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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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### SPRING FEVER.

I know where summer woods are green,
Where summer shade is dark and deep,
Where frondage forms a cooling screen,
Where wide-leaved lilies lie asleep,
And where the early blossoms blow;
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where laughing waters fall,
Where sapphire summer lakes are spread,
Where merry springs are musical,
And brooks with fountains at the head,
And where the lordly rivers flow,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where birds delight to sing,
Where squirrels chatter at their play,
Where bees sweep by on busy wing,
Where fragrance fills the dying day,
And fireflies sparkle to and fro,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

I know where ocean airs are free,
Where salt waves dash upon the beach,
Where bright sails glisten o'er the sea,
Where rock and sand strange lessons teach,
Rock dark as death, sand white as snow,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

This wilderness of snow and brick
Enfolds me still from day to day;
My soul is sad, my heart is sick,
And yet I cannot slip away
To pleasant places that I know,
I know, I know, but cannot go.

## A Nest of Tigers.

In the year 1863 I was traveling in the province of Bengal on business connected with a large cotton manufacturing house in Manchester. I was sent as a judge of cotton, to buy up the best that could be found, in order to supply the demand arising from the failure of the American market.

Brown, Jones & Co., footed all my bills, and I must say that I enjoyed my trip.

I should have enjoyed it much more but for the intense heat of the weather. This caused me much distress in the middle of the day, and at such times I have been compelled to halt and repose under the shade of the stately *banyan*, by the borders of some roadside tank.

My bearers made no objections to these halts, but, on the contrary, enjoyed them. I was travelling by *dawk*, as it is termed in India, having relays of bearers to carry my palanquin from village to village.

This method of journeying is one of the most luxurious in the world, as the motion is so easy and gentle as to dispose one to sleep. All the comforts you can need are carried in the palanquin. The only improvement on it that I know of is the Nile-boat, with its luxurious cabin; or a rich man's yacht. Both these are very expensive luxuries; whereas *dawk* traveling is as cheap as a railway.

After going about for some time on the great cotton estates, and buying many valuable crops for my employers at favorable credits, I began to think of returning homeward. I was stopping at the time on the estate of Mr. ——, one of our best customers, a rich Scotchman, who had immigrated to India to start cotton-farming, and succeeded well, like his countrymen all the world over.

Mr. —— insisted that I should stay a week, now that our business was done, and he would show me some sport. Knowing that a week more or less in my departure would make but little difference, since my cotton was on its road to Calcutta, I accepted his invitation, and passed a very pleasant week, shooting the multifarious kinds of game that thronged the neighboring jungles.

Outside the cotton fields lay a narrow belt of wood towards the south, separating Mr. ——'s estate from the patches of rice, and the *paddy* fields of the neighboring *ryots*. These fields stretched for the next two hundred yards, and were then lost in the thick jungle, the home of wild hogs, pea-fowls, and various other winged and four-footed game. Hares and foxes were plenty, and my host had two or three braces of magnificent English grayhounds, with which we enjoyed splendid sport.

I was also shown the native Indian sport of hawking, practiced with the Indian peregrine falcon known as the *bahree*; where the great lead-colored stork, the *cyrus*, with his crimson head and neck, was chased down and killed by a hawk half his size.

I shot numerous peacocks and black-breasted florikens, and went out hunting the wild boars, or "pigsticking," as it is now termed in India.

I had many risky adventures, out of which I luckily came scot free, both with hogs and snakes; but the climax of all was one that I should stumble on by accident one morning, and which came near costing me my life.

I had started from the house about an hour before daybreak to reach a certain tank about five miles off, where I was informed that game was very plentiful, as the tank was a regular watering place.

Mr. ——'s chief *chikkaree*, or huntsman, went with me as a guide, and I was warned to keep in the open ground, and avoid the jungle, as the place was very "tigerish."

Young and ardent as I was, it was the chosen wish of my heart to see a tiger—a thing I had not yet succeeded in doing in the daytime. Thinking that I should probably meet one coming home from his nocturnal stroll if I arrived early enough, I took my Henry rifle along with me, resolved to bag one if possible.

I had knocked over too many grizzlies on the prairies to be afraid of a sneaking tiger.

I was destined, as the sequel will show, to have a surfeit of tigers; and if it had not been for the aid of my trusty "repeater," I should now be telling no story.

Mohammed, the shikkaree, stole softly along by my side in the gray dusk of the morning, bearing his long matchlock on his shoulder, and as noiseless as a ghost, with his bare feet. A *tulwar*, or curved sword, as keen as a razor, hung by his side, and he bore at his back a bundle of—what do you think? Why, skyrockets.

