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

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SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere there blows
Myrtle and Rose
And Cedar for me;
But where, no one knows,
Or, may not disclose
The secret to me.

Somewhere a heart
Is blooming apart
For love and for me;
But where, none will tell.
Dear heart, is it well
For thee or for me?

Somewhere a grief—
A skeleton thief—
Is lurking for me;
But where, only One knows,
Who hides future woes
Somewhere from me.

Jealousy's Fearful Vengeance.

The average Frenchman is fond of the water in the summer, and from the fact that he is in the habit of surrounding it with attractive accessories he undoubtedly derives more pleasure from it than Americans usually do. Nor is it a French instinct to act selfishly in this matter. All along the Seine places are also assigned at certain points for the bathing of horses, others for the washing of dogs. The dog-wash is frequently an amusing and an animated sight. Delicate and fastidious pets noisily and pathetically resent the too familiar attentions of the professional washers; while the half-hysteric owners of some, especially if they are spinsters, cannot be torn apart from their trembling poodles, but preside at the operation and try to console them with expressions of the most ridiculous blandishment.

It was a glorious hot afternoon in July. All the baths that line the Seine at Paris and the suburbs of the east and west were in full swing—human, equine and canine were taxed to their utmost capacity. At one of the latter, an American boy of twelve was dividing his attention between the elaborate sousing administered to his own Dandie Dinmont and the human-like yelpings of a bedizened lap-dog that protested against the cruelty of the proposed ablution, and whose owner in a tearful voice endeavored to console and fortify her pet. The elderly owner of the dog was accompanied by her niece—a charming looking young girl with blonde hair, a complexion like new cream, and dark, expressive eyes—as yet, evidently, slightly on the childhood's side of the promise of her teens.

As the actively-perceptive eye of this young girl marked how courageously the Dandie Dinmont took his bath, and how, on the contrary, Socrates whined, and yelped, and struggled, while his mistress feigned to weep, she became suddenly conscious that the boy regarded her aunt and her pet with an air of amusement not entirely free from derision.

The expression of burning resentment that instantly transformed her features was a study for a physiognomist; and with an impetuous stamp of her substantial arched foot she whispered, or, rather, hissed:

"You disagreeable boy; I hate you, do."

He noticed the strange change that came over her face and felt the indignation that flashed from her eye; so with the instinct of a well-bred boy he confined his attention to his own immediate business.

The Dandie Dinmont left the bath, and the episode of the dog-bath had almost exhaled from the youthful mind of his master, when a quick yelp betokened too surely his favorite's pain. The boy turned; the aunt and her poodle were behind, and the girl had struck the inoffensive terrier with her hoop-stick. His look conveyed a mixture of anger and surprise.

"You are a cruel girl, I know that," he murmured. "Come here Dick!"

"You are an impertinent monkey, and I'll hit him again," she cried; and heedless of her aunt's remonstrance, she rushed with uplifted arm at the timid creature.

"Dick" bolted to the middle of the street, to terrified of his cruel pursuer too avoid the approaching wheel of a rapidly-driven vehicle. There was a hitch in the wheel; a little appealing agonizing bark, and the dog had numbered his days. The boy ran and picked up his mangled pet and placed the long, silken hair against his heart; then he lifted up his voice and wept.

The girl was too surprised to speak, but there was no grief in her look, simply open-eyed astonishment; but when she had fully realized the catastrophe, her glance was the glance of one who had triumphed, as the boy's understanding interpreted it.

"Bathed in the helpless wrath of tears," he watched the girl's retreating form, and when she again looked round, he saw nothing of relenting nor of sympathy in her look. And he recollected the hard look as long as he lived. For, as Jean Paul had written, "Remembrances last longer than present reality, as we may conserve blossoms many years, but never fruits."

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At twenty, Ursula Heydenreich was the arbitrary mistress of large possessions. As she looked at herself in the mirror, she beheld the reflection of a large and handsome woman, with a massive white neck, deep bosom and majestic shoulders. It would have been easy to criticise the face; and yet it was a face that few young men could have looked at without misgivings that he might too soon learn to labor and to linger for its glances, its smiles, its approval, and its love.

Miss Von Heydenreich paced her boudoir in a state of unusual mental indecision. And yet she was only deliberating about having her portrait painted. As usually regarded, if abundant means wait upon inclinations, and the gifted artist upon both, the sittings may be commenced as soon as convenient. But other considerations entered the embryonic purpose of the heiress. The artist whom she thought of employing was not esteemed highly gifted. Hence to employ him would be exceedingly to honor him. That was one point to be kept steadfastily in mind.

