TO WOO SWEET SLEEP.

MANY SCHEMES EMPLOYED FOR CONQUERING INSOMNIA.

The Disciplined Brains of Great Soldiers. The Hop Pillow of Our Forefathers—A Plan That Would Cause Architects Trouble—Wet the Head.

If any unusually acute inventor could tell us of an infallible contrivance for going to sleep just when we wish to do so there can be no doubt whatever of the substantial benefit which would thereby be secured for mankind. Some fortunate individuals, like Napoleon I, can command sleep the moment they lay their heads on the pillows, others find themselves all through life sleeping the sleep of the just every night, without difficulty being experienced as to occasional wakefulness, except when illness happens to supervene.

The Duke of Wellington, who always slept on a camp bedstead, had a maxim that when a man turned in bed it was time to turn out: and here it may be remarked that great soldiers appear to be peculiarly constituted in their power to summon sleep at will. Possibly this may be due to the habits of discipline which they have learned. They say to their brains, "Go to sleep," and at once the word of command is obeyed.

WITH HEADS TO THE NORTH.

We are all familiar with the stereotyped advice in cases of this kind to "turn the pillow," to "think of something else," or to imagine and count a number of mountain sheep going through a gate. Many a time and oft has the too wakeful brain worker attempted to carry these and similar prescriptions into practice, usually with results disproportionate to the efforts involved.

It may be said without much exaggeration that the man who can first imagine a flock of sheep, then a half open gate, and then can force his hypothetical sheep to go through one by one without crowding or dodging or turning tail, is fit for treason, stratagems or writing the sublimest poetry. He is no ordinary man, and it is for ordinary individuals that the saving prescription is required.

Among prescriptions of a more or less sensible kind which have been at various times propounded and actually put into use for inducing sleep may be mentioned the hop pillow, in which our forefathers had considerable faith, the narcotic essential oil which produces the hop scent being supposed to be exceedingly soporific.

The hop pillow was used by George III habitually when that monarch suffered from insomnia. Then S. A. Ellis long ago announced as a grand discovery to the Scottish Curative Mesmeric association that sleep was all a matter of which way one's head points.

In a certain direction the electricity of the earth, which is supposed to flow between the poles, passes along the body, and so tends to the enjoyment of repose. Persons wishing to avoid sleepless nights must therefore, Mr. Ellis advised, always sleep south by north, with their heads pointing in their latter direction, and they must most religiously avoid attempting to slumber if their bed lies east and west.

The idea boasts some supporters nowadays, but the consequences of its universal prevalence would lead to extraordinary results. For example, architects would have greater difficulties in building suitable private residences than they encounter even now, if they were obliged to put their doors and fireplaces so that every apartment would allow of a bed being situated in exactly the same position all over the house.

Let us imagine also a country house, where the gentlemen all retired to bed about 12 o'clock, the ladies having departed to rest long before. What a rude awakening would ensue for the latter when they were suddenly roused by hearing horrible rumblings as of thunder in the rooms on every side, and above them! They would think it was an earthquake without doubt; whereas, as a mere matter of fact, it would be only that each guest was simultaneously attempting to shift his four poster into consonance with the teachings of electrical science.

A PROFOUND SECRET.

There was, moreover, a London gentleman who years ago really believed he had found an absolutely certain prescription for banishing wakefulness, and he was willing to impart his knowledge to others for a handsome fee on the express condition that the information should "go no further."

When the sleep practitioner died one of his patients informed an expectant world that the grand secret was simply this: A person lying in bed and attempting to sleep usually breathes through his nostrils, and the breath so emitted is, in cold weather, quite visible.

All that has to be done is for the subject to think of his own breathing, to imagine that he sees every breath that issues from his nostrils, and in a moment or two he will fall into a refreshing slumber. There may be some virtue in this prescription, though common sense would be inclined to suppose that the mere bother of imagining anything whatever would be so tiresome as to excite the brain and banish sleep much farther off than ever.

