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Before the Rain.

We have it would rain, for all the more
A point on slender ropes of mist
Was straggling the golden buckets down
Into the vapory anasthet.

Of marshes and swamps and distant fens,
Scorching the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We know it would rain, for the poplars
shivered
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

THE TELEGRAPHISTS' REVENGE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

There were eight of us belonging to the telegraph department of the German army, and we had had another long and hard day's journey. At a little before midnight we arrived, with our two wagons, at a pretty little town near Le Mans.

As we reached the outskirts of the place, the coachmen, who had sent ahead to meet us with billets for our quarters, as he had, at least, to us his face assumed an expression that I knew only too well how to interpret.

"Ours quarters are none of the best," he said.

"There have been some Bavarians here for a whole week," was his laconic reply, which said quite enough. It was only when they found a very great abundance and their stay was very short that our blue-coated allies left anything behind them.

Well, our billets, in our respective judgments, promised very little. I, for example, was sent to the house of a linen-weaver. Now, at the mere mention of hunger and misery comes over me, probably on account of my having, in my boyhood, so often sung the song of "The Weaver of Spinoza."

The others, being no better pleased with their billets than I was with mine, readily assented to my proposition to go to a hotel and pass the night at our own expense.

The hotel had arrived only a day or two before, and the proprietor, who was all but dead with grief, had not had time to pay our reckoning for a night at least.

The house to which we were directed was called "The Shark." If the name was somewhat ominous, we consoled ourselves with the thought or rather the recollection, that, in the old time, on a certain occasion, a very distinguished person found himself very comfortable in a fish's belly.

The landlord, when our troop entered his house, made an awkward, nervous face; when, however, he learned that we had not been quartered upon him, but came as paying guests, his physiognomy assumed an entirely different expression. We Germans, despite the hatred of the French for us, had a good reputation for our money, and he was convinced that, if countrymen of the proprietor of "The Shark" had presented themselves, he would not have been so well pleased as he was with us.

But his suave manner did not please us. There was something too fox-like in his physiognomy, and he gave the little man was giving utterance to polite phrases, his "If," sharp, dark eyes seemed to say, "If I only had the gold in my pocket, you might go to the deuce, for all I care!"

Such like landlord's were not new to us, and consequently, by the conciliatory expression of "I am very sorry," we gave us no uneasiness. He could indulge in any grimaces he pleased, provided his order was well filled and his wine was good.

The man knew his business, that no one could deny, but he ran over the list of his culinary delicacies with a wonderful volubility, and praised his wines with an eloquence that even a Geneva Calvinist would have found it difficult to resist. As for the former, they tasted very like the remnants of a dinner warmed over; and, as for the latter, it had certainly no tinge of liberality. But our stomachs had not been cloyed with luxuries of late, and, especially for the last three or four days, our fare had been so very plain, that we found the supper "The Shark" landlord set before us very palatable. Although we had a hard day's journey, we were suddenly broke up and hastened to our beds.

At six o'clock we were all assembled again around the table, busy with our coffee, when the Shark appeared, and, with one of his friendliest grimaces, handed me our reckoning.

"Good heavens," I thought, "I should sink to the earth when I glanced at the paper! Such imposition I had never before witnessed."

"Two hundred and thirty-three francs!" I cried; "that is impossible; it cannot be!"

"Oh, monsieur, it is quite correct," answered the Shark, blandly. "Mon Dieu! Messieurs les Prussiens have made every thing so dear with us in France—what can we do?"

"The rascal!" I thought, and told my comrades what the fellow demanded of us. They, very naturally, were not less incensed than I was, and wondered could we do? There was no time to enter into a discussion, for our wagons were already waiting at the door; so we emptied our purses, and, with "Adieu and Nash," made up the sum the villain demanded, which he pocketed with a nod, and then, as if he had showed it was not the first time he had preyed upon the unwary.

We went our way, all feeling very savage, I particularly, for it was my fault, if anybody's, that we had fallen into the jaws of the monster.

I had no expectation of ever seeing the little town or "The Shark" landlord again; but Providence willed that it should be otherwise, and kindly gave me an opportunity to be fully avenged.

Nine days later we were ordered to repair a short connecting-line near Le Mans. Again we took the road to the

little town of dearemembrance, which we reached about nightfall and where we were to spend the night. We reported ourselves at the commissary bureau, where I had the good fortune to find a good-natured acquaintance in the office in charge. In the course of conversation, I told him how I and my companions had been robbed by "The Shark" proprietor a few days previously.

