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B. F. SCHWEIER, Editor and Proprietor.

THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS.

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SOLD EVERYWHERE

AT HOME.

How I love the hour of twilight,
When the children gather near:
And, drawing close their chairs beside me,
This petition greets my ear:
"Please, dear sister, tell a story,
Tell just one, now, only one."
Speaks another little pleader,
"Yes, it is the best of fun."

In my lap the youngest nestles,
White arms round my neck entwine,
And from out the misty shadows
Her blue eyes look up to mine;
While in answer to their pleading
For "one more—oh, just one more!"
Mixture quaint of truth and legend,
Bring I from my little store:

Snatches wild from dim tradition,
Mixed with tales from Indian lore;
While between, in fancy's gardens,
Fairies dance about the floor;
Pictures old from history's pages,
Wearing still the bloom of youth;
Rarest gems in richest settings
From the holy book of truth.

Darkness gathers—shadows lengthen—
Sinks the head upon the hand;
While I sit and dream, and wonder,
Of the future—shadowy land;
Will my darlings gem their pathways
With pure thoughts and deeds sublime?
Holy Father! guide and keep them
All along the shores of time!

The Wife's Appeal.

The wise people—those who manage their neighbor's affairs in theory much better than they do their own in practice—shook their heads in solemn conclave when Mr. Hepworth married the second time; but an added shade of venom was in their councils when the village paper noticed, in a flowery paragraph, the birth of a son and heir at the great house.

"Poor Clarice," they said, "has no chance now. It was bad enough when Hepworth married a chit of a girl who, of course, cared for nothing but his money; but now there is a son, there is no hope for Clarice."

A young, fair woman, herself in the very spring-time of life, yet having already taken the holy ties of wife and mother into her pure heart, knelt in one of the rooms of the great house—knelt to bring her beautiful face nearer to the cradle pillow upon which rested the soft cheek of her baby boy.

The child of wealthy parents, she had married the man she loved and who loved her, and had gone from one house of luxury to preside over another.

She was very beautiful, and many had thought it a great sacrifice when she married a man as old as her own father, yet in her sweet humility she only prayed to be worthy of the love bestowed upon her.

A low knock at the door aroused her, and rising to her feet she answered the summons.

Upon the threshold stood a woman, a few years older than herself, who led by the hand a handsome boy who had seen two summers only.

The woman was poorly dressed, in a shabby mourning suit, but the child were dainty white garments.

"Did you wish to see me?" Mrs. Hepworth asked, smiling upon the child.

"May I come in?" was the woman's question in return.

"Certainly. You look tired."

The stranger accepted a chair and looked sadly around the room.

"Everything is altered," she said in a mournful voice. "Perhaps I had better stayed away. Mrs. Hepworth, you have heard of Clarice Manderson?"

"I have not," was the reply. "I am almost a stranger here. We have been traveling ever since I was married until a few months ago."

"And you never heard of me?" said the stranger, the tears rising in her eyes. "Then my errand here is indeed hopeless. If, in his new happiness as your husband, my father never even spoke my name, it is useless to hope he will forgive me."

"Your father? Mr. Hepworth your father? He told me he had lost his only daughter."

"Not that I was dead; I was lost to him by my own disobedience. You love my father?"

Just a smile, proud, happy and tender, answered her.

"Then you will understand me," said Clarice, "when I tell you I loved my husband better than father, home or duty. Father would not hear of our marriage, and sternly forbade me to speak to Lucien Manderson, assuring me that he was a fortune hunter, a gambler, and unworthy of my love. I would not believe this. To me he was the noblest and best of men, and for him I left all to fly secretly from home and father. I have been bitterly punished. When the letter imploring forgiveness was returned to me by my father, with a few brief words casting me from his heart and love, my husband proved what I had so fondly hoped was false. He had married the only child and presumed heiress of Hepworth, the millionaire, and found himself burdened with a penniless wife. I spare you the history of the four years of married misery that followed. Then my husband and eldest child died of contagious fever. Three months later, on the very day this boy was born, I heard of my father's marriage. I returned here, hoping for pardon, but the house was shut up. When you came, I determined to make one more effort for forgiveness, hoping you would plead for me. Think if he was an outcast from his father's love, sorrowing and penitent, and begging of a stranger the gift of his birthright!"