Some persons, however, testified to the complete efficacy of the breathing plan. Alfred Sinee, the author of "Elements of Electro-Biology," also attempted to solve the puzzle why sleep, when much needed, is often altogether denied. He referred the whole matter to the region of "the bio-dynamic circuit," but the practical prescription was to wet the top of the head with cold water, and he asserts that he has thus often obtained for a sufferer rest when every other means have failed.

All these spirited endeavors are worthy of much praise; but perhaps the best prescription for avoiding sleepless nights or parts of nights is not to take heavy suppers, to go in for exercise and not to sit up late, exciting the brain.—London Standard.

A MODERN CLEOPATRA.

GREAT AND EVIL FORTUNE OF PAULINE BONAPARTE'S NIECE.

Beautiful and Agreeable, She Is Surrounded by the Wise, the Witty and the Powerful—A Great Sorrow That Came Through Her Love for Her Little Daughter.

Never say that one is fortunate till you witness the close of his or her life. You must have seen in your diplomatic wanderings in Paris, Turin, Florence, Rome and Madrid that worthy niece (in regard to beauty and so on) of Pauline Bonaparte, Marie Laetitia Bonaparte-Wyse, successively, by her marriages, Comtesse de Solms, Signora Rattazzi and Dona de Rute.

Was there ever a human being whose life seemed so rosy as hers, or whom nature had made more proof to the vexations and troubles which lie heavy on most daughters of Eve? In many respects this fair offshoot of the Bonapartes afforded a parallel to Cleopatra, who, Mrs. Jameson says, was bewitching to the last because she exercised the sorcery of good nature. Like Cleopatra, Marie Bonaparte-Wyse was sparkling, genial, magnificent, of a happy-go-lucky temper and Bohemian, if one looks upon Bohemianism as emancipation from cant and mind crippling prejudices, some of which, I own, may have their social uses.

HER GUESTS AT THE "FOLLY."

She had always in her train the most eminent men of the different capitals, in which she turned up periodically to shine out for a short time in splendid belongings and surroundings. She also shone as a muse, whose fingers were never soiled with ink, and who stole from Venus her girdle and cortege of graces. Her house, or palace, or chalet, near Aix, was in the daytime given up to authorship, editorship and preparation for festivity, and to elegant revelry in the evening. The lady of the house when she saw company (and nobody ever knew when she was not seeing it) was in raiment of dazzling beauty. But she looked in it and in her wondrous jewelry as pleased as a child in a pretty Sunday frock, and courted admiration in a way that enhanced her sorcery.

I never saw Lady Blessington, she having been long before my time. But I fancy that there must have been points of similarity between her Gore house parties and those of the particular great niece of the great Napoleon of whom I speak. A more picturesque or amusing salon than that of Mme. Rattazzi de Rute nobody could fancy. She was constant to old friends, was always recruiting new ones, and was hospitable to all. Old Dumas used to copy manuscripts and help to cook her dinners, which were served on vermeil plate, with the imperial crown and eagle engraved on them. A few winters ago she entertained four prime ministers, Baron von Beust, De Lesseps, Castelar, and bards from all parts, at a joyous dinner at Trouville.

The most roseate phase of her life was at the Hotel d'Aquila, which she afterward sold to Mrs. Mackay's sister. She was then for three or four years the widow of Sig. Rattazzi, and then the bride of a quite young Spanish deputy, Don Luis de Rute. The Hotel d'Aquila was a "folly" of the uncle of the ex-king of Naples, who ruined himself in building it, and was fitted up by Mme. Rattazzi according to her Cleopatran taste for elegant magnificence. The hall was surrounded by marble busts and statues of the Bonaparte family, and facing the emperor was one of herself letting fall an armful of roses.

THE SORROW THAT CAME.

