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THE DYING YEAR.

Far, far away there is a glint of crimson in the west,
A rosy glow, as sparks of fire set in the [illegible]
Whose shapes each moment, changed anew, some beauties fresh unfold.

The red leaves strew the garden walk; the autumn showers fall
Across the path in gloaming gray; the whistling plovers call
Their comrades to the sheltering fen; the stealthy owl skims by.
What time the white moon 'gins to show he crescent in the sky.

And rise from river-side the mists, and cattle cease to graze,
And lay them down beneath the boughs; and in the gathering haze
The marsh-lights show their glittering sparks of all-delusive fire.
To lure the heedless wayfarer into the treacherous mire.

Wet are the last few flowers with dew—the dahlia's gorgeous crown
Bows heavily its petals bright with glittering gems bent down;
The crimson fuschia gently knods her purple-lined bells;
The frosty nights creep on apace, and the short daylight tells

Of coming winter, when the earth shall robed be with snow,
And bare shall be the forest trees; nor shall there longer blow
One bloom of all the blossoms fair that brightened summer hours,
Till spring shall smile on earth again, and bring us back the flowers.

200 000 Pounds.

I shall never forget the uncomfortable position that I found myself in through too free a use of that unruly member, the tongue. I was a young fellow then, clerk in a London bank. My father was an officer in the army, and he often told us boys that setting each of us up in some business or profession was all he could ever do for us, as the scanty pittance he would leave behind him must belong solely to my mother and sister. But my brother and I were energetic and hopeful. So long as each day brought us enough to satisfy our wants, we reckoned little of the future.

One bleak, cold, January morning I was greatly surprised, on my arrival at the bank to find my father pacing up and down before the building. I was not living at home just then, and his presence there made me fear lest something was wrong.

"Phillip," he began, "are you in time? Can you spare me three min-"

"Yes, sir," I replied, "for a wonder. I see I am ten minutes earlier than I need be. What is the matter?"

"Do not look so startled," he said. "Nothing is wrong. You know Mr. Fosberry—"

"Oh, you mean the half-cracked old man who is awfully rich, and is my godfather, as well as cousin, thirty times removed?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Well, last night I received a letter from him, after years of silence, in which he asks after you." And he read me the letter.

"What a queer old boy!" I exclaimed. "What does he mean?" for I did not exactly understand it.

"Mean!" cried my father excitedly, snatching the letter from me, and crushing it into his pocket. "Mean—why, to make you his heir, Phillip—his heir!"

"Whew!" said I, blushing; "that's a good idea!"

"You must apply for leave and go off at once," said my father. "Strike while the iron's hot. It's a splendid chance, Phillip, splendid! Use it well and your fortune's made."

So I thought, applied for leave, and set off for the Paddington Station soon after, with my ears ringing with a legion of instructions for pleasing old men, given me by my fellow clerks. The only one I could clearly remember was to rise whenever he came into the room, and then eschew every comfortable arm chair for fear he should want it. I felt bursting with importance, and actually treated myself to a glass of hot whisky and water at the refreshment room.

"Hellow, William!" suddenly cried a voice.

"Why, Jack, what brings you here?" I replied, recognizing an old friend.

"I'm going down to Gloucester," said he. "Where are you off to?"

"Oh, to such luck!" I said. "I'm off beyond Hereford, to humor an old gentleman."

"What?" said Jack.

"Come along, and I'll tell you all about it," said I. "Second-class. Yes, all right. Here we are."

After we got settled in our places, an old man got in. He was poorly fixed, and had a green shade over one eye, while his other looked weak and drooping. We granted our strong disapproval at his entrance, and made mutual grimaces, but as his blind eye was towards us, they were doubtless lost on him. As the train moved off I told my story, which you know already.

"Well done, Phillip. Your bread is buttered for you!" he exclaimed, when he had heard me to the end. "What a glorious chance! Man alive, I wish I was in your shoes, that's all!"

"Yes, yes, my boy. All right!" I exclaimed. "Well, it's a shame if I don't secure a good smoke before the light of my pipe goes out in obscurity. Do you object to smoke, sir?"

This latter question was addressed to the old gentleman in the corner, who appeared a curious mass of seedy old coats, railway rugs, and newspapers.

"I do object very much," was the old gentleman's gruff reply.

"Very sorry, sir," said I. "I'll keep my head out of the window, then."

Shame seizes me when I recall this incident. In lieu of attending to the old man's wishes, I coolly lit my pipe, and though I knew the wind would blow the smoke right into his eyes—though I heard him growling with rage—I puffed on heedlessly. I should be sorry to be so rude, now, but you see I was young and very excited.

The short January afternoon was drawing to a close, and very soon after we were dependent on the lamp that [illegible] the carriage roof for light.