"If my prayer will keep you here, Clarice, you shall not leave your father's house again. Mr. Hepworth is in the library, and I will speak to him at once."

She waited a moment to bathe the traces of tears from her face, and came again, smiling, to the anxious group.

"Cheer up, Clarice," she said bravely; "what is your little boy's name?"

"Stephen. It was the name of my brother who died. My first child was called after my father."

"Stephen," said Mrs. Hepworth, opening her arms, "come here, darling, and kiss your grandmother."

The child sprang at once to the lovely grandmother, kissing her again and again.

Putting him into his mother's arms the young wife lifted her own baby from its cradle and left the room.

In the darkly-furnished library, Mr. Hepworth was leaning back in his arm-chair.

A light step roused him from his reverie and his wife stood before him.

Over her morning dress of delicate rose color, that suited well her fresh young beauty, fell the long white robes of the infant she carried with all the pride of motherhood.

Her husband opened his arms to caress both, and laughed as he said:

"Oh, these mothers! Do you suppose, madame, that babies are admitted into the sanctums of legal gentlemen?"

"I do" said the mother, "if the legal gentlemen have the additional honor of being their papas."

"Listen to this most conceited of mothers, comparing legal honors with the ownership of little pink roly-polies like that!"

"Did you know, Harold," said Meta, her lip quivering slightly, as she felt the deep import of her words, "that this is my birthday, and you have given me no gift?"

"You are impatient, little wife," he answered, thinking of the costly bauble that was to come without fail by noon.

"But I would like to choose my own gift," she persisted.

"What can I give my rosebud that she has not already?"

"Does not your office include the power of pardon?" she asked, her sweet face paling with earnestness.

"In a limited degree it does," he replied, "but, dear one, I shouldn't like it to be known that I had shown clemency to a criminal upon your solicitation. You would be constantly annoyed by the loving relatives of scamps trying to move me to pity through your intercession."

"But this is not a case of roguery, Harold—only a true penitent; one who erred in extreme youth, was led from a path of duty by a love as warm and true as our own, but mistaken. Oh, dear husband, do you not know for whom I would plead? Cannot you guess for whom I would beg

"Clarice," he asked, hoarsely, "who has told you of her?"

"She has come herself to seek your forgiveness."

"She is here?"

"Yes. You will forgive her? For the sake of our own boy, Harold, let this be a home for her and Stephen."

"Stephen!" he cried, starting.

"Her son. Her husband is dead. She is widowed, poor and lonely. Let her return to your home and your love, Harold."

There was a moment of silence, and the mother softly carried the strong, right hand of her husband in her own until it rested upon the head of the babe in her arms.

He looked down and said:

"I will [illegible] Take me to Clarice."

With a tender, loving kiss upon the hand that still rested upon her child's head, Meta led the way back to her own pretty sitting room, where Clarice awaited the result of her errand.

She waited, with fast throbbing heart and trembling lips, for the words that were to give her sorrowing lonely heart peace and rest, or the stern mandate that would close the doors of home upon her and her boy forever.

Her gratitude could never fail, she felt sure, for the beautiful woman who had so lovingly undertaken the office of mediator on her behalf, and the tears rolled down her cheeks as she thought of the unselfish tenderness of her stepmother.

As she heard the steps coming across the wide hall toward the room where she was seated, her agitation became too great for patient waiting, and she stood up, holding her child by the hand, her breath coming in quick, panting sobs, her eyes dilated with suspense, and her whole figure quivering with intense emotion.

It was this eager, flushed face that met the father's eye as he opened the door—the face of the child to whom he had given the entire strength of his love for years.

He forgot her waywardness, her disobedience and the six years of absence.

He remembered only that she was his only daughter, the child of his dead Clarice, and he opened his arms, with a smile that carried love and forgiveness to the sore heart.

There was a cry of:

"Father, dear, dear father!"

And they were folded fast in each other's arms, while Meta drew wondering Stephen into an inner room and closed the door.

It was not long that Stephen was withheld from his grandfather's kiss, for father and daughter alike turned to the gentle influence that had united them once more.