Don Luis de Rute was a nephew of Roeas, the Spanish liberal, a man of many accomplishments, and the undeniable countryman of Don Quixote. If ever a man was held in willing bondage by a woman, he was by his wife, of whom he was the devoted, humble servant, never seeking to curtail her liberty or objecting to any of her friends. The glamour she cast upon him when he first saw her as a muse at Madrid, surrounded by a court of bards and statesmen, never faded from his eyes. She valued his devotion to her and to a beautiful daughter whom she had had by Rattazzi, and became deeply in love with him. Mme. de Rute presented her husband with twins, one of whom died at its birth. The surviving one was called Dolores or "Lola." It seemed a ridiculous misnomer. All that was joyous and rosy in the mother's life appeared to be incarnate in the child, which was a paragon of infantile beauty and precocious wit and intellect. Dolores became the idol of the household, and was as sunshine wherever she went. People used to say what luck her mother had to be so blessed in her maternity. But wait a bit. The luck was to bring forth an eternal blight and sorrow upon sorrow.

Lola was playing in her mother's grounds at Aix. A horse near which she ran lashed out and kicked her on the forehead. The child was taken in dead to father and mother, with her brains oozing out through a gash. I could not have conceived the latter broken hearted and utterly crushed had I not seen her. Since this calamity she took no interest in anything but portraits and busts of Lola, which she tried to paint and model from memory. The unfortunate De Rute said to me: "The least thing would now kill me. Since Dolores was taken from me I feel an old man, though not yet forty-five. The gashed forehead of the little beauty is always present in my mind. It's a misfortune to have a tender heart, because heart sufferings are so excruciating." I see in the papers that a small thing did carry off this distinguished and amiable Spaniard. He caught a cold at Granada, which developed into inflammation of the lungs and killed him. He died with a cross in his hand in which a lock of the child's hair was set, and which he cut off when she was brought into him lifeless. I wonder which is the more to be pitied—the empress of Austria or poor Mme. Rattazzi de Rute?—Paris Cor. London Truth.

MAMMOTHS IN ALASKA.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY MADE BY THE ALASKA FUR COMPANY.

Monster Creatures Twenty Feet High and Thirty Feet in Length—Tusks Weighing 250 Pounds—Garden "Sass" and Glaciers Side by Side.

"Alaska is a country of paradoxes!"

That is what Mr. Cola F. Fowler, of the Alaska Fur and Commercial company, said in answer to the question of a reporter respecting his late field of operations.

"During all that time, up to two months ago, when I resigned and started for home," said Mr. Fowler, "I have had my headquarters at Kodiac, which is the most northern station occupied by agents of our company. We have our headquarters in San Francisco, and trading stations all over Secretary Seward's purchase. As yet Alaska is almost a terra incognita. The country immediately surrounding some of the principal rivers like the Yukon, Snake and Stickeer has been explored, and a few miles inland from the coast line, but the great interior is almost unknown. What we have learned of it is a surprise, and was the foundation of my answer to your question.

"Alaska is certainly a country of paradoxes. You who live here in the states look upon it as a land of perpetual ice and snow, and yet you would be astonished if I told you that I grew in my garden at Kodiac abundant crops of radishes, lettuce, carrots, onions, cauliflowers, cabbage, peas, turnips, potatoes, beets, parnips and celery. Within five miles of this garden was one of the largest glaciers in Alaska, and between the fertile coast slip and the interior is reared along the entire sea boundary a continuous mountain of perpetual ice and snow.

"During your twelve years' residence in Alaska what was the most wonderful thing you ever saw or heard there?"

Mr. Fowler smiled at this question, and, after a moment's hesitation, said: "Two years ago last summer I left Kodiac for a trip to the headwaters of the Snake river, where our traveling agents had established a trading station at an Indian village. The chief of this family of Innuits was named To-lee-ti-um, and to him I was well recommended. He received me hospitably, and I at once began negotiations for the purchase of a big lot of fossil ivory which his tribe had cached near the village. The lot weighed several thousand pounds, and was composed of the principal and inferior tusks of the mammoth, the remains of thousands of which gigantic animals are to be found in the beds of interior Alaskan water courses. I subjected the ivory to a rigid inspection, and upon two of the largest tusks I discovered fresh blood traces and the remains of partly decomposed flesh.