Whether it was the old man's example who had gone to sleep, or the monotonous noise of the train as it speeded along, or that our powers of chattering were exhausted, I know not, but anyhow we too began to feel inclined for a nap. But we found the lamp an intolerable nuisance, with its incessantly flickering light.

"Bother it! Can't we blow it out?" I exclaimed.

"Not if we cracked our cheeks. But I've a notion!" cried the ready-witted Jack. "Hand me the old boy's hat."

"What for?" I asked, as I handed him the article in question. It was worn and rusty, but well brushed and well shaped.

"To make an extinguisher of," said Jack, and so saying, he fitted it on to the lamp, making the globe act like the bald head of the owner of the hat. It fitted to a nicety, and so tightly as to keep well in its place. The arrangement answered splendidly, and not a glimmer of light was to be seen.

When the train stopped at Swinden we awoke, and rushed out of the carriage to get refreshments, quite forgetting our fellow passenger and his hat. On returning we found they had both flown. The train started, and when we arrived at Gloucester, Jack left me. I had a cold, lonely journey to my destination, a little station just below Hereford. When I arrived it was nine o'clock; a dark, raw night; I was very sleepy and tired For some moments I could not find my portmanteau; then my hat box was missing, and while I was searching, the guard was exclaiming about the delay of the train. At last it was all found, the guard whistled, the train moved off, and I was left standing on a little country platform, in a strange place.

"Any cabs or flys to be got here?" I asked the station master.

"Dear me, no, sir," was the reply. "But we can get you something down in the town. Where is it to, sir?"

"I want to go to Mr. Fosberry's of Castle Hall," I replied.

I paced the wretched little station till the conveyance came, with my mind full of the coming meeting. I asked the driver how far we had to go.

"How far, sir," said he. "Oh, only about four miles."

I got in, and we bowled along the dark narrow lanes. After half an hours drive we entered some handsome iron gates, and drove into what seemed to me, in the dim light, a very extensive park. The whole aspect impressed me with the idea of a grand estate. And I questioned the driver on the subject.

"Indeed it is a big place, sir," said he. "It's about fifteen miles round the estate. Eh, Mr. Fosberry's very rich. People do say he has two hundred thousand pounds to leave, if he has one penny, besides this property."

My driver jumped down and pulled the bell. The peal resounded through the house like the clang of a triumph. A footman in livery flung open the door, and I was admitted into a hall glowing with light and warmth, and then shown into a large, brilliantly-lighted drawing room.

Soon we were at the house. A moment later and the tall footman reappeared. He apologized for his master's non-appearance, and requested me to obey the instructions of a note which he handed me from a massive silver salver.

I tore it open and read:

"MR. PHILLIP FROSBERRY WILLIAMS:

The next time you travel by rail do not smoke nor annoy old gentlemen; do not make the infirmities of age and seeming poverty your laughing stock; do not tell your friends of your great expectations; do not speak of your old crack-brained relatives; do not make extinguishers of old gentlemen's hats; do not be slangy, vulgar and insulting to strangers; do not nourish vain hopes of inheriting me, and finally, do not lose any time in leaving forever the house of your old 'fireworks' of a fellow traveler. PHILLIP FROSBERRY.

P. S.—I enclose a £20 note to pay your expenses."

* * * *

How I got out of the house—how I got back to the station, and spent the night in a wretched inn—how I returned to town and told to my enraged relations my woeful tale, wherein I played such a sorry part—how my abject letter of apology was returned unread—I cannot tell.

I only know old Fosberry died worth the £200,000, leaving his niece sole heiress, and that I quarrelled with Jack Evans about it, nor have I ever spoken to him since.

Don't Judge.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears, for God made one and the tailor the other. Don't judge him by his family connection, for Cain belonged to a very good family. Don't judge him by his speech, for the parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound. Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and the rat often inhabit the grandest structures. Don't judge him for his activity in church for that is not unfrequently inspired by hypocritical and selfish motives. Don't judge him by his love of display, for the long eared beast is the humblest of animals, but when aroused is terrible to behold. Don't take it for granted that because he carries the contribution box he is liberal, he often pays the Lord in that way and keeps the currency.

—Minnesota planted 828,000 acres of amber sugar cane this year.

Make but few explanations; the character that cannot otherwise defend itself is not worth vindicating.

ALTHOUGH MANY are predisposed to lung troubles from birth, yet even such may escape consumption or other Pulmonary or Bronchial diseases if due care and watchfulness be observed, and all exciting causes are promptly treated as they arise. It is in these cases Dr. J ayne's Expectorant exercises its most beneficial effects, and has produced the largest proportion of its cures. Besides promptly removing Coughs and Colds, which, when left to themselves, are the immediate causes of tuberculous development, this standard remedy allays any inflammation which may exist, and by promoting easy expectoration, cleanses the lungs of the substances which clog them up, and which rapidly destroy those who suffered it to remain.