"What in the world do you want with these rockets, Mohammed?" asked I curiously. "Do you expect to scare the beasts of the forest out of their wits?"

"Sahib shall see," replied Mohammed, quietly. "Sahib tell Mohammed take good care of Sahib, this morning. He go very dangerous. Tiger much angry if disturbed at sleep. Sahib get eat up if no carry rocket!"

"Nonsense, Mohammed," I replied. "What in thunder is the use of those things? They won't kill any one. And here's old 'Sweet Sixteen'—worth more than all the bundle."

By "Sweet Sixteen" I meant my sixteen-shooting Henry rifle, my companion in several hunts.

"Sahib shall see," replied Mohammed. "Maybe glad to have rocket near by soon."

I ceased to argue with Mohammed, and we proceeded in silence along the path. The east all aglow with the fervent blush that heralds the rising sun, the dew was sparkling on every tree and bush in the jungle, and myriads of birds were singing their morning melodies of praise to their Creator.

We walked briskly along the road that wound through the jungle to the lonely tank, and just as we arrived there, up leaped the broad red sun, pouring a blaze of gold on the surface of the water.

The tank was an immense artificial reservoir, built in times past by some pious prince to preserve the blessing of abundant water in that dry climate. As we came near it was all alive with water-fowls.

Ducks and wild geese innumerable, of various bright colors, swam to and fro, gabbling loudly. Peacocks screamed discordantly from the encircling jungle, and monkeys and parrots kept up their harsh chorus.

At the further end of the tank, nearly a quarter of a mile long, stood a huge elephant, drinking peacefully, while several herds of deer and antelope stood near and shared the enjoyment. I plainly saw that it was useless to approach by the front, and therefore, motioning to Mohammed to follow me, I plunged into the jungle, intending to make a circuit and intercept the elephant.

But I had miscalculated the difficulties of the path. Ere long I had lost the direction of the tank, hidden so from view in the thick jungle, and was wandering I knew not where, among copses of low bushes interspersed with taller trees and little open glades, where the coarse yellow *surpal* grass lay matted all over the ground.

I toiled on for some time, thinking I was parallel with the the tank, but I could see no opening anywhere, and at last I turned around to inquire the way of my follower. But Mohammed had disappeared. Whether he was scared at my temerity in venturing alone into a tiger-haunted jungle, or had failed to keep up with me on account of his heavier load I could not tell. All I knew was that I was alone, and lost in the jungle.

I began to feel a little nervous, but I poo-hoohed the thought of danger, and would remember the direction to the tank, I thought, and pushed toward it. I tried to calculate the distance of the sun by this time from the east, and started in the direction I thought the tank ought to be. I stole cautiously and quietly on, not daring to make much noise on account of the supposed vicinity of tigers, and began to flatter myself I should reach the tank safely, when I suddenly halted spellbound.

Right before me, within ten feet, lay a huge royal tiger, as large as an ox, fast asleep.

The old rascal had been out all night, and was enjoying his morning nap, curled up like an old tabby cat. He had not heard my footsteps, and I halted in dead silence. He lay right in my path, and I could not pass him without waking him. I was afraid to lose my direction, for fear I might wander *ad infinitum* in the devious tangled jungle. Still I could not pass on without disturbing the tiger. I would have tried a bullet, but, from the position in which he lay, I should have probably missed his brain or heart. I stepped softly back to retreat, keeping my gaze fixed on the tiger, when, as luck would have it, my very first step brought me on a dry stick, which snapped in two with a loud noise.

In an instant the tiger awoke.

Only partially, however. He was dazed with the light in his eyes, and danced around with an inquiring stare. No time was to be lost.

I was not twelve feet from the huge brute, and well within his spring. I sent "Sweet Sixteen" to my shoulder, and aimed right between the fierce, green eyes, as the tiger half rolled up on his side with his head raised. As I pulled the trigger, the flash and smoke obscured everything from my vision for a moment, but I heard no sound; and as the smoke cleared away, I beheld the striped monarch of the jungle lying dead before me.

But I had scarcely time to note this, when, horrors on horrors! up started five tigers within a radius of twenty or thirty feet, and stood staring at me with apparent astonishment: They could not have been more astonished than I was to see them.

The striped coat of the tiger, brilliant as it appears, is yet so well suited to the color of the jungle, as to be well-nigh invisible. Hence my ignorance of the proximity of the beasts.

My hair began to rise right up on my head at the idea of my danger, as I surveyed these five monsters, any one of them being able to gobble me up at a meal and want more. But I had not fought "Old Ephe" among the Rocky Mountains to give up even among such straits. "Sweet Sixteen" had the lever reversed and a new charge in the barrel before you could say "Jack Robinson." I took a steady aim at the tiger immediately in front of me, and bowled him over as dead as a door nail. His companions started as they saw him fall, and taking advantage of the pause. I dashed forward over his dead body towards the tank.

