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B. F. SCHWEIER,

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A SONG.

I know not if moonlight or starlight
Do soft on the land and the sea,
I teach but the near light, the far light,
Of eyes that are burning for me.
They seem of the night, of the room,
My burden the air for these few,
To only the breath of the sighing
I know, as I lie at thy feet.
The winds may be sobbing or singing,
Their touch may be fever or cold,
The night bells may toll or be ringing,
I care not, while these I unfold!
The feast may go on, and the music
Be scattered in costly round—
The whisper, "I love thee! I love thee!"
Hath flooded my soul with its sound.
I think not of time that is flying,
How short is the hour I have won,
How near is this living to dying,
How the shadow still follows the sun;
There is naught upon earth, no desire,
Worth a thought, though 'twere had by a sign,
I love thee! I love thee! I love thee!
The spirit, thy kisses, to mine!

Lost and Found.

I was a young doctor, not overburdened with practice, when I sat half-doing in my surgery one stifling August afternoon, and was roused by a bustle in the street and a cry, "Here's a doctor; ring the bell!"
By the time the ring was answered I was wide awake and had my professional expression on. Two men came in and one held in his arms a limp, senseless figure, a boy about three years old, covered with the blood flowing from a gash in his head. I took the little fellow in my own arms and carried him to the sofa, while the men brought water and seemed deeply interested in all my movements.
A broken arm and the deep cut on the head kept me busy some time, but at last my little patient was made as comfortable as possible and was moaning with recovering consciousness.
"Have you far to carry him?" I asked of one of the men.
"We don't own him," was the answer. "He was run-ning across the street and a horse kicked him over, Jim, here," indicating his companion, "he picked him up, and I come along to help find a doctor, 'cause Jim can't read."

"Needn't a showed that in?" growled Jim, turning red. "Poor little chun, how he groans!"
"I will give him something to quiet him, presently," I said, "and will send him to the station-house if his name is not on his clothes."
The men departed, and I lifted my charge once more, and went up stairs to my mother's room, over the surgery. It did not take many minutes to enlist her sympathies, and we undressed the child and put him in her wide bed, hoping to find some mark upon his clothing. There was none, and when I saw this I spoke frankly, "Mother, there is just one chance for the little fellow's life, and that is perfect quiet, and to carry him to a hospital, or even to his own home, may be fatal. I will send you to the station house, and then—"

"You know I will nurse him, John," my mother said. "If his mother comes she must do as she thinks best; but, until she does come, leave him to me."
I wrote a description of the child's long brown curls and brown eyes, of the delicate suit of clothes in which he was dressed, and sent it to the station-house. No call being made in three days, I advertised him for a week, and still he was not claimed. It was very strange for the child's pure, delicate skin and dainty clothing seemed to mark him as the child of wealth.
But while he lay unknown, my little patient was struggling hard for life against fever and injuries. He was delirious for many days, calling pitifully for "Mamma—pretty mamma—" begging her not to go away, and making over his heartache as often crying, "Oh, Aunt Lucy, don't die! Don't die! Don't die!" "Grandma, grandma, don't go!" in cries of extreme terror. "Mother would get so excited, with indignation over those cries that I saw the child had won a fond place in her warm heart.
"He has been ill-treated, John, the pretty darling!" she would say. "I hope the cruel people who could hurt such a baby will never find him again!"
She would rock him in her own motherly arms, would spend sleepless nights watching beside him, petting and fondling him till he seemed even in his delirium to know her love, and would nod to her for protection against the phantoms of his own fevered imagination.
The second week of his stay with us was closing, and Freddie had regained his reason, and was on the road to recovery, when one morning a carriage dashed up to my door, and two ladies alighted.
They were rustling silks of the latest fashion, and were evidently mother and daughter. The younger lady was very beautiful, of a perfect blonde, and dressed in exquisite taste.
"Dr. Morrill?" inquired the elder lady.
"We called in answer to an advertisement regarding a child, my grandson. You will probably think it strange we have not been here before, but we were obliged to leave town the day before he was lost, and have just returned. The nurse who had him in charge ran away, and while we supposed him safe at home, he has been lying in a hospital, perhaps dying."
"We were nearly distracted on our return, said the young lady, "when we missed our darling; but an inquiry at the station-house sent us here. The officer also showed us your advertisement. Where is our dear child?"
"He is here," I answered, "under my mother's care, and I am happy to say, doing well."
An unmistakable look of disappointment crossed the faces of my visitors, but the elder one said, "Can we see him, doctor?"
I asked permission to announce their

