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THE OLD HOME.

I h e gone—I cannot always go, you know ;
Best 'tis so—
Home, across the distant ridges of the years,
With my tears ;
And the old house, standing still on the old ground,
There I found.

In the parlor, in my fancy, I could trace
Father's face ;
And my mother, with her old, accustomed air,
Sitting there ,
While beside them brothers, sisters, true and good,
Silent stood.

Thro' the stillness swam the song of summer bird
And there stirred
On the wall of the leaf-flecked sunshine ; and the glow
Faded slow,
But from all the loving lips I watched around,
Not a sound.

Then I went upstairs, slow entering 'mid their glooms,
All the rooms ;
And I trod with softened step along the floors
Opened doors ;
But I never heard a voice or met a soul
In the whole,

Of the breaths that stired the draperies to and fro,
Long ago ;
Of the eyes that thro' the casements used to peep
Out of sleep·
Of the feet that in those chambers used to run—
Now are none.

Of the sunshine pouring downward from the sky,
Blue and high ;
Of the leafage and the ancient garden plot,
Brown and hot ,
Of the streamlet, and the shingle, and the tide
These abide.

But beyond its azure vaulting overhead
Are my dead ;
Though their graves were dug apart in many lands,
Joining hands,
They have gathered and are waiting till I come.
That is home !

Friola's Story.

One morning there came an invitation for us all to spend the coming Christmas week at Saunton Court, the home of my mamma's cousin. My two aunts at once decided that the weather, and their ailments combined, would effectually prevent their going; but at the same time they absolutely insisted upon my availing myself of an invitation that promised so much enjoyment to one of my age. Reluctant as I felt to leave them alone at such a season, no argument of mine could shake their determination that go I should.

I had been to few balls, and had had but a passing glimpse of the gay world which my cousin inhabited and adorned, therefore it may be supposed my anticipations were entirely of the color called rose.

There was a cold, wintry gleam of light as I left the train and made my way to Sir Hubert's carriage—which was waiting outside the station, and the sun had almost sent forth his last good night in red and yellow rays over the moat and lake, when the carriage drew up at the huge portico of the Court.

Without delay I was ushered into the great hall, where everything spoke of the season.

At sight of me, Lady Saunton left a group of ladies, and coming forward gave me a hearty welcome.

After luncheon and as soon as we could get by ourselves my cousin said:

"Friola, dear, I am going to beg a great favor of you—in fact, I hardly know how to ask it; but I have been in such a state of perplexity ever since the post came this morning. You know the house is quite full—crammed I might say, and this is my dilemma—a very vexing one, too; but I do hope you will not be much annoyed, dear, if I ask you to let Miss Archer share your room for a few days. I can easily have a sofa bed put up in that corner for her, —and people who change there mind at the last minute must not be particular —if you do not very much dislike it."

Having talked herself out of breath, and relieved her mind of its oppressive load, Lady Saunton at once recovered her natural, bewitching manner.

Of course I could do nothing but comply.

"Well, Fri," she then said, "you have certainly taken a mountain off my back, and I feel very light and very grateful. Only, dear, I hope you will like this Miss Archer. I must find her letter, though I doubt if we can form much idea of her from a few lines."

"But don't you know her?" I exclaimed, for I was somewhat foolish and timid about strangers.

"Why no, I can't say I do," was her reply. "Her family have been abroad for several years. I do just remember seeing this girl at an archery ball in the Autumn; but I could hardly tell what she was like. You must have heard of her people, for they are county neighbors of ours, though I think they had most likely gone abroad before you ever came to Saunton."

Here Mary dived into the dainty pocket of her little lace-bordered apron, and drew from it the letter for my inspection. It was one of the oddest-looking missives I ever saw. The contents were word for word as follows:

DEAR LADY SAUNTON.—I have only just returned home from Scotland, and heard of your most kind invitation, which mamma and my sisters were unable to accept. It will give me the greatest pleasure to come to you for a few days, and I hope to reach Saunton Court almost as soon as my letter.

Yours very truly, KATE ARCHER.

Silently I returned the letter to my cousin, whilst at the same moment the sound of wheels on the drive made us both involuntarily start. With a laugh, and a remark about the state of our nerves, Lady Saunton hurried away to receive this much-talked-of fresh arrival.

"Miss Friola," said my maid, a few hours later, "would you mind coming to bed a little earlier to-night? Miss Archer's maid says her young lady is coming up at half-past ten; so if you come a little earlier, Miss Friola, I could get your things put away comfortable before they come in."

"Certainly, Brunton," I replied smilingly. "I shall be very glad to go to rest early to-night, and I promise you not to be later than ten."

