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SOLD EVERYWHERE

VICTORIA GRAY.

A giddy young girl was Victoria Gray,
One proud and determined to have her own way;
And rather than bend
She would lose her best friend—
She was one upon whom you could never depend.

That she thought herself charming was plain to be seen,
By her confident manner and satisfied mien;
She was one of that kind
That one often will find,
With a small, selfish head and diminutive mind.

Victoria Gray had a passion for dress,
Though good taste and judgment she did no possess,
On the streets she would flirt,
And sweep through the dirt,
With thirty-six yards of light silk in her skirt.

She made many lovers, it may be a score—
She had promised to marry a dozen or more;
And felt happy and gay
At the confident way
They were treated and loved by Victoria Gray.

Augustus Van Quirk was her fortunate flame
(Victoria loved his euphonious name)—
A weak little fellow,
Whose whiskers were yellow,
With little white hands and a voice rather mellow.

He took her to operas, dances and plays;
He courted and wooed her in various ways—
He whispered a store
Of affectionate lore
That blighted the hopes of a dozen or more.

They were married at last; 'twas a most famous affair,
Made brilliant by presents of real plated ware;
'Twas a transient display,
The talk of the day,
And this was the end of Victoria Gray.

Five years have gone by, and Augustus Van Quirk
Has never been guilty of going to work.
Just over the way
Is a small sign to-day:
"Boarding—by Mrs. Van Quirk" (nee Victoria Gray).

The Portrait.

Maurice was wandering aimlessly in the depths of the forest. It had ceased raining, out the drops of water were still rolling from leaf to leaf with the slight sound of a nearly exhausted fountain trickling into its half-filled basin, and in the distance the dark path opened out into a wet glade of a deep green of exquisite softness. The trunks of the trees were very black, their branches blacker still, and the massive boughs of the chestnut trees above the young planter's head seemed like high arches of a cathedral at the hour when all dark in the church and when the colored windows cast into the gloom, gleams of light so intense and so mysterious that you would think them lit up by a fire of live coals from without.

Maurice loved this hour at the decline of day, when after the rain the sun has not shone out, and when a gray tint is cast over everything, blending outlines, softening angles and investing every shape with a smooth and exquisite roundness. He walked slowly, discovering every moment in the well-known forest some beauty till then unknown, and he was thrilled to the very depths of his being by that tender admiration for nature which is one of the characteristics of genius.

Having reached the glade, he looked around him. The grass was green and brilliant; the delicate leaves of the shrubs, shining beneath the water which had washed them, formed a fine, lace-like network against the dark background of the great forest beyond. He stopped in order to see better, to observe better and to take in better the impression of the wet forest, more impressive and more human, so to speak, in its great shadows than beneath the sunshine in all the splendor of the day.

The pretty and graceful figure of a young girl stood out against the foliage of the birch trees. She advanced with a supple movement, without perceiving Maurice, who, as immovable as the trunk of a chestnut tree, was watching her. When two steps from him the young girl perceived him. She started, and let fall a few twigs from the fagot of wood that she was carrying on her head.

"You frighten me," said she smiling; and her black eyes shone out merrily beneath the tangle of her blonde ha'r.

He looked at her without answering. A complete harmony, which no words can render, reigned between the slender figure, the laughing face, the lace like foliage of the glade and the tints of the landscape.

"Stand still," said the young man; I am going to take your portrait."

She wished to push back her hair, which had fallen over her face, but he prevented her by a gesture.

"Remain as you are."

He seated himself on a stone and sketched rapidly the outline and features of his young model. She was a peasant, but delicate and refined as the young girls of the peasantry often are before their complete and often tardy development. The eyes were already those of a woman, the smile was still that of a child.

"How old are you?" asked the painter, still working.

"I shall soon be sixteen."

"Already! I saw you three years ago a little bit of a thing."

"I was very little," said she, with a pretty laugh and frank and bold as a sparrow, "but I grew fast, and on St. John's day I shall have lovers."

"Why on St. John's day?" asked the young man, stopping to look at her.

"Because one must have a lover to dance with round the bonfire."

So soon! That pure brow, those innocent eyes, that childish mouth, all these were to be profaned by the boorish gallantry of a rustic! Maurice felt a vague jealousy dawn in his heart.

"Will you have me for a lover?" said he, resuming his work.

