

### A WAY-SIDE MEMORY.

Under the silver fringes  
Of the yellow jowls that swing  
A glitter in the shadows  
With frozen jewels strong,  
With smouldering fire of opals,  
Of pearls and chrysopeas,  
And the twinkling diamond drops that set  
The frosty moon ablaze.

Under the swaying willows,  
Where the tall green reeds sprang,  
The way-side spirit of my childhood  
Labbled and laughed and sang—  
Bubbled and rippled over,  
As the little winds came and went,  
And dimpled all in the sunshine  
With a gurgle of glad content.

Through the clink of the mossy boulder  
His living waters purged,  
With mactanole vapors  
Of the wonderful under-world;  
The tall ferns nodded wisely  
With every wind and feather—  
The brown reeds bend to listen  
With all their heads together.

Under the wintry starlight,  
And under the summer noon,  
In countless silver vapors  
Was set to the self-same tune.  
The ripples on its margin  
Were the greatest that ever grew—  
And moss and brake, for its sweet sake,  
Were golden through and through.

When the skies were red with tempest,  
And the landscape bleak and bare,  
It seemed like a joyous presence  
In the midst of grief and care;  
Like a cheery, happy nature  
So glad to be overcast.

In joy or pain, in sun or rain,  
Contented to the last.

### Some One in the Room.

Elijah Crowley, my husband, was owner and captain of a coasting vessel, doing a good trade; and we occupied an old-fashioned and somewhat dreary house at Stepien. Elijah liked the place more than I did, and it was on his account that we staid there so long. I thought that it could make very little difference to him where we lived, for he was at home only two or three weeks out of every ten. I was often alone two months at a time; and lonely enough it was sometimes.

"Get some one whom you like to stay with you, my dear," the captain said, when I told him one day how unpleasant I felt to be alone so much. "Get any one you please, and before long I hope I shall be able to stay at home with you myself."

I took his advice, and after some inquiry, I found a woman who I thought would suit me. Her name was Emily Sands, and she was a pleasant-faced woman of about forty. She told me she had been left a widow with no means, and had since earned her living by needle-work; and although I had intended that the woman who came every morning to do my housework should still come, I found Emily so handy and so willing, that I soon discontinued the services of the other. She was so amiable and so virtuous, that I was satisfied that I had done the best that I could do in the matter.

"I hope so," he said, doubtfully.

"And don't you think so?" I asked.

"Well, no," he replied.

"Now, I'd like to know why, Elijah. Do you see anything wrong about her?"

"I can't say that I do; I presume it is only a notion; but I have some way conceived a kind of distrust of her face. I can't explain it, and you had better not be prejudiced by it."

"You may be very sure I shall not," I rejoined, "if it has no more foundation than this."

And this is all that was said between us on the subject. I was too well acquainted with the captain's sudden whims to attach much importance to this one.

The captain remained at home this time barely two weeks. On the morning that he left to take his vessel for another trip, just after he had taken up his hat to go, he called me into his chamber and shut the door.

"Here is something, Fanny," he said, "that I want you to keep safe for me till I come back." And he took a paper package from his breast-pocket as he spoke. "There are ten fifty-dollar notes in it—five hundred dollars in all. I will lock it up here in this bureau drawer, and give you the key." And he did so. "No one would think of coming here for money."

"Do you think you had better leave it here, Elijah?" I asked. "Why not put it in the bank?"

"I meant to; but I shall not have time. The money was only paid to me last night. But no matter; the money will be safe where it is, and there will be no danger about it; or if you don't think so, you may deposit it yourself."

My husband took little thought of possibilities, and I presume that he never once thought of money from the time he left the house until he returned. As he left, I was not so easily satisfied. I had heard enough of house-plunderings and outrages of that kind to make me afraid to keep this large amount with me. My uneasiness increased as the day wore on, and about three o'clock the same afternoon, I took the money and went to the bank, deposited it to deposit it. The bank was closed; all the banks were closed, for it was Saturday.

I took the package home again, and replaced it in the bureau drawer, locked it, replaced the key in my pocket, and resolved that I would not worry any more about it. Emily called me to tea in a little while, and though not hungry, I went into the dining-room and sat with her while she drank her tea, and laughed and chatted in her vivacious way.

