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OUR OWN.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind
Would trouble my mind,
I said when I went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain ;
But we vex "our own"
With look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
I may give you the kiss in peace,
Yet it might be
That never for me
The pain of the heart should cease!
How many go forth in the morning
That never come home at night!
And hearts have been broken,
By harsh words spoken,
That sorrow ne'er can set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest,
But oft for "our own"
The bitter tone,
Though we love "our own" the best.
Ah! lips with curve impatient!
Ah! brow with that look of scorn!
Twere a cruel fate,
Were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

A Short Wooing.

One bright June day, more than a hundred years ago, Parson Millechamp, with his pretty daughter on a pillion behind him, rode down a pleasant Shropshire road, on their way to Powyscourt. The latter had been for some time deeply engrossed in her own thoughts, while her father seemed deeply cogitating as he guided his handsome bay horse over a highway which certainly owed little or nothing to surveyors or commissioners. It was almost overgrown with grass, seamed with deep cart-ruts, and plentifully sprinkled with stones.

But it was not the less pretty or picturesque for that. The high hedgas, with the spreading trees growing from out them, were in the fulness of their midsummer beauty, and shaded the wayfarers from the sun. The pale briar-rose waved its delicate branches over them, and the honey-suckle made the air luscious with its sweetness. There was a chirping of birds, a bleeting of lambs, and a buzzing of bees. Now and again the voices of haymakers were heard in the distance, and a whiff from the hay-field almost overpowered the scent of the honey-suckle. It was a perfect June day, and yet—Henrietta sighed.

Her father heard it, and (penitent for his long silence) turned to look at her.

"My dear," he said, "we seem but poor company this morning."

"Well, father I was wondering whether this going as companion to Lady Powys is for the best. Mother thought I ought to see a little more of life—our place being so quiet; but I'm sure I did very well at heme. She'll miss me sorely, I'm afraid—especially in the dairy and over the clear-starching."

"She must stir Deborah up," said the parson, "and make your sister Polly useful. Polly's quite old enough to help now."

"Yes—but you know Deborah is not overburthened with wit, and mother doesn't like teaching. She'd always rather do a thing herself. Father, be sure to send for me if she seems to want me back."

"To be sure child; but you know you're only going for a few months."

"There's Bobby, too. I don't know how he'll get on with his lessons without me."

"Make your mind easy, Ettie—Bobby shan't suffer. But child, while you have been wondering how we can get on without you, I have been wondering whether you will be able to take care of yourself. You can't help knowing, I suppose, that you have a very pretty face of your own. You'll find plenty of people where you are going ready enough to praise it even more than it deserves. You must take compliments just for what they are worth, my dear. Remember, 'Handsome is as handsome does.'"

"Father," said Henrietta, with a slight pout. "You need not fear a bit about my head being turned by compliments. You know it's not my way."

"Don't be too sure—'Forewarned is forearmed.' One of these days, however, I *shall* hope to see you the happy wife of some good man."

"I'm sure you would be very sorry to be rid of me, father, if that time came. But I am not one of those girls who are anxious about being married. In fact, I believe, if folks would only think it, they're generally better off single. You know I refused Squire Hassall? To be sure, I couldn't abide the man!"

"Your mother and I get on pretty well together. I think," said the parson, smiling.

"Yes, sir, but you are amongst the exceptions," answered Henrietta, gravely. "And you must own, daddy, that you and mother are often sorely puzzled to make all ends meet. But I was especially thinking," she continued, after a moment's pause, "of poor Cousin Anne, whose husband can't say 'Bo!' to a goose. I would be ashamed to go about with such a stupid man! It would not be in my nature to put up with it."

"My dear," said her father, laughing, "you must learn to bear and forbear, if you marry. But I am sure I do not wish to persuade you to marry."

"Henrietta Millechamp is a very good name, father, and I have no wish whatever to change it. Grandmother says I'm the most sensible girl she knows."

"I am very glad to hear it, child; and I am sure neither your mother nor I want to part with our spoiled little lass, now she has grown to be sensible and helpful."

By this time they had emerged from the old road, and were trotting along a newer and more open one. The heat, for it was now twelve o'clock, was intense; and ere long the parson pulled up under a clump of trees that stood in a bend of the road.

Now it happened that in the field before them, only separated from this road by a sunk fence, there was a cricket match going on. Parson Millechamp alighted from his horse, and stood for some minutes by his daughter's side while they watched the players. Both were evidently connoisseurs, and entered at once into the game, while they chatted together. Two young men, who had just had their innings, were lying on the grass not far from them; and while the traveller's watched the match the young men watched them.