How vividly I recall the most trifling incidents of that evening, and all the surroundings of the scene. Lady Saunton was so much engrossed with her numerous guests, that I had no opportunity of being introduced to Miss Archer until the ladies returned to the drawing-room after dinner. Then my cousin drew me up to Kate Archer, and after the ceremony of introduction she left us to sit together on a sofa and so make friends.

I felt sure at first we should easily establish ourselves on a friendly footing, but on further acquaintance I began to feel for her a singular instinctive dislike. I could not well define the sensation but the peculiar strangeness of her presence and language made me just slightly uncomfortable.

Coming up to me, as our evening was drawing to a close, Lady Saunton expressed herself quite delighted to see me getting on so well with my new acquaintance. Then telling her of my promise to Brunton, I retreated quietly, before the rest of the party had begun the round of good-nights; but not before a certain person; known to the world as Major Barrier, but to me as Cousin Reggy, had managed to escape from the circle round the piano, and crossed the room in time to open the door, and follow me to the foot of the grand old staircase, to bid me good-night

Half an hour afterwards, Brunton had gone, and I was in bed, trying to compose my mind for sleep, when the door opened, and Miss Archer came in, candle in hand.

"Don't you wish it was to-morrow night?" was her first exclamation, accompanied by a disdainful toss of the head. "I suppose Major Barrier is a great friend of yours?"

"Reggy Barrier is my cousin, you know," I replied.

"Oh, yes," said she. "I know, cousinly affection and all that sort of thing, but it does not deceive me. I used to to call him 'Reggy' in the old days when he was my friend and playfellow.

Miss, Archer, then fell into silence, as she sat on a low chair in front of the toilet-glass, slowly and idly combing out her long black hair.

At length everthing seemed to grow still; the gentlemen had evidently retreated to Sir Hubert's smoking-room, which was at an agreeable distance from the sleeping rooms. There was a great calm. For two or three minutes she appeared to be listening intently, as though to catch the least sound outside our room; then having apparently assured herself that all was quiet, she sprang up and walked to the door. This she locked, and put the key in the bosom of her wrapper. Then glancing rapidly round the room, she jumped on a chair, and seizing the oldfashioned rope, tied the bell-cord as high up as she could reach.

I had looked on at these singular movements in speechless astonishment; then reseating herself at the toilet-table, and opening a handsome dressing-case, she took from it a silver penknife, beautifully cut in antique style.

Oh, how intently I watched the glittering blade going backwards and forwards on the sole of her slipper, as the slender fingers guided it with monotonous precision! Strap, strap,—on went the blade against the leather sole, growing sharper and sharper every moment.

My patience at last gave way; I could bear it no longer.

"Miss Archer," I began—and this time my voice was earnest enough—"don't you think you had better go to bed?—we shall be up so late all this week!"

For a moment there was no reponse; then suddenly drawing herself up, and looking at me with a pair of eyes that seemed as though they might scorch you to be near them, she replied slowly, and with unpleasant emphasis on each word, "Now listen to me, Mrs. Barrier that is to be (this she said with intense scorn); you see how I have pu the bell-rope out of your reach, also the poker, shovel and tongs. The key of the locked door reposes snugly in my bosom; the window is three stories from the ground, with no balcony to speak of. The chimney might do for a sweep, but even he would be half broiled by that cheerful fire before he got to the top. There are no sliding panels, and no convenient little doors hidden behind tapestry by which to escape; wherefore and therefore I say you are my prisoner!"

In terror, but still in silence, I waited to hear what should follow, with a sure conviction that what had at first appeared merely nonsensical whim was really the prelude to a direful tragedy.

"I mean to kill you," Miss Archer went on, more quickly; "yes—in spite of your great eyes and nut-brown hair —I say, I mean to kill you, and this ancient knife has to do the work."

At this juncture I started up, staring wildly at my foe. Her eyes fell for a moment beneath my frenzied gaze. I knew nothing of the vagaries of insanity, nor yet of the varying phases of eccentricity or extreme monomania.

"Now I am going to count twenty," she said; "and up to that number you can try to escape; after that, if I lay hold of you, I shall cut off your hair and sever your throat from one ear to the other. Now I begin: One."

No scream came from my parched lips as I heard that frightful sentence. For several seconds I did not shake off the lethargy that had crept over me; but my eyes wandered round the room. I suddenly became conscious that the counting was going on, and had got to ten! At that instant the instinct of self-preservation seemed to awake in my brain.