"Oh! you! you are a gentleman, and I am a peasant; good girls do not listen to gentlemen."

That is the village code of morals; the young man answered nothing.

"I cannot see any longer; will you come back here to-morrow, a little earlier?"

"For my portrait?"

"Yes."

"I will come. Good evening sir."

She raised her bundle of wood, and went away into the deepening shadows, beneath the archway of the dark chestnut trees.

Maurice went home dreaming of the fair haired child. He had seen her often, and had always looked at her, but with the eyes of an artist. Now it seemed to him that he looked at her with the eyes of a jealous lover. That night and the next day seemed interminable to him; and long before the appointed hour he was in the glade.

He worked alone, and when the girl arrived, a little late—already playing the coquette—she was quite surprised.

"It is really myself!" said she. "Will you give it to me?"

"No, I will make you a little one for yourself?"

"And that one, what will you do with it?

"It will go to Paris, it will be put in a large frame, it will be hung in a beautiful gallery, and every one will come and look at it."

"Ah! yes, I know, in the exhibition"

"Have you heard of the exhibition?"

There are gentlemen painters here who work for the exhibition, as they say, but they never took my portrait."

Daylight was fading gently; Maurice found as on the preceding evening, the exquisite soft tints which had so charmed him and his work advanced a hundred cubits toward posterity.

He saw her again several times beneath the checkerdaylight of his improvised studio, and he took pleasure in making this work his best one. Already celebrated, he had no need to make himself a name, and yet he was sure that this picture would put the seal to his renown.

By the time he was quite satisfied with it, winter had come, and Maurice loved his little model. He loved her too much to tell her so, too much to sully this field flower of whom he could not make his wife, but enough to suffer at the thought of leaving her. She had none of those qualities which secure the happiness of a life; neither depth of feeling nor the devotion which causes us to forget everything, nor the passion which is an excuse for everything; she was a pretty field flower, a little vain, a little coquettish, with no great faults, nor yet great virtues. Maurice knew that she was not for him, and yet he loved the graceful lines of her figure, as yet scarcely developed, and with her homespun gown chastely enfolded without disguising. He loved the deep eyes, the laughing mouth, the fair hair that was always in disorder, the little handkerchief tied across her breast—he loved it all, and it was with reluctance that he went away. We always go away with reluctance when we have nothing to hope for on our return. It is so hard to leave behind a bit of one's life, of which nothing is to remain.

He carried away his picture, however, and it was before it that he passed his happiest hours that winter, always perfecting a work which was already perfect. The picture was admired; the critics who were unanimous in their enthusiasm, declared that such faces could not exist, except in the brain of a poet, or in the imagination of a painter. Maurice listened smiling, and kept to himself the secret of that sweet face that had inspired him. He received brilliant offers for his picture; never had so high a price been offered for any of his works; but he refused, and he refused also to allow it to be copied. Since he was never to possess anything of his model but her likeness, he intended that that should be his alone.

Autumn was drawing near when he returned to the village; twice had the fires of St. John seen the whirls of the merry ance since he hapalnted the portrai, and when he thought of the young girl, it was with a smile that was somewhat sad, as he asked himself on which of the village rustics she had fixed her choice.

His first pilgrimage on arriving was to the forest of chestnut trees; at the fall of day—night comes quickly at the beginning of October—he wandered down the long path; but it was no longer dark; it was traversed by an amber sunbeam, which seemed to have fastened itself on every one of the leaves which quivered on the branches or crackled beneath his feet.

The odor of the dead leaves brought to him a whole world of regrets, of remembrances of bitterness, stirring up within him an unspeakable sadness, and a more complete disgust with everything that he had sought up to that time. When he reached the glade he sat down on the spot where eighteen months before he had made the sketch which had since crowned his renown. The cold stone seemed to laugh at him ironically for all that he had suffered.

A peasant girl—a coquette a matter of great consequence sure'y! She would have loved me if I had chosen. Many others have loved painters, and have followed them to Paris, and then have disappeared in the scum of the great city without loading with chains the one who had initiated them into the mysteries of art and intellectual life. He is a fool who sacrifices to chimeras the real goods of this world: the love of a beautiful girl, the glory which talent gives, the fortune which success brings.