The gossips are divided in their opinions as to the exact amount of hatred and jealousy existing between the young widowed daughter and the young wife at the great house, but it would be quite beyond the power of their narrow minds to understand such true sisterly love as exists between Clarice Manderson and Mr. Hepworth's second wife.

She Took Sugar in Her'n.

The coach stopped to change horses at a hotel in one of the Western States, when one of the guards, a big, red-faced droll man, came bustling up to the window to see if the "insides" wanted anything.

"Guard," whispered an old lady.

"Well, ma'am, what can I do for you."

"Could you"—in a faint voice—"could you get me a glass of water?"

"To be sure, ma'am; with all the pleasure in life."

"And, guard,'—still fainter—"I'd—hem—I'd—a alike it hot."

"Hot water! Oh, all right ma'am. Why not if it is pleasing to you?"

"With a lump of sugar, guard, if you please."

"By all manner of means, ma'am."

"And—and—guard, dear"—a small squeeze of lemon, and a little, just a thimbleful of—of spirits through it."

"Och, isn't that punch?" shouted the guard. "Where was the use of beating about the bush? Couldn't you have asked out for a tumbler of punch at once, ma'am, like a man?"

—During the month of July the New York police captured sixteen runaway boys, from Boston and vicinity.

A Balloon Line.

Several publications have recently been made in regard to a projected line of balloons to run between Spanish Fort and New Lake End. It has been found impracticible to construct, without great expense, a railway between those points, owing to the swampy nature of the ground. The details of the contemplated baloon have not been correctly or fully stated, and are given below. The plan is not original so far as the principles involved are concerned, but the application is genius. It is well known that, while balloons have been constructed which are capable of sustaining very large weights, no successful method of directing the course of the air-ship has been devised. The plan referred to above utilizes the full lifting capacity of the balloon and provides the means of controlling its movements. Spiles or posts are set along the lake shore, making a complete circuit, resembling a telegraph line. Along these posts on the top are placed guide rails, of a peculiar form. Fitting these rails, and sliding freely on them, are riders or attachments to which are made fast the guide ropes holding and guiding the balloon, and so arranged as to brace it against the wind from any direction. Fitted in the posts are pulleys, over which is passed a wire rope, making a complete circuit like a belt and gliding on the pulleys; and this rope is moved at any proper rate of speed by an engine stationed at a proper point in the circuit. The balloon is made in an eliptical form, the length twice the height and pointed at the ends, thus giving the least surface for resistance to the atmosphere. From this suspended by the netting which envelops the balloon is an iron frame, on which the car is hung by double pivots, similar to a ship's binnacle. The weight being in the car it remains in its proper position, being braced by the guide ropes, while the float or balloon oscillates above it it moved by the wind. The car is fitted with a grappling attachment which passes through tackle in the frame and to the car. The moving wire rope is seized by the grappling hook and the car and float move forward, drawn by the endless rope and guided by the rudders which slide along the rails, from which it is impossible for them to become detached. If it is necessary to stop, the grapple can be let go instantly and the car stopped. Any number of cars can be used, following each other at short intervals. The guide ropes can be lengthened at will and the car allowed to float at any desired height, being under perfect control. The posts having only a weight of the guide rails, and no grading being required, it will be seen that cost of construction is comparatively small. The [illegible] to be seen how it will work when put into actual operation. It the attempt is successful, the aerial route will be extensively patronized. It is understood that a company is being formed to undertake the enterprise.

Rusting Orang-Outangs.

"To get down to business, Mr. Hornsday, I'd like to listen to your own account of orang-outang hunting in Borneo," quoth a young man with a pencil and note-book.

"All right; fire away with your questions and I'll keep even with you," replied the naturalist, as he gave another twist to the flax paddling with which he was winding the wooden-arm skeleton and iron rod to fill out one of the largest beast's hide.

"When and how did you get settled down to business as a hunter in Borneo?"