The evening wore rather long, and Emily and I sat together in the dining-room after the table was cleared, she reading aloud, and I listening, as was our custom. When the clock struck ten, she laid down her book, and I took my lamp, and, bidding her good-night, went up to my room.

My chamber occupied the whole front of the second story, and Emily had a back room upon the same floor. A bell

wire ran from my room to hers, so that I could summon her at pleasure.

I placed the lamp upon my bureau, shaded it, and returned and closed the door. Then I drew my easy chair to the middle of the room, put on my slippers, and sat down for a few minutes before retiring. And immediately I became vexed at myself to find that I was looking at the drawer that held the money, and that I was feeling in my pocket to see that the key was safe. I felt no alarm; I had almost cured myself of my uneasiness; but it seemed as if that money, and the danger of its custody, would obtrude upon me. In the impatience of the moment I turned my chair half around, and looked towards the opposite wall. The shade that I placed over the lamp confined its rays within a small circle, beyond which the bed, the furniture, the carpet, and the wall paper were obscure. In the corner to the right of the door was an antique, high-backed chair, a favorite bit of furniture. As I turned my own chair from the bureau, my eyes rested on this object, and I saw by the same glance that a human figure was sitting in it.

I could not at first make out whether it was a man or a woman; I only became conscious, as I sat in bewildering, dumb terror, that I was confronted by a stranger in the semi-darkness—by some one who had hidden in the room for some object, or become the object of some violence. For although, as I have said, I could not distinguish whether it was a man or woman, yet I did not doubt that it was the former, and one of the most desperate of his kind. And presently as my eyes fell to the floor, I saw a pair of boots thrust out upon the carpet within the radius of the light.

I did not know how long we sat there in the semi-darkness of the room, facing each other, but motionless and silent; it might have been three minutes or thirty. The thought of alarming Emily suddenly occurred to me, and I reached out for the bell-cord. It should have been within easy reach of the spot where I sat; but my hand failed to find it.

A low chuckle came from the occupant of the old chair.

"That was a clever thought of you, miss," came forth in a deep, rough voice, and in a tone of easy insolence.

"Clever thought, marm; but bless your simple soul, you think I was going to leave that 'ere cord there for you to make a noise with? Not by any means. It's well to be careful when you're in this kind of business, marm, and when you left me alone here before—I then being under the bed, you see—I crawled out and took a survey of the place."

My strength was returning; I became reassured as I saw that the man intended no violence on myself.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Now that's good; you're a business woman, marm; you come right to the point without any nonsense. I'm going to tell you what I want."

He rose from the chair as he spoke, and crossed the room to the bureau, passing so close to me that his boots brushed the skirt of my dress. I shuddered and drew my chair back; I could not help betraying my fear.

"Be quiet, marm," he said. "I don't mean to hurt you if I can help it. Keep still and I won't. Let's have a look at each other."

He removed the shade, and looked at me for half a minute, as I sat in the glare of the lamp. He was a large, brawny fellow, full six feet high, and dressed in an old suit of fustian clothes. His face was entirely concealed by a escape mask; not a feature of it could I see, from his neck to the crown of his head. He leaned one arm upon the bureau, and regarded me attentively.

"You don't know me," he remarked, in an ordinary tone. "No, of course not; it's best for you that you should not. I thought at first there was something familiar in your face; but I fancy I was mistaken. Well, to business, marm."

And he assumed a sharp tone, and looked carefully at the bureau. "I've got a pistol here, miss," and he slapped his pocket; "but you're too sensible a woman, I take it, to make me use it on you. I want that money. There's \$500 in that drawer; you have the key—give it to me."

"I'll leave you now in a minute, missus," he said, rapidly inserting the key, turning it, and opening the drawer, "with many thanks for your good behaviour. Is this it?"

He took out the package and held it up.

"That is the money," I said.

"She might deceive me, after all," I heard him mutter; and thrusting his forefinger into the end of the envelope, he ripped it open, and pulled the end of the notes out into sight. "Yes, here it is. Now—"

He had thrust the package into his pocket, and was about to close the drawer, when his eye was caught by something within it. He started, thrust his hand into the drawer, and taking out an object that I was acquainted with, he bent over and scrutinized it, holding it closer to the lamp. How I did wish that I could see the expression of his face at that moment. He held in his hand an ivory miniature of his husband's face, a faithful picture, made by an artist years before at my request.