St. Petersburg.

Russian affairs are attracting considerable attention just now, and this description of life in the streets of St. Petersburg is therefore especially interesting. The fine streets of St. Petersburg, well paved and broad, are lined with elegant residences and handsome shops, which contain not only the rich goods of other countries, but are temptingly supplied with the furs of Russia, the products of its manufactories, which are very numerous, and the peculiar silver-work of this country, which every traveler invests in. Here one can buy the shoes worn by the peasants, a sort of braided straw, curiously formed, and copied either in silver, gold or porcelain—these for flowers, cards or for cigar ashes; water-carriers, in bronze, on stands of any of the peculiar stones from Siberia. The three-horse carriage also is a favorite in bronze and silver; and a bronze table, with silver cloth, on a foundation of malachite or lapis, is often seen, with Russian peasant and wife drinking tea, thus showing their dishes and their peculiar way of preparing the tea, with a great urn in the middle of the table, and the whole forming a beautiful inkstand. There is no end of this sort of temptation here, and if one's money holds out he never knows where to stop; in fact our American party kept buying until the last moment, and then hadn't enough, because, I suppose, we all felt as though we should not probably ever come to Russia again. Prices are at a very high figure, I am told, for all "articles de luxe"—not really needful things—while the necessaries of life are very reasonable; and if they were not, these people could not live under the governmental condition of affairs, as the lower classes have to live on almost nothing, and pay for that well in taxes. Everywhere there is constant life and activity. The little droskeys, only large enough for one, but in two often ride, the larger public carriages, and the elegant private turnouts, are all driven in the main thoroughfares as if in a case of life or death—regular John Gilpin fashion. As one sits in a public carriage, being in the midst of this curious melee, he involuntarily holds on, and holds his breath as if at any moment he should be crushed to atoms and nobody would know anything about it. We took many such daring drives and enjoyed the scene extremely, feeling comparatively safe, for where people always drive fast there are but few accidents. The people were a novelty, so were the shops, then every few blocks there was a chapel, and the people praying all about, and at certain points, men in peculiar Russian dress were kneeling out on the edge of the sidewalk with fruits and small wares, sometimes whole rows of them, and if a carriage stops they immediately flock up to sell their goods; and as to these little droskeys, one can take one for a given point and pay only ten cents, then pick up one again at any time. I found that if we could not tell the driver where we wanted to go, we could do as well by pointing and keeping them going till we wanted to stop, but they drive as though they would break one's neck, even at small pay.

In a Hole.

The man James Donnelly recently taken from the hold of the Inman steamer City of Chester well nigh starved to death by eleven days fastening, is fast recovering. He is a young Scotch lad, twenty years old, about five feet seven and a half inches high, with blue eyes, light hair and a faint moustache. Except for the emaciation resulting from his long fast, he is perfectly healthy. His diet is confined to brandy and water or brandy and milk, with occasional sips of beef tea, and this will not be varied much for several days. His eyes are sunken and his cheek bones prominent, his tongue dry and hard. His constant demand is for water, which he sips lovingly. According to his own story, told with many pauses to gain strength or moisten his parched tongue, he is a native of Dumbarton in Scotland, where he has a brother. He has two aunts and two uncles living at "Only Villa", Marina, R. I., and it was to get to them that he became a stowaway. He had worked for a time as a plater or rivetter in the shipyards on the Clyde, and latterly in the boiler shops at Birkenhead, near Liverpool. Finding himself out of work and out of money, he got a bottle of whiskey and the day before the City of Chester sailed went on board at the Albert Docks, Birkenhead. The whiskey, he says, he gave to a sailor and begged the man to hide him away. Cargo was then going in and the sailor told him to go below where the cargo was stowing. Donnelly describes this friend of his with sufficient minuteness to insure his identification. The man took the whiskey and afterwards threw the bottle down into the hatch where Donnelly had stowed himself. This occurred, Donnelly says, about 4 o'clock on the afternoon of September 22. It was perfectly dark in the hold and he can tell nothing of days or times after that event. In groping about after the hatch separating the orlop from the lower steerage deck was put on he fell through to the bottom of the hold. Feeling about he discovered some salt meat, but it was so very much spoiled that he could not eat a mouthful, although he was beginning to be hungry. He then climbed to the orlop deck, where he discovered some loose salt, and after a while ate some. Of course, as he knew it would, it made him horrible thirsty. He says he felt no hunger at any time to be spoken of in the comparison, but to slake his thirst would have given all the world. It was perfectly dark, and he could tell night from day only by the sound of bells which reached him from above. On what he concluded was the second or third day out he got hold of a barrel stave and managed to work it up between the hatch and the deck combings. He made all the noise he could, and the barking of a dog followed. Then he heard and felt the dog lay hold of the end of the stave and break it off, and heard shouts of laughter of somebody evidently amused at the dog's antics. He shouted and cried till he had no voice left, and then he fell to the deck and became unconscious. He knew no more of anything until he felt water poured upon him as he lay on the steamer's deck on Friday evening. Donnelly insists that he had not been drinking the whiskey, but has brought it merely as a bribe to the sailor. As soon as he came to his senses his first sensation was a great gnawing at the pit of the stomach, and then his thirst returned, which his continual sipping of water has not taken it away. The chief officer of the City of Chester said the story of a bribed sailor he did not consider to be true, since the crew of the ship were an exceptionally fine lot of men. A sailor, moreover, would not have stowed away a man in such a fashion. It was more than likely that the supposed saylor was a stevedore connected with one of the gangs at the Birkenhead docks. Those men were the blue smock of Inman line sailors. The salt meat Donnelly got at was a lot of rancid bacon, which lay in the hold. The deck above the orlop deck was the lower steerage deck, and there was a dog there, kept by one of the passengers though the hatch was entirely covered by a heavy tarpaulin, which extended over the deck on all sides. He did not see how a man could thrust a stick up from the lower to the upper compartment, and thought that this was a dream of the starving man before he fell into unconsciousness.