"I know the fellow," said he. "There have already been a good many complaints about him; but I have determined to send him a party of my billets as I can with any show of success; in that way you can, perhaps, get even with the rascal."

"Ah, an excellent idea!" I cried. "Send me and my comrades to him—this is, if you can."

"Why not? Eight francs—yes, certainly I can send you to him. The fellow is rich; the other houses are full, and he has only three or four Bavarians. Yes, I'll send you to him for tonight."

Seven minutes later our wagon drove up before the door of "The Shark." On the way I had unfolded a little plan to my companions, with which they were delighted.

When our worthy host saw us he was radiant with delight, and his satisfaction was apparently increased when we explained to him the reason of our coming so soon, and begged that he would have our tired horses well attended to.

"Oh, you are very welcome, gentlemen," he replied, rubbing his hands with a sort of satanic glee. "You do my house a great honor!" Here I have the eight francs again," he thought to himself.

We made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and, in our endeavors in this direction, we were ably seconded by our host. When he asked us how many rooms we wished, we modestly replied that we had only three, whereas particular how many we had; whereupon he hastened to allot to our occupancy eight rooms in a row, up two flights of stairs, which, he assured us, were as comfortable as any rooms in his house, and I have no doubt that, in making the statement, he was not very wide of the truth. Of ordering our supper, we made equally light work, leaving the selection of the bill-of-fare entirely to him. Yes, we even went so far in evincing our confidence in his judgment and discretion as to allow him to select our wine for us.

"Perhaps I shall put a bottle of champagne on ice?" he suggested. "I hope Messieurs les Prussiens found my wine to their taste the other evening."

"If you choose, you may put two on ice," I replied.

"Put three, messieurs."

"Four if you like."

"Bon, let us say six."

"You are very kind, monsieur."

"My duty, my duty! I think I know what is due to such guests as you are, gentlemen."

And we continued to compliment each other until our jaws were busy with supper, which, thanks to the generosity of our host, was truly Lucullian in its character.

Our host watched our glasses with Argus-eyes, and hardly were they empty when the waiters, in obedience to his physiognomy, which he gave him an opportunity to do very frequently, especially when he brought on the champagne, which, to do the Shark justice, I confess was very good, and, unlike his claret, had not been watered. We swallowed with heroic courage whatever he set before us, and it is astonishing what eight healthy, willing fellows can accomplish in this direction under proper encouragement, after a hard day's march, especially if they have been on plain fare for a few days. We repeatedly drank the Shark's health, and I watched our host, as we drank, his coffee, making a copy of what seemed to be an interminable list of entries in a big account-book before him.

"Now he is slaughtering us," I whispered to my comrades, just as one of our drivers, a staid Prussian, presented himself at the door, and cried out, "The wagons are ready, gentlemen!"

Before our landlord could recover from his astonishment, we were out of his house and in our seats. But he was close upon us with his bill, which could have been measured with a yard-stick. I glanced at the sum. It was, as we intended it should be, larger than the previous one.

"What is it you wish?" I asked with all the *naivete* I could command.

"The amount of my little bill, monsieur," he said, blandly, as we drank the Shark in his blandest tone.

"Your bill! how? why, we were quartered with you."

"Eh! wh—what! qua—quartered with me?" he stammered, and at each syllable his under jaw fell lower and lower.

"Certainly! Is it possible that I forgot last evening to give you our bill? Why, here it is now!" and I drew the document from my pocket and handed it to him. "I beg a thousand pardons, *mon cher monsieur*—Driver, go on!"

And away we drove, laughing heartily. The Shark, however, did not seem to relish the joke. As long as we were in sight he stood still, "with murder in his eyes," looking now at us, and now at his "little bill."

We, however, for the thousandth time, swung up our favorite song, which rang out merrily on the morning air:

"Lieb Vaterland, magst ruhig sein,
Feind' steht und treu die Wacht am Rhein."

Does anybody doubt that the landlord of "The Shark" looked after the *Quartierbillet* a little more closely after this adventure?

Probably not!

Power of the Eye.