"I questioned To-lee-ti-um, and he assured me that less than three months before a party of his young men had encountered a drove of monsters about fifty miles above where he was then encamped, and had succeeded in killing two, an old bull and a cow. At my request he sent for the leader of the hunting party, a young and intelligent Indian, and I questioned him closely about his adventure among a race of animals that the scientific people claim are extinct. He told a straightforward story, and I have no reason to doubt its truth.

KILLING A MONSTER.

"He and his band were searching along a dry water course for ivory, and had found a considerable quantity. One of the bucks, who was in advance, rushed in upon the main body one morning with the startling intelligence that at a spring of water about a mile above where they then were he had discovered the 'sign' of several of the 'big teeth.' They had come down to the spring to drink from a lofty plateau further inland, and had evidently fed in the vicinity of the water for some time. The chief immediately called about him his warriors, and the party, under the leadership of the scout, approached the stream.

"They had nearly reached it when their ears were suddenly saluted by a chorus of loud, shrill, trumpet like calls, and an enormous creature came crashing toward them through the thicket, the ground fairly trembling beneath its ponderous footfalls. With wild cries of terror and dismay the Indians fled, all but the chief and the scout who had first discovered the trail of the monsters. They were armed with large caliber muskets and stood their ground, opening fire on the mammoth. A bullet must have penetrated the creature's brain, for it staggered forward and fell dead, and subsequently, on their way back to their camp ground, they overhauled and killed a cow 'big teeth,' which was evidently the mate of the first one killed.

"I asked the hunter to describe the monster, and, taking a sharp stick, he drew me a picture of the male animal in the soft clay. According to his description it was at least twenty feet in height and thirty feet in length. In general shape it was not unlike an elephant, but its ears were smaller, its eyes bigger and its trunk longer and more slender. Its tusks were yellowish white in color and six in number. Four of these tusks were placed like those of a boar, one on either side in each jaw; they were about four feet long and came to a sharp point. The other two tusks he brought away.

"I measured them and they were over fifteen feet in length and weighed upwards of 250 pounds each. They gradually tapered to a sharp point and curved inward. The monster's body was covered with long, coarse hair of a reddish dun color. I took a copy of the rude sketch made by the Indian.

"By the way, our late governor, the Hon. Alfred P. Swineford, has pretty carefully investigated the matter, and he is certain from a thorough sifting of native testimony that large herds of these monsters are to be found on the high plateaus in interior Alaska about the headwaters of the Snake river."—Philadelphia Press.

A MORNING WALK.

Though we have said good by,
Cleaved unsoul and parted ways, my dream and I,
There still is beauty on the earth and glory in the sky.

The world has not grown old
With foolish hopes, nor commonplace nor cold,
Nor is there any tarnish on the happy harvest gold.

Spent was the night in sighing,
In tears and vain regrets, heartsick and crying—
Lo! breaks the windy, azure morn, with clouds tumultuous flying!

Life is not all a cheat,
A sordid struggle, trite and incomplete,
When sun and shadow flee across the billows of the wheat!

When upward pierces keen
The lark's shrill exaltation o'er the sheen
Of the young barley's wavy tissue of silky, silvery green,

Didst think, oh, narrow heart,
That mighty Nature shared thy puny smart?
Flee her serene, heart whole, heart free!
that is the better part.

Are the high heavens bent,
A vault of snow and sapphire wonderment,
Merely to arch, dull egotist, thy dismal discontent?

Wouldst pour into the ear
Of the young morn the thoughts that make thee drear;
View the land's joyous splendor through the folly of a tear?

The boon thou hast not had—
'Tis a slight trivial thing to make thee sad
When with the sunshine and the storm God's glorious world is glad.

'Tis guilt to weep for it?
When blithe the swallows by the poplars flit,
Aslant they go pied crown glorious thro' lucrange golden lit?

While breezy purples stain
The long, lox grassy reaches of the plain
Where aspen pale the sillers quake before the hurricane.

Ah! there are still delights
Hid in the multitude of common sights,
The dear and wonted pageant of the summer days and nights.