"It was in the fall of 1878—I think in the month of September, that I shot this specimen upon which I am now working. He was in size and weight next to the largest one I secured—weighs a little more than 170 pounds. The orange inhabit the river country and adjacent marshes, where there is quite a growth of scrubby forest. One day, as several of my native assistants and myself were paddling our boat lazily down the river, we heard one of those howls, or growls, or bellows, which could not be mistaken for anything else than the expressive voice of a good big mias. We kept a close lookout, and by-and-by I caught the first glimpse of one of those great, red, shaggy knees up in a top tree. Then I saw the ugly old monster lazily reaching from bough to bough—and the sight of such an orang, reaching six or seven feet every time, was a spectacle to behold. I waited my opportunity, fixed the stock of my gun snugly against my shoulder and drew a bead on his majesty. The rifle ball lodged in his great, broad chest, and his huge, ugly form swayed a little in the struggle between life and death. Then down it came with a rattling, crackling crash, almost falling into our boat, which would certainly have swamped us. Oh! how I would like to shoot that old fellow over again now! There was game for you, such as the American hunter would hardly feel encouraged to dream of. I had six or eight of the natives to assist me, and they at once declared that this was the largest mias they had ever seen. Accordingly they gave him the name "Rajah Pedang," or, in other words, the Governor of Pedang. They are almost sure to call a big thing, either in the form of man or beast, a "rajah."

"The orang must be a beast of very ugly disposition when captured alive, is he not?"

"Yes, sometimes. I got one alive during my stay in Borneo. He was a young one—not longer than an eight or ten year old boy. When we discovered him he was in a tree which stood out alone by itself. The darkies cut the tree down, and there he was. We had forked sticks already for him, and we put one of these over his neck, thus pinning him down to the ground. I would rather have put my head against a buzz saw then than into his mouth. He was as mad as a tiger, and took no pains to conceal his ferocity. On the contrary, he displayed it to the very best advantage. After we had secured him safely we tantalized him, just to see how far he would go in his anger. He actually became so enraged that he took one of his own fingers between his teeth and bit it through to the solid bone. Then, when we got him into the boat, he managed to get hold of one of the fingers of his dead mother laying beside him, and bit that quite as fiercely as he did his own. I tied a rope around his neck and took him home to headquarters. There I assigned him to a bath-room, where he could have everything his own way. But he was surly and wouldn't eat much of anything, though I did my level best to keep him supplied with the delicacies of the season, and especially with boiled rice, which is deemed good for the orang-outang when in captivity. But he only hung upon the rafters with those long arms of his and wouldn't eat, except when he tried to eat me. I couldn't induce him to become an admirer of mine, and he pined away, as orang-outangs always do in captivity. Their disposition seems to be such that they prefer death to bondage, and this is probably the reason they are so seldom seen even in the best of menageries. One night we heard a heavy thud in the bath-room, and when we went in to see what was the matter there lay the little mias, whose own obstinacy had been the death of him."

"Now, Mr. Hornaday, people will doubtless be curious to know what you think about orangs or gorillas handling clubs in fighting man, as has been alleged by some persons claiming a knowledge on such subjects. How is it!"

"I do not believe there is a beast in the world that does anything of the kind. I am aware that one of our recognized authorities in natural science has stated that the gorilla will utilize almost anything he can lay hold on for a weapon. However, I have my doubts on that point, confirmed by considerable observation and experience.

The Indian Temple at Amritsar.

