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AN AUTUMN RAMBLE.

'Tis but a dim o'ershadow'd day,
While only transient gleams
Of sunbeams o'er the hilltops play,
And mist-like kiss the stream.

I've wander'd through the woodlands wide,
Where fern and lichen grow;
I've climbed the mountain's sloping side,
Where red tea-berries glow.

My hands with forest gems are fill'd,
My arms with tinted sprays;
My soul is with that pleasure thrill'd,
Which nature wakes always.

Yet, still the sky is overcast,
The blue all drap'd with gray;
The sun seems brooding o'er the past
As night broods over day.

Mayhap the season feels the woes
A suffering people bears,
And with tear dripping eyelid shows
The sense of gloom she shares!

The Faithful Guest.

There was something, I forget what, to take grandfather and grandmother away from home one day in October of the year I lived with them in Burn's Hollow. It may have been a funeral, or some religious meeting, for they both drove off dressed in their best in the gig, with old Ajax harnessed to it; and after I had tucked in grandma's iron gray silk skirt and ran back to the house for grandpa's spectacles, and had seen the gig vanish in the distance, I felt lonely. Burn's Hollow was a lonesome place at all times, and the handsome, rambling mansion, which might have sheltered a regiment, had a ghostly air about it, when one wandered through the upper rooms alone.

There were but two servants in the kitchen, Hannah Oakes and the Irish lad Anthony. I heard them laughing merrily together, for, though Hannah was an old woman, she was full of fun, and in five minutes the door opened and Hannah came in with the tray.

"Please miss," said she, as she set it down, "may I run over to Mapleton to-night? My sister's daughter had a boy last night, they say, and I want to see it nat'rally—it's the first I ever had of grand-niece or nephew."

"Who brought the news," I asked.

"Anthony, miss," said Hannah. "He met George—that's my niece's husband—when he was out after the cow, straying as she always is, and told him to tell Hannah 'she's a grand-aunt."

"You may go," I said, "but don't stay late. Grandpa and grandma may be away all night and I feel nervous. To be sure, there's Anthony, but I never rely on him. Be certain not to stay late." I repeated this injunction with a sort of fright stealing over me—a presentiment of evil, I might say—and something prompted me to add: "Be back by nine." Why, I cannot say; but I felt as if by nine I should be in some peculiar danger.

Hannah promised, and after doing all I required, went away, and I heard her heavy shoes on the garden walk outside.

Early as it was, I had dropped the curtains and lighted the wax candles on the mantel, and I sat long over my tea, finding a certain companionship in it, as women of all ages will.

I sat thus a long time, and was startled from my reverie by a rap at the door—a timid sort of a rap—so that I knew at once that it was not a member of the house nor an intimate friend. I waited, expecting Anthony to open the door, but finding he did not, went to it myself.

It had grown quite dark, and the moon rose late that night. At first I could only make out a crouching figure at the bottom of the porch. But when I spoke it advanced, and by the light of the hall lamp I saw a black man. I had always had a sort of fear of a negro, and instinctively shrunk away, but as I did so, he said in a husky whisper, "This is Massa Morton's, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied; "but grandfather is out."

I retreated as he advanced.

"Please Miss," said he, "Judge B. sent me here. He said massa 'ud help me on. Let me stay here a night, Miss. I's trabbeled five days since I left him. Hidin' like. I's awful hungry; 'pears like I'd drop, and ole massa's arter me. Foa de lob of heaben, Miss, let me hide somewhere, and gib me jes' a crust. Massa Morton 'ud help me, and its kept me up. Missus will, I know."

I knew that grandfather had given succor to some of these poor wretches before; but I felt that I might be wrong by admitting a stranger in his absence.

Caution and pity struggled within me. At last I said: "You have a note from the Judge, I suppose?"

"I had some writin' on a paper," said the man, "but I's lost it de night, it rained so. Ah! Miss, I's telling de truf—Judge sent me, as sure as I's a sinner. I's been helped along so far, and 'pears like I get to Canady. Can't go back noways. Wife's and young uns dare. Got clear a year ago. Miss, I'll pray for you ebry day of my life ef you'll be so good to me. Tank you, Miss."

For somehow when he spoke of wife and children I had stepped back and let him in.

It was the back hall door to which the rap had come, and the kitchen was close at hand. I led him thither. When I saw how worn he was, how wretched, how his eyes glistened, and how under his rough blue shirt his heart beat so that you could count the pulses, I forgot my caution. I brought out cold meat and bread, drew a mug of cider, and spread them on the table. The negro ate, and I left him to find Anthony, to whom I intended to give directions for his lodging throughout the night.

To my surprise, Anthony was nowhere to be found.

Hannah must have taken him with her across the lonely road to Mapleton.