My flight was the signal for pursuit. Scarcely had I cleared the dead tiger, when four simultaneous roars of anger greeted my ears, and I could hear the crash of the falling bodies as all four sprang for the spot I had just vacated. So eager were they that they fell one against the other. But they were disappointed in their leaps, and, like all felines, looked ashamed, and hesitated about taking another.

I saw that boldness was my only salvation. I was only six feet from the foremost tiger, and pointing my gun at his broad forehead, I had the satisfaction of seeing him bite the dust. What I should have done with the other three I cannot tell, for they were taken off my hands very unexpectedly. A sudden hissing and sputtering arose close by, and a fiery-tailed monster shot through the air into the midst of the three tigers, blowing up with a loud report immediately between the two rearmost.

You ought to have seen those creatures get. The rocket took all the fight out of them in a moment, scared them almost to death. All three galloped off, with their tails swelled out to three times their natural size with terror, while I stood laughing unrestrainedly at the ludicrous figure cut by my lately formidable opponents.

Mohammed, the shikkaree, had proved my salvation. He had been hunting for me when he heard my first shot close by, and hastened to the spot to be of assistance if possible. He had just arrived in the nick of time. His rockets proved even more efficacious than my bullets, and I learnt a lesson, not to go too far into the jungle alone again, for fear I might fall unawares into another nest of tigers.

### Some Observations on Good Breeding.

Gentlemen in the street car should always put one leg upon the other, sticking the foot in the way of passengers, and rub their clothes against it. Gentlemen may be recognized by this. It shows that regard for the rights and comfort of others which is the principle of true politeness, and the sign of home breeding.

Gentlemen at the theatre, while the orchestra is playing, should talk loud, forcing their rasping voices (these gentlemen always have rasping voices) so as to overcome the music. This makes all in the vicinity comfortable, particularly those that have musical sensations. And in general what this style of gentlemen have to say is far more interesting to those thereabout than any music.

Gentlemen who take young ladies to a theatre, opera or concert, should entertain them with talk while the performance is going on. Having paid a dollar or two, they have a right to get their money's worth. To suppose that any play or music can be as interesting as their talk is preposterous. Love-making cannot stop for the rights of audience; for the earth must be peopled. And to the young woman these are business opportunities in husbandry which she must not neglect. Business before pleasure is her motto.

Gentlemen should always spit. That which distinguishes man from all other beasts is that he spits. Spitting is always in order. At the theatre, concert, opera or lecture, the sound of its squirting and the spat of its fall on the floor give a wholesome sensation to all round. A person of a scientific turn of mind, who timed a spitting gentleman behind him at the theatre, found that the squirt and the dash occurred twice a minute. And he was only a moderately accomplished gentlemen.

The spitting gentlemen should always spit toward others, either the one who sits next, or across the aisles, or on the opposite side of the car. It is fair to say that the spitting gentleman rarely neglects this polite attention, which prefers others to himself in his ejections. The elementary rule of politeness is to have the same consideration for the feelings of others as for your own. The spitting gentlemen carry out this by making every place as nasty as their own mouths.

### Japanese Children.

One of the first lessons presented to a foreign teacher in Japan is the reason of the great apparent happiness and lightheadedness of Japanese children. One may walk for hours through the streets Tokio and scarcely ever hear a child's cry of distress. Four principal reasons for this superiority of the children of Japan over those of other nations have been suggested by an English lady, resident there. They are worthy of the attention of the teachers at home. The style of clothing, loose and yet warm, is far more comfortable than the dress of our children. Japanese children are much more out in the open air and sunshine. The absence of furniture, and, therefore, the absence of the repeatedly given instructions "not to touch." The thick, soft matting, forming at once the carpet and beds of all Japanese houses, and the raised lintels on to which the children may clamber as they grow strong, constitutes the veay beau ideal of an infant's play-ground. Children in Japan are much petted without being capriciously thwarted. A child is not cuffed one moment and indulged the next. To these four most suggestive reasons the writer could add a fifth, which is, that Japanese character is so constituted as to bring their elders into strong sympathy with the little ones. It has been well said that "Japan is a paradise for babies," for you see old and young playing together, at the battle-door and shuttle-cock in the streets; while on holidays the national amusement of men, women and children is flying huge paper kites. Puppet shows and masquerades also have their votaries in thousands from among both sexes and all ages.