The young men gave an approving nod to each other, and gazed with even more complacency to the fair maiden on the pillion.

Ettie was her father's own child—like him in the graceful figure, abundant dark hair, and gray eyes, which softened and brightened as she spoke. Her rounded cheeks were flushed with the heat, though very becomingly. She wore a blue pelisse, and a white hat with ribbons of the same color. Altogether she made a very pretty picture.

"Let us go and speak to them, Tom," said the taller of the two; and together they sauntered up.

"You take an interest in our game, sir?" said Oliver, while Tom bowed to the young lady.

"I do, young sir," said the parson, "for I'm a cricketer myself. But, to say the truth, it was the heat, not the game, which caused us to stop for a while."

"Have you been riding far, sir?" asked the one called Tom, coming nearer and patting the horse.

"Nine miles, friend," answered the parson.

"And six more to go," chimed in his daughter. "If the remainder of the road is as open as the last mile, we may get a sunstroke before we reach Powys court."

"Powyscourt!" repeated Oliver. "If you are going thither you should take the first turn to the right instead of keeping the high road. You will get into the lanes, and save a good mile. But are you aware, sir, that the Earl is absent?"

"My business," said the confiding parson, "is with her ladyship, who has kindly offered to take my daughter as companion. She will further trouble herself to have her instructed on the harpsichord, and to teach her how ladies should comport themselves."

"I am sure she cannot need instruction on the latter point," said Tom, fervently.

"I have been warning her against flattering tongues sir," said the parson, with a smile, and at the same time with a proud look at his daughter. "However, she is but a quiet country lass, and her mother thinks it as well for her to see a little more of the world than she can at our quiet parsonage. She won't be long away, and when she comes back she'll brighten us all up and give us the news."

"Have you a large family, reverend sir?" asked Oliver.

"Five daughters and one son—quite enough to make a man thoughtful," said the parson, with a cheery laugh which belied his words.

"Father often talks of the trouble we are to him," said Henrietta; "but he don't look as if he were much the worse for it. Does he, sir?"

"In the natural course of things some of the daughters will marry," remarked Tom, gravely, still stroking the horse. "That may relieve you of some of the anxiety. sir."

"I have no wish to part with any of them, friend," said the parson; "and Henrietta here has quite foresworn matrimony."

"Do you mean that seriously, madam?" said Tom.

"Well, sir, that was the answer, with a smile and a blush, "I think it's always better to be let well enough alone."

"It will be a poor lookout for us young fellows if such ideas gain ground," said Oliver. "Surely, sir, you do not approve of lovely young ladies like your daughter holding them?"

"I am not sorry she holds them for the present. Many a person marries in haste to repent at leisure. But, Henrietta, my dear, we must be going. I wish you good-day, gentlemen, and success to your side."

"Will you not wish us success, Mistress Henrietta?" said Tom, earnestly, with his hat in hand.

"Of course I will, she said, raising her gray eyes rather shyly. "I hope you will win all before you."

The two young men watched the riders till a turn in the road hid them from sight, and then Tom did not move until the sound of the horse's hoofs died away.

"Tom, you're very thoughtful," at last said Oliver, shaking his friend's shoulder. "What ails you?"

"Of course I am," said Tom, dreamily, "*for there goes my wife!*"

"Where there is a will there is a way," says the proverb, and Tom certainly found the way. In spite of her scornful speech—in spite of her answer to her father, and her grandmother's high opinion—in two months time Henritta Millechampe was "woo'd and married an' a'."

A Clever Canadian Girl.

She lives at Ottawa, Canada, and this is how she managed it: She thought it would be just as well to commence housekeeping right away and begin the new year with training up a husband in the way he should go, but her father thought differently. So she invited all her friends to the wedding at a certain church at a given hour. Of course there was a big crowd, including the angry father, who was determined to forbid the bans with a shot gun. Meanwhile the young lady and her adored William went to church and were quietly married, and in a happy exit the sacred edifice she remarked that where there was a Will there was a way.

Some Quaker Boys of 1776.

In 1776 the eastern end of Long Island was overrun with English troops and mercenaries. There was no security to life or property; everything was at the mercy of the wicked Hessians.

At this time there was living on the island, not far from New York, a Quaker by the name of Pattison. Henry Pattison, the father, was one of the strictest of the sect; of a noble, generous nature, a kind neighbor, and a wise councilor. He was universally loved and revered. He won the name of the peace-maker.

He owned a fine farm and was growing wealthy, when the war came and sad days settled upon the community.