It was natural, but I felt angry.

Yet I longed for Hannah's return, and listened very anxiously until the clock struck nine. Then, instead of her footsteps, I heard the patter of raindrops and the rumbling thunder, and looking out saw that a heavy storm was coming on.

Now, certainly, grandpa and grandma would not come, and Hannah, waiting for the storm to pass, would not be here for hours. However, my fear of the negro was quite gone, and I felt a certain pride in conducting myself bravely under these trying circumstance.

Accordingly I went upstairs, found in the attic sundry pillows and bolsters, and carried them kitchenward.

"Here," said I, "make yourself a bed on the settee yonder, and be easy for the night. No one will follow you in such a terrible storm as this, and, no doubt, grandpa will assist you when he returns home. Good night."

"Good night, and God bless you, Miss," still speaking in a very husky whisper. And so I left him.

But I did not go up stairs to my bedroom. I intended for that night to remain dressed, and sit up in grandpa's arm-chair, with candles and a book for company. Therefore I locked the door, took the most comfortable position, and opening a volume, composed myself to read.

Reading, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell. I was awakened by a low sound like the prying of a chisel.

At first it mixed with my dream so completely that I took no heed of it, but at last I understood that some one was at work upon the lock of a door.

I sat perfectly motionless, the blood curdling in my veins, and still chip, chip, chip, went the terrible little instrument, until at last I knew whence the sound came.

Back of the sitting-room was grandpa's study. There, in a great old-fashioned safe, were stored the family plate, grandma's jewelry, and sundry sums of money and valuable papers. The safe itself stood in a closet recess, and at the closet the thief was now at work.

The thief—ah! without doubt the negro whom I had fed and sheltered.

Perhaps the next act would be to murder me if I listened. The storm was still raging; but though the road lonely, better that than this house with such company. I couldn't save my grandfather's property, but I could save my own life.

I crept across the room and into the hall and to the door. There, softly as I could, I unfastened the bars and bolts, but alas! one was above my reach. I waited and listened. Then I moved a hall chair to the spot and climbed upon it. In doing so I struck my shoulder against the door-post.

It was a slight noise, but at that moment the chip of the chisel stopped. I heard a gliding foot, and, horror of horrors, a man came from the study, sprang toward me, and clutched me with both hands, holding my arms as in a vise, while he hissed in my ear:

"You'd tell, would you? You'd call help? You might better have slept, you had; for you see you've got to pay for waking. I'd rather hev let a chick like you off; but you know me now, and I can't let you live."

I stared in his face with horror, mingled with an awful surprise; for now that it was close to me I saw, not the negro, but our own hired man, Anthony—Anthony, whom I had supposed to be miles away with Hannah.

He was a little more than a youth, and I had given him many a present, and had always treated him kindly.

I pleaded with him kindly.

"Anthony, I never did you any harm; I am young; I am a girl. Don't kill me, Anthony. Take the money; don't kill me, for poor grandma's sake."

"You'll tell on me," said Anthony doggedly; "likely I'd be caught. No, I've got to kill you."

As he spoke he took his hands from my shoulders, and clutched my throat fiercely.

I had time to utter one suffocating shriek; then I was strangling, dying, with sparks in my eyes, and a sound of roaring waters in my ears, and then—what had sprung upon my assassin with the swift silence of a leopard? What had clutched me from behind, and stood over him with something glittering above his heart? The mist cleared away—the blurred mist that had gathered over my eyes; as sight returned I saw the negro with his foot upon Anthony's breast.

The fugitive whom I had housed and fed had saved my life.

Then ten minutes after—ten minutes in which but for that poor slave's re-presence I would have been hurried out of life—the rattle of wheels and the tardy feet of old Ajax was heard without, and my grandparents were with me.

It is needless to say that we were not ungrateful to our preserver; needless, also, to tell Anthony's punishment.

It came out during his trial that he had long contemplated the robbery; that the absence of my grandparents appearing to afford an opportunity, he had decoyed Hannah away with a lie, and hid in the study. He knew nothing of the negro's presence in the house, and, being naturally superstitious, had actually fancies my protector a creature from the other world, and submitted without a struggle.

Long ago, so we heard, the slave, a slave no longer, met his wife and children beyond danger, and now that the bonds are broken for all in this free land, doubtless his fears are over, and he sits beside his humble Canadian hearth when eventide comes.

—A curious case of restitution is mentioned in the Belgian journals. In August last a box containing 18,000 francs' worth of securities was stolen from a farm-house at Ronquieres, in the Commune of Hainault. A short time ago the box was found to have been deposited during the night in the garden belonging to the cure of Henripont, who at once handed it over to the police It still contained 16,000 francs.

The Mangosteen.