### Learn Your Business.

A young man in a leather store used to feel very impatient with his employer for keeping him, year after year, for three years, "handling hides." But he saw the use of it in after years, when in an establishment of his own he was able to tell by a touch the exact quality of the goods. It was only by those thousands of repetitions that the lesson was learned, and so it is with everything in which we acquire skill. The great army of "incapables" is large enough; we would none of us willingly join its ranks. The half-informed, half-skilled in every business outnumber the other, dozens to one. It was a good suggestion, worthy of being remembered, which Daniel Webster made to a young man who asked him if there was any "room in the legal profession." "There is always room," said the great statesman.

The better you know your business the better your chance to rise. If you drone through your allotted tasks without keeping a wide awake lookout on all that goes on about you, your progress will be needlessly slow. You can gather much information by making a wise use of your eyes and ears, and perhaps be able to surprise your employer in an emergency by stepping into the "next man's" place and discharging his duties satisfactorily.

A fine little lad, some twelve years old, was employed in a telegraph office in a Southern town last year when the yellow fever raged so fearfully in that section. All the operatives were down with it and others sent on by the company were attacked. No one knew that the lad understood the business, but he had picked it up and kept up communication between the town and the outer world all the time the fever lasted.

Ex-Governor Morgan, of New York, was once a clerk in a store in Waterford. A trip to New York was an event in those days, but the young man had proved so faithful that he was entrusted with several commissions, among them being one to buy corn. He came back in due time in the old stage coach, and inquiries were made about the corn. The price was very satisfactory, but the old gentlemen thought it could not be good at so low a price. A handful which the young man pulled from his pocket convinced him, but what was his amazement to find that he had bought two cargoes!

"Why, Edwin, what shall we do with it?" he asked in consternation.

"I have disposed of all you don't want," said Edwin, "at an advance. I stopped in the stores as I came along. I could have disposed of three cargoes if I had had them."

The profits were clear, and his employer said the next morning, "We will let some one else do the sweeping," and Edwin was made a partner under twynty-one.

### The Terrible Tower.

The Tower of London is degraded—that is to say, made ordinary—by being put to commonplace uses by being exhibited in a commonplace manner. They use the famous White Tower now as a storehouse for arms. It contains at this minute 100,000 guns, all in good order, besides a vast collection of old armor and weapons. The arrangement of the latter was made by Planche, the dramatic author, who is famous as an antiquarian and herald. Under his intelligent and tasteful direction the effigies and gear of chivalry are displayed in such a way that the observer may trace the changes that war fashions have undergone through the reign of successive sovereigns of England from the earliest period until now. A suit of armor worn by the detested Henry VIII. is shown, and also a particularly rich suit worn by Charles I. The suggestiveness of both figures cannot be missed. Nature has written brute upon the one, and dissembler upon the other, in characters that admit of no doubt. In a room on the second floor of the White Tower they keep many very gorgeous oriental weapons, and they show the cloak in which General Wolfe died on the Plains of Abraham. It is a gray garment, and the active moth has given it a share of his personal attention. The most impressive objects to be seen here, however, are the block and axe that were used in killing the traitor lords of Kilparnock, Lovet and Balmerino, after the defeat of the Pretender in 1645. The block is made of ash, and there are big and cruel dents upon it which show that it was made for use rather than ornament. It is harmless, however, now, and this writer was allowed to place his head upon it in the manner prescribed for the victims of decapitation. The door of Raleigh's bedroom, is just opposite these baleful relics, and it is said his History of the World was written in the room in which these implements are now such conspicuous objects of gloom.

The whole place is gloomy and cheerless beyond expression, and very grea must have been the fortitude of the fortitude of the man who bore in this grim solitude a captivity of thirteen years—not failing to turn it to the best account by producing a book so marvelous for its learning, philosophy and eloquence. A ridiculous "beef eater," arrayed in a dark tunic and trousers trimmed with red, and a black velvet hat trimmed with bows of blue and red ribbon, precedes each squad of visitors, and drops information and h's from point to point. "The 'ard fate of the Harl of Hessex," was found to be a particularly fascinating topic with one of these functionaries; and very hard it was—for the listener as well as the earl—when standing on the spot where the poor gentleman lost his life by the mad spite of Queen Elizabeth, to hear his name so often persecuted. This spot is in the centre of what was once the Tower Green, and it is marked with a brass plate, naming Anne Boleyn, and giving the date when she was here beheaded. They found her body in a narrow box in the tower graveyard, and it now rests with the ashes of noble sufferers under the chapel of St. Peter, about fifty feet from the place of execution.