Mother Pattison was the true type of the Quaker wife and mother. Under her tiny night cap beamed the placid, tender face which is so common among these pure-hearted people, and her skillful advice and winning words of consolation, were often seen in the houses of the sick and afflicted. Eight sturdy boys, and one sweet, timid flower of a daughter, blessed this good couple and made their home one of happiness and love.

Edmund, the oldest son, was a handsome, manly lad of eighteen. Beneath his broad-brimmed hat, his quiet "thee" and "thou," beat a fiery and fearless heart that often broke through tge mild Quaker traning and made him, notwithstanding his peace principles, a leader among his fellows.

One day, as he sat in the barn, quietly enjoying his noonday rest a British trooper rode up to the door. Seeing Edward he shouted:

"Come, youngster, make haste and stir yourself. Go and help my driver there unload that cart of timber into the road!"

Now Edmund had just been hard at work loading that wood, to carry it to a neighbor to whom it was sold.

Both wagon and oxen belonged to his father.

"Come hurry!" said the horseman.

"I shall not do it!" said Edmund.

"What—sirrah!" cried the ruffian, "we shall see who will do it!" and he flourished his sword over the boy's head swearing and threatening to cut him down unless he instantly obeyed.

Edmund stood unflinchingly, fiercely eyeing the enraged soldier.

Just then a little boy, Charles, the son of a neighbor, ran into the house and told Mrs. Pattison that a "Britsher was going to kill her Edmund." She rushed to the barn, begged the soldier to stop, pleaded with her son to unload the wood and so save his life.

"No fear of death, mother; he dare not touch a hair of my head."

"Dare not!" The horseman flourished his sword before the lad's face, and swore he would kill him instantly.

"You dare not!" said Edmund firmly; "and I will report you to your master for this."

The fierce and defiant look really awed the trooper, and he mounted his horse although he still told the boy he would "cut him into inch pieces."

Edmund knew that such things were actually done by the soldiers and he appreciated the man's terrible rage. He coolly walked across the barn floor, and armed himself with a huge pitchfork.

"You coward rascal!"—the boy's voice came fierce and sharp. "Now take one step towards this floor, and I will stab you with a pitchfork."

The gentle Mrs. Pattison expected to see her boy at once shot down like a dog. She ran across the fields, to tell her husband, sent him to the rescue.

Friend Pattison rode hastily up, and said calmly to the trooper:

"You have no right to lay a finger upon that boy who is a non-combatant."

The man did not move.

Then farmer Pattison turned toward the road, saying he would ride and call Colonel Wurms, who commanded the troops.

Upon this the horseman, thinking it best for him to see the master first drove the spurs into his horse and rode off, uttering vows of vengeance.

The little boy who had alarmed Mrs. Pattison was a lad of fourteen—the son of a neighbor who was in Washington's army.

Sitting one day under the trees, with the little Pattisons, talking indignantly of the "British thieves," he saw a light horseman ride up toward a farm house just across a pond. He guessed at once what the man was after. He tried to signal the farmer, but in vain.

"They are pressing horses," cried Charlie; "they always ride that way when stealing horses."

He thought of his father's beautiful colt, his own pet.

"Fleetwood shall not go!" said he running as fast as his legs could carry him.

Running as fast as he could to the barn, he leaped on to his back, and started for the woods.

The red-coat saw him, and, putting his spurs into his horse, rising in the saddle and shouting, he tore down the road at headlong speed.

Charlie's mother bounded to the door. She saw her little son galloping towards the woods with his murderous enemy close upon his heels. Her heart beat fearfully, and she gave one great cry of prayer as her brave little boy dashed into the thick woods, and out of sight, still hotly pursued by the soldier.

The trees were close set and the branches low. Charlie laid down along horse's neck to escape being swept off. He cheered on, with low cries, the wild creature, who threw himself full length at every leap.

With streaming mane, and glaring eyes, distended nostrils, he plunged on. Charlie heard the dead boughs crackling behind and the snorting of the soldier's horse, so near was his fierce pursurer. On, on Fleetwood dashed, bearing his little master from one piece of woods to another, till the forest became dense and dark. He had now gained some on the soldier; and, seeing ahead a tangled, marshy thicket, Charlie rode straight for it.

Here he stood five hours without moving.

The soldier, so much heavier with his horse, dared not venture into the swamp. He rode round and round, seeking for some firm spot of entrance. Sometimes he did come very near; but every time sinking into the wet, springy bog he was obliged to give it up; he could not even get a shot at the boy, the brush was so thick. Fleetwood was instinctively still as a mouse, and finally, with loud oaths, he rode off.