Efforts are said to be making in the East Indies to export to America the delicious fruit known as the mangosteen, which persons who have visited Ceylon, Java, or the Southeast of Asia must remember to have eaten with pleasure. It is claimed that some plan has been devised to keep the fruit during its long voyage. The mangosteen, native to the Molucca Islands, although grown in many parts of the East, resembles in size and shape an orange. The rind is like that of the pomegranate, but thicker, softer, and jucier. Green at first, it changes to a dark brown with yellowish spots; the inside, of a rosy hue, being divided by thin partitions into several cells in which the seeds lie, surrounded by a soft succulent pulp, tasting like a combination of grape and strawberry. It can be eaten without inconvenience in any quantity, and is the sole fruit which physicians permit their patients to take. Indeed, it is recommended as very wholesome, and has the happy mixture of sour and sweet that is so appetizing as to prevent satiety. The leaves of the tree are entire, some seven or eight inches long, tapering at the ends, of a bright green above, and an olive color beneath. The blossom looks like a single rose, and has four dark-red roundish petals. It is not improbable that the mangosteen might be domesticated in Florida and Southern California, since it seems to need only hot weather in order to flourish; and if it could be domesticated, it would be a great addition to our many varieties of delicious fruits.

The Day of Old.

In the fifteenth century a feud existed between the Lord of Argyll and the chieftains of Maclean; the latter were totally subdued by the Cambells, and Maclean sued for peace, demanding at the same time, in marriage, the young and beautiful daughter of Argyll. His request was granted, and the lady carried home to the Island of Mull. There she had a son. The Macleans, however, were hostile to this alliance with the Campbells. They swore to desert their chief if they were not suffered to put his wife to death, with her infant son, who was then at nurse, that the blood of the Campbells might not succeed to the inheritance of Maclean. Maclean resisted these efforts, fearing the power and vengeance of Argyll, but at length fear for his own life, should he refuse the demand of his clan, made him yield to their fury, and he only drew from them a promise that they would not shed her blood.

One dark winter night she was forced into a boat, and, regardless of her cries and lamentations, left upon a barren rock midway between the coast of Mull and Argyll, which at high water was covered by the sea. As she was about to perish she saw a boat steering its course at some distance; she waved her hand and uttered a feeble cry. She was now on the top of a rock, and the water up to her breast, so that the boatmen mistook her for a bird. They took her from the rock, and knowing her to be a daughter of Argyll, carried her to the castle of her father. The Earl rewarded her deliverers, and decided to keep the circumstances quiet for a time—during which he concealed her till he should hear tidings from Mull.

Maclean solemnly announced her death to Argyll, and soon came himself with his friends, all in mourning, to condole with the Earl at his castle. Argyll received him also clothed in black. Maclean was full of lamentations—the Earl appeared very sorrowful. A feast was served with great pomp in the hall.

Every one took his place, while a seat was left empty on the right of Argyll. The door opened, and they beheld the lady of Maclean enter, superbly dressed, to take her place at the table.

Maclean stood for a moment aghast, when, the servants and retainers making a lane for him to pass through the hall to the gate of the castle, the Earl's son, the Lord of Lorne, followed and slew him as he fled. His friends were detained as hostages for the child, who had been preserved by the affection of his nurse.

The fair daughter of Argyll was rewarded for her sufferings by wedding, with her father's consent, an amiable young noble who adored her, and was mutually beloved. To this young man her father had formerly refused her hand, disposing of her, as a bond of union, to unite the warring clans of Argyll and Maclean.

Tristan Da Acunha.