But then, again, she did not propose to patronize him so much for his talents as for the unconfessed purpose of compensating him for a slight mishap which had befallen him, and of which she had in some slight degree been the trivial cause. It had always seemed to her so exquisitely absurd to see the little fellow eight years since, blubbering over his little hairy dog! And yet the little painter had grown handsome, with a manly look! What sort of a heart had supplanted that of the tearful boy? It might be an interesting amusement to probe it. The sorrow of the boy was an emotional treat in its way; might not the mature agony of the man be exquisite?

It would be a great injustice to Miss Von Heydenreich to imply that she analyzed her motives with the result just indicated. We are seldom careful to examine any too closely the alembic wherein the mainspring of an unworthy action lies coiled; another motive-power more in consonance with our egotism, always lies just a little further away and may conveniently be pressed into service to gild and varnish the occasion. Hence, while Ursula persistently deluded herself that she was about to patronize and honor Eugene Raymond, she was in reality actively preparing to submit him to an inquisitorial ordeal that had for its end torture.

Well, the sittings began, and the costume and environment elaborately prepared for it showed her to be a daughter of Circe. The room and its inmate formed an arsenal of seductiveness. She was in the subtle glow of health, which in her case took that low cream-color that never flushes and that passion itself seems to have made so pale.

Yet the young artist braced himself with a thought of the past, and worked calmly, followed by the gaze which was soft and sympathetic for the woman. Often stealthily he observed those eyes for they presented a marked contrast to the look of hard, selfish triumph that the girl had photographed on his memory when a boy. But the man had seen eyes and eyes—eyes that no words can describe and no pigments portray; eyes that flicker like the opal; eyes that draw men's hearts to love as the magnet draws the needle; eyes that drive men mad, as magic philtres drive them mad. Ursula's eyes were glorious; but they were disfigured by the film of a cruel memory, and he was safe.

Lovers, it is needless to say, Miss Von Heydenreich had now in plenty; yet hitherto the favorite of the hour had had but small cause to plume himself on his position. She was naturally one of those not by any means uncommon pretty women who delude themselves with the idea that every man they meet would have preferred them, if the preference had not been hopeless. Of course she expected Eugene Raymond to fall in love with her—into a love that she might tamper with and then pitch aside like a garment. If any one had suggested that such a proceeding was cruel, in all probability she would have retorted something like this:

"Let him take care of himself. You might as well blame the odorous absinthe for its seduction of the palate and its confusion of the brain.

But as day after day passed she began to feel disappointed at the coldness of his bearing. The proud attitude he assumed perplexed her. Why was he so distant—so formally polite? She smiled on him more kindly than ever, yet neither her beauty nor her condescension wrought the wild havoc she had expected with his senses and his reason. She could hardly believe that his too obvious indifference was real.

"I am so much above him," she reflected. "He dare not presume;" and she resolved that it should be no fault of hers if he were not undeceived.

Yet the portrait was painted, and he had made no sign. Nay, he had refused to accept the sum she had offered over and above the covenanted price, and when she had offered her hand at parting, he had touched it with the same unchangeable, cold politeness. Behind her was the portrait; before her was his receding form. What had she gained by her experiment? He turned the corner and was hid from her view; and then her face quivered, her bosom heaved, and she clenched both hands till the round, white arms grew hard as marble. Then she bit her lip once, savagely, and so seemed to regain her accustomed composure and the usual dignity of her bearing.

Pique of this kind is one of the hardy perennial plants of the female mind. For several days Miss Von Heydenreich struggled unsuccessfully to uproot it. The noble and kindly bearing of the artist, his respectfully attentive looks, his courteousness as distinguished from familiarity, the worth and gentleness of his manhood, his bright, good-humored face would intrude at all hours and upon all occasions. In the mornings when she slept late she would be lapped in delicious dreams of which he was the central figure. And when she awoke and found it was but a dream she rose with trembling vexation. She could not crush "this madness," as she termed it, under the iron heel of her will; for it now thrilled through every fibre of her being. She was under the despotic thraldom of the master-passion of the human mind.

If men dressed in a little brief authority play such fantastic tricks before Heaven as to induce angelic tears, what may be said of a woman like Ursula Von Heydenreich, when possessed of the mocking demon of unrequited passion! Little prudence or discretion, I ween, might be expected of her; but mostly to ride on the waves of impulse, and try and direct the storm from that miraculous seat.

The information that resulted from certain elaborate inquiries made known to her that Eugene Raymond had gone to Switzerland, painting of course. Switzerland was a proper place to visit, and she went to Switzerland. Albeit the quest tried her patience and her muscles to the utmost, she persevered for three weeks till she found him.