coming to my mother, and left the ladies alone. When I returned, after some five minutes' absence, I was struck by the change in their faces. The younger one was pale as ashes, and the elder one had a set, hard look of determination, as if served by some sudden resolution.
I led the way to my mother's bedroom, where Freddie lay in a profound slumber. The younger lady shrank back in the shadow of the bed curtains, but the mother advanced and bent over the child.
There was a moment of profound silence; then in a loud voice, the old lady said: "I am very sorry to have you to so much trouble, Dr. Morrill. This is not the child we lost."
A heavy fall started us, and I turned to see the young stranger senseless on the floor. The mother spoke quickly. "The disappointment is too much for her. We so hoped to find my grandson."
I did not reply. The delicious ravings of the child were still ringing in my ears as he pleaded with the harsh grandmother and aunt. I did not believe the old lady's statement, but, having no proof to the contrary, was forced to accept it.
Long after my visitors had departed, the beautiful blonde still trembling and white, mother and I talked of their strange conduct.
"It is evident they wish to deny the child," I said.
"I am glad of it," mother replied. "We will keep him, John. He shall have a grandma to love, not one to fear."
So the summer and early autumn went away, and Freddie was dear to us as if he had a claim of kinship. His rare beauty, his precocious intellect and his loving heart had completed the fascination commenced by our pity for his suffering, weakness and loneliness. He called us "Grandma" and "Uncle John," and clung to us with the most affectionate caresses.
We tried in vain, from his childish prattle, to gain some clue to his parentage or relatives. He told us his papa had gone "far, far off," and mamma had "gone to papa," so we concluded he was an orphan, and I often heard mother telling him of the beautiful heaven where his parents waited for their little boy.
Of his grandmother and Aunt Lucy he spoke with shrinking fear, and seemed to have an equal dread of Susan, whom we judged to be the nurse. Susan was talking to a tall man, he told us, who boxed his ears and told him to go home, when trying to escape from under the horse's hoofs and was hurt.
Being blessed with ample means, mother and I had quite decided to formally adopt pretty Freddie when he had been a little longer unclaimed in our house. The convalescence of the child requiring fresh air without too much exercise, I made a habit of taking him with me in my daily drive to visit my patients.
Dennis, my coachman, was very fond of Freddie, and very careful; so I was not afraid to leave my little charge with him when I was indoors, and he was very happy chatting with the good-natured Irishman, and waiting my coming.
It was early in November, and mother had dressed Freddie for the first time in a jaunty suit of velvet, with a dainty velvet cap over his brown curls, when one morning I sent him out with Dennis until I was ready to start. Looking out, I saw him standing in the pavement, giving Nat, my horse, a long carrot he had procured in the kitchen, while Dennis stood near, guarding the curly head upon any mischief.
I was making my final preparation for departure, when I heard a piercing scream under my window, and Dennis saying, "By jabsers, she's fainted, the cratur!"
While Freddie cried, "Mamma—pretty mamma—" I saw him run out hastily, to see an old table. Dennis was supporting in his strong arms a slender figure in deep mourning, half leaning on the shafts, while Freddie clung to her skirts, sobbing, "Mamma—mamma."
A few passers-by stood near making various suggestions, and Nat looked gravely over Dennis's shoulder, as if he could say a great deal if he had the inclination.
The sound rang through the house, reaching my mother's ears, as she sat in her room. She came hurrying down the stairs, and entered the surgery just as Dennis deposited his burden in an arm chair. Comprehending the situation at a glance, mother tenderly removed the crepe veil and bonnet, loosening a shower of brown curls round a marble-white face, still insensible.
"You see, sir," said Dennis, "Master Freddie had just given the horse the last of the carrot, and was running up and down, when the poor craturer threw her, and gave one screech and would have fallen to the ground, and I threw her up, and she scotched her atween us. Do you think, sir, it's his mother?"
At that moment the stranger opened a pair of large eyes, as brown and soft as Freddie's own, and murmured, in a faint voice: "Freddie! Did I see my boy?"
Then her eyes fell upon the child, and in a moment she was on her knees before him, clasping him to her heart, kissing him, and sobbing till mother broke out crying, too, and I was obliged to assume my professional expression "by sheer force of will."
"Come, come," I said gently. "Freddie has been very ill, and cannot bear so much excitement."
This quieted the mother in an instant,