The reality of the tales of Juan Fernandez and the mutineers of the Bounty fail to present half such varied lights and shadows to the brush of the painter and the pen of the poet as the story of Tristan da Acunha. One of these narratives simply recounte the sufferings of an individual sailor, punished for his misdoings, and the other a set of ruffians, who, in the seclusion of the island they invaded, founded no community, and, even in the most merciful acceptation of human law, never sufficiently atoned for their crimes And in all these instances of enforced insular monasticism, real or imaginary, amids the wilds of the ocean, there is an absence of the heroic, both in personality and in action, and an utter absence of that mingled grandeur and tenderness which Black has taught us to admire and love so well in his description of the wave-beaten islands off the coast of Scotland. Nor is there any music in these olden tales. De Foe seems to have been nearly as deat to the wild tones of the waves lashing his fanciful seagirt coasts as the fabled genius of the mountain slopes of Circassia was to the sea nymphs who for nearly 2500 years are said to have haunted the foot of the rock to which Prometheus was bound. Of classical legends Tristan da Acunha, of course, has none, but from the day of the first discovery of the volcanic islets by the Portuguese navigator, a strange folk lore has been woven round their history. The principal island of the group of three rises, like Gibraltar, precipitously from the dark, deep waters of the South Atlantic. It is not probable that it was ever before inhabited but when the commerce with the Cape of Good Hope began to assume large proportions, although 1,500 miles off the direct route, it was often resorted to as a haven of distress by anxious and wind-beaten mariners driven from their course. On their return from the strange harbor, from which a flight of rude steps hewn in the rock leads to the loghouse called the citadel of the island they told wonderful tales of a voice which seemed to sound from beneath their feet, like the voice of some of the oracles of old from the very bowels of the earth. To their superstitions ears these mystic sounds were full of marvelous portent; there was scarcely a port or a seacoast of Christendom in which weird stories were not told of the surf-beaten rocks standing alone in mid-ocean, like a monolith in Saharah. But this strange solitude of these South Atlantic cliffs is not the only feature which should consecrate them to the genius of romance. Wonderfully enough, they are wedded, indirectly perhaps, to the memory of a great conqueror. When Napoleon was sent to St. Helena the islands were occupied by a detachment of English mariners under the command of one Coporal Glass. There were but few of them, sufficient, however, to form a community, and at last the British government commissioned the corporal as governor-general over the barren spot—a house of call for but a few ships wanting water. Twenty-five years ago Glass had about forty men, women and children subject to his jurisdiction, and, affixing his proguberuatorial signature by a mark, he forwarded a petition to the English government to send out a gentleman who could act as schoolmaster, or pastor, at once. He asked for the due administration the rites of baptism and marriage, and the education of the people. His letter was illiterate, but the government sent out a certain Mr. Taylor. Under his influence the island and its settlers were restored to civilization, but after a residence of three years he petitioned the English government to convey all his parishioners to the cape. There they all died, banished, as Zimmerman would say, from the beatitude of solitude. But the waste places of the remote isles of ocean were not long left untrodden by human foot-steps. A new colony left by a passing ship occupied the deserted cottages and the adandoned lands. According to the latest accounts their isolation has not deprived them of human effection, or the paucity of their numbers of manly courage. In their rescue of the survivors of the Mabel Clarke, these few islanders, less than a dozen and half in number, have proved themselves worthy of all the courage of their blood, more ennobled in this that there was no one to applaud them, no one in authority to direct them, no one to drill them into discipline. After reading the account of the individual courage, the pluck and the heroism of these few islanders, it will be difficult, if not impossible, for the most pronounced pessimist to sustain any argument pointing to the degeneray of the race.

Mr. DeBarthe's Joke.

Mr. DeBarthe is a great tobacco fiend Likewise a wit. He stopped into a grocery store one day last week, and purchased a paper of tobacco. He had a five cent piece up his sleeve. He opened the paper in the presence of the proprietor, and made believe to take the piece out of the tobacco.

"Look what I found," said D. B.

"Yaas, dot's all reicht; dot's a prizos."

"I don't like to keep it because it is not mine," said D. B.

"Oh, yaas, dot's all reicht; dey puts dot id for a brizes."

"Like a lottery?"

"All same like loddery dickets," responded the Teuton.

DeBarthe went out dancing, as if he was pleased ever so much at being so fortunate.

Next day he entered again and did the same trick. This time it was a quarter that he found. The German began to smell a mice. On the third day D. B. came in for his customary fine cut. When he opened the paper he slipped a gold dollar into the tobacco.

"Oh, look here," said he, "I've found a gold dollar." DeBarthe had told his friends what he meant to do, and they had told the groceryman. He was ready for D. B.

"Dot ain't a golt dollar. I kess dot must be a dree cent bieces. Let me loog by him. Yaas, dod's so," and he handed the coin back. D. B. danced again, asked the man to have a glass of beer and departed. When he had worn that dollar in his pocket for a few days the plating came off, and our friend found that the Teuton had been laying for him with a plated three cent piece. The mention of the word "dollar" to D. B. now fills the air with match heads.

Going to Law.

Two Dutchmen who had built and used in common a small bridge over a stream which ran through their farms, had a dispute concerning some repairs which it required, and one of them positively refused to bear any portion of the expense necessary to the purchase of a few planks. Finally the aggrieved party went to a neighboring lawyer, and placing $10 in his hand, said:

I'll give you all dish moneys if you'll make Hans do justice mit de pridge."

How much will it cost to repair it?" asked the honest lawyer.

"Not more as five dollar," replied the Dutchman.

Very well," said the lawyer, pocketing one of the notes and giving him the other, "take this and go and get the bridge repaired; 'tis the best course you can take."

"Yas," said the Dutchman, slowly; "yaas, dat is more better as to quarrel mit Hans;" but as he went along home he shook his head frequently, as if unable after, to see quite clearly how he had gained anything by going to law.

A Surprised Physician.

