

HOW NELLIE WAS PAWNED.

I don't share in the popular dislike and contempt for pawnbrokers. I look upon the pawnbroker as a most useful institution. He charges a high rate of interest, to be sure; but then look at the pettiness of the sums he lends. He is accommodating. I may say universal, in his charities. Nothing comes amiss to him. He will disburse on the security of a ring worth a thousand dollars, or a pair of boots worth a dollar and a half. Nothing is too small for him; but no matter how valuable the article is, he cannot be induced to lend above a certain sum upon it. This is simply his caution. The article may be stolen, or, of course, he would have to give it up. He simply protects himself.

But to my story.
There is a certain side street running across Broadway, which I will, with your permission, call Chiochy street. Chiochy street is not its name, but I am about to relate some private matters in connection with it, it would not be either delicate or judicious if I were to be too geographically correct.

In Chiochy street resides a gentleman named Lazarus Levi, Esq., whose spacious old-fashioned house is the repository of various articles of property belonging to numberless enlightened but distressed citizens of the United States. The lower story of Mr. Levi's dwelling is fitted up with a glass front, very dingy and dusty, so that the several articles exposed to view in the windows are but dimly seen. There are flutes, with tarnished keys, that have lain silent for years. The dust lies thick on the *embouchure* of each; for the lips that blew the thrummed air have shrunk into mere skin long ago, and the agile fingers that ran over the holes are now loose bones, that lie here and there, never to hang together or touch again.

You can see all sorts of things in Mr. Levi's window. California diamonds; real diamonds; very rare; banjos, relics of disappointed minstrels; guns; silver tea-pots, now black and uncheerful, hinting at terrible domestic distresses in some poor fellow's home, and making you see the thin wife stealing out at night to raise money on the family valuables to feed the children.

Mr. Levi is my friend. I have occasionally mercantile transactions with him; for I am a literary man, and it sometimes happens that I find myself the slave of a sudden necessity for five dollars. On these occasions I travel round my room, as Mr. Xavier de Malistre may be supposed to have done, in search of some appropriate token of esteem, which I may convey to Mr. Levi, in order to induce him to advance the required sum. In this choice it is necessary to exercise discrimination. For instance, I know that it will never do to present my stamped velvet waistcoat three times running. And that if I were to take my little French clock to Mr. Levi too frequently, the article would pull upon him, and my credit be impaired. Variety is necessary to persons of Mr. Levi's position. Continual partridge destroys their appetite. They are epicures, and must be fed with novelties.

Accordingly one day, having need of the traditional five dollars to meet the expenses of a forthcoming literary soiree at my rooms, I, after some deliberation, determined to present my Indian chess-board to Mr. Levi, as a token of my affection, and work upon his feelings so far as to induce him to present me with the longest for V. The chess-board was ivory inlaid. The men were delightfully Oriental, being carved all over, even to the tips of their noses, and altogether I had great faith in the article, as it had never before been under Mr. Levi's charge.

I waited until evening. It was a lovely evening for pawning. A thick fog, damp and threatening rain, hung over the streets, so that there were but few passengers abroad. Chiochy street was almost deserted.

I rang at Mr. Levi's door. It was a privilege I had earned, both by the constancy of my friendship, and the usually valuable nature of my presents. A delightful Hebrew servant-girl, with a nose massive as Egyptian architecture, opened the door, and admitted me to Mr. Levi's private parlor. In a few moments that estimable gentleman entered.

"Ah! Mister Papillote," he said, holding out his hand, "how do you do? Come again, eh? Well what is it this evening?"

"A little matter I want you to arrange for me," I replied, unrolling my silk handkerchief from the chess-board. "I want five dollars on this for a few days."

"Hm! On my word, Mr. Papillote, I'm sorry to see such a gentleman like you coming here so often. It's really too bad."

Levi, as I have said before, took an interest in me, and sometimes talked to me like a father.

"My good Levi," I answered, laughingly, "don't take any serious trouble on my account. I'm all right. You know the best of us will get into difficulties occasionally. By-the-way, would you like to go to the opera to-morrow night?"

"His eyes glistened."

"Have you got tickets?"