While he was thus denying the goods of his youth, he saw coming toward him, in the well-known path, the young girl of other days, who had grown up, who had become a woman, in one word. She was not alone; a rustic was walking beside her holding her by the little finger; a fine fellow, for that matter, strong and well made and richly dressed for a peasant. He bent toward her, and from time to time wiped away with his lips a tear from the young girl's cheek.

On seeing Maurice they stopped, confused and surprised.

"And i was for that," thought he, "that I respected this flower?"

And he was thinking with contemptuous pity of his folly when the young girl addressed him:

"They will not let us marry, sir," said she, her voice broken with sobs. "I am poor, he has some property, and his mother will not have me for a daughter-in-law. She talks of disinheriting him."

"And you do not wan't him to be disinherited, do you?" said Maurice ironically.

"Indeed!" answered the lad, "we must live."

"That is only too true! I pity you, my children."

They went away. Maurice left alone with his head bowed down on his hands, thought for a long time.

His idle fancy had flown away—nothing remained of the slender young girl but a peasant who was still handsome, but very near becoming an ordinary matron.

"So it was with our dreams," said he, rising.

"The only sure thing that we can gather from them is to do a little good with them."

The same evening he wrote to Paris, and a few days later he presented himself at the young girl's house.

"I have sold your portrait," he said to her, in the presence of her astonished mother; "I received a large sum for it. It is quite a fortune. I have brought it to you in order that you may marry your lover."

Down in the Crater.

A Philadelphia traveler writes from Naples as follows: "Now that Mount Vesuvius is belching out smoke and fire, a visit to the summit is the fashionable thing to do. Recently, the eruption being unusually strong, I made a hurried visit to the top of the mountain. On the way to the Hermitage, a small cafe, near the Observatory which was erected by the Government to watch the operations of the mountain, you pass many vineyards, and through a district showing its volcanic origin. You can go as far as the Hermitage in a carriage, but after that it is necessary to walk, and to assist you in that fatiguing operation, one guide will pull at a strap he has placed around you, and the other will push behind. The material over which you walk in some places is red, in others black, and of a shifting character, so that at times you slip back two steps after taking one. From one to two hours is required to reach the summit, but, when reached, if the day be clear, the grand panoramic view of Naples, the Bay, the Island of Capri and ruins of Pompeii are all distinctly marked. The crater is almost in an amphitheatre, three-fourths of which are enclosed, while one-fourth is open. The enclosing walls rise above the bed of the crater from 30 to 50 feet, and are apparently composed of sulphur. The diameter of the opening is over 300 yards, and the whole of this area is filled with lava on fire, but crusted on the surface with a skin a few inches deep, which is of chilled lava. Looking between cracks in this covering you see the glowing fires only an inch or two below your feet. The operation of the mountain in throwing out the burning lava is as regular almost as the movements of a clock or the piston of a steam engine. The dense smoke and fumes of sulphur continually issue from the cone, and at every pulsation of the great mountain, a noise is heard like the firing of cannon, and then immense quantities of molten lava shoot into the air at least 40 feet, and spreading out in its descent something like a lady's fan, presents a sight to the eye that it is not possible to see in any other place. This upheaval is continuous, and seems to get more wonderous at each grand display of shooting lava. Notwithstanding this operation, it is safe to descend the crater, that is, the opening between the cone, through which the lave is ejected, and the outer rim of the crater. In your descent you pass over thinly encrusted lava, which can be penetrated with a sharp stick, and the fire seen beneath. As you descend the noise of the explosions every half minute or so, and the volumes of smoke above your head lit up by the sunlight, create an impression of awe and wonder upon the mind. At night the burning lava as it pours over the side of the mountain is plainly visible, and the upheaval of the burning mass above the cone could be plainly seen at Naples. The descent from the mountain is quite easy, and can be made from the top to the starting point in eight or ten minutes by an active young man.

How the Pyramids Were Built.