Some time ago, Dr. D. P. Brown, a very reputable and widely known physician, living on Prospect street, Cincinnati, was called upon to attend a very complicated case of inflammatory rheumatism. Upon arriving at the house, he found Joseph Kain, a man about 50 years old, lying in a prostrated and serious condition, with his body seriously affected with the painful disease. He prescribed for the patient but Kain continued to grow worse, and shortly he was found to be in a very dangerous condition, and the physician concluded to consult with another physician. The two doctors found th patient worse than he had been the day before, and the family was in great apprehension. The knees and larger joints were seriously inflamed, and could not be moved. It was only with very great difficulty that the patient was turned in bed, with the aid of three or four persons. The weight of the clothing was so oppressive that means had to be adopted to keep it from the patient's body. The doctor examined the heart, and found it in a dangerous condion. It was beating at a rate much above a hundred a minute, and the disease was evidently affecting it. The above is the statement of the doctor. "As I left the house the members of the family followed me to the door, and weeping asked me in regard to the prospect of the patient's recovery. I shook my head, saying that he was a very sick man, and that the symptoms were serious. With many fears I left the house. Early the next morning I returned to the place. The morning was stormy, a drizzling rain having fallen all the latter part of the night. It was just such a morning as an invalid, sick from rheumatism, would find prejudicial to his recovery. My surprise can easily be understood when it is stated that I found my patient up and dressed, and sitting in a chair, apparently as well as usual. I asked him how this was, when he told me the following remarkable story. He had lain in his helpless condition after my departure the night before and being a very religious man, was thinking over various spiritual subjects. All at once he had fallen to saying over to himself the following passage of Scripture, 'Who healeth all thy diseases?' He had then changed, and began to say, 'Who healeth all my diseases?' He said that he had only said this once or twice, when he was instantly cured and felt that he was as well as ever. He rose from his bed and dressed himself, and had been out in the rain that morning to do certain chores about the house and barn. Mr. Kain then began to move his elbows and knees back and forth in the freest manner, to show that he was as well as ever, and said that it was simply a manifestation of the Holy Ghost. I have no idea whether or not the cure will prove permanent, but so far, it is to me one of the most remarkable things I ever knew or heard of. I have no explanations or comments to make. I have simply related the matter as I have seen and heard it, and that is all."

Interpreting a Dream.

"Dreams? Now you've touched a tender spot. Madam, I expect I've had more dreams than any other man in this U. S. A.," said Bijah.

"Well, I've had dreams," she continued, as she bent her eyes on the carpet. "I've had such dreams as I never heard tell of, and being as a woman told me that you could advise me, I've called to talk with you."

"Go right ahead on the starboard tack, madam."

"There's a man—there's a man coming to our house, sir," she said, as she partly hid her face.

"Comes to read the gas meter, I suppose. Well, go on."

"He comes to see me," she said, giving her head an indignant toss, "I might as well own up that my face or form to conversational powers have attracted him. Judging from his actions he seemed to love me."

"Does, eh? Has he ever brought you peppermint drops? Has he ever read poetry to you? Have you ever noticed him gazing at the moon?"

"I am satisfied that he loves me," she musingly replied, "and I confess—"

"That you love him?"

She blushed.

Which was very, very proper in her.

"Same as ever—old, old story—end in the usual way—no cards," he said, as he solemnly shifted the cat.

"After he left me last night I had a dream," she said. "I dreamed that I was trying to darn a pair of socks with a door key for a needle and some telegraph wire for yarn. While I was trying to mend the holes I heard a horn blow, and looking out of the window I saw—what?"

"A fish peddler, of course."

"No, sir. I saw a two-horse wagon loaded with coffins! The dream awoke me, and I found myself sitting up in bed. It has worried me ever since, and I want to know if you can interpret it."

"Madam," began Bijah, as he rose up and smoothed down his head, "you have come to the right man, and at the right time. I have never bragged around any on my power to interpret dreams, but being it's you I will say that I can knock the spots off any human being in this town on the dream business."

"And you can tell me the significance of this one?"

"Than you dreamed of a door key. That's a sign of an accident. Be careful, madam, and don't hit the clothesline in splitting wood, and don't go up on a ladder over the door fifteen feet."

"I never, never climb a ladder, sir!"

"Don't you? So much the better. But be careful how you go down the cellar during the next few weeks. Then you dreamed of telegraph wire, madam. That's another bad sign. Don't go around the back yard barefooted, or you may cut your heel on an old bottle, and have a fatal case of lockjaw."

"I go barefooted!" she gasped.

"I hope not, madam; and if you eat any peanuts for a month throw shucks away. Even if they don't hurt you there is only two per cent. of nourishment in 'em."

She looked at him in amazement, and he kindly went on:

"You heard a horn blow, and that is a good sign. I've known women who had struggled with cold feet for eighteen straight years to dream of a horn blowing, and be perfectly cured in five hours."