Ah! with what different eyes she looked upon the sunrise next morning. She smiled on everybody and everything; yet she had not spoken a word to the painter. No; at first it was bliss to watch him from afar—to focus him through a telescope as he sketched.

One evening as she watched, a strange agony of terror came over her. As he stood on the mountain-side, intent at his work, the silent peaks above him had turned to pearl under the magical light of the hour, and from out of some olive-hued foliage a female form darted and was straightway at his side. With inflamed eye, the watcher saw the face alight with joyousness and mirth; her round, childlike forehead, her little dusky, graceful head, her beaming eyes, her fresh, half-open mouth, and the kiss that was implanted thereon.

When Miss Von Heydenreich again sat in her little room before her wood fire she beheld mocking demons weaving horrible spells in the flames, while gibbering goblins seemed haunting the distant corners af the room. The wind rose and sobbed without, and in its wail she seemed to hear the lament of her own soul over its destiny. She felt there was madness within her. How or when it might work she knew not. That would depend upon circumstances.

Day after day she beheld the artist and the girl together. Day after day her soul drifted more and more helplessly through the tempest of rage and gloom. Alone among the mountain solitudes she spent the long hours battling in a fashion with her evil nature. She had never revealed herself to Eugene. Her pride forbade the step; yet if she had known how to pray she would have prayed.

One day she was inspired with a sudden resolve to leave the place for ever and to bury her infatuation in her heart of hearts.

"Next morning," she said to her maid, "I shall leave for Geneva. I am going for a walk now."

It was the early evening hour. The sunlight grew redder and richer as she stepped along, and as she reached a yawning chasm through which clashed a silver rill, the valley became glorified with this sunset color, and a female form standing pensively on the verge seemed bathed in blood.

The eyes of Ursula flamed and became almost blind. Her kness for a brief moment shook under her. Then the demon assumed the sway. Boldly she approached the child like creature.

"I shall have one searching, close look at her!" said she, possessed of a demon, and she walked quickly. The fawn-like creature was evidently startled and terrified by the other's dreadful gaze, and she retreated a step and averted her head. Something in the movement goaded the other to fury. There was a blinding rush of blood to her brain, and when she became herself she was alone by the brink of the chasm.

An hour afterwards the artist met Miss Von Heydenreich hurrying towards her lodgings. There was a start and a recognition. She would have spoken; but he bowed coldly and passed on. What tempted each of them to turn and to look? Perhaps it was a natural impulse on her part; maybe an intuition on his. At all events, he again beheld the look of cold, cruel triumph he had seen when a boy; but the look then compared to the glance now as water compares to wine.

With a sensation as if he had been suddenly stricken with palsy, Eugene walked on to seek the wife he should never again see alive. But next morning she lay on a spotless bed, with a rose on her heart, stiff and stark, a wound in her forehead, and a look of terror and agony in her open eyes. And people came in and wept, and whispered and looked; while Eugene Raymond sat like a picture of Despair beside his dead. He knew who had murdered his poor Florence; but there was no proof, and the assassin remained unmolested.

As to the readers natural curiosity respecting Ursula Von Heydenreich's ultimate fate, let him be assured that the "mills of the gods" are no distempered dream, nor the avenging Nemesis no mere mythological vision.

The Food Supply of Great Britian.

The gross imports of the United Kingdom for 1877 exceeded those of the previous year by the sum of over $94,000,000. Of this increase, $48,400,000 was for articles of food for human consumption. The total import of such articles for the year amounted to more than $466,000,000. This amount includes live animals intended for food, meats of all kinds, wheat and flour, Indian corn, rice, butter, lard, cheese, eggs, fish and potatoes; and does not include tea, coffee, or sugar. In custom houses parlance these latter are not articles of food.

Thirty years ago the import of food was not seriously large. In 1846 foreign breadstuffs were imported to the amount of only seventeen pounds per head of the whole population of the country; in 1855 it had increased to seventy pounds; in 1865 to ninety-three pounds; and in the past five years the average annual import has been over 180 pounds for each person in the kingdom. It is estimated that every person consumes a little more than five bushels, or 300 pounds, of wheat or other rain yearly, and it will be seen that the Britons are now obtaining nearly two-thirds, of their breadstuffs from abroad. It should be noted, however, that three seasons of the last five have been rather indifferent ones, and the average may be abnormally high in some measure. Nevertheless the increase is uniform and rapid, and Great Britain is fast nearing the time when fully two-thirds of her bread supply will regularly come from foreign countries.