and she rose, still holding the child's hand in her own.
"It is my boy," she said, looking into my face.
"Yes," said the little fellow, decidedly, "of course it is. My own pretty mamma, come from heaven."
She reeled back at the innocent words, and would have fallen had I not caught her and put her once more in the arm chair.
"Come from heaven!" she repeated, with a sob and gasping breath. "Freddie told me he was dead, my boy, my Freddie—that he was run over and killed. The nurse saw him fall under the horse's feet."
"But, you see, he was not killed, mother," said a gentle tone, "but I will and strong again."
And then, motioning me to keep silent, mother told the widow of the child's injuries and recovery, of his winning ways and our love for him.
"And you kept him and nursed him?" she said, kissing mother's hands. "Oh, what can I do for you to prove my gratitude? Freddie, my boy, how you must love the kind lady!"
"Yes," assented Freddie, "that's grandma and this is Uncle John," and I was dragged forward.
"I cannot understand it at all," the mother said, "did no one know he was here—my mother-in-law? Will you let me tell you," she added, looking at mother and myself, "how my boy was lost?"
"If you will drink this first," I said, giving her a quieting beverage.
She obeyed at once, and, taking of Freddie's cap, lifted him to her lap while she told her story. When we saw the two fair faces so close together, any lingering doubt we might have had of the stranger's claim vanished at once. Even in parent and child the resemblance between the woman and her boy was wonderful. The same brown hair and eyes, the same delicate features and complexion, the same childlike expression, marked both countenances. Even to the pallid, wasted look of recent suffering the resemblance was perfect.
"I must tell you first who I am," our visitor said. "I am the widow of Colonel West, who died of cholera in Liverpool only two weeks ago. He was taken ill in July, and I was telegraphed to come to him. We had parted," she added, turning to mother, "because his business had called him to Liverpool, and he was afraid to have Freddie and me go there on account of the cholera. But when I heard he was ill I went to him at once, leaving my boy with my husband's mother and sister. I knew they were not very fond of him, but I had no choice. I dare not take him to Liverpool with the cholera raging there, and I had nowhere else to leave him. I found my husband very ill, but he was recovering, when he had a relapse. He rallied from that and took cold, I think, or over-fatigued himself, bringing on a second relapse that proved fatal. During all his illness I had only twice of Freddie—once that he was well, once that he had been killed in the street. I came home only two days ago, and they would tell me nothing of where he was buried—nothing but the bare fact of his death. I—I, oh, do not blame me!—I was on my way to the river to end it all when I met Freddie."
Mother looked at me and whispered, "The grandmother who beat Freddie has driven her mad. Let her stay with me while you try to find out something about her."
"But I have no right to force myself into her private affairs," I said.
"She is Freddie's mother. That gives you a right."
It would be tedious to tell in detail all the long conversation that followed; but, authorized by Mrs. West, I called upon her husband's lawyer, and there heard her story.
"I think," the lawyer said, confidentially, "that the Wests are the proudest people I ever knew—proud of their family, their money and their beauty. Carroll West was the only son, Lucy his only daughter, when the old man died. He left a considerable fortune, but Carroll has increased his share of it to immense wealth. His mother was very desirous of having him make a great match, and proportionately furious when he married a little dark-eyed seamstress of no family in particular, and working for a living."
I thought of the exquisite face, the low, tender voice of Freddie's mamma, and mentally applauded Carroll's choice.
"Carroll," continued the lawyer, "had sufficient good sense to keep his own establishment until he went into a heavy cotton speculation that called him to Liverpool at the height of the cholera. Then he left his wife and child under his mother's care, and before he went made his will. Now, doctor, said the lawyer, speaking very slowly and with marked emphasis, "that will leave half his fortune to his wife, half to his child, but, in case of the death of the child, the half that is his goes to Mrs. West and her daughter Lucy. If the mother dies, all goes to the child, to revert again to the Wests, if he dies without heirs. Do you see?"
I did not see. I saw again the hard, determined face leaning over the sleeping child, denying him, the weaker woman snatching the deed, but falling senseless in the room. I understood now the disappointment that had greeted the tidings that the child was neither dead nor dying, but recovering. It was all clear to me now, but I shuddered as I recalled the mother's face when she had contemplated suicide rather than bear her widowed, childless lot.
We could never tell whether the unnatural grandmother and aunt would have risked a legal investigation. The recognition of mother and child was complete, and the clothing we had carefully preserved was fully identified. Mrs. West did not return to her mother-in-law. For some weeks she was my mother's guest and my patient, being prostrated with a low, nervous fever,