The ghost of Anne Boleyn is said to haunt that part of the tower where she lived, and it is likewise said that the spectre of Lady Jane Grey was seen not long ago on the anniversary of the day of her execution, to glide out on the balcony adjacent to the room in which she is known to have lived in at the last of her wasted and unfortunate life. It could serve no good purpose here to relate the particulars of these visitations; but nobody doubts them—while he is in the tower. It is a place of mystery and horror, notwithstanding all that the practical spirit of to-day can do, and has done, to degrade it—and that's much.

### Life in Italy.

The Italians live very simply. The country people are content with a diet which most American farmers would despise. They have four necessaries of life, the supply of which is always first considered—bread, maccaroni, oil and wine. The ordinary bread is coarse and rather dark, but decidedly more nutritious than that made from our finely-bolted American flour. We imagine that bread is good in proportion as it is *white*, and thus lose much of its best property. The Italians sometimes cook maccaroni in salt and water, from necessity; but, whenever possible, in meat and broth, with the addition of cheese and tomatoes. The olive oil, which each farmer makes for himself, is far better and wholesomer than lard; in fact, it is almost equal to fresh butter. Whatever is fried in it is sweet, palatable and easily digested. A great many Americans, knowing olive oil only as a medicine, shudder when they hear it spoken of as an article of food. Yet I have often seen them, in Italy, heartily relishing their chops, and omeletts, and fried fish, without the least suspicion of the fact that much of the flavor was due to the oil. Wine onions and oil, to a great extent, supply the place of meat; but eggs and fish are also plentiful, and usually cheap The flesh of pigs and goats—the raising of both animals being little expense to even the smallest land-owners—is much more common than veal or beef. Old or disabled horses are fattened and slaughtered, and many an unconscious visitor to Rome, Naples or Florence, takes his share of roasted horse in the restaurants. After a little experience I learned to distinguish the flesh, and having no prejudice against the use of it, I frequently ordered it for dinner. It has a coarser grain than beef and a slightly paler color; the flavor is similar, but with a suggestion of sweetness. If the horse be not too old, he furnishes a really palatable roast.

The people work steadily, but not with haste or energy; and they take their full share of the many holidays which their Church allows them. Their houses are always solidly built of stone, and last for centuries; but only those who are in exceptionally good circumstances have separate rooms for guests. Ordinarily, the neighbors come and go almost like members of the famlly sitting beside the fire of fagots in the winter, or under the vine trellis in the summer. There are always a few apple and fig-trees near the house. The latter bear fruit twice a year (in June and October) and contribute a good deal to the daily food of the people.

### A New Capitalist.

He didn't look as if his pockets held fifty cents, but a rich man has a right to dress as he chooses. He had loafed up Griswold staeet until he saw the right kind of a face, and then he asked:

"Can you show me a bank?"

"Yes sir; three doors below, or just across the street."

"Thanks. I'd like to put some money in some bank, but I'm a little afraid of banks. I always did prefer a note of hand to a bank."

The citizen pricked up his ears, and asked:

"You have some money to lend, have you?"

"A trifle," was the answer. "Do you know of anybody who'd like to take some, and give me a note for a year at seven per cent? I think of going to Mexico for a while."

"Let's see," mused the citizen, "I don't know but I'd take some myself."

"Lemme git a drink, and then we'll talk," said the stranger.

"Yes—certainly—come on," said the citizen, and the two went into a basement. Drinks were ordered by the citizen, one after another, until his shinplasters felt lonely. He said he could make good use of a few thousand dollars for a year, and some of his friends might also take a few thousand more.

The stranger put down gin, whisky and brandy until his legs give out. The citizen laid him on a bench and tried to sober him, but the fellow went dead asleep while they were trying to force vinegar down his throat. The barkeeper. said he was an old loafer, and a policeman was sent for to take him to the station house. When they got him down there and searched him, they found four cents, a brass-backed comb, and a door key in his pockets, and the citizen who wanted to borrow a few thousand dollars went softly around the corner to see if the mail had come in.

### Beware of Old Smoking-Pipes.

Nicotin is not the only poisonous substance in tobacco. It has been found that in old smoking pipes two other poisonous compounds are connected—namely, pyridin and picolin. The cause of the investigation was the death of a child who had been blowing soap-bubbles from an old, dirty pipe. It was first put down as a case of nicotin poisoning, but further investigation showed the correctness of the researches of Vohl and Eulenburg in regard to the poisonous effects of what they call the pyridin series, a product of the dry distillation of tobacco, which acts by paralyzing the respiratory nerves, and causes death by exhaustive convulsions, terminating in total asphyxia; so it was concluded that the child did not die from nicotin, but from pyridin. This view may be all the same to the public, but it is not the same to the physician and chemist, whose duty it is to ascertain the correct causes of disease and death, in order to profit by this knowledge for the benefit of mankind.