"Whose face is this?" the robber demanded, in a voice that trembled with eagerness.

"My husband's," I replied.

"Your husband's? Yes, yes—but his name?"

"Elijah Crowley,"

"Captain Crowley?" he demanded, in the same tone.

"Yes."

"The same who commanded the bark

Calvert, that used to run out of Liverpool?"

I nodded my head. I knew that the vessel named was the last one that my husband had sailed on the ocean before he bought his own coaster; in fact, it was the same in which I came to England.

And this is Captain Crowley's money, this is his house?—you are his wife?" he asked, giving me no time to answer his questions. "Yes, yes, I see it all. Great God! to think what I was just about to do!"

He'd opened into the nearest chair, apparently faint with emotion; but while I sat in deep surprise at the unexpected turn that this affair had taken, he said, "You have no reason to fear now; I will not rob you; I will not harm you. Only don't make a noise. Please open the door, and you will find Jane—your woman, I mean—waiting in the passage."

I obeyed; I did not know what else to do. I unlocked and opened the door, and there, to my astonishment, stood Emily Sands, arrayed in her bonnet and shawl, with a bundle in her hand, waiting, I have no doubt, for a signal from within. She started upon seeing me, but the man immediately called to her by the name of Jane, telling her to come in.

She passed by me as she did so, and I whispered, "Oh, Emily, how could you betray me?"

She manifested no shame or sorrow, though I know she must have heard the whispering words; her face was hard and unwomanly, and its expression was sullen. And I could not doubt that she had played the spy upon my husband and myself, and had betrayed us to the man.

"I've a very few words to say to you, marm," said the man, and all the boldness and insolence had gone out of his voice, leaving it gentle and sorrowful. "Just a few words to ask you to forgive us for what we meant to do, and to tell you what has happened to change my mind so suddenly, and why we can't rob you as we meant to do."

He took the package from his pocket with the words, and tossed it into my lap.

"That money belongs to the man that I love and honor more than any other on earth. I'm a hard customer, marm; we live by dark ways and doings, leaving it gentle and sorrowful. Just a few words to ask you to forgive us for what we meant to do, and to tell you what has happened to change my mind so suddenly, and why we can't rob you as we meant to do."

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The Mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descent on the folly of such superstitious practices. He was a distinguished lawyer and palmer, a remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The school master and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the Mayor did. In fact no one dissented from the oracle of the place. Flushed with his triumph, the Mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently:

"I am sure, Madam, you have never had recourse to fortune-telling?"

I had noticed something like a smile on the lady's lips during the harangue of the Mayor. The smiles now became marked and undeniable, and on her husband's lips there played a similar expression, as the two glanced at each other in obvious intelligence.

"Yes, sir," said our hostess, at length, replying to the Mayor. "I have had recourse to fortune-telling."

She again looked at her husband, and it was plain that some pleasant reminiscence was embodied in the glance, for they reciprocally held out their hands, and my friend pressed and kissed that of his wife. These signs of mutual feeling did not pass unnoticed by a member of the company. Seeing their faces full of inquiring interest, the lady continued:

"I observe you are all surprised; but there is nothing extraordinary in the matter. Listen and you shall judge."

"My marriage with Alphonse (her husband) was nearly arranged. Inclination, parental consent, and, in short, every favoring circumstance, were on our side of our union. Alphonse had the free entry of my father's house, and we had to leave to see each other, to talk together and to walk together. All went on pleasantly, till one fine day Monsieur Alphonse chose to assume a cold look, to speak in monosyllables, and, in place of calling me Anne, to call me Ma'mselle. I wept the whole night after. To what cause to attribute this sudden coldness I knew not. I was in despair, but too proud to seek an explanation. I concealed my uneasiness, and even affected unusual gaiety before my lover. Poor Alphonse! I have since learned what he suffered, but, indeed, I might have known pretty well at first, from a consciousness of my own tortures."