and then she took the house next to our own, her own claim and Freddie to Carroll West's property being undisputed.
We were warm friends for two years, and Mrs. West, senior, with the beautiful blonde, was occasional visitor of the widow's house; but when the white and white took the place of crepe and bombazine, I ventured to ask Adelaide West if a second love could comfort her for the one she had lost, and my mother became Freddie's grandmother in truth, when his "pretty mamma" became my wife.
Mrs. West is dead, and Lucy married to a titled Italian, who admired her beauty, but, unlike many of his compatriots, finds the lovely lady fully able to take care of her own interests, and guard her money against his too profuse expenditure.
Other children call me papa, and Adelaide mamma, but I do not think I give any of them a warmer or truer love than I feel for brown-eyed Freddie, who was "Lost and Found."

On the Top of Ararat.

The London Spectator, speaking of the recent successful ascension of Mount Ararat by Mr. Bryce, says: "Mr. Bryce has given to the world a wonderful word-picture of that amazing and awful spectacle, of that 'landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valleys as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished; but he could not tell us what were his thoughts, his feelings there, what the awe and yearning that came over him in that tremendous solitude, where 'Nature sits enthroned, serenely calm, and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dwellings in the dust.'"
"His vision ranged over the vast expanses within whose bounds are the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out by Ararat, Elbruz, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Goez, whose three peaks enclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus range; and northward, the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom; the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hill where Kara stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle.
"While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, 'while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing,' the mist-rungled, enfolded him and shut him up alone with the awful mountain top. 'The awe that fell upon me,' he says, 'with the sense of utter loneliness, made me long to be untroubled, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve.' Only four hours of daylight remained, the thick mist was added danger, the ice axe marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The descent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had halted, 'the sun had got behind the southern ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountain of Media, far to the southeast, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light.'"
"At 6 o'clock he reached the bivouac and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian assembly of the southern coast, near the northern foot of Ararat, and was presented to the archbishopman who rules the house. 'This Englishman,' said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, 'says he has ascended to the top of Massis' (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, 'That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible.'"
A Romantic Japanese Legend.

The romantic origin of the Awa family is related in the Tokio Times. The story is a familiar one to the Japanese, and connects the first daimio of the house with the career of the famous Hideoyoshi. That eminent warrior and ruler of the sixteenth century, the only man in the annals of Japan who ever rose from a plebeian station to the position of Ruler of the Empire, was a pauper and a vagrant in his youth. While wandering an unprotected child in his native province he was accustomed to sleep at night in the fields or by the roadside. On one occasion, according to the popular chronicle, he lodged himself upon a bridge in Okasaka, and was roughly awakened by a kick from a powerful and well-armed man, who demanded his name. "My name is Sarumatsu," he said, "and this is the highway. You have no right to disturb me. This road is mine as much as yours. Who are you?" "I am Koroku," said the other. "I know Koroku, of Owari," retorted Sarumatsu (such was Taiko's name in childhood), "for I come from Owari myself. If you are better hold my pace, but he went on and the result was that one evening as he was walking home somebody bumped against him; he protested; two policemen forthwith started up, hauled him off, charged him with being drunk and disorderly, and the next day he was sentenced to sweep the streets for three days—a sentence which unfortunately does not involve the social annihilation which it would in other countries. The fact is that in Russia you must not advocate temperance principles; the vested interests in the drink trade are too many and strong. Nobody forces you to drink yourself. The Rakoniks, or dissenters, who are the most respectable class of the Russian community and number ten million souls, are in general abstainers, but they, like others, must not overtly try to make proselytes. There are many most enlightened who hate and deplore the national vice, who try to check it among their own servants, who would support