The word is not yet said
Of ultimate ending, we are quick, not dead,
Though the dim years withhold from us one frail joy coveted.

Our life is still too brief,
The world too wide, too wonderful for grief,
Too crowded with the loveliness of food and bud and leaf.

So though we said good by
With bitter tears, my dream and I—
Each slender blade of wayside grass is clothed with majesty!

—Cornhill Magazine.

The Poetic Bank Cashier.

It was in Indianapolis, or somewhere around there. He was a trusted clerk in the bank, with all the usual Sunday school connections and religious reputation. It was a big bank, where the directors took special note of character. The cashier died and they gave him the vacant post. He was a man of feeling and had a great deal of poetry and originality besides. He was deeply touched by the death of his friend, whose place he took. So he took a piece of the cash book where his friend's accounts closed, ruled it around in artistic style with broad bands of black, and in the center he wrote a beautiful, touching, poetic obituary, which brought tears to the eyes of the president and the board of directors. They were deeply impressed. Later there came a little dispute between the board and himself touching an extraordinary difference in the balance between what they thought it ought to be and what he found it was. He left, and they turned back to read that beautiful obituary again. Opposite that feeling tribute they found on the first page of his career two "mistakes" which were much against the bank and to the cashier's advantage. —San Francisco Chronicle.

Didn't Look Like a Poet.

"About twenty-five years ago I was in Boston one day, in a book store—a wretched day, rainy, sloppy and muddy—when I saw the striking figure of a little man, wearing a slouched hat, his pantaloons rolled up, dashing along the street. He looked as little like a poet as a man could. I turned to the bookseller and asked him who that was. 'That is Oliver Wendell Holmes,' he said. 'Well, I want to know that man,' and I got to know him, and we have been the best of friends ever since. A more genial, genuine, delightful man and a finer conversationalist I never knew. A copy of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' which he sent me, contains an interesting letter, giving me his reasons for beginning the papers in the Atlantic Monthly, which magazine he says he named.

"As I speak a thousand faces pass before me. None more gentle and kind than that of Emerson. He visited me with his daughter: a tranquil, lovable man, and he wrote me letters. It is a pity, by the way, that I failed to preserve my correspondence; much of it, doubtless, would be now of considerable interest."—George W. Childs.

A False Fisherman.

Quite an idea upon the plan and purpose of fishing came to light at Vienna last week, when a fellow went fishing down on Gum creek. After selecting a nice, shady place and a comfortable seat, he threw his hook into the stream and took from his pocket a newspaper and was soon lost in its columns. Directly his cork began to bobble, then a strong pull from the water caused the cork to go clear under the water. Deliberately laying his paper aside, he picked up his pole and, as he began to wind up his line, remarked that a man couldn't fish in peace there, and he was going home.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Not a Man of His Word.

"W-w-will you b-b-be m-mine, Miss Laura? C-can't you t-trust me th-through l-life, my angel?" asked the stuttering young man.

"I am afraid not, Mr. Jenkyns," replied the object of his devotion. "I am a little afraid to trust you. You have broken your word a half dozen times in the last two minutes."—Terra Haute Express.

The nickels of the patriotic school children of Kansas, aggregating $1,000, and coming from 20,000 children in sixty-three counties and 203 schools, the same being contributed to the Mount Vernon Ladies' association, are to be used to rebuild the old servants' quarters attached to the historic mansion of the Potomac.

A HANGING POSTPONED.

CHANFRAU'S TWO EFFORTS TO PLAY A PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

A Big House Prevented by the Failure to Hang a Man as Per Programme—Kit Indulging in a Rage—The Handy and Affable Local Manager.

Some few years ago I piloted Frank Chanfrau over the Pennsylvania circuit, and as it was my first experience on the "road" I was particularly anxious that the tour should be a success, not only for my immediate benefit, financially, but also for the purpose of creating a reputation with other stellar attractions whom I proposed to take over the same territory later on. I also desired to stand well with the local managers, enabling me, as it would, to make advantageous arrangements as to terms, etc., etc.

APPEASING KIT'S WRATH.