Springing softly out of bed on the side farthest from the toilet table, I crept to the dim corner, when (oh joy!) I saw there was a small door in the wall, and the key was on my side. Rapidly I turned it, and rushed forwards. A faint moonbeam came struggling in at a little window facing me, to this window I darted, opening it with an almost inspired force; but I only saw to my horror the kitchen premises were immediately below, and an area made the height far greater here than from the bed-room window. Casting a wild glance around, I found at once that this outlet was no means of escape. It was merely a closet used for china, but in my despair I took up a Wedgwood vase and hurled it with all my might through the window on to the pavement below. Crash, crash it went, accompanied by a long, piercing scream, issuing from my hitherto spell-bound lips. I heard the fatal "twenty," and I felt my hour had come. At that moment there came a knock at the door, and the handle was violently shaken. With a gasping effort I cried out, "Help! murder!" and a strange voice outside answered, "For mercy's sake, hold on miss!"

Again a moment's silence, in which, partially revived by the hope these words had awoke in me, I made a last attempt to parry the coming blow, and doing so fell, utterly exhausted, at the foot of the bed; but, as if in dreamland, there came the sound of many feet, a tremendous crash, and the door was burst open.

Thank heaven I was saved; though at the same moment Kate Archer, with eyes of fire, and wish such a shriek as I never heard before, and trust never to hear again, rushed at me, and as my dream faded, I felt something cold and smooth piercing through my shoulder. Then all was blank.

Months after this strange catastrophe when my wounds were healed, and I had recovered from the low fever which prostrated my strength for many weeks, Lady Saunton carefully told me the particulars of that eventful Monday.

It appeared that Kate Archer had always been extremely excitable and eccentric; and once or twice her mind had become so seriously affected as to oblige her family to place her under the care of a physician. This was not known in the county, as they had been living abroad for several years. As there had been no outbreak for a long time, her mother never dreamt of danger in allowing her to leave home, especially as she was always accompanied by a responsible person, who was nominally her lady's maid. This person felt great anxiety when she heard Miss Archer was to share another lady's room, although her worst fears had only imagined her charge might do something strange, and so betray herself. The woman tried vainly to find a pretext for altering the arrangements; but there was little time, and no excuse to be found; so she could only wait patiently, and hope for the best.

When Miss Archer retired she dismissed her maid at the bed-room door, on the plea of her disturbing me if she came in. Baffled in the plan she had fomed of taking away the door-key secretly when she left her young lady, Mrs. Tuckor then determined to come to the door at intervals, to listen if her mistress slept, and during the long night to keep watch and ward. To her watching the saving of my life was due. She had alarmed the gentleman who burst open the door just in time.

The unfortunate girl who had nearly shortened the thread of my life never appeared again. Her family took her abroad to some retreat in the south of France, which, I believe, she was never allowed to leave; and the story of her projected crime was hushed up as much as possible for the sake of her family.

On my recoverv, I heard that Major Barrier had sailed for India with some of his regiment; but he came back after a year's absence, and I returned with him as Mrs. Reginald Barrier.

Old and Young Lords.

In the English peerage the oldst duke is the Duke of Portland, aged seventy-nine; the youngest, the Duke of Montrose, aged twenty-seven. The oldest marquis is the Marquis of Donegal, aged eighty-two the youngest the Marquis of Camden, aged, seven. The oldest earl in the House of Peers is the Earl of Buckinghamshire, aged eighty-six, though the oldest bearer of the title is the Earl of Kilmorey, an Irish peer aged ninety-one; the youngest is the Earl of Russell. aged fourteen. The oldest viscount is Lord Stratford de Radcliffe, aged ninety one; and the youngest Viscount Southwell, aged seven. The oldest baron is Lord Mastyn, aged eighty-four; the youngest, Lord Southampton, aged twelve. The oldest member in the House of Commons is Sir Thomas Bageley, M. P. for Manchester aged eighty-two; the youngest, Lord Colin Campbell, M. P. for Argyleshire, aged twenty-six. The oldest Judge in England is Sir Fitzroy Kelly, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, aged eighty-three: the youngest, the Hon. A. H. Thesiger, Lord Justice of Appeals aged 41. The oldest Judge in Ireland is the Hon. James O'Brien, of of the Queen's Bench, aged 73: the youngest, the Rt. Hon. P. Palles, Chief Baron of the Exchequer, aged 48. The oldest of the Scotch Lords of Session is Lord Ormsdale, aged 77; the youngest, Lord Shaud, aged 50. The oldest baronet is Sir Moses Montefior, aged 95; the youngest, Sir T. L. H. Neave, aged 5. The oldest prelate of the Church of England is the Rt. Rev. A. Ollivant, Bishop of Landaff, aged 81; the youngest is the Rt. Rev. Rowley Hill, Bishop of Sodor and Man, aged 43. The oldest prelate of the Irish Episcopal Church is the Rt. Rev. J. R. Darley, Bishop of Kilmore, aged 79; the youngest. the Rt. Rev. R. R, Gregg, Bishop of Cork, aged 45. The oldest prelate of the Scotch Episcopal Church is the Rt. Rev R. Eden, Bishop of Moray and Ross, aged 75, the youngest, the Rt. Rev. J. R. Macharness, Bishop of Argyle and the Isles, aged 56.