any rational measure of legislation by which it could be diminished; but if one of them bestirred himself too actively in the matter he would find all his affairs in some mysterious fashion grow out of joint. Authors and journalists are still less in a position to cope with the evil, for the press censors systematically refuse to pass writings in which the prevalence of drunkenness is taken for granted.
Before the abolition of the monopolies a land owner might set up a distillery on his estate, but he was compelled to sell the produce to the vodka-farmers, and these speculators might build a public house on his land against his consent, though he was entitled to fix the spot and receive a fair rent. A present, the trade being free, licenses to distill and sell are conferred by government, and almost every landowner of consequence has one. Prince Wisloff might get one if he pleased, and more than one thought of so doing, but he has been deterred for want of capital to compete with his intimate enemy and neighbor, Prince Rumoff, who has a distillery in full swing, and floods the whole district with his produce. The Prince's chief agents are the priests, who in the farming days were allowed a regular percentage on the drink sold in their parishes, but who now receive a lump sum, nominally as an Easter gift, but on the tacit understanding that they are to push the sale of vodka by every means in their power. The pious men do not go the length of urging their parishioners to get drunk, but multiply the Church feasts whereon vodka is the custom. They affirm that stimulants are good for the body, and never reprove a peasant whose habitual intemperance is notorious. The Prince's land agent, the tax-collector, the conscription officers, all join in promoting the consumption of vodka by transacting their business at the village dram-shop, with glasses before them; and even the doctor, who lives by the Prince's patronage, prescribes vodka for every imaginable ailment.
The inducements to drink in the towns are not less than in the country. When the coachman, Ivan Ivanowitch, goes out for a stroll among the fine streets of Odessa he is lured into the tea-shops by the loud music of barrel-organs, and vodka is served him with his tea as a matter of course. If he drives his master to a party he has no sooner drawn up his trap under the shed in the best yard, than the servants invite him into a lower room and give him as much spirit as he will drink; if he goes to the corn-chandler's for oats, to the veterinary surgeon about his horse's legs, to the harness-maker's or coach-maker's the prefect to all business is vodka; and when he sets out to visit his kinsman upon holidays, vodka greets him upon every threshold. It is the same with the dvornik when he ascends to the different flats of the house to collect rent or carry letters; vodka is offered him before he has had time to state his business; and under these hospitable circumstances the wretched peasant largely contributes. Of his family as a rule he is sober, but in Russia a servant man—*scilicet scilicet*—one usually committed to the festival of the Church.

Birds of Paradise.
Mr. Wallace has remarked that the birds of New Guinea present a larger proportion of brilliantly plumaged species than those of any other part of the world. To this result the birds of Paradise largely contribute. Of this family twenty-five species are known, all confined to the Papuan Islands, with a single exception, a *Mannacotis*, which has extended its range to North Australia, and which is without the characteristic plumage of the true paradise birds. Whether for singularity or beauty of plumage the birds of paradise are without rivals in the bird-world. Most of them have superb tufts of feathers issuing from the wings, forming a fan or shield, which, when they are in flight, the wings, while the central tail feathers are often produced to a great length, elongated into wires, twisted into fantastic shapes, or terminated in lustrous spangles, and all adorned with the most brilliant metallic tints. In the sub-family *Epiplatina* instead of tufts from the sides of the body, the accessory plumes spring from the head, the back or the shoulders, while in the species that strays into North Australia these peculiarities are absent. There is scarcely a hue among the colors of nature which is not found in the endless variety of the painting of the paradise birds; not only the lustrous metallic of the humming-bird, but yellows, reds, blues, and greens of every degree of intensity. Yet these fantastic freaks of coloration and feathering are confined to the males; the females are all clad in the most sober browns, and are the most unattractive of birds. Doubtless this provision of nature is intended as a protection from observation during the labors of the nesting season. Strange notions formerly prevailed among the vulgar as to the birds of paradise, but as until recently no European had been able to observe them in life, all our specimens were supplied by the natives, who always cut off the legs from the skins, on which account they were reputed to be without feet, whence the name of the best known species, *Apaloo*. Peculiar and strange as are these creatures, yet there can be no doubt that their nearest allies in nature are a family marked by an extreme uniformity and sameness of plumage, and by the absence of any difference of coloration in the sexes—the crow tribe, between which and the starlings the paradise birds are naturally placed.—*Good Words*.

Aloft, on the throne of God, and not below, in the footprints of a trampling multitude, are the sacred rules of right, which no majorities can displace or overturn.—*Charles Sumner*.