The "country" manager, as a rule, is a peculiar individual, combining, as he often does, the various duties of janitor, bill poster, ticket seller and scene shifter. He is usually a clever fellow, and as his expenses are almost nothing, he easily earns a handsome income, no matter how small the business may be for the star or company, his share of the receipts being quite all profit.

But where he particularly shines and brings his latent talents to the fore, is his readiness to account for a bad house (and he has many of them during the season) with a prompt and reasonable excuse, so that in the event of business being unsatisfactory he may calm down the irate manager and disgusted star, and induce them to again visit the village on some future occasion. The following is a true illustration. We had played all through the coal regions, Kit proving a magnet, and we were piling up the dollars. We continued the tour into the western portion of the state, but on reaching Lockhaven we found that we had met our Waterloo.

I forget now just what our receipts were that night, but it was in the vicinity of $12 or $15.

Chanfrau was simply mad. It was his first visit to that town, and he vowed it would be his last, and, after the performance, when the local manager joined us at the hotel, the genial Frank did not mince his words, and, it is well known, that his curses could be "loud and deep" on occasions.

"What kind of a town is this?" said he "does anybody live here? Do they ever come to the theater? Here we bring you a New York success, with a first class company, and we don't play to enough money to pay for hauling the baggage."

"Now, my dear Mr. Chanfrau," replied the man of the opera house, "you must know that we have had audiences here every night for the past six weeks, and our people are drained of money. Wallace's & Rapunzel's" company last night didn't take in $5, and Pillo's "Goblins" had to leave their trunks for their hotel bills. Ordinarily, this is a first class town, and you can play to big money. You make a hit to-night, and will be the talk of the town. Now, if you could be here on Friday the house wouldn't be big enough to hold the people."

"What cyclone is going to occur then?" asked Chanfrau.

"Why, we're going to hang a man here next Friday, and all the people will come from miles around. You can't help but play, and I'll give you 50 per cent of the receipts and hand your baggage free. What do you say?"

Chanfrau looked at me and I looked at Chanfrau, and as he seemed to acquiesce I accepted the proposal, and then and there signed contracts for the return date.

The next day I wired several towns, changed dates, canceled the Friday night where we were originally booked, and, at much trouble and some expense, arranged matters so that we could give the good folks of Lockhaven and vicinity one more opportunity to witness "The Arkansas Traveler."

Friday came and we rode all day, making a long jump, and arrived about 7 o'clock. As it was too late for supper we hurried to the opera house.

One thing struck me at once, being curious, and that was the total absence of people on the streets. Not a man, woman or child was in sight, and the town seemed like a city of the dead, when I had naturally looked forward to a gala night—stores open, citizens promenading up and down the main street and every seat in the house sold before our arrival.

At 8:30 o'clock, and with nobody in the theatre, I timidly suggested to the manager that he had better put out his gas, as we would give no performance, and asked him to come with me and explain matters to Mr. Chanfrau. He did so and we proceeded to Frank's dressing room at once.

"What is the matter now? Where is that man you were going to hang to-day?" said my furious star.

"Why, Mr. Chanfrau," replied the local director, "we postponed the hanging for another month."—Boston Globe.

Evening Dress.

A gentleman riding along a country road after a heavy rainfall, came to a rickety old cart and a horse to match the vehicle stuck fast in the mud. The driver was an elderly negro; by his side sat his wife, and behind them were seven or eight little pickaninnies of all ages. All were decked out in a great variety of faded and second hand finery, but all were barefooted.

The man stood up and belabored the poor old horse, urging it on to the impossible task of pulling the cart out of the mire.

"The horse can't start the wagon while all of you are in it," said the gentleman. "Why don't you get out and lighten the load?"

"'Cause, sah," was the reply, "we's all gwine to a party, sah; an we's got our feet washed spesbly fo' the 'casion, sah, an we can't git out in de mud an den go on lookin' like nobody!"—Youth's Companion.

THE SQUEERS SCHOOL.

DOTHEBOYS HALL, WHICH DICKENS' PEN BROKE UP.