"Here are two. Can you let me have the money?"

"Well, really, Mister Papillote, chess is not a valuable property just at present. It comes hard on the intellect, sir."

"But that is an Indian chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarool, and was taken from the royal table by an uncle of mine in the Albicore fencibles, who was at the siege of Gundarool. It is a historical chess-board, Mr. Levi. Do you play chess?"

"Not exactly, sir. But I came very near learning once."

"You know that the pawn is inseparably connected with the game, I suppose?"

"I have heard something of the kind, sir."

"Completely in your line of business, you see."

ter have been expected from a man who was begging for five dollars?
"I'm sorry you don't play," I hastened to continue, covering my jocular farewell with some other remark. "I should like to have a game with you. This chess-board, I assure you, is worth thirty dollars and is worth a penny. Think of the associations."

"Heaven forgive me, but the Rajah was a creation of the moment. I had been made a present of the chess-board by a sailor who had voyaged to Calcutta; but one must be a little deceitful now and then in this wicked world."

"Well, I'll let you have the money," said Mr. Levi, "though we're rather short to-day. A great deal of business doing just now, Mr. Papillote," and, laying the Rajah's property on the table, he disappeared into the office to make out the ticket.

"A great deal of business doing!" That phrase, when translated, a great deal of misery wandering about the streets; a great many homes gloomy for want of petty sums of money; a great many mechanics without Sunday clothes; a great many poor students moaning over their valuable books, sacrificed to keeping life enough in them to read those that were left; a great many drunkards, craving for their accustomed poison, and getting it at the cost of necessities; a great many mothers shivering in blanketless beds that the little ones might not starve. This was the terrible kind of business that was doing!

Now reflecting on all this when I heard the parlor door open, and a light step fall softly on the carpet. Thinking it was Levi returning with the money, I did not raise my head. Presently a voice—ah, how unlike Levi's buttery accents!—started me from my reverie.

"Can play at chess," it said, very softly.
I looked up, suddenly. A little fairy creature, about sixteen years old, with long, fair hair, and large beautiful blue eyes, stood just within the doors staring at me, like some timid bird in fear who wanders in lonely woods, half fearing to approach, yet longing to come nearer.

"And who on earth are you?" I asked, abruptly; and as I spoke I saw at a glance that the blood of the children of Israel did not run in her clear, blue veins.
"I'm Nellie Lee, sir," replied the child, "and I'm in pawn."

"In what?" I exclaimed, under the impression that I must have been deceived in the absurd statement I had just heard.
"In pawn, sir," she repeated, as simply as if she was saying that she was in bed.

"And put you into pawn, in the name of all the Medicines, may I ask?" I said, scarcely able to keep my countenance.
"Father pawned me for money to buy paints," answered this extraordinary deposit; "and I'm so lonesome—oh! you can't think!"

"And who is your respectable parent, may I inquire?"
"He's an artist, sir, and he has just got an order, sir, and he wanted money for the canvas and the paints to finish the picture. He paints beautiful pictures; indeed he does!"

"I seemed so very anxious about my not doing my father's bidding that I smiled a sort of assent, as if I was perfectly convinced of his rare talent, and was intimately acquainted with the merit of every one of his productions.
"Where do they keep you?" I asked, half-jestingly, for the whole affair seemed so like a vendue that I expected every moment to hear some unseasonable audience applauding the performance.
"Do they put you in the safe with the jewelry, or lay you on the shelves with gowns and coats?"

"No, sir, I live up-stairs with Mr. Levi. Father will come, though, in a few days, with the money and redemptive."

All this as seriously as if it was the commonest thing in the world for distressed fathers to pawn their children, and to keep the duplicates in their waist-coats.

"Have you ever been in pawn before, Miss Nellie Lee?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Father painted the 'Seven Sleepers of Ephesus' with what he got on me, last Fall."

This was really more than I could stand. I lay back on the old hair-bottomed sofa and roared with laughter. The deposit stood before me with a grave and patient demeanor, neither surprised at my merriment nor apparently thinking that there was any thing at all singular in her position.

"You say that you play chess," I said, at last checking my merriment by a great effort, out of respect for the fair face and beautiful eyes that I saw before me. "Would you like to play a game?"