—No man likes to hold a girl baby in his arms until she is seventeen years old.

The Young Man of Means.

I arrived in New York a few days ago, and immediately took rooms at the Astor House. I have always made it a rule to get the best of everything, even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. I hadn't been at the Astor House but one day when the clerk brought me my bill.

"Is it customary," said I, "to pay the first day?"

"It is, with men of your stamp," he replied.

"What kind of a stamp do you take me for?" said I.

"You look like a two-cent stamp," he replied, very insultingly. "You either pay this bill or get out. Have you got any money?" said he.

"My estimable young friend," I replied, "you have probably heard of Dr. Benjamin Franklin, long since deceased. That eminent physician was at one time in the proverb line, and did a very good business. He said among other things that time is money. Now I haven't got any money, but as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt that bill, I will give you a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your trouble."

He made no reply, but from the fact of the porter's coming up immediately after, removing my trunk to the sidewalk and hustling me out after it, I inferred that I wasn't a financial success. I immediately called a hackman, and told him to take me to a cheap, but respectable hotel. "And the cheaper it is," I added, "the more respectable I shall consider it."

He drove me to the Excelsior Hotel, and I told him that if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

"If you don't fork over them fifty cents," said he, "there'll be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife nor none o' your children."

"But I am busted," said I. "If meeting houses were selling two for a cent, I couldn't buy the handle of a contribution box."

He swore at me awfully, and said he would have it out of my trunk, so he burst it open. But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with sawdust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is invaluable.

I will not say that this hackman looked daggers at me. He looked a whole arsenal, with a back room full of bayonets; and as he mounted his seat and drove away, the air was fairly blue with his curses. He got off string after string without a single mistake, and he must have had the devil's dictionary at his tongue's end. It fairly curdled my blood to hear him, and I have felt bad ever since. I afterwards heard that this hackman was always very wicked, and wouldn't go to Sunday School when he was a little boy; but when his mother put on his cap with a tassel to it, and gave him a cent to put in the contribution box, would go off with other bad boys, and kill toads. Is it a wonder that he has grown up to be a great horrid thing, and use profane language toward highly respectable people in unfortunate circumstances?

Pompeii.

The streets of Pompeii are straight nd regular though exceedingly narrow, some of them being not more than eight feet wide. They are paved with large flat stones or blocks of lava, in which may be seen the deep ruts made by Roman chariot wheels eighteen centuries ago. Here and there at the crossings, are large stepping stones for the accommodation of pedestrians, to keep their feet out of the mud, similar to those used in this day. As we walked those deserted and desolate streets, so silent and death like, it seemed as if we must meet some of the former inhabitants. But there were no faces at the windows, nor human forms in the doorways, no cry of street peddlers, nor shouting of boys, nor rolling of wheels over the pavements, nor business in the market places. We were reminded of the words of Jeremiah: "How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people."

The dwellings, built of stone and brick and plastered on the outside with mortar, are generally small and mostly of one story. They are built in oriental style, with an open court in the centre, and the different rooms of the house arranged around and opening into this court. The roofs are mostly destroyed, having been crushed down by the weight of the ashes, leaving the walls standing. Entering the houses we found various apartments. In the dining room are tables of stone covered with petrified food. In the sleeping rooms are beds and couches. In one of the kitchens was found a fowl put in the skillet 1800 years ago, and a stew pan containing a small pig for roasting, just ready to go to the oven for the family dinner; but the pig never entered the oven, and the family omitted the dinner. When the dwellings were uncovered, many elegant frescoes were found on the walls, and beautiful mosaics on the floors. Some of these look as bright and fresh as if finished 18 instead of eighteen-hundred years ago. Near the threshold of the "House of the Tragic Poet" was a mosaic representibg a fierce dog, with the inscription, "Cave Canem," (Beware of the Dog.) In the "House of the Vestals" you have a more cordial greeting, for upon the door sill is the word "Salve" (Welcome.) The pictures, frescoes, mosaics, sculptures, and even jewelery, found in some of the houses, show a horrible depravity in morals. Many of these are so shameful as to be locked away from public gaze. Pompeii was a very Sodom in wickedness, and it is no wonder that an awful baptism of fire destroyed it.

In the streets of this buried city are many shops with the signs still over the doorways. Enter one, and there is marble partly sculptured, with the sculptor's tools lying about; enter another, and you find medicines and surgical instruments; enter a third, and the stains made by the wet glasses on the marble counter, as well as the stone liquor jars behind it, tell you plainly you are in a drinking saloon. An eating house was lately discovered, with its meats and delicacies on the counter. In the same room were fire-places to keep the soups and messes warm. A bakery and a grist mill, both in the same building, have been brought to light. The mill was turned by a clumsy horse power, and in the bakery shop was found a batch of loaves which had remained in the oven ever since the 24th of August, A. D. 79.