Cooley has got a new dog, says Max Adler, and I am sorry to say that he is exceedingly vicious; indeed, that very few of the neighbors have courage enough to enter Cooley's yard. Judge Pitman, however, had to go in there the other day for the purpose of collecting a bill, and he told me that he wasn't a particle afraid, because he possessed the power of holding his animal with his eyes. When he looked straight into the eyes of a dog the brute quailed before his glance, and slunk away. He said it proved the superiority of a human being with a soul and a resolve will to the mere brute creation. So he opened the gate and went in. Cooley's dog heard him coming, and immediately flew to meet him. The Judge fixed his eye on the animal for the purpose of holding it, but the dog didn't seem to notice the circumstance. But still the Judge looked, and still the dog didn't budge. It seemed to occur to the Judge that perhaps his kind of an eye might not hold this kind of a dog, and he suddenly moved toward the apple-tree, with the dog close behind him. He became panic-stricken, and made a furious effort to climb up the trunk. He had just reached the first limb when the dog arrived, and made a snap at him. The dog's teeth caught in the lower part of the Judge's trouser-leg, and as it is a bull-dog, he held on; while the Judge lay across the limb on his stomach, out of breath, frightened and uncertain what to do. If he dropped, the dog would certainly eat him; if he climbed further up, we would have to take the dog with him. He had just made up his mind to stay where he was while his strength lasted, when he thought he heard the limb crack, and then he yelled for help. Then Cooley came out, and after making the Judge promise to take 20 per cent. discount off the bill, he pried open the dog's jaws with the kitchen poker, and dragged him into the stable. The Judge came down, hot, breathless and mad; and he had said to me since, privately, that the next time he wants to hold a dog with his eye he will impale him on a hay fork first. That is a safe way, anyhow.

Reproof of Popery.

Dean Swift was a great enemy to extravagance in dress, and particularly to that destructive ostentation in the middle classes which led them to make their appearance above their condition in life. Of his mode of reproving those persons for whom he had any esteem, the following instance has been recorded: When George Faulkner, the printer, returned from London, where he had been engaged to edit the works for his edition of the Dean's works, he went to pay his respects to him, dressed in a lace waistcoat, a bag wig, and other fopperies.

Swift received him with the same ceremony as if he had been a stranger. "I am glad to see you return," he said, "but I think it would be more prudent if you were to return in a plain, sober citizen, and would never trick himself out in lace and other fopperies. Get you gone, you rascal, or I will send you to the House of Correction."

Away went George, as fast as he could, and having changed his dress, returned to the deanery, where he was received with the greatest cordiality. "My friend George," said the dean, cordially, "I am glad to see you return safe from London. Why here has been an impudent fellow with me just now, dressed in a lace waistcoat, and he would fain pass himself off for you, but I soon sent him off with a flea in his ear."

Preparing Fish for Winter.

It is estimated that at present there are stored in New York city about 250,000 pounds of valuable fish in a frozen state for next winter. These stores will not be touched while freshly caught fish can be brought to market. Terra-plena is one of the luxuries of the table. Those who catch them have to haul for them as far south as Galveston, and Savannah, Ga., and Charleston, S. C., furnish supplies, and some very fine terrapin are caught in the Chesapeake Bay, and are eagerly purchased at Baltimore, where they have been sold as high as \$15 per bushel. It is not surprising, like a supply for the New York market, a leading wholesale fish dealer found it necessary, several years ago, to lay in a stock during the summer, at which time, in consequence of their voracity, the terrapin are more easily caught. As it is the only one of the cow and the terrapin, he caused a large pen to be constructed on the shore of Pleasure Bay, near Long Branch, about 100 feet square, constructed with a fence of planking 8 inches wide, 2½ inches thick, and of ordinary length. The bottom and shore was artificially constructed so as to give it a gradual slope, and the shore was made of white sea sand, while the bed of the pen was composed of ordinary sea mud and sand. Here for three or four years past the fish dealer stored his terrapin, sometimes having as many as 10,000 in the pen at one time. As the food they appear most to enjoy can be easily had, the cost of maintaining the pens is small; while the revenue, should the scheme prove moderately successful, will be very great, as even good fat terrapin bring in this market from \$8 to \$15 per dozen.

The most systematic method of putting an end to one's existence occurred at West Troy, N. Y. A man fifty years of age, Martin Supple, by name, left his wife and children one evening, retired to a bedroom, took an old gun loaded with a double charge, placed the stock in a vice, pulled off his shoe and stocking, tied the string to the trigger of the gun, made a loop which he inserted in his big toe, aimed the gun at his heart, pressed his toe downwards, and went into eternity.