As to the golden temple at Amritsar, called Hari-mandir, or sometimes Durbar Sahib, it may be said to rank next to the Taj at Agra as one of the most striking sights of India. To form an idea of the unique spectacle presented by this sacred locality one must picture to oneself a large square sheet of water, bordered by a marble pavement, in the centre of a picturesque Indian town. Around the margin of this artificial lake are clustered numerous fine mansions, most of them once the property of Sikh chiefs who assembled here every year and spent vast sums on the endowment of the central shrine. One of the houses is now occupied by Sirdar Mangal Sinh Ramgharia, a well-known and much-esteemed member of the Sikh community. It has two lofty towers, from one of which I enjoyed a grand panoramic view of the lake and its vicinity—one of those rare sights which at intervals during life relieve the [illegible] centre of the water rises the beautiful temple with its gilded dome and cupolas, approached by a marble causeway, and quite unlike any other place of worship to be seen throughout India. In structure and appearance it is a kind of compromise between a Hindoo temple and a Mohammedan mosque, reminding one of the attempted compromise between Hindooism and Islam, which was once a favorite idea with both Kabir and Nanak. In point of mere size the shrine is not imposing, but its proportions strike one as nearly perfect. All the lower part is of marble, inlaid, like the Taj, with precious stones, and here and there overlaid with gold and silver. The principal entrance facing the causeway looks toward the north. The interior is even more gorgeous than the exterior. On the ground-floor is a well-proportioned vaulted hall, its richly gilded ceiling ornamented with an infinite number of small mirrors, and its walls decorated with inlaid work of various designs, flowers, birds and elephants. Four short passages, entered by carved silver doors, one on each of its four sides, lead to this vaulted chamber, giving it a shape not unlike that of a Greek cross. All around on the outside is a narrow corridor. In the interior, opposite the principal entrance, sits the presiding Guru—his legs folded under him on the bare ground—with the open Granth before him. He is attended by other officials of the temple, who assist him in chanting the sacred texts. And be it observed, that although the temple is conspicuously free from images and is dedicated to the one Supreme Being (under his name Hari), a visible representation of the invisible God is believed to be present in the sacred book. The Granth is, in fact, the real divinity of the shrine, and is treated as if it had a veritable personal existence. Every morning it is dressed out in costly brocade, and reverently placed on a low throne under a jeweled canopy, said to have been constructed by Ranjit Sinh at a cost of 50,000 rupees. All day long chowries are waved over the sacred volume, and every evening it is transported to the second temple on the edge of the lake opposite the causeway, where it is made to repose for the night in a golden bed within a consecrated chamber railed off and protected from all profane invasion by bolts and bars.

A Novel Institution for Spinsters.

There exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man of wealth is blessed by the birth of a daughter he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one years she not only finds herself in possession of a very comfortable little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished, in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to live longer at the chateau or more frequently than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority her annual income begins. If she should die or marry, her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty, all that is paid in by her father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small annual subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion she will at least be in the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years.

DIMINUTIVE oleomargarinecup sounds more high-toned and pedantic than "Little Buttercup."

The Battle of Ulundi.

Dr. Rufell of the London *Times* gives the following account of the defeat of the Zulu forces at Ulundi: "At six o'clock on the morning of the Fourth of July the combined columns of Newdigate and Wood crossed the White Unvolosi. As the forces gathered on the left bank of the river in all their strength of artillery, cavalry and British infantry the Zulu prediction, that the cradle of the nation in the valley of the Unvolosi would also be its grave, seemed certain of fulfillment. What could the Zulu swarms, seen gathered along the spurs, with all their feline courage and instinct for tactics, effect in the face of the army that with unwonted celerity and precision moved down the steep slopes and massed upon the further bank? Koppie Drift, upon the regular mission road, was the crossing point. All passed over and reached the high level ground beyond the river. Some two miles distant rose the steep bowlder-capped hills, over which, some thirty years ago, the Zulus hunted the beaten Boers, associated, therefore, in Zulu minds with victory and victorious pursuit. To the right lay lower thorn-covered hills, which extended to the lagoons at the mouth of the White Unvolosi. Behind and on the left stretched broken country, scarred with ravines and valleys, sprinkled with mimosa,—clumping in places into awkward looking cover—and branching euphorbiass which give the country so striking a character. Close on the right lay a gloomy glen, which, from the days of Chaka, the Zulus have used for the execution of criminals. Just beyond we crossed a little stream nearly dry that winds among the King's fields—here all is royal demesne—and supplies the royal kraals with water. We found ourselves in view of the amphitheatre, where stand three great military kraals—Nodwenga, Udabakaombi and Ulundi. Our position was excellent for strategic purposes, commanding the enemy's ground in front, and, except on the left, where stood the Nodwenga Kraal, a thousand yards distant, affording the Zulus no rallying point in their disorder. Our rear flanks, from the nature of the country, were equally protected from surprise.

Here the army halted, awaiting the impi that was seen surging down the hills on our left, taking skilful advantage of the Nodwenga Kraal on our rear, and emerging from the bush on our right front. At 8.30 the mounted irregulars, under Buller, were thrown out on the rear, left and front, keeping the enemy in check on these three sides; but from an error the right, where it was thought the lancers would have acted, was unprovided for. This omission was discovered, and the mounted Basutos and the native contingent under Cochrane rapidly deployed in the prettiest manner possible and skirmished toward Udakaombi Kraal, returning the enemy's fire briskly and holding them pluckily in check. The Zulus were too strong for such a handful, and the Basutos, retiring on the right face, came into action with what may be called the left horn of the Zulu army.