Woman who Wouldn't Tattle.
Mrs. Goode and Mrs. Meller are next door neighbors on a Danbury street, and there is a frequent interchange of calls between them, but no evil results therefrom, because both are excellent women.
Mrs. Goode called on Mrs. Meller the other morning to speak to her about some emptying which acted as if they were not going to rise properly. Mrs. Goode hastened back with Mrs. Meller to look after them. After the matter had been discussed with the gravity demanded by the importance of the subject, Mrs. Goode said:
"Did you hear that story about the Ransoms?"
"Yes; it was awful, wasn't it? Who told you?"
"Mrs. Liebig."
"She told me, too. I think that woman might be better engaged than in telling stories about people." Mrs. Meller spoke with some warmth.
"I should say as much," returned Mrs. Goode. "If there is anything I dislike it is tattling. I don't see anything Christian about it. I abominate it myself. If there was more charity in this world it would be better for all of us."
"I know it," added Mrs. Meller; "but people won't be charitable. They will talk and talk and talk. I don't suppose that Mrs. Liebig is without a story about somebody a single day. She has got a fearful tongue, and she don't care who she wags it against. I think she had better look to home."
"If she did she'd have to give up her care of her neighbors, for she'd have her hands full of her own. But that's the way with that class. There's Mrs. Hook, you know. Her tongue is always pitching into somebody, and it was only night before last that my man saw her John carried home dead drunk."
"Why, Mrs. Goode! you don't say so!"
"Indeed, I do."
"Carried home drunk!" repeated the shocked Mrs. Meller.
"Yes, carried home drunk. And Goode says it's not an uncommon affair either."
"Well, I declare, if I ever thought that, I always believed John was a model boy. I suppose he gets it from his father."
"His father? Why! did her husband drink?"
"Drink! Didn't you know that? But I forgot he died before you came here."
"Well, I declare!" ejaculated Mrs. Goode. "That's news to me."
"Oh, yes, he was a drinker. He kept full of rum two thirds of the time. In fact, 'here Mrs. Meller lowered her voice, 'there's good reason to believe that he died in a drunken fit.'"
"Heavens!" gasped the shocked listener, while her eyes sparkled.
"Yes, Joe Hook died in a drunken fit if ever there was one. But don't speak of it, for the world."
"Oh, I shan't say anything about it. You know well enough that I ain't one of the tattling kind," promptly answered Mrs. Goode. "But who would have thought that! Well, well, well! If it ain't completely stumped, I don't see how she can bear to sail around in the style she does with that awful memory on her."
"Oh, she thinks people don't know it. And now, you say, her boy is going the same way. Do you know, Mrs. Goode," said Mrs. Meller, impressively, "that I believe these slanders have a judgment sent upon them?"
"Believe it?" exclaimed Mrs. Goode vigorously. "I know it.—*Danbury News*.

Nassau Gardens Diving for Pennies.
There is a nice little public square which lies on the water-side of Bay Street, where are the court-houses, houses of Assembly, Bank, and other similar places of resort. Whenever we would go on a pleasant morning, afternoon or evening—to this stair, to sit by the stone boat-stairs, or to stand on the sea-wall, and view the lovely water with its changing hues of green, its yachts, its ships, and all its busy smaller craft, and sniff with delight the cool salt breeze that blows so gaily over the narrow back of Hog Island, there would certainly come running to us two, three or a dozen little black boys with the entreaty: "Please, boss, gives us a small five. If I happened to have any change and wished to see some funny work in the water, I put my hand in my pocket, and instantly every little black boy jerked off his shirt. It is no trouble for the negro children to undress in Nassau. The very little ones wear only a small shirt and a straw hat. Sometimes there is not much muslin in this shirt, but they are always ready to have it come down low enough to cover the breast-bone. If I find a penny, I toss it into the water, and instantly every darkey boy, clad in scanty trousers, plunges in at once. Sometimes a spry little fellow catches the coin before it reaches the bottom, and it is never long before some fellow comes up with the money in his mouth. Sometimes when a coin is not readily found, it is contrived to look down to us two, three or a dozen little black boys with the entreaty: "Please, boss, gives us a small five. If I happened to have any change and wished to see some funny work in the water, I put my hand in my pocket, and instantly every little black boy jerked off his shirt. It is no trouble for the negro children to undress in Nassau. The very little ones wear only a small shirt and a straw hat. 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