Knew a little too Much.

Intelligent young man of Burlington, who has picked up a little agricultural argot, to old granger sitting besides him on the cars:

"This has been splendid weather for fall plowing."

Old granger, pleased with the general intelligence of the young town man:

"It hez, stranger, it hez; couldn'tha' been better."

Young man of Burlington, warming with his subject, and well pleased with his success:

"The farmers have a greater acreage of ground ready for sowing than they have had at this season for several years."

Honest old granger, fairly delighted at the really good sense and observing habits of the young man.

"Yes, I 'low we hev, I rather 'low we hev."

Young man of Burlington, ruined by excess and over-confidence:

"But I'm very much afraid they won't be able to get another crop of corn out of the way of the frost this year."

Disgusted silence for the next sixty-five miles.

The Eaters of Morphine.

The morphine eaters, as a class, are the most peculiar I ever dealt with, particularly in their negotiations for their favorite drug. They will undertake anything, will promise anything to obtain morphine. I remember some years since, when I was in a downtown drug store, a young woman came in one morning, and ordered a large quantity of toilet goods put up, saying that she was from the country, and that her father, who was out doing some trading, would call in and pay for them very soon. Among other things she ordered an ounce of morphine to be put up with the rest of the goods, but first took a large dose from one of the bottles right there. Then she went out and never returned, while the clerk who sold her the goods waited in vain for the father fro the country, and was for months af the butt of various jokes on his confiding nature. I afterwards found that the young woman visited a large number of drug stores in town, and did the same thing, but she one day tried the game upon one drug store where, after she got the morphine, the proprietor refused to let her go until she paid for the goods. She immediately stepped to a room in the rear of the store, and divested herself of a chemise, which she pawned for the morphine taken. I have quit the sale of these drugs, except in filling prescriptions, because I do not care to deal in them, or to supply the people who are addicted to their use.

Cashmere Goats in Nevada.

Pure Cashmere goats find among the wild sage brush barrens of Nevada an acceptable climate, where their health is excellent and their fleeces unusually fine and silky. A herder near Carson has a flock of 3,000. Eastern farmers and especially that great multitude who to admiration of rural life do not unite much affection for farm labor, are solicited to give reflection to this intelligence. Here is a whole State, 120,000 square miles, open to superficial preemption, its mountains exactly adapted to climbing goats, and its sweet grass sheltered by every bush of artemesia. Everywhere the flashing-leveled white sage abounds. In the growing time of summer no animal can stomach its bitters. But the first frost that kills the summer food turns this bitterness to sweetest pasture. It is savory and fattening to all animals that herd. It tenders their meat and gives to their coats a glossy fur that defies the frosts and the tempests of winter. Here is inviting occupation, most remunerating, least laborious, most healthful, least risky and involving small initial outlay.

Pompeii.

Excavations at Pompeii prove the city to have been one of the most fashionable and beautiful of Roman summer resorts, and, but for the *eruption* it might have remained so to this day. As with Pompeii, so with thousands of people who have beauty of form and feature. They might always be admired but for the *eruption*, that makes the face unsightly, and betrays the presence of scrofula, virulent blood poisons, or general debility. There is but one remedy that positively cures these affections, and that remedy is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best known tonic, alterative and resolvent. It speedily cures pimples, blotches, liver spots, and all diseases arising from impoverished or impure blood. It also cures dyspepsia, and regulates the liver and bowels. Sold by all druggists.