"Alphonse was jealous of one of my cousins, a student of St. Cyr, who was then passing a few days of his vacation with us. This youth had taken the liberty of saluting me, and, perhaps, of putting his arm around me. Alphonse was neglected one whole day for the little cousin."

"Doubtless," thought he, "this cousin is preferred. As for me, the marriage with him to be honored is plainly a matter of convenience, and Heaven knows what my fate may be afterward."

"Hence the frozen aspect, the Othello-like visage of Monsieur Alphonse; and my assumed gaiety seemed but to crown my perfidy. He felt himself bound to quit such an ingrate—to banish from his heart a love so unworthy."

"Let her go and marry this cousin," thought he, "since she will not take the trouble of even dissimulating before me."

"As for himself, he would go abroad; nothing like traveling for banishing the recollection of an unfortunate love."

"While Alphonse was occupied with these thoughts, all at once an idea struck him—he would consult a fortune-teller, who lived in the town, and with-

### Holding the Breath Under Water.

It is probable that the entrance of water into the lungs has a great deal to do with the paleness of drowning. It is certain that unconsciousness comes on more quickly when the person is deprived of air because the lungs are filled with water, than when the air-passages are closed, while the lungs remain intact. Most persons can hold their breath for a minute, very many for a minute and a half, some for two minutes. In one of the variety theatres of New York appeared recently "The Brilliant Pearl of the Enchanted Grotto, christened Undine, who performs, while under water; in a mammoth crystal illuminated glass tank, feats of astonishing suppleness and almost unbelievable endurance." This performer can probably remain under water, holding her breath voluntarily, two minutes and perhaps more. I have seen Johnson the celebrated ocean-swimmer, remain under water, in a tank before an audience, for the astonishing space of three minutes and twenty-seconds, and, before he rose, the involuntary contractions of his respiratory muscles were uncomfortable to witness. In such cases, although extreme distress may be felt, there is no approach to unconsciousness. But, if a person's head is under water, and he does not hold his breath, unconsciousness usually comes on in one or two minutes at the farthest.

### The Sorcerer's Spell.

I was invited to spend a few weeks with a friend at a town not far from Paris. My friend was married. I had calculated on this circumstance as likely to be troublesome, seeing that it might interfere with the bachelor luxuries of cigar-smoking and unrestrained chat; but my friend's wife was so charming a woman that I soon decided things to be better as they were. She doted upon her husband, and he was not behind in reciprocating the feeling. They had two pretty children, whose smiling faces and delightful prattle would have made any one envy the parents. To the pleasure derived from the society of my host and hostess was added the entertainment arising from an occasional reunion of all the magnates of the place around the hospitable board of my friend.

Fortune-telling became the subject of our converse one evening. The Mayor of the town, who chanced to be present, and who thought it befitting his office to seem as wise and enlightened as possible, gave us a descent on the folly of such superstitious practices. He was a distinguished lawyer and palmer, a remnant of the barbarism of the Middle Ages, and altogether unworthy the illumination of modern days. The school master and notary of the town, as in duty bound, thought as the Mayor did. In fact no one dissented from the oracle of the place. Flushed with his triumph, the Mayor turned to our hostess, and continued confidently:

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"While Alphonse was occupied with these thoughts, all at once an idea struck him—he would consult a fortune-teller, who lived in the town, and with-

out any delay, he hurried to the house of the fortune-teller. He waited not to knock at the door, but entered, and rapidly mounted the stairs leading to the wise woman's room. The prophetess was at the moment engaged with a young girl, and both of them were so entirely absorbed with the matter in hand, that neither of them perceived or heard the approach of the new visitor. The chamber of the sorceress was dark and gloomy. Alphonse placed himself in a corner to see what passed. The old woman was looking intently at the girl before her, and examining now and then her visitor's hand. Then she placed her hand over the girl's heart, and a card was drawn. The meaning of this card was explained by the old woman.

"At this moment you have a great trouble oppressing you, which would cease if you dared to speak; but you have a lucky star, and the person who causes your uneasiness will soon see his error and atone for it."

"Oh, my good mother," cried the girl, "can this be true? Read it again." The old woman did so. "Oh, if this be true," cried the girl, shedding tears, "how happy you have made me by giving me this hope! Here is some recompense for you," at the same time giving her several francs. She then turned to depart, murmuring, "Dear Alphonse! he will yet be your husband."