Pompeii had its temples of heathen worship, within which were found dols of marble, silver and gold. One, called the temple of Isis, is 84 feet long and 75 feet broad. On its altar still remained the ashes of victims offered in sacrifice to pagan gods; but where were the worshippers? In the temple was found the skeleton of a priest, sitting at a table on which was spread his last earthly meal. Near the door was another priest, holding in his skeleton hand a hatchet, with which he tried to aut his way out of the temple. In the "Temple of Juno," lately uncovered, 300 skeletons were found crowded together, and all buried beneath the burning ashes thrown out by the volcano. In the very hour of the destruction the priestess was offering sacrifice to the "Queen of the Gods."

We visited the forum, which like that of Rome, occupied a central position in the city. On different sides were great rows of columns, and long porticos, still remaining to show the outlines of the noted place. Here and there were the pedestals on which stood famous statues. In the forum public meetings were held, when the multitudes were addressed by such great orators as Cicero. In fact, a notice of a public meeting for the very night on which the storm of ashes began is shown the traveler, but the meeting was postponed forever.

This ancient city of pleasure seekers had their great amphitheatre. It is outside the present excavations, full half a mile away, and is quite perfect in preservation. It is a large stone building 430 feet long and 335 feet wide, shaped like the coliseum at Rome, and was used for gladitorial shows. On its stone steps once sat 15,000 spectators. The pillars, doors, seats, entrances and caves for the wild beasts, are as perfect as they were 18 centuries ago. Placards announcing theatrical performances are still seen on the walls.

Outside the "Herculaneum Gate" is a large dwelling said to belong to one Diomede, because a tomb inscribed with that name was found near by. This villa has been admirably described by the English novelist Bulwer in his "Last days of Pompeii." The supposed owner was found in his garden, having in his hands a bunch of keys, and a purse filled with gold and silver coins. In the cellar of Diomede's house, huddled together in one corner, crouching before the awful storm, were found 18 skeletons, mostly females, supposed to be members of the family. They were encased in hardened mud and ashes. One was an infant whose little form still clung to the bony bosom of its mother. Some of the victims had rings and bracelets encircling their skeleton fingers and wrists, and gold ornaments on their necks.

Protection of Birds.

Birds subsist during the fore part of the season almost entirely on insects. Many of them—robins, chipping birds, wrens and swallows,—as if knowing that they were the husbandman's best friends, seek his yards, orchards and buildings to build their nests and rear their young. They do this as if hoping he would appreciate their services and give them his protecting care, and guard them against their enemies. Many do give them their watchful care so long as the parent birds are feeding their young in the nest, but as soon as the young birds leave their nest to try their wings, they are seized by the family favorite cat and thus their existence ends. In this way a large proportion of young robins, chipping birds, wrens and blue birds, that place themselves under the watchful care of the husbandman are disposed of. This favorite cat, in her rambles over the fields in search of game, finds many birds ere they learn to use their wings, or that danger is near. Now let us see what these birds have done while rearing their young in protecting the husbandman's crops, to meet this ruthless treatment at his hands. Let us watch the movements of a single pair of robins that have built their nest, as if on purpose, in a maple right at our door. They fear no danger, not being conscious of having done us any harm. During the period of incubation one of the faithful pair is constantly at its trust. As soon as the little birds appear the faithful parent birds are ever on the alert for worms to fill the mouths of their young as they stretch their long and slender necks above the nest. If you can spare the time, place yourself at the window, watch in hand, and count the number of times one of the parent birds carries a mouthful of worms to the ever hungry brood during the first hour. You will be surprised to find that they have made these trips once a minute, or sixty times during the hour, and that these trips have been continued during the entire day; and that this faithful pair, with their young, have lessened the number of these noxious insects in one day not less than five hundred to one thousand, depending on the kinds and size. Should this one pair of robins, with their young, remain undisturbed during the season, even should this be all the increase, they would consume no less than twenty to thirty thousand larvæ of May-beetles, cut-worms, and other destructive insects. This is the work of one pair of robins with their young, and for one season only. As many as one-hundred wire-worms have been found in the crop of a single robin. It is said that a young robin will eat daily its own weight of worms.

The Little Sailor of Olcott.