### The Ludicrous Sides of Life.

The dexterous leap of thought, by which the mind escapes from a seemingly hopeless dilemma, is worth all the vestments of dignity which the world holds. It was this readiness in repartee which continually saved Voltaire from social overturn. He once praised another writer very heartily to a third person. "It is very strange," was the reply, "that you speak so well of him, for he says that you are a charlatan." "Oh," replied Voltaire, "I think it very likely that both of us may be mistaken."

Again, you must have heard the anecdote of the young gentleman who was discoursing very dogmatically about the appropriate sphere of woman. "And pray, sir," screamed out an old lady, "what is the appropriate sphere of woman?" "A celestial sphere, madam."

Robert Hall did not lose his power of retort even in madness. A hypocritical condoler with his misfortunes once visited him in the mad-house, and said, in a whining tone, "What brought you here, Mr. Hall?" Hall significantly touched his brow with his finger, and replied, "What'll never bring you, sir—too much brain?"

A rapid change from enthusiasm to nonchalance is often necessary in society. Thus, a person once eloquently eulogizing the angelic qualities of Joan of Arc, was suddenly met by the petulent question, "What was Joan of Arc made of?" "She was Maid of Orleans."

A Yankee is never upset by the astonishing. He walks among the Alps with his hands in his pockets, and the smoke of his cigar is seen among the mists of Niagara. One of this class sauntered into the office of the lightning telegraph, and asked how long it would take to transmit a message to Washington. "Ten minutes," was the reply. "I can't wait," was his rejoinder.

Sheridan was never without a reason—never failed to extricate himself in any emergency by his wit. At a country house, where he was once on a visit, an elderly maiden lady desired to be his companion in a walk. He excused himself at first on the ground of the badness of the weather. She soon afterward, however, interrupted him in an attempt to escape without her. "Well," she said, "it is cleared up, I see." "Why, yes," he answered, "it has cleared up enough for *one*, but not enough for *two*."

It was this readiness which made John Randolph so terrible in retort. He was the Thersites of Congress, a tongue-stabber. No hyperbole of contempt or scorn could be launched against him, but he could overtop it with something more scornful and contemptuous. Opposition only maddened him into more brilliant bitterness. "Isn't it a shame, Mr. President," said he one day in the Senate, "that the noble bull-dogs of the Administration should be wasting their precious time in worrying the rats of the opposition?" Immediately the Senate was in an uproar, and he was clamorously called to order. The presiding officer, however, sustained him; and, pointing his long, skinny fingers at his opponents, Randolph screamed out, "Rats, did I say?—*mice, mice!*"

### Winter Sports in Russia.

The evening had been passed in social games and occasional dances, but all the fun was evidently regarded as merely preliminary or introductory to something better in store. Occasionally, I caught a phrase, which pointed to something which every body looked forward to, but was entirely ignorant of its nature, and presumed it to be tableaux or theatricals. Finally, at about 10 o'clock, a general call for furs and wrappings arose, and in a few minutes the whole company had passed into the garden. The moon had just risen, and its pale beams revealed the unshapely forms of snow covered trees and shrubs the tops only of the latter protruding over the thick bed of snow, with its glittering crust. In the center of the garden I soon discovered the attraction which had caused us to forsake the warm and lighted rooms—two katoks of moderate height loomed up before us, and a number of sleds were strewn about, ready for use. A general pairing took place immediately, and in a few moments the sport was in full blast. The two platforms faced each other, and the tracks ran side by side, so that the parties would dash past each other amid laughidg, screaming and shouting. I looked around for a vacant sled in order to try my hand at the game, but just as I was climbing the steps to one of the platforms I was informed that no gentleman could be permitted to ride alone on such an occasion, and I was quickly provided with a passenger—a young lady from the country endowed with considerable embonpoint. Without possessing the least confidence in my skill as a steersman I was somewhat comforted by the thought that the well-rounded form of my passenger, made still rounder by an ample fox-skin robe, would not be liable to suffer any serious damage in case of mishaps. With the utmost nonchallance I adjusted my sled at the very edge of the dazzling, shining and glittering incline. It is necessary that the steersman should seat himself first etiquette being entirely waived on the katok, but when the fair Anna Ivanovna dropped down in front of me with the grace and ease of a snowflake, though a trifle heavier, and, to use a slang phrase, "cuddle up" to my manly breast with a glance full of charming confidence, my innate modesty and diffidence caused me to recede a little, and as I was already seated on the extreme edge, there was a fall, a scream and a laugh, and the whole delightful performance had to be gone through with again. At last we were both seated, and the sled adjusted, as I imagined, with the utmost mathematical precision, so as to run a straight course to the end of the track. Full of confidence, I gave the start, and with an impetus that almost took my breath away, we dash ahead—to land in the snow bank on one side, only half way down the incline. The force with which the sled struck the snow caused it to overturn, and my fare and I rolled down the snow band to the level. My profuse apologies seemed to be altogether superfluous; the partner of my disaster was none the worse for it, and only remarked that it was very naughty of me to play that trick the first time. The innocent little bundle of fur thought I had upset us on purpose.