"But Anne, for you may guess that it was I," said our hostess blushing, "started, and uttered a cry of surprise on meeting Alphonse face to face."

"How," said she, "have you come to me hither, or have you, too, come to hear?"

"Yes," said Alphonse, in a voice more tender than ever I had heard it before; "yes, my Anne, my angel, I came to hold my fortune, but you have fixed the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious."

"I told you this," said the sybil, triumphantly, "the cards never fail."

"Alphonse and I came away together, more attached than ever. Alphonse explained the affair of the cousin, and I wondered that he could have been so deceived by a fortune-teller. But I took care that no trifle of the kind should ever occur to disturb him again. This is our story; and this, Monsieur Le Maire, was the occasion on which I had recourse to fortune-telling. You see that it sometimes leads to a happy issue. The old woman still lives close by, and the Mayor may, perhaps, find a good wife by consulting her."

This remark suggested an idea to me. "Come," said I, "let us all go and see this wonderful old woman, but you have fixed the fate of both. Pardon me—love is suspicious."

The Mayor, mindful of his eloquent protest, was alone disposed to demur to the proposition. He muttered something about the "gravity of his office," but we all promised to keep the matter secret, and hurriedly led the worthy magistrate to forget that the middle ages were past, and to go with the rest.

The sybil received the party politely, and bent on us a pair of quick and searching eyes. The Mayor tried the cards. They announced to him that he was to lose his office at the next municipal elections. (When they occurred he was turned out.) The notary's jolly red face grew rather lengthy when it was foretold to him that a paralysis would unfit his fingers for holding the pen of office. (The poor notary was, ere long, obliged to resign his pen for this very cause.) In short the prophetess gave us all something of the same character to look forward to; and our visit closed with a rather different tone to that in which it commenced.

**Introducing Travelers.**

"I say, conductor, do you know who that good lady is there with a book?"

"Yes, I've seen her a few times."

"By Jove! she's splendid!"

"Yes, I think she is."

"Where does she live?"

"In Chicago, I believe."

"I'd like to occupy that seat with her."

"Why don't you ask her?"

"I don't know but it would be out of order."

"I would not be if she was willing to have you occupy it. Of course you claim to be a gentleman."

"Oh, certainly! if you are acquainted with her, give me an introduction; that is, if you have no objections."

"How far is she going, do you know?"

"To Rochester, I believe."

"Fixing his hair, mustache, and whiskers in becoming style, he followed the conductor, who, on reaching the seat where the lady sat, said, with a twinkle in his eye: "My wife, Mr. X—, of New York, who assures me he will die before reaching Detroit, if he does not form your acquaintance."

The gentleman, unsmiling, stammered, grew red in the face, faltered out some excuse, and retired to his seat, leaving the lady in company with her husband to enjoy the joke.

**Aqua Tofana.**

This is the name of a poisonous liquid, which excited an extraordinary amount of attention at Naples, at the end of the seventeenth century. Tofana, a Sicilian woman, seems to have invented it. According to Lobat, after she had murdered many hundred men, she was strangled, although, on the discovery of her guilt, she fled to a convent. Keyssler, on the contrary, affirmed that she was alive in prison, in 1780. The drink is described as transparent, tasteless water, of which five or six drops were fatal—producing death slowly, without pain, inflammation, convulsion, or fever. Gradual decay of strength, disgust of life, want of appetite, and constant thirst were the effects, which soon changed to an entire consumption. That the exact day of death could be predicted, is a mere fable. The strange stories with regard to its composition have gone abroad. A solution of crystallized arsenic seems to have been the chief ingredient, to which some other was added, probably to conceal the presence of it.

### Honors of Eating and Drinking.

Sheridan, and Campbell, the poet, were invited to dine at the house of a mutual friend. Sheridan repaired to the hospitable mansion of his friend in good time, knowing that the good wines and the good liquors (famous among other good things) were awaiting him there in the utmost profusion. Campbell's characteristic plighm, on such occasions rendered him late; the dinner being well over before he reached the house. On entering, and about proceeding up stairs, he was very much startled by the noise of some one tumbling down. He nervously shouted out, "Who's this?" "The I, sir, (shouting rapidly,) replied a voice, which, as a matter of course, was Sheridan's."