We were leaning over the Creek bridge at Olcott, watching Ed. Martin, as he took his evening fish. Martin keeps the little boat house on the west side of the creek, where at any hour of the day can be found a row boat creek worthy or lake worthy. As we stood there, there appeared upon the landing at the boat house a little fellow, "knee high to a grasshopper" who wanted to know—in a voice worthy of a larger man—which boat he should take. As the younster was just about tall enough to see comfortably all over the top of an ordinary table, every eye in the party was at once directed with an expression of mingled wonderment and amusement at the speaker. He was burthened with little more than pantaloons, shirt, and slouched sailor cap. The question as to which boat he should take was put to Mr. Martin, his father, who directed him to the little "Lena," we believe, a graceful shell, large enough to hold a party of four or half a dozen comfortably.

As the little boatman stepped into the "Lena," a series of questions were put to his natural protector, who was playing with the fishing-line.

"Why, does that little fellow go out on the creek alone?"

"O, yes; he goes wherever he pleases."

"How old is he?"

"Five years old."

"Do you let him take the boat whenever he chooses?"

"Yes, he goes on the lake alone frequently with the sail boat. He takes parties out sailing, miles away from the land."

"Are you not afraid to have the little chick do so?"

"No. He knows what he's about."

It was very evident from the way he was now handling the oars, that he knew what he was about. He sped up the creek like an arrow, and had just the stroke that one might imagine the experienced man-of-war's man to have. There was some surprise felt by the lady witnesses that the father could allow so diminutive a piece of humanity to brave the dangers of the waves alone. But they forgot, perhaps, that he was born a sailor and moreover, that a child is no more helpless—in ordinary times just as powerful, as a strong man on the fickle waves. It was faith, you remember, that in those old times did wonders on the deep.

As the party were leaving the place, remarking upon what they had seen and heard, a man who stood near trying to catch the attention of some three-pounders with a spoon hook, gave his head an expressive shake and said:

"That boy is safer than many men on the water. I have met him miles out upon the lake, sailing over the white caps as self-possessed and brave as any old tar."

What do all the fathers and mothers of five-year-olds born with silver spoons in their mouths, and passing their time with block-houses, high chairs and bibs, think of that!

Mr. Middlerib Tries the Skates.

There was some little difficulty experienced when Mr. Middlerib presented himself at the rink and called for the necessary paraphernalis in finding a pair of skates that would accommodate him. He has been afflicted for years past with tender feet, and has dealt most tenderly with the active reminiscences of youthful corns and bunions, and the distorted remembrances of the tight boots of his callow days, by wearing the largest and softest socks and the roomiest boots that could be had for money. Consequently, when he asked for skates, the man thought he must mean a pair of skids. But they found a pair that could be persuaded to do, and, although Mr. Middlerib could not see them when they were on his feet, he accepted the statement of the artist that they were just a snug fit, and stood up—temporarily.

He had fallen with such amazing celerity and promptness that he couldn't for the life of him see that it changed the slippery skate of his boyhood a particle to take off the blade and put on wheels. He felt around for his hat which had jolted up off his head like a rocket and lodged in the chandelier; and, when they had fished it down and handed it to him, he felt around for his head, which seemed to have gone a story and a half higher than the hat. But it was in its usual place, and he tenderly covered it with his hat, pulling the head piece clear down over his ears, to avoid the danger of jolting it up through the ventilator in the ceiling. Then he got up very slowly and with alarming caution. He held on to a post with one hand and a man with the other, and straightened up by degrees, as a boy hiding behind the wood pile rises to see if his father is coming. When he stood up at last and looked down at the floor Mr. Middlerib was amazed to see how far away it was. It didn't seem as though he could stand on one foot and reach down to it with the other.

If his knees would only quit wobbling, he said, he could strike out and get around with any of them. The man who steadied him told him they wouldn't wobble after he got started. Mr. Middlerib's confidence in the steadiness of roller-skate, however, had been sadly shaken since he got his foot on it, and it required a great deal of persuasion on the part of exhibition and poetic skating on the part of the expository artists, to induce him to strike out. But he struck out at last, with both feet. East by north with the left foot, or kind of up toward the Cedar Rapids depot, and southeast by south, or in the general direction of Dickie's mill and Prospect bluffs, with the other. His feelings were terrible. Each foot went further than the other, and gained in speed at each revolution of the little wheels. If Mr. Middlerib's legs had been longer he would have skated further and faster, and in more widely diverging directions. As it was just before he tore himself in two, one of his feet struck a bench, and the other a good but prostrate young man, who had, if Mr. Middlerib could judge by the crash which accompanied his arrival just fallen from the moon. Strong hands sustained Mr. Middlerib, and assisted him to pull himself together again; for the owner of the building had just informed the proprietor of the rink that if Mr. Middlerib fell again he would raise the rent. Mr. Middlerib sighed heavily, and said it was a dreadful feeling to feel yourself seceding—fairly disintergrating, as it were—and no constitutional obstructions to check the proceeding. He had, however, he said, rather got the hang of it, and thought he would now do very well. If the man, he said, would only give him a helping shove and started him. And now Mr. Middlerib started off down the rink like a landslide on legs.