Orphan Asylum Tortures.

An investigation of the stories of torture in the Orphan Home at Wormsloe, near Reading, Penn., confirms their truth. Boys of six or eight years old were kept shoveling coal until too tired to continue, and then whipped for stopping. In bitter weather they were kept standing barefooted until their feet were frozen. James E. More, agent at the railroad station, among other incidents related the following: The superintendent, accompanied by one of the orphan boys, came to the station for some freight. The boy drove the horses, and the animals backed pretty hard against the freight-house, as horses sometimes do even with the best driver. The superintendent, accompanied by one of the orphan boys, came to the station for some freight. The boy drove the horses, and the animals backed pretty hard against the freight-house, as horses sometimes do even with the best driver. The superintendent, accompanied by one of the orphan boys, came to the station for some freight. The boy drove the horses, and the animals backed pretty hard against the freight-house, as horses sometimes do even with the best driver.

American Religious Statistics.

American cannot but read with interest the statistics of the population of the United States as to the increase of religious bodies in the United States according to the census of 1870, 1880 and 1890. The Methodists count 21,000, 18,000 and 13,000 churches, in round numbers, severally, at each of these dates, thus showing a decrease of nearly 40 per cent. in twenty years. The Baptists count 13,000, 12,000 and 9,000, or a gain of four-fifths. The Presbyterians, 7,000, 6,000 and nearly 5,000, or a gain of about two-fifths. The Roman Catholics number 3,800, 2,500 and 1,200, or a gain of 100 per cent. At the same time, the German Reformed with Dutch Reformed churches, The Quakers, 600, 700 and 700, a decline of about one-seventh. The Universalists, 60, 60, 63, a gain of about one-seventh, which may be wrongly reported. The Unitarians, 310, 264, 245 churches, a gain of 65 churches, or a gain of about one-quarter. The Mormons are reported at 171, 24 and 16, a gain of more than ten-fold, and the Jews at 152, 77 and 36 synagogues, or an increase of more than fourfold. We have not taken these figures directly from the census, but from the official tables of a leading European Year Book, and we have only calculated the average increase of each denomination. According to this statement the Roman Catholics have gained more, relatively, than any other leading denomination, having more than tripled their churches in twenty years. Next to them come the Lutherans, who have more than doubled, and next come the Episcopalians, who have nearly doubled their number of churches since 1850.

A Lucid Charge.

If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff is the owner of the partner in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and that the defendant paid note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not breachy; and the warrantee was broken by reason of the breachness of the cow, and the defendant tendered her to the plaintiff, but he refused to receive her, and the defendant took her home again, and put a heavy yoke upon her to prevent her jumping fences, and by reason of her yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note worthless and the cow good for nothing, either for beef or milk, then the jury must find out for themselves how they will decide this case, for the court, if she understands herself, and she thinks she does, to know how such a case should be decided.

FRENCH BALLOONING.

An Ascent from Calais and a Plunge in the North Sea.—Baron's History of the French Revolution.

M. Durouf and his wife, who made the perilous balloon ascent from Calais has been rescued in the North Sea. As one of the attractive features of a public fête given at Calais that day, it was announced that the adventurous aeronauts would go up in their balloon, the Tricolor, and if the wind was favorable they proposed to make an aerial voyage over the Channel and land in England. The wind was squally, and moreover blew in the wrong direction. With a southeasterly current the attempt would have been made, but it blew variously south and southwest, and the only prospect before the voyagers was a descent in the German Ocean, unless they could reach the distant shores of Denmark or Norway. The authorities forbade the ascent, but part of the crowd, disappointed of the sensational episode of the day's amusement, taunted Durouf with cowardice, and, stung by their taunts, he and his wife made the desperate effort to carry out their engagement, and the Tricolor was seen rising into the clouds just as night was closing in, and drifting over the Straits of Dover toward the open sea.

So it continued to drift for ten hours, when the gas being partly exhausted it fell into the North Sea.

The balloon was seen rising into the air, and was seen by a Grimsby fishing smack; the crew hastened to their rescue, pursued the car, which dipped into and rose out of the water like a flying fish, and finally, after a chase of two hours, saved the half-drowned aeronaut and his wife in the middle of the North Sea, some 170 miles from the Spurr Lighthouse.