"Sir!"

"That's me madam, and I rejoice from the bottom of my heart at your good luck. Then you dreamed of coffins. Did you see any figures on em?"

"I don't remember."

"Well, I s'pose the undertaker will put enough figures on 'em, for that matter. To dream of coffins, madam, signifies that you will shortly have an offer."

"Is that so?" she softly replied, and she blushed.

"It is, madam. Less than a month ago a woman came to me who had been dreaming of coffins, and within three days she had an offer."

"And she accepted him?"

"It was an offer, madam, to nurse a woman with the roomytiz—salary, $3 per week and found."

"Mr. Joy," said the gentle dreamer, as she rose up and made a grab for her train, "I shant go out as a nurse—not just yet."

"I wouldn't either; it's a wery trying position, particularly where the patient is despondent and imagines that you want to murder her."

"Mr. Joy, I'm very much obliged."

"'Tis well—'tis well. Good day."

She sailed away, her face as red as a coal, and her nose up, and he sat down and muttered to himself.

"She believed every word of it up to the 'offer,' and just 'cause I wouldn't lie about it she goes away feeling dispersed and put out. That's the way with 'em—onsartin, onhappy, and ongrateful."

The Last of the Mohicans.

Boys who have been fascinated by Cooper's novel of "The Last of the Mohicans," will be glad to know that Chingach-gook was a real personage. Under the name of Wasamapah, he was known about one hundred and fifty years ago, to all the tribes of the Lenapi, as their fiercest and most powerful leader. His fate was, however, very different from that which the novelist assigns him. He was the first Indian met in the wilderness by Rauch, the Moravian missionary, and was converted by him, and baptized Job, or Tschoop, as the Moravians pronounced it. Job was for awhile subject to backslidings, both into sighting and drunkenness. One story told of him is, that being in Philadelphia, one of Penn's brethren found him sitting in the gutter on High street very drunk indeed.

"How's this, Tschoop?" he said. "I heard thee had joined the Moravian brethren!"

Tschoop gave a knowing wink. "So goot! When me in Bethlehem, me brother to Moravians, when me here me brother to the Quakers." A reply of which we will understand the point when we remember that the early Friends were as heavy drinkers as feeders.

Tschoop, however, afterwards became a sincere Christian, and was then as zealous and determined a leader for his people in religion as he had been on the war-path. He travelled among the Lenapi until he was an old man preaching with a success attained by no white missionary.

"This famous red man," testified Bishop Sprangenb, "has a marvellous power and the countenance of a Luther."

In the quaint Moravian "God's Acre," at Bethlehem, with its rows of little queer stones sunken flat in the grass, is one gray with lichen, marked "Tschoop." Beneath lies the fierce last chief of the Mohicans, so long a favorite hero with American young people.

Russian Duels.

A good deal has lately been heard of the progress of female emancipation in Russia, but it is somewhat of a novelty to find the Russian ladies figuring in the character of duelists, as was the case not long since, with two belles of Pitgerzk, a well-known watering place on the northern slope of the Caucasus. A dispute arose between the rival beauties, springing out of the attentions paid to each in turn by a handsome young cavalry officer quartered in the neighborhood. The quarrel ran so high that one of the Amazons at last dispatched her maid to the other with a formal challenge, which was instantly accepted. The belligerents met without seconds, in a lonely place outside of the town, each armed with a brace of loaded pistols. Before, however, they had even taken up their respective positions, the trembling of the one lady's hand caused her pistol to explode prematurely, sending a bullet through the dress of the other, who shrieked and fell down in a swoon. The assailant, frightened out of her wits, flung away her weapon and rushed to raise the supposed corpse, but her ungrateful antagonist, recovering her senses as suddenly as she had lost them, clutched her by the hair with one hand, while she boxed her ears with the other in the most energetic style. The firing having now ceased, the battle proceeded hand to hand. Locks of hair, ribbons and shreds of clothing flew in every direction, and but for the timely advent of three or four policemen the affray might have ended like the somewhat singular combat of the Kilkenny cats. The military Lothario's only remark, on hearing the story was: "It is lucky they took to clawing each other, instead of me.

A Farm Stocked with Ostriches.

James Murray has taken his family from Gilbertville, N. Y., to his South African farm of 3700 acres, which is stocked with 1000 ostriches, and 300 mares of rare blood and pedigree. He finds ostrich raising so profitable, that he recently sold 60 birds at Cape Town for $27,000 and a pound of feathers for $860, or $8 a feather. The difficulty encountered has been that of hatching the eggs, artificial incubators proving unless and the old theory of hatching the eggs in the sand false, but this was finely overcome by watching the birds and separating mates from the flock at pairing time, when they took care of their own eggs and young.