Schopenhauer, the German philosopher, when at Worms, was accustomed to stop at a first class hotel, patronized by the elite of the noble officers of the garrison. Whenever Schopenhauer got down to his place at the table, he pulled out a bright gold piece, put it before his place, and, in getting up carefully pocketed it again. Several of the noble officers, having observed this little Schopenhauer game during three consecutive days, made bold to ask him the reason of it. "What will you?" replied the philosopher; "I am somewhat after the style of Diogenes, and I have vowed to give this gold piece to beggar the day you and your colleagues stop talking about women and horses. I have been waiting ten years."

Rossini had a favorite provision merchant. One day the latter rather bashfully said to Rossini, "I have for a long time wanted to ask a favor of you. 'Name it,' said the maestro. 'It is,' replied the merchant, 'that you will give me your photograph with a few words under it.' 'Willingly,' responded Rossini, and he took a photograph from his pocket-book and wrote under it: "To the friend of my stomach."

The great Antony was so irregular on coming to his meals that his cooks were accustomed to prepare the same dishes in different stages of preparation, so that no matter at what hour he came in he would find his meal ready.

Cyrus, King of Persia, cared very little for the delights of the table. At the entreaty of one of his friends he engaged to take dinner with him, and was desired to name his dishes. Cyrus replied, "It is my pleasure that you prepare this banquet on the side of the river, and that one loaf of bread be the only dish."

Dionysus, on the other hand, was not so simple in his tastes. At a dinner given him by the Lacedaemonians, he complained of the black broth. "No wonder," said one of them, "it needs seasoning." "What seasoning?" said he. "Labor," replied the citizen, "joined with hunger and thirst."

The philosopher Descartes was an epicure. A foolish nobleman seeing him enjoying himself at table, having expressed his astonishment that a philosopher should exhibit such fondness for good cheer, got this answer for his pains: "And pray, my lord, did you think that good things were only made for fools?"

**Mutual Friends.**

Human nature is the same the world over, as the following incident will help to show. A Danbury insurance agent called on two of his customers, whose premises adjoin, for a renewal of their policies. The first one is a grocer. The agent said to him:

"I suppose, Mr.—, that you will renew your policy which expires next week? I have called to see about it."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," said the grocer. "As far as I'm concerned there is no need whatever that I should insure. I am here all day to look after things, and there ain't a bit of danger of fire from my place. But there's no telling what that fellow next door will do, and as long's his there I've got to keep insured."

The agent called on the customer next door, who is a baker. He could not help reasoning that if the danger in that establishment was so great there was a possibility of having the amount of his policy doubled, at least.

He told the baker why he called, and hinted that there might be a probability of a desire to increase the policy.

"No," said the baker, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't believe I'll add anything to it. I wouldn't insure at all if I wasn't where I am. You see I'm up all night baking, and can watch things, so there's no danger here, but there's no telling what that chap next door will be up to. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't insure a cent. But as it is, I've got to do so."

**The Use of Ear-Rings.**

The nothing-new-under-the-sun principle applies to the custom of wearing pendants from the lower part of the ears as well as to many other things. It appears to have taken its rise in the earliest times among the nations of the East. The prophet Isaiah reproaches the daughters of Zion with being too lavish in ornaments of this kind, and several parts of the Scripture make allusions to the spoil of ear-rings, etc., which was dedicated to the Lord. This trinket, of rings and jewels, appears to have been as much worn by men in those days as by the same sex that now lay almost undisputed claim to them. It would seem that the ornaments had been used for idolatrous purposes previous to this time, since Jacob, in the injunction he gave to his household he commanded them to put away "the strange gods which were in their land, and all the ear-rings which were in their ears." These ear-rings, or jewels, worn by Jacob's household had probably been consecrated to superstitious purposes, and worn as a sort of amulet, for it is known that rings, whether in the ears or nose, were first superstitiously worn in honor of false gods, and probably of the sun, whose circular form they were designed to represent; and, indeed, rings and vessels among the heathen nations oftentimes had the image of the sun, moon, etc., engraved upon them. The prophet