Stuffing a Stranger.

Do you remember, some weeks since, I was greatly annoyed by an inquisitive man down in Maine,and abruptly closed my letter for the purpose of stuffing the aforesaid man.

Well, I stuffed him.

"Much of a place, your town?" he said.

"Oh, yes," I said, with the matter of course carelessness of a citizen of the great western metropolis, "about forty-five thousand, I guess."

The man eyed me with keen awakening interest. "So big as that?" he said,

I nodded, and he presently said "Well, I had no idea there was such a large city in Iowa. State must be pretty well settled up, I reckon?"

I said, "Yes it was. Some portions of it pretty wild, though."

"Any large game in the State?"

"Herds of it," I said. "I killed deer last winter not two miles from the Burlington court house."

I pacified my conscious for this lie by explaining to that rebellious and vociferous monitor and that there was no Burlington court house, that it was burnt down seven years ago, and the county was waiting until it could buy a second-hand court house for $1.75, before replacing it. Therefore, I could truthfully say that I had killed all the deer that came within two miles of our court house.

"I want to know!" the native exclaimed.

"Do you, though!" thought I, "then I'll tell you." And so I went on. "Why the wolves only two years ago, made a raid into Burlington and killed all the chickens on South Hill.

Conscience raised a terrible protest at this, but I hushed it up too quick, by citing the well-known case of Meigs Schenk's wolf that got loose and in one single summer night ate up everything on South Hill that wore feathers. The native looked astonished ard doubly interested.

"Any Indians?" he said.

"Land, yes," I told him yawning wearily, as one who talks of old, stale things. "Sitting Bull was educated at the Baptist collegiate institute, in Burlington, and was expelled for trying to scalp Professor Wortman with a horse-shoe magnet."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed the native in wild amazement. By this time I was perfectly reckless, and told conscience to keep its mouth shut and give me a chance.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Yellow Wolf's old medicine lodge is still standing, right out on West Hill. The Indians come into the city very frequently, tearing through the streets on their wiry little ponies."

"Ever have any trouble with them?" the man asked.

"Oh, no," I said, carelessly, "the citizens seldom do. The cow boys, who come up from Texas with cattle, hate them terribly and occasionally drop one in the street just for revolver practice. But nobody else interferes in their fights."

"I suppose," the man said, "you all carry revolvers strapped around you, out there?

"Oh, yes," I replied, "of course. We have to; a man never knows when he is going to have trouble with somebody, and in case of any little misunderstanding, it wouldn't do for a fellow not to be heeled."

I think the man shuddered a little. Then, fearing he might ask to look at my revolver, I casually remarked that I never carried my barkers when I came East.

He said, no, he supposed not. Then he looked out of the windowa long time and said nothing. Finally I asked him in what part of Maine he made his home. He looked up at me in surprise. "Me?" he said, "Lord, I don't live on this rock patch. I'm only on here visiting some relatives."

In a feeble voice I asked him where did he live then.

The man yawned and again looked listlessly out of the window.

"Oh," he said, "I live on a farm just by Leffler's; about six miles out of Burlington. I wish I was there now."

So did I. So did I. I wished he had never left there.

We didn't talk together any longer. Shortly after that the weather changed, the car grew very cold, and I went into the smoking car to look for fire.

Artemus Ward Sold.

Artemus was lecturing, with his panorama ,fSalt Lake, in Canada, and as business was good he was in correspondin high spirits and his pockets were fu of coin.

The day before they were to leave, Smith, his advance agent, told Ward that as silks were so much cheaper in the British possessions than in the United States he had purchased a large piece of silk and was going to take it to his wife as a present. Ward was pleased with the idea, and in the same confidence told Smith that he had also purchased a piece of melton cloth, and both conferred with each other as to the best way to secrete the goods so as pass the Custom House.

Ward suggested to Smith to wrap the silk around his body and Smith in turn advised Artemus to place his cloth within the folds of his panoroma of Salt Lake. They each agreed to take the other's advise, and Smith left the next morning to go over to the States in advance. The bundle of silk wound around him made him feel quite uncomfortable, especially when he came to the Custom House and commenced answering about his baggage.

The official was very polite and passed his baggage without a murmur and then invited him in his private office, handed him a cigar and begged him to take a seat.

The heat of the room began to make Smith very uncomfortable and he rose to go.

