graveyard air of the great lawyer, and then with a grunt of disgust he turned upon his heel and went out of the door without saying a word. "Give that man my case!" he said to the first friend he met. "I would as soon give it to a corpse. He will die inside of two months." But Taney did not die, and he doubtless survived the above prophet by a full generation.

War Imminent.

Turkey refuses to submit to the process of dismemberment initiated by the Roumelians, and war seems imminent. Princes and people are greatly stirred by the prospect, and they are counting on possible contingencies for the extension of their power and prestige. Turkey says the Roumelians must remain her subjects, whereas Bismarck says Bulgaria may if she chooses, incorporate them in their principality. Serbia and Greece, opposed to this suggestion of the German Chancellor, declare that if it is permitted they will have something to say, and will insist upon slices of the sick man's territory. And thus the matter stands, Russia looming up in the background menacingly and threateningly. If war ensues she will reconcile the demands of Bulgaria and Greece, and it is said that, preliminary to that step, Prince Waldemar of Denmark, brother of the King of Greece and brother-in-law of the Czar, who is this month to wed the daughter of the head of the French Bourbons, will be made King of Bulgaria in the place of Prince Alexander, who is to be deposed. Thus Russia will reinitiate her historic purpose, and prepare the way for an easy and unobstructed march for the occupation of Constantinople.

The Webster Watch.

Mr. Peter Butler of Boston wears the famous watch given to Daniel Webster by the Hon. Moses Grinnell and others. Mr. Webster gave it to his friend and biographer, Mr. Peter Harvey, and he in turn bequeathed it to Mr. Butler, who also possesses Mr. Webster's gold snuff-box, a gift from that statesman direct.

How Peat is Gathered for Fuel.

The gathering of the peat harvest in many parts of Ireland and Scotland is a matter of much importance to the inhabitants, a wet season seriously interfering with the necessary operations. The cutting commences early in the season, as soon as the Winter and Spring rains have drained off the surface. In Ireland a long, narrow slip, measuring from three to six feet across, is cleared to the depth of a foot or so of the light, spongy peat and leather which form the surface. Extending back from this a certain space of surface, called in some districts a swarth, is leveled and prepared for the reception of the blocks of peat, which, as they are cut, are spread closely upon it to dry. The peat, or turf, as it is almost invariably called in that country, is cut into narrow, rectangular blocks, from one foot to eighteen inches in length. The implement used in cutting, called a slane, somewhat resembles a spade, with a flat piece of steel attached to the bottom at the right side, and turned up at right angles. The blocks are cut from the mass with a downward thrust of the implement, the arms alone being used, without the assistance of the foot, as in the ordinary spade. After the blocks have lain for some time, and the sides and upper surfaces have dried somewhat, they are turned, and then placed on end in small stacks, which are piled together in larger heaps after the drying process has advanced. The work of cutting, turning, and stacking the peat is not such an unpleasant occupation as might be supposed. It is cleanly work enough. There is no need to handle the peat in a wet state, though even then it does not stain or stick to the hand or person, and has no unpleasant smell. When it has dried somewhat, it is light, clean, and easy to handle. It is unusual to cut the peat down to the level of soil beneath, the produce of the lower layers, although most valuable as fuel, drying into hard and brittle fragments, which do not bear handling or removal. When the upper matter becomes exhausted, the remainder is sometimes dug out, mixed with water, and kneaded with the hands and feet. It is then cut into square blocks, and dried in the ordinary way. The peat bogs of Ireland ought to be a source of considerable profit to that country; and but for the low heating power of peat, which renders it unfit for use as fuel for manufacturing purposes, they would no doubt have long ago led to the development in that country of industrial and manufacturing activity similar, on a small scale, to that produced by coal in England. To remedy this defect in peat as a fuel various processes have been tried for compressing it so as to get rid of the large percentage of water always present in the best dried samples. These experiments have not, up to the present, met with any great success when tried on a large scale. Well-dried peat contains as much as twenty per cent. of water; and even when most of this is expelled, unless the peat is rendered compact and water-proof by some process, its spongy texture causes it to reabsorb a large proportion of moisture from the atmosphere.

A Money Dresser.

An old coin man visits the offices of the elevated railroad, New York, every few days to purchase the worn and plugged coin taken in at the stations, and refused at the banks, as well as the foreign coin. He also buys up the mutilated silver, nickels and coppers that are dropped by absent-minded passengers into the gate boxes. There are many persons who, on getting their change with a ticket at the window of the ticket office, will carefully put the ticket in their pockets, and will drop their change in the toll-collector's box. Some ladies drop their pocketbooks in, while they hold their ticket with great care. Inside of each box there is a cylinder full of teeth, and when a piece of coin gets into the receptacle below, it has two holes in it or is chipped at the edges. Every day the mass of mutilated tickets is overhauled in the main office before being sent into the waste, and these coins are sifted out. From \$5 to \$50 a day have been picked out in this way. The money is so mutilated that it cannot be passed, and it is sold to the old-coin man for about 70 cents on the dollar.

This curious speculator sometimes carries away \$600 or \$700 worth of such coin. He calls himself a "money dresser," a business which he insists is just as legitimate as that of a "coffee polisher," or a dry goods dresser. He beats out the twisted and bruised coin, cleans the soiled copper, brightens the foreign coin, and goes on his tour to dispose of his goods. The foreign vessels, and the poor American coin is worked off at the cattle yards and sent out West. Much of it finds its way into the hands of the cowboys, who spend it as freely as though it was fresh from the Mint. The "money dresser" searches his purchases very carefully, and occasionally finds an old coin that pays him several hundred per cent. profit when resold to collectors of rare coins.

"Do you make a living in this way?" "Indeed I do, and a very nice living, too."

Those who plot mischief live in fear and the mischief.