With some misgivings on my part the experiment was repeated, with nearly the same result, and by that time I dawned upon the other participants in the fun that they had a "greenhorn" among them, and plans of mischief were concocted accordingly. One of the gentleman approached me and observed that I seemed to be bewildered by the crowd dashing down before me and beside me, and that they would give me a chance of descending alone, ahead of them all. The company accordingly assembled on one of the platforms and I took my place once more on the brink with my fearless passenger before me. The suppressed laughter and the mischief sparkling in everybody's eye might have warned me that some plot was afoot; but unsuspectingly and carefully I launched my sled.

Exactly what followed I cannot tell, and would not care to enlarge upon it I could. In less than a second we had reached the level, but there my sled struck a broom-handle or something of the kind, and with a jump seemed to fly from under us, while we glided a piece down the track on our own responsibility, my companion clinging to me for dear life; and then there came a shock, and then another, and I don't know how many more until the whole scene became exceedingly shocking, for as each succeeding sled dumped its load over us, the confused mass of laughing and squirming bodies became more bewildering, and the placid moon grinned down upon a sight it is to be hoped not often enjoyed by the chaste Diana's symbol. At last everybody succeeded in extricating his or her own robes and furs and overshoes and limbs and something like order and propriety was once more restored; but the mere consciousness of my spotless innocence did not save me from being accused by all parties as the author of what they pleased to call a "shocking mishap." Though very much bewildered and confused, I had in my mind one clear idea—that I was not destined to shine in that peculiar institution of Russian society, the "katok."

### Training for a Corpse.

A carpenter in Virginia City, Nevada, newly raised to the dignity of 'prophet' in the Improved Order of Red Men, came near burning up his shop a short time ago. A friend and brother in the Order was lying very ill—at the point of death, it was thought. In case of his death there were certain ceremonies to be performed over the body while lying in 'wigwam' by the Prophet. Now, our Prophet had never undertaken the performance of these ceremonies, and he was not sure that he would be able to acquit himself creditably when he came to undertake them with the whole lodge standing about looking solemnly on. He thought he should like a little previous practice. With this in his mind he persuaded his partner, also a Red Man, to join him in a rehearsal, and take the part of the corpse. The partner saw no harm in having such a rehearsal, and thought it would really be a good thing for his friend, the Prophet. Accordingly a broad board was placed on two trestles, and the partner who was to be the corpse stretched upon it full length, and told the Prophet to proceed with the funeral ceremonies. The Prophet, in full war paint and a cow's tail stuck behind his ear, then began prancing about the remains. With some prompting from the corpse he got through with his mummeries in very fair shape. He then caught up a torch made of fat splinters, and began a solemn dance around the decorous and appreciative corpse. When in the midst of the dance and a dolorous chant, he suddenly discovered that in waving his torch he had left a trail of fire behind him in the shavings covering the floor, which completely encircled the sedate remains. The corpse took in the situation at the same moment as did the Prophet, and the two wound up the rehearsal with a very lively little fight to save their premises. Both had their hands and clothes badly scorched, and the partner swears that it is the last time he will ever 'train for a corpse.'

### Exciting Combat of Snakes.

An exciting "mill" took place at the National Museum the other day. The live snakes, of which there are quite a number, are kept in four glass cases, the bottoms of which are corered with sand. Recently a water snake was put in the case which the king snake occupies. His kingship resented the intrusion and attacked the visitor, and the two went tumbling around the case together in approved pugilistic style. Three rounds were fought. In the first two the king snake forced the fighting, and the water snake confined himself mainly to getting out of the awkward and dangerous positions in which the strength and skill of his adversary placed him. But as the "dodo will turn when trodden upon" so will the water snake when bitten too hard, and when rubbed down with a sponge after the second round he seemed to get his second wind and was eager for the fray. Meanwhile the king snake had opened his mouth to its full capacity, and was sharpening his teeth against the side of the case. Then came the fierce encounter, and both snakes fought nobly. Finally the king snake took his adversary's head entirely in his mouth and began to chew on it, which seemed to discourage the water snake, and caused his backer to throw up the sponge. The victor of the match is an old hand at contests of this kind, and recently bit an offending neighbor completely in two.