But the lad and the colt still stood there hour after hour, not knowing whether they might venture out; but at nightfall, his mother who had been watching all the while, with tears and prayers, saw her dear boy cautiously peeping through the edge of the woods by his faithful horse. Finding that the danger was past, and riding up to the house, he dismounted. Then leaning against his beautiful colt., his own bright golden curls mingling with Fleetwood's ebon mane, the plucky little fellow told his adventures to the eager group.

A Strange Story.

Towards the close of the last century there resided on the island of Martinique a wealthy and most respectable French family bearing the name of Rivery. It consisted of a father, mother, a boy and girl. The latter was raised with the most jealous care, and when it became necessary to send them to France to finish their education the agent and pious pair parted from them in deepest sorrow. Four or five years rolled by, the boy had become a man and the girl developed into beauteous womanhood. The day arrived when they were to cross the ocean, and they left Havre in a sailing vessel to join their parents, but heaven ordained them for a different purpose. The ship on which they sailed became a wreck, from which they were rescued by a vessel bound for Minorca. At this time the Mediterranean was infested by pirates and our unfortunates were captured and taken to Algiers. Here history differs—one account stating that the brother and sister were here parted, the latter being sent a present to the Sultan of Constantinople. Another version says they were together carried to Smyrna and resold. Here it is claimed the idea occurred to Aime to deliver her brother by ingratiating herself with the Sultan himself. Her success succeeded her most sanguine expectations. Her purchaser sent her with others to the same market in Stamboul, according her the privilege of making her own toilette, and being a person of great natural beauty, it was greatly enhanced by the light and etherial coverings of the Orient. She was at once selected for the imperial harem and became one of those who are not favorites, but under observation. Many years she spent in the old palace of Seraglio, her sorrow doubtless increased by the solemn cypress grove in which it lies. Now that her brother, it seemed as if, through jealousy, she was as far away as her native land. Aime was a lover of music, and while in France her voice had been cultivated, and she often sang in most plaintive tones and with touching eloquence the sorrows which oppressed her young life. On one of these occasions she was confronted by Abdul Hamid himself, who was at once captivated by the voice and person of the Christian slave. He at once claimed her rights that the sovereign will of the Sultan enjoys. But, for the first time, the proposals of the Padischah were rejected, and his slave demanded the freedom of her brother. Another would have been sewn up and thrown into the swift current which runs by the walls of Seraglio, but the heart of Hamid was too much involved. The brother was searched for, found and granted royal honors, and Mademoiselle de Rivery was changed from the pupil of the convent at Nantes, in France, to the favored wife of the Sultan. This union gave birth to Mahomoud II, the most famous of the modern Sultans. He alone was brave enough to overthrow the power of the Janasaries and institute the changes whereby he gained the name of Reformer. Later Sultans have ransacked the archives of the French Embassy at Constantinople to find the facts and establish their relations to this French girl who was at the same time the sport and favorite of fortune.

Another Enoch Arden.

In the summer of 1860 James Dorsey and Charlotte Custer, a young couple then still in their teens were married privately in Camden, N. J. When it became known to the parents of the fledgeling bride and groom an effort was made to separate them, but to no purpose, and, as time passed on, a boy was born. Shortly after that event Dorsey went to sea. He did not return for a year, and meanwhile [illegible]. Another year passed, and one day a man, whom Mrs. Dorsey had known as her husband's brother, stopped at her house and told her that Dorsey died in New York hospital. The brother said that he had attended the funeral. Mrs. Dorsey believed the story and went into mourning. She was known for several years as "Widow Dorsey," but a ship carpenter of North Camden fell in love with, courted, and married her. Duncan was the name of husband No.2, and Duncan fell to drinking hard last summer. He advised his step-children to get one a wife and the other a husband, when they were about fifteen, and they took him at his word. Widow Dorsey then became a grandmother. The other day the husband of her girlhood put in an appearance. He was well-dressed and had money. He said that most of the years of his absence had been spent upon the sea, that he had never been divorced, and [illegible] that he was dead, and that not until a month ago did he learn the true story. Mrs. Duncan, alias Dorsey, returned to her first love without hesitation. The household effects were divided, by agreement, between Duncan and herself, and it was agreed that their marriage should be annulled. The reunited family are now living on North Third street, Camden.

A Diver's Experience.

Too old to dive said old Jack Cambell, "not a bit of it, sir." As soon as times get a little better I'll be at it again, and I'll make more money in one day than these land lubbers make in a month. But," continued he, his anger dying away "you want me to spin a yarn about myself."