Meanwhile, however, the enemy had so extended their formation that all four sides were soon engaged—the Zulus advancing in skirmishing order, with great steadiness and unexpected silence. There was no shouting, clashing of shields, nor savage demonstrations, but strict orderly discipline. Our fire was terrific and the artillery advanced within seventy yards on all four sides before they began to break, as a further advance was really impossible. In about half an hour from the commencement of the infantry fire they were seen falling back in close masses, becoming rapidly disorganized under the storm of bullets and shells which poured upon them, and the wavering mob broke into open flight. The Lancers, now loosened, were among them, and within a minute were riding through and through, cutting them down right and left, while the guns continued tearing up the flying masses with their fire. Within an hour the whole affair was over.

The Zulus certainly were from twelve thousand to thirteen thousand strong, including the flower of the army. Seven thousand warriors were engaged. Prisoners state that they went into action under Cetywayo's own eye. Our troops, young and old alike, behaved admirably; but the firing, considering the small loss of the Zulus—eight hundred in all—must have been rather wild. Our loss was ten killed."

A Mysterious Animal.

Esli Clouse and a man named Hefner, from Rock Island, Ill., met with an adventure in the Rock river forest, adjacent to Penney's slough, Ill., that favors strongly of the marvelous. Clouse and Hefner were fishing in Penney's slough, and about midnight they were startled by a series of the most hideous yells, emanating from the old Indian burying ground, just over the edge of the precipitous bluff that rises a few rods back from the slough. Hefner said: "There is that animal again." On being asked to explain, he related that he had seen a large, strange, animal in that neighborhood about a year previous. Both then seized their guns (double-barreled breech-loaders), and, leaving a young man named Lawson in charge of the camp, clambered up the bluff, and were soon in the old burying-ground. Each had a lantern, and by the light of these soon saw an animal about the size of a large Newfoundland dog standing erect on its hind feet on one of the Indian graves. Clouse says that the beast had no hair, but seemed to be covered with large bony plates or scales. Two large white stripes ran down his back. His head was small, and surmounted by a pair of long-pointed ears, which he flapped up and down with great facility. He stood and stared fiercely at the men, blinking in the light of the lanterns. He pounded his breast vehemently with his fore paws. Both Clouse and Hefner fired into his body with BB shot from a distance of about three rods. The effect was to knock the animal over; but he was immediately on his feet again, and howling like a demon. Clouse describes the sound of the shot as they struck his body to be similar to striking a hollow stump. They gave him another load each. He then took to racing up and down an old hollow tree about the centre of the graveyard. While this was going on they gave him in all a dozen charges of heavy shot. Finally he ran into a hole in the tree. Determined to secure him if possible, the men ran to the camp and procured a couple of axes, with which they soon felled the hollow and rotten tree. The screams of the brute as the tree fell were absolutely horrible. He rushed from his lair and into the forest, returning several times and making at the men as if to attack them. He finally departed and was seen no more. The men visited the ground next day, but could detect no trace of blood. In the hollow of the tree they found the sleeve of a coat, a pocket and some buttons. Bear traps and various devices are now planted about the brute's haunts, and hopes are entertained that he may be captured.

"THE weather is very bad in Europe. The following is from the Parisian: "George!" "Alfred!" "Why, when did we meet last?" "Let me think: ah, yes, I remember. It was one fine day." What! was it so long ago as that?"

The Professor and the Parasol.

We are acquainted with a good-natured and at the same time astute old professor, who maintains that it is quite impossible for a man to properly and correctly hold a parasol over the head of an attractive young lady. He himself has wrestled successfully with Pliny, Plato and Sophocles; he has written historical works; he understands many languages; he is well posted in philosophy, psychology and metaphysics; but when it comes to holding a parasol so that the shade will slumber on the features of a lady, he freely admits that he is at sea, and that every university in the land should add to its other attractions a parasol chair.