"Be seated, sir, said the official, "I want to have a little chat with you."

"No: I must be going," said the genial John. "I can't stand sitting so long, and then I've a great deal to attend to."

"You seem to be a very stoutish kind of a man," said the officer.

"Yes," said Smith, his face getting red and the warmth from the silk increasing, "I'm pretty solid, but I can't stand a hot room."

"Ah!" said the inspector, "what's the trouble? Anything the matter with your chest or lungs?"

"Only a slight oppression," replied Smith.

"Oppression about the lungs!" exclaimed the officer rising and advancing towards the suffocating agent. "Let me make an examination for you, sir, it may be dangerous. Please remove your coat."

"It's nothing; it will soon pass away," replied Smith, inwardly praying for a chance to escape.

"My dear friend, you should not allow yourself to suffer a moment," said the officer, "and I insist upon examining your chest. Doubtless I can relieve you of all your trouble."

The inspector insisted and the discomfitted agent, after vainly trying to escape from his solicitation, finally acknowledged the corn, and confessed to having concealed silk upon his person.

The officer laughed heartily and said: "I knew it all the while. Here's a letter I received this morning." And he handed Smith a letter written by Ward, informing the inspector that a smuggler would endeavor to pass a quantity of silk, describing Smith's appearance and claiming one half of the information. Smith was indignant, of course, but determined to get even with the incorrigible joker, so he told the officer about Ward having the roll of cloth concealed in his panorama.

The inspector appreciated the joke and let Smith go with a small penalty.

The next morning Artemus Ward arrived at the Custom House with his panorama, when the officer commenced interrogating him and insisted upon his letting him have a glimpse of his beautiful pictures.

Ward tried every excuse, but the official was importunate, and finally he was compelled to have his man unwind one section of the panorama before the inspector.

Artemus stood by and explained the views until suddenly the cloth came to light and as it slowly unwound in front of the pictures Ward struck an attitude like his performance upon the stage and in the drawl of the exhibitor said: "This view is slightly encumbered with twenty yards of melton cloth. That Smith told you all about it. What's the damage?"

The inspector soon settled the question of charges and for once Artemus found himself caught by his own joke.

Drunkenness in Olden Times.

The offence of drunkenness was a source of great perplexity among the ancients, who tried every possible way of dealing with it. If none succeeded, probably it was because they did not beginearly enough, by intercepting some of the ways and means by which the insidious vice is incited and propagated. Severe treatment was often tried to little effect. The Locrians, under Zuleneus made it a capital offense to drink wine if it was not mixed with water; even an invalid was not exempted from punishment unless by order of a physician. Pittaeus of Mitylene made a law that he who when drunk committed an offense should suffer double the punishment which he should do when sober; and Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch applauded this as the height of wisdom. The Roman censors could expel a Senator for being drunk and take away his horse. Mahomet ordered drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Other nations thought of limiting the quantity to be drank at one time or at one sitting. The Egyptians put some limit, though what, is not stated. The Spartans also had some limit. The Arabians fixed the quantity at twelve glasses a man, but the size of the glass was unfortunately not clearly defined by the historians. The Anglo-Saxons went no further than to order silver nails to be fixed on the side of drinking cups that each might know the proper measure, and it is said that it was done by King Edgar, after noticing the drunken habits of the Danes. Lycurgus of Thrace went to the root of the matter by ordering the vines to be cut down. And his conduct was imitated in 704 by Terhulus of Bulgaria. The Suevi prohibited wine to be imported, and the Spartans tried to turn the vice into contempt by systematically making their slaves drunk once a year to show their children how foolish and contemptible men looked in that state. Drunkenness was deemed much more vicious in some classes of persons than in others. The ancient Indians held it lawful to ll a king when he was drunk. The Athenians made it a capital offense for a magistrate to be drunk; and Charlemagne imitated this by a law that judges on the bench and pleaders should do their business fasting. The Carthagenians prohibited magistrates, governors, soldiers and servants from any drinking. The Scots, in the second century, made it a capital offense for magistrates to be drunk, and Constantine II of Scotland, in 861, extended a like punishment to young people. Again, some laws have absolutely prohibited wine from being drunk by women; the Massilians so decreed. The Romans did the same, and extended the prohibition to young men under thirty or forty-five; and the wife's relations could scourge the wife for offending and the husband himself might scourge her to death.

Steamboat Speed.

It is claimed that two steamboat launches lately built for the British Admiralty have attained the highest rate of speed ever recorded of any boat, ice boats of course excepted. The boats are constructed of steel, 85 feet long and 11 feet beam. The best time made was at the rate of 27.56 miles per hour with the tide, and something less against it; the average being 25.2 miles.