"Well I was born in Dublin, old Ireland, in March, 1813. I went to sea when I was between 9 and 10 years old. I sailed almost all over the world. I went to the West Indies and East Indies. I saw considerable of war. I sailed on the English gunboat Talavera, of seventy-four guns, in '39. I was in the battle of Joan D'Arc, and received a medal for bravery while there. I sailed on the frigate Brandywine for two years and three months. Then I went on a West India mail steamboat. Finally I went aboard the steamer Dee. It was while I was on her that I began to dive. I came on deck one day, and, in fun, said that I should like to dive. I said—in sport, you know—that I didn't believe there was anything so great about diving after all. We had several divers with us you know. We were raisin' a wreck in the English Channel. It was the wreck of an East India merchantman that had sunk. She was loaded with all sorts of merchandise. They were raisin' her with rubber bags. The diver would go down and take with him a big air-tight rubber bag Each of them bags, when filled with air, would raise five ton. They were fastened all over the vessel and connected with rubber pipe. After we had fastened hundreds of them to her, air was pumped into them and they lifted that vessel out of the water just as easy as rollin' off a log. It was to fasten on those air bags that the divers were hired. I had often wished that I could be a diver, because they were getting £45 pounds a month whilst we sailors were making only £3. But I had never thought that I could, because I didn't suppose that I had the grit to learn. Many a man gets killed while learnin' to dive, you know. But, as I was tellin' ye, one day I came on deck and was sayin' that I would like to dive, when the captain took me up.

"Said he, "I want you to go below and shorten up that wheel rope. I would have given almost anything to have got out of it, but I wasn't going to back down, because if I had I would never have heard the last of it. I put on the armor, and in the afternoon I went below. I can't describe to you the feelin' that comes over a man when, for the first time he puts on the armor and gets ready to dive. The great heavy helmet makes him feel as if he is goin' to smother. As I looked at the long rubber pipe leadin' from the air pump to my helmet, I thought if that should get broke while I was down below. Some careless fellow might step on it, and shut of the air, an' then what would become o' me? Before I went down I had to learn the signals. Besides the long hose that came down and connected with my helmet there was a life line about my waist which a signal man on deck held. That is of almost as much consequence as the hose. I was learnt that, if I wanted more air, I should jerk on the hose once; if less air was wanted, two pulls; if I wanted 'em to take up the slack on the hose, I was to pull three times on it. Then there were signals on the life-line. One jerk on the life-line meant 'Hold on;' one pull and a shake, 'Lower away'; two jerks, 'Pull up' whatever the tackle may be attached to; three pulls, 'Take me out.' There are several signals. But there is one which every signal-man knows as well as his name and that is the one which means 'pull me out quick, for God's sake!' "Finally, after I'd got ready, they lowered me down. The minute it struck the water I felt all right. The heavy feeling of the armor went away, and I seemed as light as a feather. As soon as I struck the deck of the wreck I began to walk around. I soon learned that I'd have to be careful not to get my life-line and hose tangled in the rigging. I hadn't been down long before I wanted more air. I felt as if I was smothering. Oh, it was terrible! The most peculiar thing about a man's feelings, when for the first time he's down below a'divin', is the pain that takes him in the head right behind the ears. I felt as though some one was stickin' a sharp knife into him. It put me in terrible misery, and it was some little time before I got over it. I wasn't down there long, an' when I came up I bled pretty bad out of the eyes, ears, nose and mouth. But I felt big, I tell you, because I hadn't allowed them to bluff me off."

Jack gave a graphic description of the appearance of the first sunken steamboat into which he ever went. It was about two miles from shore that the vessel had gone down. He was employed [illegible] for the purpose of recovering her corpses, if there were any. "It is a singular fact," said he in substance, "that the corpses of women in a sunken vessel always lie face upward, while men are invariably face downward. The cabin of the vessel presented a horrid appearance. The bloated bodies all laid up next the ceiling. Some were clasped in each other's arms. One mother had in her arms her baby. A husband and wife were clasped in each other's embrace so firmly that they could not pull them apart. It's a bad practice among some diver's to go through the pockets of corpses that they find, and take all the valuables. I have known divers to make thousands of dollars in that way. There is a sort of a pocket in the armor in which they carry their tools, and I have seen divers come up out of a wreck after they'd been sent down with their pockets filled with gold watches, diamond rings and pins, and all sorts of trash.