"Oh, yes!" answered the deposit, "I should like it very much. You can't think—"

"We sat down to play chess. I don't know how long we went at it; but this I know, that if the entrance of Mr. Levi had not disturbed us, it would have continued probably to the present day. There was a first move. Then a long conversation. Then a pause, during which the blue eyes seemed to be intently studying the board, and mine were intently studying the blue eyes. Then another move. Then more conversation, until at last the rival forces on the Rajah's ivory battle-field got into such a state of confusion that I believe Morphy would have become a lunatic at the first glance he cast upon them."

As for me, I thought of nothing but the noble and beautiful young creature that sat opposite to me, and, in spite of myself, visions of such a being moving about my lonely chambers, making the gloom gay, and causing the bachelor's barren life to burgeon and bloom like the dry rod of the high priest.

In the midst of all this in came Mr. Levi with my five dollars and the duplicate for the chess-board. He seemed rather astonished at the quiet intimacy which had been so suddenly established between myself and his deposit.

"Mr. Levi," said I to him, "I had no idea that you lent money on this species of personal security. I have a rich old uncle, who won't die and leave me my share of his property, that I would be very glad to raise something on. How much will you give me on him?"

"He's in an excellent state of preservation, and has served in the last war!"

"Oh!" he replied, laughing, without paying any attention to my proposed avuncular exchange, "Nellie Lee is a capital girl, and it's sometimes as well that she should be away from her father. He—" and here he made an expressive pantomime suggestive of rum. I looked at Nellie. Her large eyes were filling with tears.

"Don't be sorry with me, Nellie," continued the pawnbroker, kindly. "You know that he has very bad habits or you would not be here. My wife is very fond of her, Mr. Papillote, and for that matter her father adores her, and she is never will finish any of his pictures without the spur of some terrible necessity, we contrive to put Nellie in what he calls pawn, and then he is sure to work to get the money to redeem her. Nellie, child, don't cry."

I went up to the poor child, and took her hand gently in my own.

"Nellie Lee," I said, "you love your father very much, don't you?"

She nodded her head, and shook off a tear or two that fell upon my hand.

"It is but right you should do so. But you are in a strange position here. Your father is not fit to be your guardian, and you will not always meet with pawnbrokers as kind as Mr. Levi."

Now what you ought to do is to trust yourself to the care of some man who is young and strong, and who, with your fair face and good influence to stimulate him, will work for you day and night, and love you as dearly as ever your father did."

She shook her head gently, and still the tears fell. "I can't do that."

"You think such a one cannot be found. You are wrong. If you could bring yourself to accept his protection; if you could persuade yourself that a love suddenly born could be as vigorous and lasting as one that takes years to mature, you never would repent of it. I swear it."

"And where is there such a one?" demured Levi, with a mingled incredulity and curiosity twinkling in his blue eyes.

"Here!" I answered. "I want but such an object as this to become industrious. I have abilities, if I turn them to account, of that I am convinced; and, after all, if the worst should come, nothing under heaven can keep me from inheriting my father's estate."

"I'll cherish and love her until death." The little head shook no longer, and I felt a slight pressure from the small hand in mine. It may have been a tremor, however.

"Her father would never consent," said Levi, redemptively.

"Never," echoed Nellie, in a low murmur; "he loves me so."

"I could have said, 'What love is this that puts its idol into a pawnbroker's shop?' But I dared not insult the pure heart beside me, and I remained silent. There was a long pause. No one seemed to know what to say, and Nellie's hand still remained in mine. Then we all heard a sudden, violent ring at the hall door bell. Levi started and left the room, and still Nellie and I remained silent. But involuntarily I drew her close to my side, my arm stole gently round her small waist. I felt the throbbing of her little heart, and then our lips met. The compact, I knew, was sealed.

In a few seconds Levi re-entered, pale and agitated. He stepped on the threshold when he saw us locked in the embrace, and leaning against the edge of the door, he said, "What is this?"

"I am glad of it. She has no guardian now but you."

"My father!" and with a shriek Nellie slipped from my clasp and fled toward Levi.