How Trained Dogs and Monkeys Live.

When the monkeys and dogs had finished their performances, all of the hundreds of people left the Aquarium building, or scattered in various directions, among the tanks of fishes, but I was not satisfied. I wanted to see the man who had taught these animals such astonishing tricks. So a messenger started off behind the stage to find him, while I hurriedly gathered my traps together, and put them on as becomingly as I could, ready to be respectable and middle-aged again on the approach of Signor Taddei. He came before long quite surprised at having been sent for,—a kind looking, sober gentlemen, who could'nt speak a word of English. How fortunate that I was grown up again! Perhaps I could understand him. As he proved to speak French, we got along very well, and I always shall be grateful for the patient way in which he answered every question, often adding some welcome bit of information. Has Monsieur owned these animals long? Oh yes, some of them for twelve years; he had been training animals for fifteen years. Did he have to whip them? "Oh, no, indeed; that would do no good; it would frighten them. Kindness was much the best," and so on until we obtained many interesting facts. I shall repeat them to you in very much the same jerky way in which they came. Signor Taddei had come to America a few month before, bringing his animals with him; his daughter, who came also, assists him very much, and his pets are as found of her as they are of him. She always stands behind the scenes to receive them when they run off the stage. They are fed and petted after each performance. The dogs like meat or sausage; The monkeys sometimes take meat, but generally they eat bread, milk, and rice. They like to drink raspberry or strawberry juice mixed with water. His monkeys tasted bananas in New York for the first time in their lives, and were delighted with them. Where did he get his animals? Certainly, Madame should be told, with great pleasure. The dogs mostly were obtained in Austria, but his monkeys he picked up at circuses and zoological gardens—In fact at any place where he could find the right sort. He selects his monkeys usually by what he sees of them at the menageries, or zoological gardens. The best ones always are active and on the alert. Were monkeys as intelligent as dogs? Well yes; no; he could'nt say. Sometimes monkeys are brightest, sometimes dogs; it depends entirely upon the individual animal. Monkeys often forget their tricks when they come to a new place,—are distracted by new sights and sounds; dogs don't forget at all. A long time generally is needed for training either, but this, too, depends upon the animal's intelligence and the difficulty of the trick; it may be three month, six months, nine months, or a year. It took more than a year to train the chief ladder dog. Madame would n't believe it, but another dog has been training for the same trick for a whole year and cannot perform it sucessfully yet.

The Story of Chub.

Everybody about the depot knew Chub, the basket boy, for he was always limping through the room crying "apples!—peanuts—ten cents a quart! Apples—two for a penny! Right this way, Mister, for your fresh-baked peanuts and ripe, apples!"

Where Chub came from or to whom he belonged seemed a mystery. He was always at his post, from early morning till nine at night. Then he would disappear only to return punctually the next day.

He wasn't at all communicative, and said but very little in the way of general conversation. Yet everybody liked him; his pale face and withered limbs were sure to appeal to their sympathies. I used to like him myself, and it always pleased me to see him get a good day's custom.

But it's over a year, now, since Chub sold apples and peanuts in our depot, and I miss him yet. There is a real lonesome place over in the corner; here he used to sit and eat his lunch at noontime. It was his favorite seat, and it never seems filled now.

If often hear our agent and Simons remark, when they glance in that direction, "It seems kind o' lonesome not to see Chub around."

I remember as if it were but yesterday, the lady coming in leading that little witch with a blue silk bonnet crowning her curls. It was the sweetest baby I ever saw. As she ran about the depot, laughing and singing, she happened to espy Chub limping his rounds. She ran right up to him, and, putting out a tiny hand, touched his crutch.

"Oh, oo poor 'ame boy," she cooed, "Ise dot a tiss for oo."

Chub's face fairly glowed with delight as he bent his head to receive the kiss from the rosebud lips. He reached her a handful of peanuts which she took and placed in her little sack pocket.

"I loves oo, poor 'ame boy," she said, softly, "'cause oo was dood to me."

"Come here, Birdie," called the lady.

"No, mamma, no! Ise doing with poor, poor, 'ame boy," she said, resolutely sticking close to Chub.

But the lady took her away. Chub hobbled into the other room.

The lady was busy with her book, and did not notice her child slip out; but I did, and every now and then caught stray glimpses of the little figure as she ran up and down the platform. By and by I heard a whistle. 'Twas the fast mail going up, but it don't stop. I thought of the baby and so did her mother.

"Birdie!" she called; but no "Birdie" answered. Just then I glanced out, and there stood the little one in the blue silk bonnet right upon the track.