I dove once in Mobile bay where I was down over 300 chains under an ironclad. The greatest annoyance that we had there was sharks. They didn't hardly dare tackle us because with our armor we looked more like scare-crows than anything else. They would come sailing along and gradually swim up towards us with their great big mouths wide open, but when within a few feet of us they would stop and lay there flappin' their fins and looking, it seemed to me, like the very devil himself. Finally we devised a way to scare them off that never failed to frighten them so they would stay away an hour or longer before they dare to come back. The armor that we wear is air-tight you know. Our jacket sleeves were fastened around our wrists with an elastic, so that the air could not escape. By running my finger under the sleeve of my jacket I could let the air out, and as it rushed into the water it would make a sort of hissing noise and a volume of bubbles shoot up. So whenever those infernal sharks would come prowling around me I would hold out my arm toward them and putting my finger under the elastic of my jacket sleeve, I would let a lot of air out and send a stream of bubbles into the sharks face, with a hissing noise like steam from a guage cock. The way those sharks would go off was funny to behold.

The Revolt of the Peasants.

At Richard's accession, Prior John, of Cambridge, in the vacancy of the Abbot, was in charge of the house. The Prior was a man skilled in all the arts of his day. In sweetness of voice, in knowledge of sacred song, his eulogists pronounced him superior to Orpheus, to Nero, and to one more illustrious in the Bury cloister though obscure to us, the Breton Belgabred. John was "industrious and subtle," and subtlety and industry found their scope in suit after suit with the burgesses and farmers around him. "Faithfully he strove," says the monastic chronicler, "with the villains of Bury for the rights of his house." The townsmen he owned specially as his 'adversaries,' but it was the rustics who were to show what a hate he had won. On the 15th day of June, the day of Wat Tyler's fall, the howl of a great multitude round his manor-house at Mildenhall broke roughly on the chantings of Prior John. He strove to fly, but he was betrayed by his own servants, judged in rude mockery of the law by villain and bondsman, condemned and killed. The corpse lay five days in an open field till the townsmen carried it into Bury. Bearing the Prior's head on a lance before them through the streets, the frenzied throng at last reached the gallows, where the head of one of the royal Judges, Sir John Cavendish, was already impaled, and pressing the cold lips together in mockery of their friendship, set them side by side. Another head soon joined them. The abbey gates were burst open, and the cloister filled with a maddened crowd, howling for a new victim, John Lackenheath, the warder of the barony. A few knew him as he stood among the group of trembling monks, but he courted death with a contemptuous courage. "I am the man you seek," he said, stepping forward, and in a minute, with a mighty roar of "Devil's son! Monk! Traitor!" he was swept to the gallows, [illegible]

A Wild Man in Nebraska.

The Fremont (Neb.) *Tribune* contains an article giving the details of the discovery of a wild man in that vicinity. Two young men were out hunting water fowls when they came upon the strange being. He was just emerging from a clump of trees and underbrush when they caught a glimpse of him. His dress was in the most primitive style, consisting of a woolen shirt. He had a stick in his hand which he swung around his head as if striking something he saw in the air, and uttering the most unearthly noises. Like a wild animal, he was ever on the sharp lookout, nervously looking this way and that, and his ear detected an unusual noise or his eye noticed the shaking of a reed or anything that was the least extraordinary. After a few moments he squatted on his haunches under a tree and began to dig in the ground with his hands and a stick, occasionally carrying something to his mouth as if he were eating. The boys became more interested in the strange being than in the object of their hunt, and crawled cautiously toward him until near enough to satisfy their curiosity. He was digging roots and feeding upon them. As nearly as they could judge from appearances, he was about forty or forty-five years of age, of strong and bony frame, his hair was so long as to fall in curls over his bronzed and dirty shoulders; his beard, like his hair, long and shaggy, and his entire body covered with a growth of hair which would not have been unbecoming a wild beast. His complexion must have been originally light as his hair was of a litish brown After viewing him a short time they [illegible] going a few steps the monster sprung up and stared intently at them. Becoming frightened they sprang into the Platte crossing over to Little Island and disappeared in its thick underbrush.

An Ottumwa Speculation.

Recently, two men on horseback, to save fifteen cents, concluded to ford the stream instead of going over by the bridge. They plunged into the stream below the wagon bridge and got along pretty well until they reached the middle of the river where the water commenced getting deeper. Soon it was mid-side, and soon the horses were bobbing up and down, barely touching bottom, and the men were cooning it, or riding monkey-fashion. The probably would have made the riffle, but one of the horses stumbled and fell and with the rider disappeared beneath the icy flood. The horse soon reappeared but the man, it was feared, was drowned, but finally came to the surface, and held on to the tail of his horse. In that condition he was towed ashore, where he took an inventory and found himself half drowned, chilled nearly to death, and then he had saved fifteen cents.

—Earl Russell was for half a century the President of the British and Foreign School Society, and the fiftieth anniversary of his election was celebrated a few days before his death.

Bertha Von Hillern.