"Poor child!" he said, laying his hand reverently on her head, as if misfortune had rendered her sacred, "it is so. He has left you alone."

There was a wild burst of grief in that dingy pawnbroking parlor, and poor little Nellie Lee sobbed and fluttered like a bird vainly beating against the iron wires of its cage. The old man was dead; the wretched man, unable to resist temptation, had expended the money he obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park, stretched dead on one of the walls. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs, adorned with unremedied jewelry, and the black-eyed Miss Esser, her daughter, was also there, smelling of patchouli, and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of cologne for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose. They were all so kind and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again as long as I lived.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter; for I am an unbeliever in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa with a fair, round face somewhat flushed with weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. Levi and Miss Esther sat round the fire and occasionally turned round to admire us.

Need I go much further? Need I describe the quiet wedding, where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there were no orange-blossoms or bridesmaids, and no reception and German ointion afterwards.

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often, for old friendship's sake, I walk boldly into his house, and have no pecuniary object in so doing. My drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, after the siege of that place. It is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie in pawn.

California as a State is twenty-two years old.

A Stagnant Woman.

A lady correspondent tells how she succeeded in tripping over a Vienna landlord, she says:

"They have an abominable custom here (Vienna) of giving two weeks' notice whenever a person desires to leave their room. It is done, I think, to fleece foreigners, for this law is never told until you are ready to leave."

My rooms are situated in a very unpleasant part of the city, which I did know at first. I paid a month in advance when I came, and I have been half ill all the time. The doctor said the land was too low; that this is a swamp island, partly reclaimed, and I must go upon the hill to live. So I looked for rooms, and determined to move.

I never thought of it until within three days of the end of the month, and then told the landlord. He rented the rooms that afternoon to another party, to be occupied as soon as I should leave. When I got ready to go I found I had not given "warning," and I must pay for two weeks' rent if I left, or have my baggage detained till I did pay. I left my baggage and went to a gentleman, and asked about the law, and found I had no redress. I must pay for the rooms for two weeks, but if I chose I might stay in them till the end. I did. I paid, and told the landlord I would stay. He did not like that; and his other tenants had paid him, and if he failed to keep his promise with them he would lose a tenant for three months. Then he told me I might go. I said I was in no hurry. I had paid for the rooms, and I should occupy them. The people sent their things. He danced. Then he came and offered me my money back if I would leave. I declined. He offered me ten guineas more to go, and I wouldn't. His new tenants came, and I didn't like the looks of these and concluded that they had too much money to let him have the swing, so I concluded that I would remain where I am. The family said, "This is all very extraordinary," and I said, "Not at all."

The woman said, "We have paid for these rooms," I said, "So have I, and I propose to retain them." She sat down on the sofa and fanned herself, and I rang the bell and told Anna to bring the lady some water and to open the middle door, and then I went to writing, telling her I was busy.

In the meantime the landlord was out of the little argument with the man and his daughter. She insisted upon staying, because of the piano.

The old gentleman came in and said: "Madam the landlord has told me how the case stands, and I will give you ten guineas and he will give you ten guineas and return you your rent if you will vacate these rooms. They are the only ones I have left. An exactly suit me. What do you say? Come, now."

"I say I will not vacate them for all the money you and he both have got; that is all I have got to say;" and then I commenced to write again. He left with his family.

Swimming in the Salt Lake.

There are no fish in the Great Salt Lake, says a visitor there. The only thing that swims in the water is a worm about a quarter of an inch long. This worm shows up beautifully beneath the lens of a microscope. When a storm arises the worms are driven ashore by thousands, and devoured by the black gulls. We found a pure stream pouring into a lake. It was very fresh, and the water was very clear. The fish became frightened and were driven down the brook into the briny lake. The instant they touched its waters they came to the surface belly upward, and died without a gasp.

The water is remarkably buoyant. Eggs and potatoes float upon it like cork. My companion and myself stripped off and jumped into the water. I dove into the lake from a long pier, which had been built for the use of a small steamboat that formerly plied upon its waters. The sensation was novel. The water was so salt that my eyes and ears began to smart, but so buoyant that I found no difficulty in floating even when unable to resist temptation. I expended the money he obtained from Levi in drink, and was found by the police in Washington Park, stretched dead on one of the walls. He had killed himself with rum.