### The Photograph in Court.

The photograph in court. It is a bold step in advance by ordering all the practicing attorneys to provide themselves with photographs and present their views to the court through the medium of these highly useful instruments. The learned judge in making the order premises by saying that as some of the attorneys were addicted to the annoying habit of talking at all times, both in season as well as out of season, the adoption of the photograph would enable the court to control, as it were, each legal windpipe and in that manner each attorney could be heard by the court at the proper time and in due order. His Honor pretty plainly intimated that should any counselor become inclined to photographic windpipe while his instrument would be sent down stairs in charge of a tipstaff, with directions to turn the crank on the front steps. Counselor X—, who takes a supreme delight in being always abreast of the times, bought himself a superb, gold-mounted, diamond-studded photograph of the double-barreled variety, with a revolving double-jointed, back action attachment for the gestures, and, having "a very important case" to argue in the "Sessious," set about at once to fix the thing ready for His Honor to turn the crank. He was so much tickled with the idea, that he invited a number of intimate friends to a private room in the H— House to witness the interesting and delicate operation of charging the instrument. Among other accessories at the operation were sundry glasses of beer and a deck of cards, interspersed with profuse and alarming violations of the third commandment. After three hours of incessant application and labor the whole party, including the photographer, were pretty fully charged. Next morning the court sat, but Counselor X— was absent. A tipstaff was sent out in search of the "missing link" in the chain of argument. After half an hour's absence the officer returned with the aforesaid double-barreled photograph, which he handed to His Honor with due solemnity and the remark that the Counselor was ah—"indisposed." After complimenting the absent Counselor upon the fine taste and excellent judgment he displayed in the selection of an instrument, His Honor placed the photograph, attachment and all, upon the rostrum in full view of all the spectators, and proceeded to turn the crank, with the following result: "May it please the court—fellows, I'm d'ry, let's have some beer—I would respectfully call the attention of—Johnny, send up some cigars—to the fact that—spades are trumps—my client occupies an extremely unfortunate position, being under indictment for—slipping jacks from the bottom of the deck is very unfair—having cheated a poor widow of a—lone hand by Jove—a short-horned cow with—the left best and two aces." At this His Honor, being disgusted with the apparent want of continuity in the argument, turned the crank violently the wrong way, when a fearful cry of "you mad dog! you mad dog!" came from the innocent looking instrument, while at the same time the revolving attachment gave the opposing counsel a fearful swipe across the mouth, sending him to the carpet in regular P. R. style. Amidst the direct confusion the District Attorney, who was *in fact* in all matters pertaining to the photograph, arose and explained to the court the meaning of the two last expressions, alleging that they embodied a palpable violation of the act of assembly prohibiting profane swearing. Bills of indictment for profanity, and an aggravated assault and battery were thereupon ordered to be sent before the inquest, against the unfortunate Counselor. Order being restored His Honor, with placid countenance and unruffled brow, having, however, first put up a barricade of chairs and books between himself and the attachment, proceeded to turn on the gas again: "My client declares that he—'wont go home till morning'" sang the instrument, while the revolving attachment made a vehement but fatal attempt to embrace the court crier—"a entirely innocent of having—stuck the cards—used any—Roman punch for a night cap—artifice in inducing the aforesaid widow to—play a game of poker for beers—part with her short-horned—Queen of Hearts is led—cow, and that he paid her—a-dollar I see, and go one better—fair equivalent for her." Here there was a fearful outburst of profanity, while the attachment made a frantic effort to clutch somebody by the hair. Amid loud cries of "let me at him," "let me at him," "I'll put a head on him," etc., the photograph was dragged off to the station house by seven policemen, while the clerk of the court was ordered to enter a fine of one hundred dollars against Counselor X—. The court has now under consideration the propriety of appointing a "Censor of Photographs," whose duty it shall be to be personally present at and supervise the charging of photographs.

**Dead-Letter-Office Facts.**

There are \$4,000,000 dead letters received annually at the Dead-Letter-Office.

Three hundred thousand without stamps.

Six thousand, no address.

Forty thousand dollars in unbalanced-tenths of which is returned to the balance remaining in the Treasury, subject to application, for four years.

One and a half million of money-orders and drafts of money-value.

Forty-five thousand packages containing property.