I fairly stopped from very terror. The mother ran shriking forward, "Will no one save her!"

"Yes," shouted a voice. I saw Chub limp wild out and snatch the little form from its perilous position, and throw it on one side just as the train thundered by.

The baby was saved; but upon the track was a crushed and mangled form. They lifted him sadly, and, laying him down upon one of the seats, went for help. It was too late; for he only opened his eyes once and whispered, "Is she safe!"

They brought her to him, but he did not heed. She stroked the still white face with her tiny hands, and cooed in sweet baby fashion, as she looked around upon the crowd:

"Poor 'ame boy gone fast seep! gone fast seep!"

An Indignant Head and Neck.

A most extraordinary sensation occurred in the American colony of London last week. A young lady from Philadelphia was walking down Regent street with the mother and sister of a young gentleman of rank, when the attention of all three was attracted by some photographs of notables and others exposed in a window, and they drew up to look at them. Fancy the astonishment of the American girl on seeing her own photograph exposed there among the others, but in the most amazing shape it is possible to conceive. Her head, her face, the arrangement of her hair, the turn of her neck; it was impossible to mistake; and yet there she was, almost as undraped as the Venus de Medici, in fact, got up in tights and fleshings, and labelled "Mazeppa." "What can this mean?" she cried to the elderly lady, her lips blanched with shame and terror.

"I really cannot tell you," replied Lady Disdain, with steel-bard eyes and icy voice. "You perhaps can tell us whether on any occasion in America you were in the habit of appearing in this dress?"

"Oh, what do you mean to insinuate," uttered the poor girl. "Do you think I ever stood as Mazeppa? Oh, how cruel of you to speak so."

"It is certainly your portrait," added the other lady.

By this time one or two bystanders had drawn up to the window, and noticing the likeness were nudging each other.

"It is some coincidence—of course it cannot be meant for me."

"You had better take a cab and go home and tell your father about it," said the lady, still with her frigid manner. "My daughter and I have some calls to make."

In a half-dazed state of mind the young Philadelphian drove home and told her father what had happened. To get back to that shop, to have that photograph out of the window, to demand an explanation of the stationer, was not the work of many minutes for the enraged father. But though it was easy enough to demand an explanation, it was not so easy to get one. Suspicion falls upon the servants in the house, one of whom might easily have abstracted a photo out of a package of them which has been kept hitherto in an unlocked drawer of the young lady's writing desk. Of course it is a "cooked" picture; only the head and neck of the American lady's photograph, the rest that of some one else, and together the picture represents one of the most beautiful women it is possible to conceive. The matter has caused so much indignation and so much comment that it is not impossible it may check the mania so prevalent among society beauties for having themselves photographed for sale at a shilling a *carte de visite*.

The Dead Guest.

Lord F. was on his travels on the continent, when he met a young man engaged in similar way, with whom he grew very familiar. Mr. G. gave him, in the course of conversation, to know that the end of his life had been predicted to him, and that he had some ground for believing that this prediction was not without its weight and credibility. "As how?" asked Lord F. "I was traveling with two friends," replied the other, "in Italy, and at Florence we agreed to have our nativities cast by a woman there, who had a great reputation for astrological skill. She foretold that none of us would live long, and named the days on which we should each die. My two friends are dead, and each at the time she named; it remains to see whether her prediction will be verified to me." "Pshaw!" cried Lord F., "a mere coincidence, impossible that it can happen a third time. But what is the day she named?" Mr. G. named one about six months distant. "And where shall you be then?" pursued Lord F. "At Paris." "Why, I shall be there too. Let it be an engagement. Come you and dine with me on that very day at seven o'clock, and keep up your spirits till then. I shall be found at No.—Rue de—. Do you agree to the bargain?" "Willingly," replied the other, and in a short space of time the friends separated. The six months passed and a little before the appointed day, Lord F. found himself in Paris. He sent a note to Mr. G., to remind him of his engagement, and received for answer that he would come. However a day or two after, another note was brought to him, in which Mr. G. said that he was not very well, and must postpone the pleasure of dining with Lord F. till another time; that the indisposition was very trifling, and ere long he hoped to have the pleasure of waiting upon him. Lord F. thought no more of the matter, ordered dinner on the day that had been named, at seven, for himself, and about six o'clock sent his servant to Mr. G.'s with a merely formal inquiry as to how he was. Seven o'clock came; Lord F. sat down to dinner, when just as he was beginning his meal, the door opened, and in walked Mr. G. He walked in, it is true, but he said not a word, went up to the table, and went out again. Lor was alarmed, and rang the bell, and it was answered by the servant whom he had sent with the message of inquiry. "How is Mr. G.?" he demanded. "Dead, my lord," was the reply: "he died just as I reached his house."