Last summer he took a walk in Central Park with a young lady. Before they had journeyed far she intrusted her parasol to him. He held it most æsthetically for about five minutes and then it shifted out of position and his arm began to tremble.

"You are not shading me at all," she lisped, "you are throwing all the shade on that horse over there."

The professor apologised, and once more got the parasol where it would do the most good. It was beginning to get a little heavier. His arm trembled like an aspen. He thought he was carrying a keg of nails.

"Now, then, you goose," she broke in, "you'll have me all sunburned directly. Hold it up so; see?"

The professor saw. He was longing for a chance to get under a tree so he could get a rest, but she would not go near one; she had an idea that a good sun bath was just what she needed.

"Is not that a lovely scene?" she warbled, "just look at the pretty stretch of waving grass dotted with flowers?"

"Delightful, delightful," replied the professor, at he worked his other hand around and deposited his elbow on it so that his parasol arm would not drop out by the roots.

"And there's that little herd of sheep calmly grazing—well, now I declare, Henry, that parasol is all out of the way, can't you hold it forward a little more?"

He does as directed, but only places himself in a more painful position.

"Won't you have some ice-cream, Maudie," he whispers, in the hopes of getting into a saloon in which he can rest his arm.

"I never touch it," she replies.

He would like to change hands first-rate, but he doesn't want to admit his misery. He feels so weak that his shirt sticks to his back, and his collar seems to evaporate. His heart beats like the minute-hand of a clock. He tries to keep the sunny side [illegible] tion, and then she calmly takes it from him and tells him that men dont know anything, anyhow. He lets her take it and puts his hand in his coat pocket, as if he feels that it can't support its own weight.

When they go out together now she holds the parasol. He lets her do it too for they are married now.

The Nightmare.

In some parts of Germany the nightmare is simply called *Mar* or *Mahrt*. It is a mare or horse figure. At the same time it reminds us, by name as well as by some of its attributes, of the Verbie spirits, departed souls, or storm phantoms—the *Marats*, who assist Indra with their roaring tempest-song in the battle he has to fight—even as the Valkyrs assist Wodan. The special connection of the North-German *Mar* with the Valkyrs, or shield-maidens, those terrible choosers of victims that came on horseback from the Cloudland of the Odinic creed, is provable through the name which the nightmare still bears in Ohlenberg. It is there called *die Wal-Riderske*—that is, the Little Battle-Rider, or Little Carrior of the Slain. This spectral figure as the feminine article shows, is conceived as a maiden—like all Valkyrs. Besides the *Wal-Riderske*, there is another German nightmare form, called *Ritt-Meije*—Riding Maiden. This name, too, reminds us of the Horse *Val-Meggiar*, or Battle Maidens. The Valkyr character of the German *Mar* comes out even more strongly in a nocturnal witch-phantom—also called *Wal-Riderske*—which uses the horses in stables for a spectral ride. In the morning these animals are said to be found in their place quite exhausted and covered with sweat. Otherwise they are well fed by, and thriving, under the hands of ghostly figures that bestrides them; whereas, those horses in the stable that are not used by the Little Battle-Rider, remain lean. Here we seem to get the superior effect of a semi-divine treatment of the steeds by spectral forms that once were cup-bearers of Odin and his heroes in Walhalla, as well as shield-maidens and battle-messengers of the great god. As late as the eleventh century, the belief lingered in Germany that some women, supposed to be witches, were raised at night into the air, when they engaged in a spectral battle, giving and receiving wounds. It was said that these women formed part of the retinue of Holda, or Frau Holle. This fay of the folk-tale is but a later mirage of the goddess Freia-Holda, who once acted as the leader of the Valkyrs. A connecting link of all these superstitions is contained in an anti-strophic Song of the Edda, between Thor and Harbard, (Odin) mentions witch-like "riders of the night," or nocturnal horsewomen, whom he lures away from their husbands. In the Eddic Song of Helgi also, Nightmares, or Night-Riders, are mentioned in the sense of semi-divine or Titanic spectral forms, who ride out of the mouths of rivers or to sea, in order to deliver up the heroic vikings to Ran, the destructive goddess of the wild and seething sea-waves, and consort Aegir, whose name ("Eager") still lingers in English boatmen's language. Thus, we get, "Night Mares," or "Night Riders," always in a Valkyr sense. In folk-tales still current in Germany quite lately—or, for aught I know even now—it is said that a *Mar* or *War Riderske* of the first mentioned kind has sometimes been captured by means of the key-hole, or knot-hole in the beam of the room in which she had penetrated at night being stopped up, when she was discovered to be a beautiful maiden. Many a "Mare" so struck a man's fancy that he married, and had children rom her. But when consumed with longing for her spectral home, she asked him to draw the plug from the knot-hole, she suddenly vanished. The tale shows the ease with which the messengers of the former Storm-God Odin made their entrance and escape through the smallest opening where his and their element—the air—comes in. The *Marut* character of the Teutonic *Mar* forms is also apparent from the facility of theirs of penetrating through the smallest holes.