Fifteen thousand photographs.

European letters are returned unopened—one quarter of a million of these.

One-fourth of all letters received contain property.

Ten thousand applications for letters reported lost; the great proportion found and delivered.

### The Photograph in Court.

The Buffalo Courier tells, with entire seriousness, of a very remarkable case of nervous affection in that city. The facts, as it states them, are that the twelve-year-old daughter of a Mr. and Mrs. Wagemann lies in an unconscious state in her home, and has so lain for over a year during which time she has taken no food. The details given reluctantly by the parents, who will not "gratify the morbidly curious" by letting them see the girl, are given by the Courier as follows: "The parents stated that the little girl had been extremely studious, and had exhibited marked piety in her intercourse with those about her. More than a year ago last January she complained of great pain in the back of her head and neck, which was followed by the gradual loss of the use of her limbs. For three weeks each day, during a period of six weeks at that time, she lay in a trance, and upon coming out of it, would talk of the beautiful land she had been to, and the supreme happiness she had enjoyed. A physician was called in to attend her when the first symptoms were manifested, but after she began to have her subsequent experience she refused to take any medicine. The doctor soon after came to the conclusion that he could do nothing for her in any event. In January, 1877, she one day became unconscious, and has remained so ever since. It will be a year ago next month since a particle of nourishment has been administered to her, with the exception of water, ice or ice cream. Three months since she began to be affected with what may be termed spasms, although there is no evidence of pain or suffering when they occur. They come on every alternate hour and last just an hour. At first they were very strong, but of late have grown milder every day. When in this particular condition she rocks that portion of her body extending from the side of her head to the waist, from side to side on the lounge upon which she lies. The motion can be best understood when it is described as reminding one of the action of a pendulum when in action. When passive, both hands fit carefully upon her breast; when the spasms is on they are held up. As she rocks to the left, the left hand is carried to the forehead and the right falls upon her breast. In her reverse motion the left hand is carried over upon the right, and in every instance the hands fall unfeelingly upon the same spot, never varying a particle. Her body is usually very clammy, but during the spasms it becomes cold and feels like that of a dead person. The little girl (adds the reporter who saw her), is very pretty and when lying quiet presents an interesting appearance—looking like a beautiful child enjoying a peaceful slumber, with the exception that the respirations are not as marked."

The household of Queen Victoria is an extensive one. Nearly one thousand persons are attached to it, and the salaries of the leading officials amount to the trifling sum of \$259,570. The Duke of Devonshire occupies the position of Secretary of the Board of Green Cloth at a salary of \$1,500. The name "green cloth" in this country has a sinister meaning, but Mr. Brownell does not indulge, of course. Mr. T. C. Marsh gets \$2,500 as paymaster, which, considering the sum disbursed, is not an unreasonable stipend. The department of the Lord Chamberlain, presided over by the Marquis of Hertford, with a salary of \$10,000, has another long list of treasurers and disbursing officers, comptrollers, gentlemen-in-arms, procurators, masters of ceremonies, rooms in waiting, extra grooms in waiting, gentlemen ushers, daily, quarterly and extra—"waiters"—all "honorable" gentlemen—at salaries ranging from \$2,000 to \$10,000 apiece. The "Black Rod" (Admiral Clifford), Lord High Almoner, Dean of the Royal Chapel, Sub-Dean, Clerk of the Closet, get the salaries. The occupation of the last-named gentleman is the Bishop of Worcester, is necessarily of a gloomy description, not unaltered with fervent devotion. The Duchess of Wellington gets \$2,000 a year for hypothetical custody of the robes. The eight "Ladies of the Bedchamber" get \$2,500 each. The "Bedchamber Women" get \$1,500 apiece. The Post-Lady, Tennison, gets a stipend of \$500. Mr. Pigott, the Examiner of Plays, gets \$2,000 a year. The stable department costs, in salaries alone, over \$70,000. The salaries and expenses of this distinguished household cost last year exclusive of the Queen's privy purse of \$400,000, the somewhat extensive amount of \$1,518,860. Her Majesty was allowed also for "alms and special services" a further sum of \$6,000. The Queen's own allowance is \$1,910,000, and the royal children receive annuities amounting to \$785,000.