—Wisconsin has over 20,000,000 acres of good farming lands that have never been ploughed.

### Wharf Rats.

Wharf rats are long, lean hungry-looking vermin. Did you ever see one? Their haunts are between old bales and barrels, and in holes that long ago rotted out of the spiles, posts and logs of wharfs. They are sharp-eyed creatures, and of course avoid the sight of mankind. Your rat of that sort is a knowing animal.

But there is another kind of wharf-rat—a more interesting object of study—that I have in mind. It is the human "wharf rat." He is as keen, almost as quick, and a good deal more dirty, than his namesake, the quadruped.

One pleasant morning, not long since, I went down with two friends upon one of the wharves in Gotham, to get a view of the harbor. As we were standing quietly watching the shipping, our escort, Harry, exclaimed: "Why, what is this?" and he poked with a stick at something between two bales.

"Hallo! that's me, that is!" cried a shrill voice; and there slowly rose to view a curious specimen of humanity, bearing a general resemblance to a child of some six years, but probably more than twelve. His face was unique, small, droll, old and strangely pathetic in its drollness.

"Look here, mister, what right 'as you to come into my boarding-house?" he asked. "When a feller pays for board and lodgin', he doesn't ginerally like to be 'sturbed;" and he pulled at an imaginary visor, the real one having probably been torn of in yesterday's fights.

"How many of you are boarding round here?" asked Harry, much taken with the whimsical idea.

"That's telling," said the youngster, with a provoking smile, his grimy hand fumbling in his pocket.

"Will that help you?" asked my friend, showing a bit of bright silver.

"Well, Governor, it will I reckon;" was the quick response, and never in an old miser's face came a greedier look. The small, cunning eye fairly devoured the coin.

"There's sometimes a dozen, and sometimes more," said the small boy. "There's two or three stowed way in there," pointing to several bales and barrels. "It's snug in there, and they keep each other warm."

"And have you no other home?"

"I hasn't, sir. I've lived round the wharf ever since I was a little feller. I never had no home as I knows of; I was raised in a hospitle, 'n' I never saw nobody b'longing to me."

"Do you come down here only to sleep?"

The boy gave a droll, evil sort of glance as he answered:

"We git jobs, you know. The sailors are good to us sometimes, and then—sometimes—we find things."

"What do you mean by finding things?"

"Well, you finds 'em in boats, and you finds 'em some foggy nights on the ships. There's little punts along these yere wharves, kept out of sight mostly, and there's old men been at the business a good while, and they're the ones as finds things, and we gits somethin' for helpin' 'em. Sometimes there's a smash or the watchman sees 'em, or the perlice is aboard. Golly, then we puts! No matter 'bout boats—we jest swims for it."

"Don't you know that this is wrong?" asked my friend, with an innocent expression.

"Well, we don't know nothin' down here," was the answer. "We jes gets a livin', that's all."

"And a pretty hard one muttered Harry, as two or three shocks of uncombed hair were seen emerging from the nooks and corners—sleepy, bleary-eyed boys, with faces the cunning meanness and cruelty of which no painter, however skillful, could portray.

Probably they were all thieves of the meanest sort; though Bill Hiltz, who was pointed out to us—the bouquet-seller in summer—had a better expression, clearer eyes, and a really sweet smile. Some of these boys had parents of the baser sort. One of them said his father was in the hospital with a broken leg.

"Yes," cried another, "he got caught a-burgling, and fell out of the second winder; that's wot's the matter of him."

They were all ragged. One or two had armless overcoats, and others fur caps, from which the fur was worn in ridges. I never saw a queerer assortment of old clothes. And the pinched faces, haggard and gray, as if generations of sin and shame had sifted all the evil of their wicked lives into them!

I wondered whether these "rats" ever played like other boys at the merry old games that seem to have come down from the time of the deluge; but when I turned to ask, the speaker, who was unquestionably the brightest among them, had gone for a wash.

The last I saw of him he had crept down close to the water, and was dipping his shaggy head under, while only his heels and a few fluttering rags were visible.

### Intemperate Water Drinking.

Improper drinking has killed thousands. There have been instances where thirsty armies, after long marches, have come to some river, when the men would lie down on their faces and quaff an inordinate quantity of water, with these results; some died almost instantly, others became crazy and staggered like drunken men. Avoid drinking water as much as possible while walking. When you feel thirsty, rinse the mouth with water, but do not swallow it. Drink only when resting. Men, when heated, should not drink anything cold. Drink slowly; half a tumbler of water will suffice the thirstiest man in the world, if he drinks it by sips. In fact it is almost impossible to get down a full glass of water taken in this way.