For many hours my poor child was distracted with her sorrow; and good Mrs. Levi came down stairs, adorned with unremedied jewelry, and the black-eyed Miss Esser, her daughter, was also there, smelling of patchouli, and Levi himself was continually coming in and out of the shop with bottles of cologne for the child's temples, and vinaigrettes to hold to her nose. They were all so kind and so gentle to my little Nellie in this her great sorrow that I made a vow on the spot never to speak ill of a pawnbroker again as long as I lived.

But in time the tempest wore itself away. Nellie came at last to listen to the few words of consolation I cared to utter; for I am an unbeliever in verbal anodynes; and late that evening I might have been seen sitting on the old hair-bottomed sofa with a fair, round face somewhat flushed with weeping, nestling on my bosom, while Mr. Levi and Miss Esther sat round the fire and occasionally turned round to admire us.

Need I go much further? Need I describe the quiet wedding, where I vowed to be a true husband to Nellie Lee? It would not interest you very much; for there were no orange-blossoms or bridesmaids, and no reception and German ointion afterwards.

But I may as well inform you that all I predicted has come to pass. I am now industrious and independent. Nellie is the dearest wife that ever wore a ring; and when I visit Mr. Levi, which I do often, for old friendship's sake, I walk boldly into his house, and have no pecuniary object in so doing. My drawing-room stands an ivory chess-board. It belonged to the Rajah of Gundarool, and was taken from the royal table by a relative of mine in the Albicore Fencibles, after the siege of that place. It is the very identical chess-board which led to my finding Nellie in pawn.

California as a State is twenty-two years old.

Throttling a Burglar.

An American Youth's Bedroom in Vienna Invaded by an Italian Thief.

The following extract from a letter from Mr. Frank Harding, of Binghamton, to his parents, dated Vienna, Aug. 16th, is published in the Binghamton Republican: "I retired to rest feeling in good spirits, and dropped off to sleep as easily as a babe whose chief occupation is to lose itself in the arms of Morpheus. I wandered off into dreamland, thought of home, of friends, of my old boat Zeta, and was looking about for familiar faces, when I was suddenly brought back to my little room in far distant Vienna by a sharp, quick knock just above my head. Without moving I turned my eyes toward the window, which I discovered to be wide open and the moonlight streaming in, making every object in the room almost as plainly distinguishable as in broad daylight. All was deadly quiet for a few moments; then I heard just the faintest sound, and immediately afterward the moon was shut out from my view, and a form crept slowly up on the window sill. The midnight thief turned, looked back, as if he was noticed by a policeman, and as his face was turned to the moonlight, I realized that I had something worse than a German to deal with. My visitor was undoubtedly an Italian or Spaniard—the most chivalric people in the world. I rose upon one arm noiselessly, and was about to spring upon him, and by a sudden thrust pitched him into the street, but ere I had formed the thought, he jumped inside and commenced feeling about the room hurriedly. Hanging upon a chair just opposite me was my vest, containing my watch and some hundred and fifty gulden. My visitor evidently did not perceive me, or, if he did, thought I was sleeping; but I knew my eyes were open as wide as they ever were. He commenced at the foot of the bed, crept around the room, examining everything as he went, and as he reached the bureau next to the chair upon which hung my watch, I thought it was time for action, and resolved not to let my things go without at least the satisfaction of knowing that I had struggled to retain them. Jumping quickly from my bed, I went clanking heavily with my feet upon the floor, and ere he had time to recover himself I seized his throat between both hands, and if I didn't pinch them, I never did. I thought myself master of the situation already, and fairly chuckled in my excitement, but I did not know who I was dealing with.