He had not got twenty feet away from the man before he made the appalling discovery that his feet were moving forward at a much greater rate than his body. He thought that maybe he was making steam too fast, and accordingly he shut off and held his feet close together, but they held the start they had gained, and even kept on increasing it. Mr. Middlerib knew that this could not last long; he knew the matters would be brought to a crises very soon; and he saw disaster staring him in that face if he didn't manage to catch up with his feet very immediately. He remembered how he used to stop himself when he was a boy, and raising his toes, he essayed to dig his heels in the floor.

He came a great deal nearer, so the people said who saw him go down, digging his toes into the ceiling. But he dug something into the floor with sufficient vehemence to enable him to "slow up" before he went through the end of the building. He said, when they set him up and let him lean up against the perforated end of the arnica bottle, that the ice of his childhood, as he remembered it, was less addicted to slivers than the rink surface, and when a man fell on it, he slid far enough to break the force of the fall. He then, asked for a pair of skates with air brakes, and on being informed that there were none in the market, he said he would take a pair with the old fashioned, hand brakes, and when he found there were no skates with those appendages, he solemnly said, if he had known that, he would not have depended on them and need not have fallen. And he said, too, that he believed he had all of the fruit he cared about. There were men, he confidentially informed the attendant who unharnessed his feet, who never knew when it was time to assume the dignity of manhood, and the pleasant reserve of age, whose gray hairs were a constant reproach and rebuke to their childish, imbecile follies and longings, but for his part he could not countenance such degenerate manhood. He loved to witness the sports of youth, but he did not feel any desire to join in them; and such a feeling, in any man of mature years, would be morbid, unhealthy, foolish and wicked.

The Deacon and his Cow.

Deacon Hiram Jones, of St. Paul, went out to milk his cow the other morning, while the mercury was nestling down among the twenties below zero. His feet were clad in a light, close-fitting pair of moccasins.

The cow stood in a cold, hunched-up posture. He "hysted" her; seated himself on the stool, took hold in his usual, energetic, triangular fashion, and had smashed into about the middle of the first half of the first squeeze, when bossy's nigh hand foot suddenly swung out, and doubled that tin milk pail flatter than a pair of waffle irons, while the Deacon tipped backward from his three-legged stool and sat down forcibly on his shoulders.

"Consarn your picter," said the Deacon, in short, emphatic tones, starting up and firing his stool, hitting the side of the barn about three feet from the animal's back.

The culprit, filled with a lively sense of her depravity, was, by this time, piroueting around the inner perimeter of the stable with considerable alacrity.

"I'll larn yer!" again ejaculated the Deacon, clenching his teeth, doubling his fists and darting forward, and planting his right big toe solidly against the bones just back of Brindie's shoulder.

Then, if a professor of the higher Christian life had been present, he would have seen Deacon Hiram eagerly grab that toe with his hands, and begin hopping around the stable on one foot, exclaiming:

"Ow-ow-oo-oo! Jiminy to blazes! O-o-o-o!! Ugh!"

And then he would have seen him mournfully lean up against the manger, cautiously work that big toe with his thumb and finger to see if it was out of joint, and then, utterly ignoring the presence of the cow, go limping off to the house, to get the arnica bottle and relate the circumstances to his sympathizing family.

Punctuality of Martha Washington.

Miss Peale, the daughter of James Peale, tells this story of the punctuality of Martha Washington: My father had an engagement to paint a miniature of Mrs. Washington in Philadelphia, the general being then out of town. He was obliged to go to her house, and the appointment for a first sitting was arranged for seven o'clock in the morning. My father arrived at the house and taking out his watch found he was exactly on time. The thought, then struck him that possibly it might be to early to disturb a lady, and he decided to give ten minutes' grace before knocking at the door. He accordingly walked the pavement, and at the end of ten minutes pulled out his watch and rang the bell. He was ushered into the parlor and Mrs. Washington accosted him, drew out her watch, and said she had given her orders for the day, had heard her daughter take her lessons on the harpsichord, had read all the morning papers, and after all this had been waiting for him ten minutes.

A Clandestine Marriage.