A Glass of Lemonade.

He was a dapper little fellow, as tidy as a new pin, and as he entered one of the "sample rooms" on Woodward avenue, Detroit, the other day the bartender mentally remarked:

"That fellow will call for champagne," but he was mistaken; the little fellow leaned over the bar and said:

"I want a tumbler two-thirds full of water and some pieces of pure ice in the tumbler."

It was handed him and he asked:

"Do you ever have a lemon about the place?"

"Yes."

"Well, gently squeeze one into the tumbler."

The squeezing process took place and the little man continued:

"Do you have raspberries out here?"

"We do."

"Well put two into the tumbler."

They were added, and he put his hand to his brow, tried hard to collect his memory, and suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah! yes—sugar! I knew I could think of it. Add a spoonful of sugar."

While it was being added the little man dropped on to three kernels of coffee, a powdered cracker and a bit of cheese and then said:

"If you keep Madeira you can add a spoonful."

The Madeira was added, the glass shaken, and the little man opened a long morocco case which he took from a side pocket, took out a solitary straw, carefully cut off an inch or two from one end and said:

"Owing to the prevalence of malarial diseases in your western country I find it the best way to carry my own straw with me. A fellah kinder hates, you know, to put another fellah's straw, you

He pinned his handkerchief under his chin, brushed back his mustache and began drawing. The bar-keeper's pet dog came in when the glass was half drained, and the little man took the straw from his mouth and said:

"Plwease remove your dawg to the rear room, I can nevah dwink lemonade with a dawg in the room."

The "dawg" was escorted out, and when the bar-tender returned the little man had disappeared and the glass had been emptied of even the lemon peel.

A Case of Conscience.

The Rev. Dr. Macleod, father of Dr. Norman Macleod, passing through the crowd gathered before the doors of a new church he was about to open was stopped by an elderly man with: "Doctor, if you please, I wish to speak to you." Asking if he could not wait until after worship, he replied that it was a matter upon his conscience.

"Oh, since it is matter of conscience, Duncan," said the good natured minister, "I will hear what it is."

"Well, doctor," said Duncan, the matter is this. Ye see the clock yonder on the new church. Now there is really no clock there, only the face of one; there is no truth there, only once in twelve hours; and in my mind that is wrong, very wrong, and quite against the conscience, that there should be a lie on the face of the house of the Lord."

The doctor promised to consider the matter. "But," said he, "I'm glad to see you looking so well, man. You are not young. I remember you for many years, but you have a fine head of hair still."

"Eh, doctor!" exclaimed the unsuspecting Duncan. "Now ye are joking. It is long since I had my hair."

Dr. Mcleod looked shocked and answered in a tone of reproach: "Oh, Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie on your head?" He heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Went up on the Cellar Door.

A farmer of Cynthiana township came to town one day this week to make a few purchases. It happened that he called at an establishment where an elevator is in use. In order to furnish the articles desired it was necessary to go into an upper story, and the salesman said to the customer, "Just get on, and we'll go up." The startled granger looked around and said, "On where?" He was given the desired information, and they started up. The upward flight was evidently something new to the farmer, who attested his appreciation of it by remarking, "This beats all nations, don't it?" The salesman smilingly said he rather thought it did. In the meantime a son of the farmer became impatient and came into the store-room below looking for him. The farmer seeing his son, stepped to the hatchway and said, "You can't come up here, son; I came up on the cellar door, and it's up here yet!"

—There are 1,800,000 marriageable girls in France