Smelt Fishing in Maine.

On the coast of Maine smelt visit the rivers about the 20th of December and remain almost all winter. For bout two months they take the hook readily, and are caught in considerable numbers through holes cut in the ice. Formerly, on cold days, it was very severe fishing, without shelter except by piling up cakes of ice, evergreen boughs, etc. Last winter one of the fishermen made a canvas tent and it proved so comfortable that it has now become the universal custom to fish in them. There are now on the ice, above the bridges, two village s of these canvas houses much resembling an Indian encampment in winter quarters. A light wooden frame, with a sharp roof, is put together, and the whole covered with light canvas or cotton cloth. In some instances the covering is painted, the better to resist the piercing northwest winds. The ordinary tent is about six feet square; occasionally one is larger, for two persons. The interior is provided with a stove, and a bench upon which the angler sits while fishing. The whole rests upon runners and can be easily moved from place to place.

When the fisherman reaches the grounds he cuts a hole through the ice places his tent over the same, builds up a fire, closes the door, drops his line through the hole and waits for a bite. Each man uses four lines. They have two kinds of fish gear—the file sinker and the triangle. The former is for tent fishing and the later for out of door fishing. The file sinker is made of lead, about the size and shape of an ordinary three cornered file. A common mackerel line is made fast to one end of the sinker, while from the other depends a snell of colored line, six inches in length to which a hook is attached. The advantage of the file sinker is that the tide causes it to cut and shear about, thus keeping the bait in motion. The triangle gear is made of wire, the line fastened at the centre, while two hooks depend, one from either end of the wire which is bent into a triangle. The bait used in this vicinity is the clam worm, which is found in the clam flats. The upper end of the line is fastened to a rack above the fisherman's head, while the hook is from six to ten feet below the surface. The fisherman sits on his bench beside the stove and patiently waits for fish to bite. There is not much skill in this kind of angling, for when a smelt was takes the hook the motion of the line conveys the fact to the fisherman, and he hauls him in. The fish bite better on cold, stormy days, the recent heavy storm being the best day of the season thus far. From ten to fifteen pounds are a fair days' work for one man, They sell in the Belfast market for five cents per pound. The wages made are not large, but the fish are caught at a time when there is but little else for the fisherman to do. The tents are comfortable and homelike the men are jolly, singing and shouting from one end to another. Wishing to change his position the angler hauls in his lines, moves his tent to another portion of the ice field, cuts a hole through the frozen surface and tries his luck there. Those from the city pass the entire day upon the ice taking their dinners along which are eaten in the tent, the tea or coffee being warmed upon the stove. Tents are added daily and before the season closes there will be fifty or more upon the ice.

"Roaming Robert."

The wild, ungovernable passion a barber has for trimming your hair! On the fourth of December I was in Boston thinking about a lecture I was to deliver in the evening, and so badly scared, that I couldn't remember the subject nor what it was about. I went into a Tremont Street "Institute of Facial Manipulation and Tonsorial Decoration" and inquired for the professor who occupied the chair for Mediæval Shaving and Nineteenth Century Shampoo. One of the junior members of the faculty, who was brushing an undergraduate's coat, pointed me to a chair, and I climbed in. When the performance was about concluded, the barber said to me:

"Have your hair trimmed, sir?"

I believed not.

"Needs it very badly, sir," he said, "looks very ragged."

I never argue with a barber. I said, "all right, trim it a little, but don't make it any shorter."

He immediately trimmed all the curl out of it. I never discovered this myself until a few months ago, and then I was very much surprised. I discovered it by looking at my lithograph.

Well anyhow, he trimmed it.

On the 6th of December I was at Bath, Maine. Again I was shaved, and again the barber implored me to let him trim my hair. When I answered him that it had been trimmed only two days before, he spitefully asked where it was done. I told him and he gave expression to a burst of sarcastic laughter.

"Well, well, well," he said at last, so you let them trim your hair in Boston? Well, well. Now you look like a man who has been around the world enough to know better than that."

Then he affected to examine a lock or two very particularly and sighed heavily.

"Dear, dear," he said, "I don't know really, if I could do anything with that hair or not; it's too bad."

"Well, his manner frightened me and I told him to go ahead and trim it, but please not make it any shorter.

"No," he said, "oh, no, it wasn't necessary to cut it any shorter, it was really too short now, but it did need trimming."

So he "trimmed" it, and when I faced the Rockland audience that night, I looked like a prize-fighter.

In four days from that time I was sitting in the chair of a barber down in New York State. He shaved me in grateful silence, and then thoughtfully run his fingers over my lonely hair.

"Trim this hair a litle, sir?" he said; "straighten it up about the edges?"