Putting the Plaster on the Wrong Back.

An old sea captain, well known in the days of Havre packets, "who sailed the seas over" for fifty years or more, used to tell that in the early part of his first voyage as captain, when he had but just turned twenty-one, his cabin boy complained of a lame back. There was a medicine chest aboard, whose contents it was the captain's duty to dispense according to the best of his knowledge and ability. In a shallow drawer at the bottom of the chest were three or four Spanish fly plasters already spread on kid, and one of these the captain decided to apply to the boy's back. It was done, and the little fellow sent to bed. In the morning he was on hand bright and early, but the captain's usual cup of coffee was missing. "Cook isn't up, sir," was the boy's explanation. "Why not?" asked the captain. "Says he can't get up." "Why not?" "Says his back hurts him, sir." "Back. What's the matter with his back?" "The plaster, sir." "What do you mean?" exclaimed the captain; "I didn't put the plaster on his back." "No, sir, but I did," whimpered the boy. "You did, you young rascal!" howled the captain-jumping from his berth. "What on earth did you do that for?" "Well, sir," answered the boy, getting well out of the range of any stray bootjack or other missile that might chance to be within the captain's reach, "when I woke up in the night it hurt me so I had to take it off. The cook was in the next bunk asleep, and I just clapped it on his back. I didn't want to waste the plaster, sir." And he didn't. It worked to perfection, keeping the poor cook in bed with a sore back over a week; and in the next bunk, keeping him company, was the boy, also with a sore back, but it wasn't the plaster that made it so. A rope's end was a favorite prescription in those days.

Indian Nut Parties in Nevada.

Approaching a Nevada mountain a low brushy growth is seen, strangely black in aspect, as though it had been burned. This is a nut pine forest, the bountiful orchard of the red man. No slope is too steep, none too dry, every situation seems to be gratefully chosen, if only it be sufficiently rocky and firm to afford secure anchorage for the tough, grasping roots. It is a sturdy, thickset little tree, usually about fifteen feet high when full grown, and about as broad as high, holding its knotty branches well out in every direction in stiff zigzags, but turning them gracefully upward at the ends in rounded bosses. It is pretty generally known that this tree yields edible nuts, but their importance and excellence as human food is infinitely greater than is supposed. In fruitful seasons the pine nut crop of Nevada is, perhaps, greater than the wheat crop of California, concerning which so much is said and felt throughout the food markets of the world. The Indians alone appreciate this portion of nature's bounty, and celebrate the harvest time with dancing and feasting. Inasmuch as the cones require two years to mature from the first appearance of the little red rosettes of the fertile flowers, the scarcity or abundance of the crop may be predicted more than a year in advance. Squirrels and worms and Clark crows make haste to begin the harvest. The Indians make ready with their long beating poles; baskets, bags, rags, mats are gotten together. The squaws, out among the settlers at service, washing and drudging, assemble at the family hut, the men leave their ranch work; all, old and young, are mounted on ponies, and set off in great glee to the nut lands, forming cavalcades curiously picturesque; flaming scarfs and calico skirts stream loosely over the knotted ponies, usually two squaws astride of each, with the small baby midgets bandaged in baskets slung on their backs or balanced upon the saddle bow, while the nut baskets and water jars project from either side, and the long beating poles, like old fashioned lances, angle out in every direction. Arrived at some central point already fixed upon, where water and grass are found, the squaws with baskets, the men with poles, ascend the ridges to the laden trees, followed by the children; beating begins with loud noise and chatter; the burrs fly right and left, lodging against stones and sage brushes; the squaws and children gather them with fine natural gladness; smoke columns speedily mark the joyful scene of their labors as the roasting fires are kindled; and at night, assembled in circles, as garrulous as jays, the first grand nut feast begins. Sufficient quantities are thus obtained in a few weeks to last all winter. They also gather several species of berries and dry them to vary their stores, and a few deer and grouse are killed on the mountains, besides immense numbers of rabbits and hares; but the pine nuts are their main dependence—their staff of life, their bread.

Anecdote of Fouche.

Fouche, the famous French chief of police, was an educated man, and commenced life as a lawyer, but developed a natural taste for intrigue which made him almost a match for Richelieu himself. He rendered such important services to Napoleon that he gave him the title of Duke of Otranto. He was one of the grand promoters of the famous massacre of Lyons and afterwards plotted the ruin of Robespierre. His life presents a succession of romantic adventures, in which he was often successful and often at fault. One of his favorite tools was the notorious Vidocq, chief the detective police of Paris, who was successively thief-soldier, deserter, and detective officer.