The Only Institution of Dotheboys Hall Situated in Rowan Yorkshire—The Sign Is Going to Decay—Squeers' Memory.

A word of advice here to the pilgrims. Do not allude to Squeers or to Dotheboys school in the presence of those who have inherited or share common prejudices against the. These subjects may be spoken of as an expression issue for the pleasant, to think in the meanwhile, flowers name. He believes that village owes its decay entirely to the action of Yorkshire schoolmasters in general of Dotheboys Hall in particular points to the fact that nineteen century ago Rowan had about inhabitants, it has now about half has never read "Nicholas Nickleby" nor would be if a copy could be found the place. If you question him the school, he will either tell you that he knows nothing about it, evasively refer you to other pe Eumors from their schools.

Of course, all Rowan folk deny these prejudices, as we shall all see but the local feel towards Rowan, which was raised with many hundreds of country standing on our great roads by the withdrawal of the stage must be humored if the curious reap any profit from his experience.

We pass by a grand old known as the George, now the and, with the little Norman the grim keep of the old Norman on our left, push on to Dotheboys which is the last house in the village.

"A long, cold looking house, high, with a few straggling old fashioned and a barn and stable attached. So we read. The house itself beyond, save that it is now the pleasantest and most cheerful dwelling in the village, with its embowered windows looking on trim and well kept garden. The and barns, too, remain, but the buildings, in which was comprised the house proper—the scene of the thrashings, the starvation, the misery of young hearts, the wrecking of lives, the resulting misery and the stirring, lurkarily—they have long appeared.

A woman's face looks out from a window, and we are about to leave the front gate, but our guide stops saying: "Not that way! Go round there! You would be asked if you wanted to buy the house, and have the door slammed in your face."

So we follow the path and through the barn door. This into a yard, where still stands the tical pump which it may be remembered Mr. Squeers discovered to be frozen morning after the long coach ride to London.

From here we enter the kitchen cautiously and silently, for the servant as that if her master discovered us should assuredly be turned out ignominy. There is nothing remarkable in the kitchen—a large, low, beam rafftered apartment—nor in the room leading from it, which was schoolmaster's study.

But we linger a long while at the marks on the wall by the side cooking range, where stood the where so were boiled the pottage which formed a principal part of the scholars' food, and cause pass into the study whether, which the boys set to clean when they had offended "wot-not-per, spinder," as the guardian, whether they were disposed to love and take on the attributes of a saint "hottimey," we note of a great number of people who just come here upon the same errand as ourselves. reply is that a great many come that as they go to the front door they not get in at all, but have to satisfy themselves with an exterior view of Dotheboys Hall, so that we may ourselves lucky to have seen even little we have.

WHAT THE RESIDENTS SAY.

So much for Dotheboys Hall. Still more interesting to the information we managed to pick up from various sources concerning Squeers and school.

All our informants, country people, intelligent residents, "oldest inhabitants," and such natives as did not themselves in honor bound to keep mouths shut, agreed on one point the system of Yorkshire schools monstrous and iniquitous to an indefinite extent, that frightful cruelties practiced upon the boys—also chiefly the illegitimate offspring of London parents—but that the school by Charles Dickens was the only which he could gain access, and the best of the lot.

But in other respects the evidence so conflicting that we must it without pronouncing any its value or the reverse. For one woman, a native of Rowan sympathies one would imagine to be with the malignes as that she distinctly remembers boys coming in summer there's cold to help get in the hay, to the use of horses by making with whips.

On the other hand, a gentleman father, being a schoolmaster himself up to the Saracen's Head with a gang errand as Squeers described the one eyed schoolmaster was a mable man, who cared for his properly and was generally and liked. He further stated his father refused to him leave to be to be at the Saracen's Head when after the Dotheboys Hall "Nicholas Nickleby" had been he by storm that the crowd had stormed the inn, with the intention lynching Squeers, that the book had such an effect upon the as to deprive him of rooms, and Mrs. Squeers died of a broken heart.—Temple Bar.