I meekly told I had it trimmed twice during the preceding week, and I was afraid it was getting too short for winter wear.

"Yes," he said, he didn't know but what it was pretty short, but you didn't need to cut it any shorter to trim it. It was in very bad, ragged shape at the ends."

I remained silent and obstinate, and he asked me where I had it trimmed last. I told him, and he burst into a shout of laughter that made the windows rattle.

"What's the matter Jim?" inquired an assistant partner down the room, holding his patient in the chair by the nose.

Jim stifled his laughter and replied: "This gentleman had his hair trimmed down in Maine."

There was a general burst of merriment all over the shop, and the apprentice laid down the brush he was washing and came over to look at the Maine cut, that he might never forget it. I surrendered. "Trim it a little then," I groaned, "but in the name of humanity, don't cut it any shorter."

"No," the barber said, "he wouldn't make it a hair's breadth shorter."

When I left that shop, if it hadn't been for my ears, my hat would have fallen clear down to my shoulders. When I reached the hotel, everybody started, and a couple of men got up and read a hand bill on the wall descriptive of a convict who had recently escaped from Sing Sing, and looked from the bill to myself very intently. That night several of the audience drew revolvers as I came out on the platform.

Then I went to Amsterdam, New York. The barber of that sleepy village, who, in the interval of his other duties acts as Mayor of the town and edits the local papers, undertook to shave me with a piece of hoop iron he pulled out of his boot leg. When I resisted, he went out into the kitchen and came back with a kitchen knife and can opener, and offered me my choice. I selected the can opener, and he began the massacre, remarking incidentally, that he used to keep a good sharp spokeshave for his particular customers, but he had lost it. Then he said my hair needed trimming, very badly. I protested that it was impossible, it had been trimmed three times within ten days and was as short now as a business man on the first of January.

"Oh," he said, "it wasn't too short, and besides, there was no style about it at all." He could give it some shape, however, he said, without making it any shorter.

So I surrendered and told him to shape it up. And if that fore-doomed abandoned, Amsterdam son of an oak-umpicker, did'nt go out in the woodshed and come back with a rusty old horse-rasp and begin to file away what little hair I had left. He allowed a few threds and patches to remain however, clinging here and there to my scalp in ghostly holiness. I rather feared that my appearance that evening would create a panic, but it did not. I observed that the majority of the audience had their heads "shaped up" after the same manner, and were rather pleased with my comformity to the local custom and style.

Well, I got along to Corry, Pennsylvania, rushed in for a shave and got it in one time and two motions.

"Hair trimmed sir?" the barber said.

I supposed he was speaking sarcastically, and so I laughed, but very feebly, for I was getting to be a little sensitive on the subject of my hair, or rather my late hair. But he repeated his question and said that it needed trimming very badly. I told him that was what ailed it, it had been trimmed to death; why I said my hair had been trimmed five times during the past thirteen days. And I was afraid it wouldn't last much longer.

"Well," he said, "it was hardly the thing for a man of my impressive appearance, who would naturally attract attention the moment I entered a room, (I have to stand on my tip toes and hold on with both hands to look over the back of a car seat) to go around with such a head of hair, when he could straighten it out for me in a minute."

I told him to go ahead, and closed my eyes and wondered what would come next.

That fellow took a pair of dentist's forceps, and "pulled" every lock of hair I had left.

"There," he said proudly, "now when your hair grows it will grow out even."

I was a little dismayed at first when I looked at my glistening poil, but after all it was a relief to know the end was reached, and nobody could torment me again to have my hair trimmed for several weeks. But when I got shaved at Ashtabula, the barber insisted on puttying up the holes and giving my head a coat of shellac. I yielded and my head looked like a varnished globe with the maps left off. Two days afterward I sat in a barbers chair at Mansfield. The barber shaved me silently. Then he paused with a bottle poised in his hand and said:

"shampoo?"

I answered with a look. Then he oiled my hairless globe and bent over it for a moment with a hair brush, then he said:

"On which side do you part your hair?"

Manufacture of Hair Cloth.

Hair cloth is made from the hair of horses tails, which is brought, some o it from South America, but more from Russia. In the latter country it is collected at the great fairs of Nizni, Novgorod and Isbilt. It is of all shades color and for use it is dyed black. The poorest quality sells for 50 cents a pound; the b st for $4, the price rapidly increasing as the length exceeds twenty-four inches. In the fabrication of hair cloth, the hair is wet with water, and when well soaked is put on the loom to be woven with a cotton wrap. The weaving mechanism is so perfect in its operation that if one of the hairs forming the weft is missed, the device acting upon it continues to work until it has grasped it, all the other parts of the machine standing still.