After the restoration in 1814, among the titled followers of Napoleon who were most anxious to obtain employment at the court of Louis XVIII., none showed more servility and assiduity than Fouche, Duke of Ortranto, exercising all of his famous faculties of intrigue to accomplish his purpose. To this end he finally obtained a private interview with the king, when he expressed his desire to dedicate his life to his service. Louis replied:—

"You have occupied under Napoleon a situation of great trust, which must have given you opportunities of knowing everything that passed, and of gaining insight into the character of men in public life which could not occur to many individuals. Were I to decide to attach you to my person, I should expect you to first inform me frankly what were the measures and who were the men whom you employed in those days to obtain your information. I do not allude to my stay at Verons, or at Mittau—I was then surrounded by numerous adherents—but at Hartwell; for instance, were you then well acquainted with what passed under my roof?"

"Yes, sire," replied Fouche; "every day the motions of your majesty were duly made known to me."

"Eh? What?—all of my movements?" said the king, with apparent surprise.

"Even so, sire, I was but performing my peculiar duty in spying upon you."

Louis seemed much troubled, and placing his hands behind him, he walked slowly up and down his cabinet as if musing to himself, now and again shaking his head thoughtfully, his eyes all the while bent upon the floor of the apartment. Presently stopping before Fouche, who stood in silence watching the mood of his royal master, he said:—

"Surrounded as I was at Hartwell by trusted friends, who could have betrayed me?"

"Will your majesty excuse me upon that point?" said the really disconcerted.

"I insist upon your naming him immediately," said the king, promptly.

"Sire, you command me to name what must wound your majesty's heart."

"Speak, sir; it is no novelty for me to find people to have proved unfaithful."

"If you still command it, then I must own, sire, that I was in correspondence with the Duc d'Aumont, who was my——"

"What! De Pienne, who possessed my entire confidence?" asked the king.

"Sire, it was De Pienne."

"Well, I must acknowledge," replied Louis, with a malicious smile, "he was very poor; he had many excuses, and living is very dear in England."

"True, your majesty."

"But still, M. Fouche, it was I who dictated to him those letters which you received every week, and I gave him nine out of the eighteen thousand francs which you so regularly remitted in order to obtain an exact account of what was passing in my family!"

The astounded Fouche blushed like a woman, but still he was afterward employed by the king.

Alfred Ethelridge Makes a Call.

Mr. Alfred Ethelridge is bashful; he does not deny it. He wishes he wasn't, sometimes, but wishing doesn't seem to help his case much. Everybody in Burlington likes him, except the father of a young lady out on Pond street. With an instinctive knowledge of this old gentleman's feelings, Alfred had forborne to aggravate them and kept out of the father's way as much as possible, atoning for this apparent neglect by seeing the daughter twice as often. The other afternoon Alfred went up the steps and rang the bell. The door opened and—

Papa stood staring at him, looking a thousand things and saying nothing.

Alfred Ethelridge had never felt quite so lost for language in his life. Presently he stood on one foot and remarked:

"Good afternoon!"

"Gottnoon," grunted papa, which is, by interpretation, also good afternoon.

"I—ah—is—er—er—Miss Lollipop—is your daughter at home?" asked Alfred, standing on the outer foot.

"Yes, sir;" said papa, rather more shortly than Alfred thought was absolutely necessary. Then nobody said anything for a long time. Presently Alfred Ethelridge stood on both feet, and asked:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," said papa, not budging a step from his position in the door, and looking as if he was dealing with a book agent instead of one of the nicest young men in Burlington. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his right foot and said:

"Does she—can she receive company?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, savagely, not at all melted by the pleading intonation of Alfred's voice, which everybody else thought was so irresistibly sweet. Then Alfred Ethelridge stood on his left foot and said:

"Is she at home?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, kind of coldly. Alfred Ethelridge looked down the street and sighed, then he looked up at papa and shivered. Then he stood on the right foot again and said:

"Is she in?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, grimly, and never taking his eyes off the young man's uneasy face.

Alfred Ethelridge sighed and looked up the street, then he stood on his left foot and looked at papa's knees and said, timidly, and in tremulous tones:

"Can she see me?"

"Yes, sir," papa said, but he never moved, and he never looked pleasant. He only stood still and repeated a second time, "Yes, sir."

Alfred Ethelridge began to feel ill. He looked up and down the street and finally pinned his wandering gaze to the bald spot on the top of papa's head, then he said:

"Will you please tell her that Mr. Alfred Ethelridge called?"

"Yes, sir," said papa and he didn't say anything more. And somehow or other Alfred Ethelridge kind of sort of got down off the porch and went kind of out of the gate like. He discontinued his visits there, and explained to a friend that the old man didn't say anything that wasn't all right and cordial enough, but the manner of him was rather formal.

—Bonnat, the French artist, has begun to paint a portrait of Hugo, who has given no artist a sitting since 1842.