Peculiarities of Prominent Men.

The Duke of Wellington was not remarkably sedulous of dress, although on grand occasions he made a sufficient display, when he were his orders and decorations [illegible] on a cost more gorgeous than the celebrated habit of Prince Esterhazy, which, it is said, cost him £200 in repairs and damages, every time it was put on. The duke had a custom of wearing a neckcloth in uniform, which gave him rather a slovenly appearance, and a flippant French duchess once called him "Le Duc de Villianton," because he appeared at a full dress party in something less than grande tenue. He was also familiarly called in the army, "the Bean," from his usual plain attire, and apparent negligence of outward splendor. That vanity is an inherent compound or attendant of greatness, is a wide position, which admits of much argument and endless demonstration. Many distinguished men effect or adopt eccentricities, of which vanity may be the inciting cause.

Lord Nelson was fond of exhibiting his stars, and delighted in having his horses taken out, and his carriage drawn by the mob.

The celebrated Lord Peterborough, though light and vain and proud, had no weakness of this kind. Once, the populace taking him for the Duke of Marlborough, insisted on dragging him through the streets in triumph.

"Gentlemen," said he. "I can assure you by two reasons that I am not the Duke of Marlborough. In the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket, and in the second place they are heartily at your service."

So, throwing his purse among them he got out of their hands with loud huzzas and exclamations. The Earl of Peterborough, who had much sense, much wit, and much whim, leaped out of his chariot one day on seeing a dancing master, with pearl colored silk stockings, lightly stepping over the broad stones, and picking his way in extremely dirty weather, and ran after him with his sword drawn, in order to drive him into the mud, into which he, of course, followed himself.

All singularities may be traced home to a certain degree of vanity, of which prevailing weakness the old leather breeches of Frederick the Great, the coarse coat and brass buttons of Charles XII, the small cocked hat and gray capote of Napoleon, the blanket and tub of Diogenes, and even the plous beaver and modest drab of the Quaker, may be included as samples.

A Fatal Fire Hunt.

Recently, a party of four hunters left South Canadian Station, for the purpose of hunting deer and turkey. A Creek negro by the name of Andy Gillpin accompanied the party. No game of any consequence was killed during the day, so the hunters determined to remain in the woods all night, for the purpose of engaging in what is familiarly known as "fire hunt." After leaving the station, they struck the Canadian River east of the railroad track, proceeding along its bank for some distance, until they arrived at a point where it was known that deer were plentiful. Here they separated, two striking into the woods and the other two crossing the river. Gillpin took a torch and struck out on his own hook. The agreement was that the hunters should meet in the morning at daybreak on the South Canadian Bridge, and return with their spoils to the station. Sandy Waite, one of the hunters, while walking in a dence cluster of undergrowth, saw on a slight elevation of ground near the river, what he supposed were the eyes of a deer. The moon had gone down, and the surrounding woods were shut in somber gloom. In a "fire hunt" the sportsman is always on the alert for two shining orbs, which glow in the darkness like balls of fire. They know when they see them that they are "shining" the eyes of a deer. Waite placed his torch against a tree, raised his rifle and took deliberate aim between the two balls of fire which glowed on him from the distance, a sharp report rang through the woods and a terrible cry of agony broke the night air. Waite stood transfixed to the ground, staggered with the awful suspicion that he had shot and killed one of his companions. He sprang through the woods, running with all possible speed to the spot where he saw the two shining balls of fire. Lying at the foot of a tree, face down, was the lifeless remains of the Creek negro, Andy Gillpin, a stream of blood and brains oozing from between the eyes. Gillpin held in his right hand a torch which had been extinguished, and clutched in his left hand was a rifle. Waite remained with the body of the negro until daylight, frequently firing off his rifle to attract the attention of his companions. In the morning he started for the Canadian bridge, where he met his companions, who returned with him and brought in the body of the negro. Waite says that the eyes of the negro shone in the darkness like those of a deer.

Little Bertie's Frock.

He was walking up Macomb street, peering on the Italians, glancing into open windows at junk buyers, and now and then entering an alley to inspect rickety old vehicles standing in front of barns.

"What am I looking for?" he answered the policeman; "well, it may strike you as foolish, but I have been looking around for a whole month, and I may have to keep it up for another; I'm looking for a rag-buyer; I'd know his rig if I should see it again, but I haven't the least idea where he is or where I'll find him."

"Did he steal something from you?"

"No—no," was the hesitating reply.

"Want him arrested for anything?"

"N—no."