Recently were borne from a sumptuous house high up on Fifth avenue, New York, for interment in a Connecticut town on the New Haven road, the remains of a revered wife and mother. Half a century ago, when she was the only unmarried daughter of an old and wealthy family of the town in whose cemetery her body now rests, she came to New York in the bloom and vivacity of a youth just conscious of its own power, to visit the friendly household of one of our first merchants. A prolongation of her sojourn here did not excite the remonstrance of her parents until they were surprised by information that her delay was possibly occasioned by the frequent calls of a gentleman, a lieutenant of the British navy, whose attentions seemed ominously serious, when her mother took the family carriage precipitately for the city to convey back forthwith the giddy damsel. Upon arraignment before the maternal bar the young lady did not deny the frequent visits of the alleged suitor, whom her New York friends had seen no reason to interfere with; indeed, upon stepping into the carriage to go home (there was no New Haven Railroad then), she said quite coolly: "It's useless to find fault now, ma, for I am married.

Such, indeed, was the startling fact. After a short and only finally suspected summer's courtship, she and the lieutenant had been clandestinely married, and before the horrified mother and romantic daughter had been in their Connecticut home twenty-four hours, the bold young sailor was there too, to claim his wife! But he found her a prisoner, locked in her own room, and both parents met his appeals with steady refusal to acknowledge his authority. The girl was but a child, they said, not conscious of her own mind, and they should resist with every possible form of law any attempt to remove her from their custody. The husband, urging that they loved each other, was told that she whom he had made his wife, in name only, now bitterly regretted her sentimental folly, and wished to see him no more. Astounded at this assertion, the young man passionately impugned its truth. Would he be generous enough to give her up, he was asked, if she herself assured him of her desire to that effect? Chivalrously, though too rashly perhaps, he agreed so to do, confident, undoubtedly, that she would prove true to him.

And then came the most extraordinary scene of the little drama. A married sister strikingly resembling the yet imprisoned virgin wife had been hastily summoned from this city for the purpose, and, artfully dressed to intensify the resemblance, hurriedly entered the room where the Lieutenant was present, with a friend for a witness, to learn his fate, and, with simulated sobs hastily hid her face on her mother's bosom. Supposing her to be the wife whom he agitatedly called by name, the deceived husband begged her to go with him. "I wish to remain with my mother!" was the apparently tearful answer, without so much as a glance for him: and, without another word, the Lieutenant bowed to parents and child, and at once withdrew with his friend from the room and the house. On his way back to New York by steamboat a favorite dog that accompanied him leaped overboard, and he, plunging instantly over to the rescue, was drowned.

A Chinese Temple of Horrors.

A traveler thus describes a representation of the punishment of the wicked after death according to the Buddhist theory, which he witnessed in the suburbs of Canton: After a walk of about a mile, we came to the "Temple of Horrors." This is a horrible place—that is, the scenes are hideous. The intention is to represent what a bad man would suffer after death. It is composed of ten different groups of statuary, made of clay, and many of them are crumbling to pieces. The first group represents the trial of a man; he is surrounded by his family and friends, who are trying to defend him; the second, where he is condemned and given over to the executioner; in the third he is unnergoing a semi-transformation from the man to the brute; the fourth is where he is put into a mill, with his head downwards, and is being ground up; his dog is by the side of the mill licking up his blood. In the fifth scene he is being placed between two boards, and is being sawed down lengthwise; sixth, he is under a large bell, which is rung until the concussion kills him; seventh, the man is placed upon a table, and two men are pabbling him with large, wooden paddles; eighth, he is upon a rack, and the executioners are tearing his flesh with red-hot pincers; ninth, he is in a cauldron of boiling lead; the tenth scene represents him upon a gridiron, undergoing the process of roasting. In all these scenes his family are present; also large figures who represents the judge, executioners, little demons, and various instruments of torture.

A Chinese Old Batchelor's Ruse.

The following truthful anecdote of Chinese social life may interest and amuse our readers. A Foochow carpenter, who has been in foreign employ for several years, discovered recently that he had saved money enough to indulge in the luxury of matrimony. Though 38 years of age his choice fell on a damsel turned 14, and for this tender little morsel the moderate sum of $250 was asked as a dowry. Before the event was celebrated, the young lady's mamma, with true feminine caution, employed a middleman to inspect the bridgeroom. The latter, to make sure of not being rejected, persuaded his brother, who is at least ten years younger than himself, to appear for him and so passed muster. On the wedding day the elder brother wore a false queue and carried off his prize. We are told that the little girl is already tired of married life and "wants to go home to her ma."