Olden Times.

About the year 1784 or 1785 Mr. Andrew Rowan embarked in a barge at the falls of the Ohio, where Louisville now stands, with a party to descend the river. The boat having stopped at the Yellow Banks, on the Indiana side, some distance below, Mr. Rowan, borrowing a rifle of one of the company, stepped on shore, and strolled into the bottom, probably rather in pursuit of amusement than game, for, from having always been of a feeble constitution and adverse to action, he knew not how to use a rifle, and besides, had with him but the single charge of ammunition which was in the gun. He unconsciously protracted his stay beyond what he intended, and returning to the spot where he had landed, saw nothing of the boat nor the company he had left. It being a time of hostility with the Indians, and suspicion of their approach having alarmed the party, they had put off, and made down the stream with all possible haste, not daring to linger for their companion on shore. Mr. Rowan now found himself alone on the banks of the Ohio, a vast and trackless forest stretching around him, with but one charge of powder, and himself even too unskillfull in the use of the rifle to profit even by that, and liable at any moment to fall into the hands of the savages. The nearest settlement of the whites was Vincennes (now in Indiana), distant probably about one hundred miles. Shaping his course as nearly as he could calculate for this, he commenced his perilous and hopeless journey. Unaccustomed to traveling in the forest, he soon lost all reckoning of his way and wandered about at venture. Impelled by the gnawing of hunger, he discharged his rifle at a deer that happened to pass near him, but missed it. The third day found him still wandering, whether toward Vincennes or from it he knew not—exhausted, famished and despairing. Several times had he lain down, as he thought, to die. Roused by the sound of a gun not far distant, betokening, as he well knew, the presence of the Indians, he proceeded towards the spot whence the report had come, resolved, as a last hope of life, to surrender himself to those whose tender mercies he knew to be cruel. Advancing a short distance he saw an Indian approaching who, on discovering him—as the first impulse was on any alarm with both the whites and Indians on the frontiers in time of hostilities—drew up his rifle to his shoulder in readiness to fire. Mr. R. turned the butt of his, and the Indian, with French politness, turned the butt of his also. They approached each other. The Indian seeing his pale and emaciated appearence, and understanding the cause, took him to his wigwam, a few miles distant, where he cooked for him for several days, and treated him with the greatest hospitality. Then, learning from him by signs that he wished to go to Vincennes, the Indian immediately left his hunting, took his rifle and a small stock of provisions, and conducted him in safety to that settlement, a distant from his cabin of about eighty miles. Having arrived there, and wishing to reward well the generous Indian to whom he owed his life, Mr. R. made arrangements with a merchant of the settlement, to whom he made himself known, to give him three hundred dollars. But the Indian would not receive a farthing. When made to understand by Mr. Rowan, through an interpreter, that he could not be happy unless he would accept something, he replied, pointing to a new blanket near him, that he would take that, and added, wrapping his own blanket around his shoulders, "when I wrap myself in it I will think of you."

A Thoughtful Husband.

He went home one day last October and saw his wife putting up peaches in those old-fashioned tin cans that close withsealing wax. She had an apron on, and two or three little blotches of sealing wax ornamented the floor, while the brindle cat under the table was licking a piece the size of a trade dollar with assiduity and unction.

"See here, Maria," he said "you'll cripple yourself presently with that hot wax." But she made him no answer. He continued oracularly: "Women never have any mechanical genius any way. If there's a way of doing anything wrong they are sure to try it."

"Do you think you can do better?" she observed, with some acidity.

"Why, of course I can," he replied with extreme self assertion.

"Well, here, just distinguish yourself then."

So he sat down. She handed him a fresh can, just out of the hot water. He took it in his hand and dropped it as if it had been struck with lightning; while he stuck his finger in his mouth and looked sudden death at her because he couldn't swear. She gave him a towel to hold the next one with, and he took it on his knee, lighted the sealing wax stick, and commenced prodding around the top, but the bottom burnt his knee, and he jerked suddenly, bringing the wax across the back of his left hand with fearful precision. Then he jumped up and howled, and dropped the can which emptied a tablespoonful of fiery fruit into his slipper. This made him well nigh frantic, and he went dancing about the kitchen like an inebriated dervish, waving the burning wax wildly, until a large drop detached itself from the flaming mass and dropped plump upon his nose. In his furious anger he kicked the offending can through the window, scattering its contents over the dog, who rushed into the street howling and raising an alarme of mad dog," which engrosed the attention of all the people within three squares. Then he submitted to be laid on the sofa and plastered with flour and sweet oil, until he looked like a badly-gotten-up-scare-crow. He is now willing to make an affidavit the size of a barn-door that he will let the women be just as awkward as they choose.