Lady admirers of the little German must remember that she accomplishes her wonderful feats of endurance only after months of perseverance and self-denial. To rise at 7 o'clock, take a raw egg and crust of bread, and start off on a ten-mile tramp before breakfast, would, as a rule, cool the ardor of any but the most ambitious amateur. Following this exercise comes her daily bath, and then a substantial breakfast of rare beef, boiled potatoes, oat meal and stale bread. Pastry and the professional pedestrian are enemies.

Breakfast over comes three or four hours of rest and reading, together with her favorite pastime, painting. She also entertains as well as she is able in her imperfect English, any of her lady friends who may call. One o'clock finds her again on the road. If the air is bracing and the traveling good, she roams the surrounding country for twelve or fifteen miles, this exercise being indispensable to harden the limbs and develop the muscles to that rigid, compact condition necessary to withstand fatigue. Then follows her dinner, for which, as may be readily understood, she has an excellent appetite.

In preparing for a long walk, Miss Von Hillern invariably retires at 10, after partaking of a light supper. The greatest care is taken of her feet. After every walk, either in a public trial or upon her daily exercise, these are subjected to a cold bath of salt water, which hardens the cuticle and makes them tough and strong. Her feet are perfect, and quite small, requiring a 2½ shoe, although her walking shoes are considerably larger. Her stockings for long walks are carefully selected, and without seams, and in putting them on great care is exercised to avoid folds and wrinkles. They are supported by elastic straps, attached to suspenders, over the shoulders. Her walking shoes are of soft goat skin, laced high about the ankles, with broad and firm soles, and low, broad heels. The shoes are an inch longer than the foot, and allow it all possible freedom.

Miss Von Hillern, while on the track, subsists almost entirely upon strong beef tea and the raw yolk of eggs, with prune water and seltzer to quench thirst. She is very rigid in refusing stimulants, not even allowing the use of whiskey in her shoes, as is the custom with most pedestrians, and will not tolerate the smell of liquors about her. She is a surprise to all who look upon her for the first time, for the stranger has pictured an entirely different person. Instead of an Amazon he sees before him a petite being, scarcely five feet in height, weighing but 106 pounds, a picture of health and with a form so muscular and compact as to denote strength in every movement.

Javanese Ladies.

The degree of emancipation enjoyed by Javanese ladies was strikingly illustrated during an interview most politely granted to us by the Sultan of Djokjokarta. Attired according to etiquette in full evening costume, although it was an early hour in the morning, we were conducted by the Dutch officer in command of the Sultan's horse-guards into the inmost court of the far-spreading "kraton," or palace inclosure, within which 3,000 people reside. Except a few sentries, and one or two officials stripped to the waist in Javanese court fashion, not a man was visible in any of the squares through which we passed, and when we reached the audience chamber there sat his Highness, without courtiers or attendants; but, to our extreme amazement, six charming young ladies were seated in a row on his left hand. We scarcely ventured to look at them, unveiled as they were, but our Dutch friend, after introducing us to the Sultan, with whom we shook hands, quietly remarked, "Now you must shake hands with the Princesses, with all of them; they expect you to do so." Fresh from Indian durbars, where a mere allusion to the invisible occupants of the zenana would be a breach of decorum, we could hardly trust our eyes and ears; but each young lady held out her hand with a pleasant smile, and we were afterward seated between the Sultan and his blooming family of daughters. Attendants, literally crawling upon the floor, now approached the august presence, bringing tea, which was dispensed to us by the royal damsels, almost as if we had been in an English drawing-room at 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Unfortunately our conversation was somewhat restricted, as the English idea could only reach the Javanese mind after undergoing four translations, either oral or mental, through the obliging Dutch Captain, who interpreted in French and Malay. Meanwhile, the sound of music attracted our attention, and the Sultan courteously suggested that we might like to see a little more of his palace. We found that the music proceeded from a large open pavilion, where the Queen, or principal Sultana, was engaged in superintending a dancing lesson. The pupils were the daughters of court dignitaries and nobles, more than 20 in number, all very young, and evidently taking the greatest pains in the performance of their graceful position drill. The dancing was accompanied by singing and by the pleasing notes of the "gamelong," which may be described as the Javanese piano-forte, played by women seated on the floor, and producing a liquid melody peculiar to itself, and very different from the harsh discordance of Oriental music in general. The youthful figures of the girls in their bright and elegant drapery, their earnest faces and elaborate movements, together with the melodious orchestra, combined to render this by far the most pleasing nautch which I have yet seen anywhere in the East, although it was merely a private performance of beginners. The Queen was seated on the floor beside a low table, playing at cards with her maids of honor, and received us most graciously, inviting us to inspect everything, even to his Highness' private apartments, and in fact to make ourselves quite at home. The whole affair was like a scene out of *Alice in Wonderland* and we almost expected to be addressed by one of the Sultan's many large dogs, or the tame crested pigeons as heavy as hen-turkeys. We were three European gentlemen alone (for the Sultan did not accompany us) in a zenana, received by the inmates with friendly, unembarrassed politeness, and allowed to wander at will through marble halls open on all sides to the light of day; there were no lattices, no veils, no guards, not even duennas, for all the ladies were young, and many of them very good-looking. To my companion, a member of the Indian Civil Service, thoroughly familiar with Indian habits and ideas, this kindly reception *en famille* by the Sultan of Djokjokarta was a new and surprising experience. In Hindostan, the Mussulman religion is professed by a small minority only; but Mussulman ideas as to the seclusion of women have a far more general acceptance, although quite foreign to Hindoo traditions and customs.