According to these data it would seem that the balloon had traveled about three hundred miles in a direct line, its rate being between twenty-five and thirty miles an hour, or about twice the average horizontal motion of the air.

Subjoined we publish facts taken from M. Durouf's narration of his voyage and rescue:

The balloon went up amid the acclamation of the crowd, and for the space of 327 yards went in a northerly direction; but upon attaining that height our course changed to the northeast, and shortly afterwards we saw the French and English light-houses at sea, and we seemed to be going more toward England than toward France. There were no vessels to be seen at sea, and night was coming on. I felt that, in case I should be obliged to make a long voyage, I must economize my ballast, and I decided to pass the night watching the extremity of the rope, which was seventy-six yards long, and every time the rope touched the water I threw out a very small quantity of ballast. At four A. M., just before sunrise, I threw all the light ballast out, and I discovered that during the night I had been driven in a northerly direction. Not knowing the distance I was from the nearest land, and fearful of being driven by another current to the northward, I resolved to try to lower myself to a vessel. I manoeuvred so as to get down, and toward five o'clock I succeeded. The lower current of the wind was blowing north-west. It is impossible to describe my extreme thirst. The sea was very rough. Without any fear I opened the valve, and descended until the ropes were trailing in the water, and in an instant I was in the bottom of the sea. At six o'clock we again sighted the smack on the horizon, and saw that she was pursuing us, and by degrees we noticed that she came closer to us. The cold was very severe, and our limbs were becoming benumbed, our strength was failing, and the hope of being rescued was fast fading. I renewed her courage. I saw the danger they were in, and I began to cut the ropes that trailed from the balloon. I had cut the greater part of them, when I was dashed against the boat, and I let myself fall into it. I, like my wife, lay helpless in the bottom of the boat. The men then let go the ropes of the car, and the balloon started off with a mighty speed toward Norway. The boat returned to the smack. We were put on board and taken into the cabin, where a good fire did not fail to bring us round.

A Miraculous Escape.

William Baum, son of David Baum, of East Brandywine township, Pa., descended to the bottom of a thirty-five feet well on the premises of Mr. Baum, to get an axe which had fallen in, there being eight inches of water in it. When within one foot of the bottom the well began to cave in. A man at the top looked down, only to see a mass of stone settling down, and "literally squashing" the pump stalk, which was a cucumber one. After the noise had ceased, he called to the young man to know if he was living, to which the young man replied, "Yes, I'm alive, and not much hurt." The man at the top of the well gave the alarm, and by that time the young man's father was seen coming. When help arrived they had not the proper machinery for rescuing the young man, and Messengers were dispatched to secure windlasses and well buckets a distance of one and a half miles. While they were gone, those who were there removed several feet of stone by hand. After the machinery came, and while removing stone, the young man called to them that he had great up at hope of being rescued. The men endeavored him, and after five and a half hours of terrible labor, during which time 200 windlass buckets of stone were taken out, he was found partially wedged among the stone, nearly frozen. Great was the joy and relief of those at the top, when the tidings reached them that Wilmer had sustained no serious injury.

When a man reminds you that you owe him, just make a note of it. He will take more interest in the matter if you honor him in that way.

Fashion Chit-Chat.

All things have their day and fashions come and go with meteoric rapidity.

Thus the long black lace scarfs with which a lady would have considered her toilet incomplete last season have now become too common to be worn by the really fashionable. They are replaced by lace collarettes composed generally of thread or Maltese lace made in a silk foundation.

The latest style of linen cuffs are trimmed with a double box-pleated ruffle at the wrist. Collars to match have the ruffle only at the back and turned down corners in front.

Ruffles of crepe tissue are much used for evening wear, but the high standing fraise of silk and muslin is very little seen.

Pretty ornaments for the neck and wrists are *jabots* of Maltese lace, with colored ribbon loops between the falling and corresponding sleeve pieces.

Black lace capes are worn small and without ends. They are usually of thread lace or guipure. The little tight-fitting black lace jackets are likely to supersede these.

Very pretty jackets are made in the zouave shape of blue broadcloth ribbon and white Maltese lace insertion.

Some of the newest evening dresses from Paris have tabliers of satin in three pieces, each piece fringed and looped back to form a sash. The waist has silk sleeves, with deep satin cuffs, and satin folds and bows trim the front. A pale mauve satin made in this way over a black silk looks very handsome.