The officer was wondering what the cause could be, when the man said:

"I feel a bit ashamed to tell you, but perhaps you won't laugh at me. But you see I have old clothes on, and I don't look as if I had plenty of cash to spare. I'm only a poor laboring man, renting a cottage up by the reservoir, and though I've only the old woman with me, it's often that we barely have enough to eat. When there's plenty of [illegible] and when we're in health the world goes dead against us. It is a sort of a life-and-death struggle with us, and sometimes we sit in the darkness and wish we were dead and buried 'longside of our little Bertie, up in the poor folk's share of Elmwood. That little grave up there is all that keeps us here—we cling to life that we may keep flowers growing green there. I've stood on the streets many a time, and felt like going to death at a jump, but that grave rose up to warn me back. On my way home at night, I've feared, time after time, to find the house deserted or a corpse on the floor; but that little grave has restrained my wife as well as me."

"How old was she?" asked the officer, his own heart aching a little.

"Th—three years old," replied the man; "and she was the only child ever coming to bless us. We had luck enough before she died. I had work day in and day out. My wife was singing the whole day long, and when I started for home at night the knowledge that Bertie would be watching for me through the bars of the gate picked my feet up faster than anything has ever since."

"Well?" queried the officer, as the man paused.

"Well, she took sick and died. I don't want to tell you more than that, or I'll be breaking right down here in the street, and the people will wonder if I've been drinking. It was three years ago she died, and her voice rings in my ears to this hour, the same as if I had left her at home. It's the same with the wife, sir—a dozen times a day she runs to the door, thinking that she hears Bertie's voice; and I never go in that she doesn't look at me with reproach for not having our dead darling on my arm."

"I've lost two children," sighed the officer, as he turned away his head.

"Then you know how the wife treasures up the little dresses and stockings and hats and such things. We put all those things away after the funeral, and though it almost broke our hearts to set the bundle down and look it over, we somehow had to do it every Sunday, and there wasn't a thing that hadn't been tear-wet before the first year was gone. These relics were our riches. We wouldn't exchange them for the wealth of any man you can name. One day, about a month ago, a rag buyer came along. You may think it funny, but even the poorest of the poor sometimes have rags to sell. My wife made up a little bundle that day—enough to get a tin cup, or something of that kind—and in some way or other Bertie's frock—our dead child's Sunday frock—got mixed up with the rags and papers, and was sold and carried off. My wife has done nothing but weep and lament since that day, and I've looked here and there in hopes to find the ragman and get the precious relic back. It may seem a little thing to you, sir, but to us—we remember the first time she wore it—how proud she was—how we took her out walking—how much she looked like a rich man's child. That dress had more tear-stains than all the other relics, and, though I haven't $50 worth of furniture in the house, I'd give every stick of it and go into the street to find Bertie's Sunday frock. I don't expect to get it now. It has probably been shipped to the paper mill ere this, and we have lost it forever."

"I'm sorry," said the policeman.

"And when I go home to-night," whispered the man, "my wife will be standing at the gate, watching and hoping; and as far as she can see she'll know by my face that the search has not availed. I had rather lose a finger than meet her white and reproachful look. I wish we were both dead."

And with a weary step and hopeless heart he dragged along, having such a mission as neither hope nor despair nor love brings to one in ten thousand.

Too Old a Bird.

A couple of chaps, whose years will be few in the land if they do not reform, entered a Gratiot avenue saloon five days ago, and one of them explained to the proprietor:

"This fellow and me have got a bet. I bet him $10 that Grant will be the next President, and he takes me. Here's the money. We want you to keep it until the bet is decided in 1880."

"I will do so," was the calm reply, as the money was raked in.

The strangers departed, each vigorously asserting that he wasn't afraid to trust the saloonist, and they were not seen together until two days afterwards. They then appeared to remark:

"We have been talking the thing over, and have concluded to withdraw the bet. It has been some trouble to you, and if you'll hand over $9 we'll call it square."

"I am no mon as dot," replied the saloonist, as he opened the till; "I makes no charge—here is der cash."

He threw them out the two tens they had left, a sly twinkle in his eye, and as they slid out he called after them:

"Schentlemens, ven you makes any moar pets call around."

But they won't. The two bills were base counterfeits, and they didn't get mixed up with his honest cash.

Natural History.

A lecturer on natural history was called upon the other day to pay for a live rabbit which he had in a basket in a railway car, and which the conductor said would be charged the same as a dog. The lecturer vainly explained that he was going to use the rabbit in illustration of a lecture he was going to give in another town, and, indignantly taking a small live tortoise from his pocket, said, "You'll be telling me next that this is a dog, and that I must pay for it also." The conductor went for superior orders, and on his return delivered this lecture on natural history: "Cats is dogs, rabbits is dogs, but a torts is a hinsect." The professor had to pay dog fare for the rabbit.