The rogue seemed to enjoy the choking and took it quietly for about a minute, when he made a quick movement, and so unexpected that I was thrown back upon the bed and I saw his hand flash over my head, and he was evidently feeling for the Spaniard's best stand-by—a stiletto. I must own I was now a little frightened, for I don't relish cold steel, so I caught him by the arm and said in German: "What do you want here?" He answered me in poor German, "Hush, or I will show you!" Oh, how I did wish for my revolver, which was resting quietly in the bottom of my valise where I placed it more than three months before. I don't know why, but I never thought to call for help. My position was beginning to be anything but desirable. My visitor, I was sure, was trying to produce a life, and I was determined he should not do it, not liking such odds against a man in a night-shirt. I was getting the best of my uninvited guest a second time, and commenced to deal him a few blows upon the head from an arm in novice's work, when he freed his right hand and I received a well-directed blow upon the forehead. I staggered back, and as I recovered myself the fellow dodged out of the door, out to a balcony, and from that he jumped down some fourteen feet into the garden. I have not seen him since, but the waiting girls in the house told me there was a man in the garden next morning, and let the air as he said he was there the night before, fell asleep, and did not wake until the doors were locked for the night. I related the whole story to the woman who owns the house, and she is so fearfully frightened now that she locks the windows and piles up chairs before them, besides keeping a dog in her room.

The girl gave me the description that the girl gave of the man coincided with mine exactly. I was trembling a little when I went back to bed, but from excitement, as I had no fear during the whole affair, except for that little piece of steel that the villain was constantly endeavoring to get hold of. I crept into bed fearfully dissatisfied, but in the morning when I brought the matter over more calmly, I concluded that it was better for me as it was—having lost nothing, and knowing that I was not injured, and that I was not necessitated to take the life of a human being. I have often thought what I would do away off here if any one attacked me, but I found that all my precious plans were not suited to the occasion. My room is but fourteen feet from the sidewalk, and the rogue had no trouble whatever in climbing in by using the lightning-rod. Hereafter I shall keep my windows closed when I room on the first floor, that I may not be guilty of inviting or enticing strangers to enter."

A Man With a Broken Neck Stands Up.

The circumstances of the death of a young man named Muir, in Indianapolis, Ind., was somewhat singular. He was assisting in raising a derrick in front of one of the central walls of the Palmer House, when through some mismanagement the derrick toppled over. Under the impression that the derrick was about to fall to the ground, Muir leaped into the cellar beneath, upon a pile of loose sand, a distance of about twelve feet, alighting upon his feet. After standing upright a moment he fell forward, striking upon a heavy stone with his forehead. Raising himself up he reached up and felt the bruise caused by the fall, and then pitched forward, dead. His companions came to his assistance and removed him to the Surgical Institute, where an examination showed that his neck was broken.

A Remarkable Story.

Here is something remarkable from the Danbury News. A woman in New Haven was recently bereft of her scalp by the idiosyncrasies of a shaft and belt. The doctors say that to remedy the evil they would have to recourse to transplanting, and so they actually succeeded in getting a sufficient number of pieces from other people's heads to give this unfortunate woman a new scalp. We hope those New Haven doctors used more discretion than did he who attended a man named Finlay, who met with a similar accident in Oriskany, N. Y., some thirteen years ago. Bits of scalp from seventeen persons were secured by this doctor and adroitly stitched to the head of Mr. Finlay. When it was done, people some miles to see Finlay's head, and Finlay himself, with his checker-board cranium, was the happiest man in Oriskany. But when the capillary glands got in working order, and the hair commenced to grow, the top of the man's head presented the most extraordinary spectacle on record. The doctor, who was about half the time in liquor, had consulted expediency rather than judgment, and secured that new scalp without any reference to future developments. We never saw anything like it. Here was a tuft of yellow hair, and next to it a bit of black, and then a flame of red, and a little like silk, and more like tow, with brown hair and curly hair and sandy hair, and colored hair scattered over his entire skull. And what a mad man that Finlay was, and nobody could blame him. He would stand up against the barn for an hour at a time and sob and swear. It was very fortunate that the doctor was dead. He went off two weeks in the hospital with what is called a mild sort of disease. Finlay kept his hair cut short, but that made no difference. Then he tried dyes, but they only made matters worse. Then he got a wig, and this covered up the deformity; but sometimes at church he would get asleep, and the wig would fall off, and make the children cry. Once at the county fair he fell asleep, and the wig dropped off, and the committee on domestic goods, when they came around, stood in front of Finlay's head for some five minutes in wrapt delight. They then immediately decided that it was the most ingenious patch-work in the list, and never discovered the mistake until they attempted to pin the premium card to it. At that Finlay awoke, and knocked down the chairman of the committee and chased the others out of the building. We hope the New Haven doctors have been more particular, as it is not a subject to trifle with.