Seized by a Devil Fish.

Early in August 1877, a party of Cape Flattery or Makaw Indians, returning from a visit to their friends (the Songish of Victoria), encamped the first afternoon out on the beautiful Bay of Metchosen, V. I. The weather being very fine, most of the party went bathing, and among the number a maiden of perhaps eighteen summers, who had accompanied her grandfather on the trip. Desiring seclusion, she went round a point away from the other bathers, and being known as a bold swimmer, is supposed to have taken a header into deeper water. However taken, it proved to have been a plunge into the arms of death, for when the swimmers reassembled around the camp-fire the girl was missed, and, notwithstanding a diligent search that evening, could not be found. The following morning with sad hearts the party left; but very soon those in the fore-most canoe, on rounding the first point, saw (the water being calm and clear) a human body as if seated on the sandy sea bottom, with what seemed like a flour bag immediately behind it. The natives knew what this meant. As soon as the canoes got together, two of the most active young men managed with daggers so as to disable the monster (for it was a gigantic devil fish) that the octopus with its victim was brought to the surface. The foregoing facts have been communicated to our informant by an intelligent and respectable half-breed woman from Metchosen, who saw the body of the drowned girl with some of the prehensiles of the mollusk still adhering to it. She compared the head of the octopus in size to that of a fifty pound flour sack, full; and said that the tentacles were twelve in number, of different sizes, and the largest about the circumference of a man's arm.

"Pin-Money" in Paris.

When Dr. E. N. Kirk, in 1857, purchased the ground for the American Chapel in Paris, and had called upon the lady who owned the land to pay his money and take the deed, he was met by an unexpected difficulty: "When the last signatures were about to be made, the daughter, turning to me, observed, 'You intend, of course, to pay the pin-money?' 'Pin-money!' I replied; 'what do you mean by that?' 'Why, sir, every transfer of property is accompanied by a gift of pin-money to the ladies of the family.' My Yankee blood was stirred, and I believe I spent one hour discussing that subject with her. I began with logic: "Madame, I am but an agent. The money is not mine to give. I have made for my employers a fair bargain with your mother to pay a definite sum for her land. I am ready to fulfil my part of the contract when she is ready to fulfil hers. Giving money to you, or any one else, has nothing to do with the affair.' 'Sir, it is the custom of our country to pay pin-money if only a *cow* is purchased.' * * * Seeing my efforts were vain, I took up my hat, bade the ladies good-morning, and nodded to my attendants, retiring with as many bows as the Frenchman from the scene. Now the contest was between mother and daughter. The difficulty was speedily surmounted. Seeing that bag of silver carried from the room, the finer sensibilities of the mother were overcome, and a servant was sent to call me back. There was no more about '*Vepingle*.' The papers were signed, and the site of the American Chapel was secured."

Old Popular Superstitions.

White specks on the nails are luck.

Whoever reads epitaphs loses his memory.

To eat when a bell is tolling for a funeral causes toothache.

The crowing of a hen indicates some approaching disaster.

When a mouse gnaws a gown some misfortune may be apprehended.

When children play soldiers on the roadside it forbodes the approach of war.

Beggar's bread should be given to children who are slow in learning to speak.

He who proposes moving into a new house must send in beforehand bread and a new broom.

Whoever sneezes at an early hour either hears some news or receives some present the same day.

The first tooth cast by a child should be swallowed by the mother to insure a new growth of teeth.

Buttoning the coat awry or drawing on a stocking inside out causes matters to go wrong during the day.

When a stranger enters a room he should be obliged to seat himself, if only for a moment, as he otherwise takes away the children's sleep with him.

The following are omens of death: A dog scratching on the floor, or howling in a particular manner, and owls hooting in the neighborhood of the house.