Birds are more used in hats than ever, but wings are preferred for bonnets; they are usually placed near the face.

Fans are of white or very slightly tinted satin with ivory and mother-of-pearl handles. Clusters of flowers worked in lace are placed on the satin with good effect. Very elegant fans for evening wear are tipped with marabou feathers.

Stylish walking dresses are made of coarse thick Irish frieze, trimmed with dark silk bands and bows down the front; sometimes the waist has a silk vest.

Very little fur naturally is seen on the fall jackets. They are nearly all of black or brown, beaded and braided long in the front and short at the back.

Few bonnets are entirely self-colored. They are usually made of dark velvet trimmed with a lighter shade of silk. Black bonnets have a great deal of jet and a good many ostrich tips on them. Black dresses have a great change in buttons since last winter. They are now as plain as they were then elaborate. Those which are worn on woolen walking dresses are frequently of plain black or brown bone. Oxidized silver buttons are seen on dark cloth polonaises.

A new fabric, with open work stripe, is called *Gauze*. It will be worn over evening dresses, made up into overskirts.

Some sleeves are puffed from top to bottom; others are the straight coat sleeve, with deep cuff.

The Chicken in the Egg.

The hen has scarcely set on her eggs twelve hours before some lineaments of the head and body of the chicken appear. The heart may be seen to beat at the end of the second day; it has at that time somewhat the form of a horse shoe, but no blood yet appears. At the end of two days two vessels of blood are to be distinguished, the pulsation of which is visible; one of these is the left ventricle, and the other the roof of the great artery. At the fifth day the heart is beaded and branched, resembling a noose folded down upon itself. The beating of the heart is first observed in the auricle, and afterwards in the ventricle. At the end of seventy hours the wings are distinguishable; and on the head two bubbles are seen on the brain, one for the bill, and two for the cerebra. At the fourth day, the two auricles already visible draw nearer to the heart than before. The liver appears towards the fifth day. At the end of seven hours the lungs and the stomach become visible, and four hours afterwards the intestines, loins, and the upper jaw. At the one hundred and forty-fourth hour, two ventricles are visible, and two drops of blood instead of the single one which was seen before. The seventh day, the brain begins to show some considerable development, one hundred and nineteenth hour of incubation, the bill opens, and the flesh appears in the breast. In four hours more, the breast-bone is seen. In six hours after this, the ribs appear, forming from the back, and the bill widens, as well as the gape. The bill becomes green at the end of two hundred and thirty-six hours; and if the chicken be taken out of its covering, it evidently moves itself. At the two hundred and sixty-fourth hour, the eyes appear. At the two hundred and eighty-eighth, the ribs are perfect. At the three hundred and thirty-first, the spleen draws near the stomach, and the lungs to the chest. At the end of three hundred and fifty-five hours, the bill frequently opens and shuts; at the end of the eighteenth day, the first cry of the chicken is heard. It afterwards gets more strength and grows continually till at length it is enabled to set itself free from its confinement.—*Sturm's Reflections.*

MAKING STATEMENTS.

The New York Herald in referring to a Brooklyn slander case says: "Everybody has made a statement about somebody else. I, thou, he, we, you and they, he, she and it, have our last made statements. There are almost as many statement makers as there are candidates for the Vice Presidency, and they constitute a large percentage of the population. Now, this is our statement. Having read all the statements of the other statement-makers, it is not time to state that any further statements are a bore? We think so."

MARK TWAIN'S NEW PLAY.

The Gilded Age—A Synopsis of the Plot.

Mark Twain has taken a hand at play writing, and "The Gilded Age" is the result. The plot deals with a family, the Hawkins, who have emigrated from East Tennessee to Missouri, in obedience to the advice of Colonel Sellers, a visionary Southern gentleman with very large hair, an active brain, and a sanguine disposition, but without any money or any practical executive ability.

The play opens with a scene showing the Hawkins family in the new country discussing their prospects and plans. Mark Twain has taken a hand at play writing, and "The Gilded Age" is the result. The plot deals with a family, the Hawkins, who have emigrated from East Tennessee to Missouri, in obedience to the advice of Colonel Sellers, a visionary Southern gentleman with very large hair, an active brain, and a sanguine disposition, but without any money or any practical executive ability.

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