The European Balloon.

A reporter conversed with Prof. Wlase at his room on the evening of the great balloon escape.

"As I have asserted all along," he said, "when asked to give my opinion as to the cause of the collapse, the muslin was rotten, at least some of the sections, by exposure to all kinds of weather for weeks. I protested in vain against it and secured a shelter, but they would not listen to me, and their great point seemed to be to avoid delay and get the balloon off somehow or anyhow. Donaldson is foolishly enough to risk his life, and the others follow his reckless example. I had rather walk up to a cannon's mouth than face public indignation, and I knew that no explanation would set me right if I refused to go. So, against the wishes of my son, who is an aeronaut of twenty years' experience, I said I would go if they could inflate the balloon. Yet I was confident they couldn't do it. Do you know whether the rents followed the seams?"

The reporter did not.

"Or I think," he continued, "you will find that they did. I asked that silk thread might be used, and offered to pay the extra expense, but delay enough would not be granted to get it. Cotton thread was used, and the rain rotted it. I presume that the pressure started the seams at the valve, and ripped them down with perfect ease."

The reporter asked whether the balloon would have been safe had the inflation been finished without a breakage.

"No, sir," was the emphatic reply; "she would have collapsed in mid-air and dropped us into the sea, perhaps from a height of three or four miles. She wouldn't have stood it forty-eight hours. I was confident of this all along, but nobody except Stiner would listen to me. It was no use talking to Donaldson; he was bound to go up at any risk. I am only thankful that the break occurred as it did, and so saved four lives."

The Oregon Senator.

The career of U. S. Senator Whipple Mitchell, of Oregon, is well-known. Recently the Oregon Republican State Convention adopted the following resolution relative to the Senator: Resolved, That whatever may have been the misfortune, faults, or short-comings of J. H. Mitchell, United States Senator from this State, in his early private life, we neither apologize for, pass judgment upon, nor justify him, but express the unqualified belief that by his many years of constant, upright, and honorable conduct in this State he has outlived any imputations cast upon him; that to-day not only the Republican party, but the large majority of the people of this State have entire confidence in his integrity, ability, and patriotism, and that he will faithfully and ably represent them in the United States Senate.

An Important Decision.—The Commissioner of Internal Revenue of the United States has decided that a person who sells at the place of manufacture his own growth is not liable to the special tax of a liquor-dealer for such sales; but if he sells such wine away from the place of manufacture he is liable. A vintner, however, who sells wine made from grapes not exclusively of his own growth is subject to the special tax thereon, whether selling such wine at the place where it is made or elsewhere.

Items of Interest.

The Saratoga Railway thinks it is preeminently entitled to call itself a "grand trunk line."

No matter how amiable a lady may be, fashion demands that she shall appear ruffled in public.

With the display now required for a first-class funeral, people are beginning to understand what are the terms of death.

Several of the persons who took an active part in the insurrection at Alcoy have been tried and condemned to death.

A water fall of 2,000 feet high, or more than twelve times the height of Niagara, has been discovered in British Guiana.

Of the eighty-eight girls who have entered the Michigan University, thirty-seven will study in the medical department.

Four children were playing in an excavation in a sand bank at Columbus, Wis., when the soil caved in, and three were smothered.

When you feel depressed and dissatisfied, and wherever you may look nought but frowning skies meet your view, wash yourself.

The lately divorced Mrs. Young contemplates a book on Brigham. But she is not competent to write him up. She is not a faithful Ann Eliza.

There will be plenty of butternuts and chestnuts this fall. Mothers are hiding their extra pillow-cases, and the agricultural members of the community are putting their guns in order.

One of the greatest luxuries of riches is that they enable you to escape so much good advice. The rich are always advising the poor, but the poor seldom venture to return the compliment.

The chief of the Mormons has had an adventure. He was taking a vapor bath, when the