To get the base of the pyramid—762 feet on each edge—perfectly level, they must have adopted the method of cutting out from the rock a place for the foundation of the pyramid, and then pouring water, marking the height to which it rose on the sides. To obtain a due north and south line it would have been necessary to bore into the solid rock in such a direction that from the shaft thus made the north polestar could have been observed at its lowest point in the small circle it makes around the pole. Then by boring another small perpendicular hole to meet the shaft, and dropping a plumb line and connecting the orifice at the surface with the orifice of the shaft at its corresponding point there was formed a true north and south line. According to Herodotus a fresh set of 100,000 men was employed in building the pyramids every three months, so that there was plenty of labor to conduct all these experiments. After getting the base stones laid the other layers of stone could be put on carrying up the shaft that had been sunk. This would terminate one of the faces, and to continue it higher it would have to turn or branch out in another direction. A reflected ray of light would give them the means of turning the shaft at right angles. Thus was completed the instrument for the measuring of the exact time, and its large gallery into which the interior passage widened out would be useful for observing the stars passing over it, and, being very deep, the stars could be seen in the day time, and observed not only by one observer but by many, who could take the time of the stars southing at the same moment, and get rid of what is called "personal equation" or differences in the readiness of different observers.

Remarkable Sagacity of a Goat.

A remarkable instance of the sagacity of animals occured recently at the residence of Peter Killean, New Orleans. The participants in the event about to be related were a goat, which for some years past has been a great pet with the children of the family, and a pup, a comparatively recent arrival in the domestic circle. The goat and dog were on the best of terms, and had come to enjoy occasionly rambles together around the yard during the goat's spare moments, when there were no oyster cans, door scrapers or other edibles for it to dispose of. The singular behavior of the goat during the afternoon, some days since, attracted the attention of the family. It ran to and fro, crying in the most piteous manner, and seemed half distracted. Some one at last suggested that the animal should be followed, and it seeming to appreciate the fact that it had been understood, led the way to the rear of the yard, where its canine companion was found in the vault, almost in its last struggles. The puppy was quickly rescued and restored to the goat, who greeted it with the fondest caresses.

The Wife and the Burglar.

Tom was to be gone several days, and I did not like to stay alone, and got Susie to come and stay with me. There had been several burglaries attempted and successful, and I felt little more nervous than usual. Besides, a man who owed Tom quite a large sum of money had come to pay him, and I had taken the money, and had not been able to get to the bank and deposit it. I had often heard that burglars kept track of all these things, and talked the matter over with Susie, as a way of fortifying ourselves.

We grew more and more nervous every minute, and when bed time came we could hardly get courage enough to go and lock the doors. We finally did it, however, and then the consoling thought came to us that we should have done it several hours sooner—that if there were any burglars about, they had had a glorious time to get in and secrete themselves. It was not comforting, but could not be helped; and we tried to pluck up courage enough to search the house. We finally did it, and found no one, though Susie thought she had when she put her hand on Tom's overcoat in the closet, and drew back with a scream that frightened us both half out of our wits. We talked a little after we went to bed, but fell asleep quite soon, in spite of our anxiety.

In the middle of the night we were awakened by a terrific crash in our bedroom. I think I never experienced a feeling of more perfect terror than I did as I lay there, breathless, with the thoughts of our evening's conversation rushing over me, and the confused consciousness of that crash, which had awakened me from a sound sleep. I was sure some one was in the room. The blinds were closed; it was perfectly dark, and utterly impossible to see anyone if a person were there. I imagined he had knocked over something in his attempts to go about in the complete darkness. I reached over and touched Susie, cautiously.

"Are you awake?" I whispered, as near noiselessly as possible.

"Yes."

"Did you hear anything?" This time with my head under the clothes, to shut out the sound.

"Yes."

"What do you suppose it is?"

"I don't know."

Then we lay perfectly motionless, and fairly shivering with terror. After what seemed an hour, but I suppose was not half that time. I whispered again: "Do you suppose there is any one here?"

"Yes. Don't whisper."

Then we lay still again; so perfectly still that I felt as if petrified, and it seemed as if we should never be able to breathe free again. At the end of another seemingly indefinite, or infinite, period of time, Susie whispered to me: "What shall we do? Do you dare strike a light?"

"No," very decidedly.

Another long time of perfect stillness and utter rigidity of muscle, in our attempts to breathe quietly. Then Susie whispered again: "I don't see how any one could keep still so long. It must be a mistake."

Just then there came a report like that of a pistol, but not as loud, though we felt sure that was what it was; and it seemed as if it were in the kitchen or down the cellar, we could not tell which. We became breathless with terror then. What could it be? Whom could they be shooting? Then I remembered the dog. I had not heard him bark, but it must be they had shot him. We did not dare move after that, and lay there perfectly still until it began to grow daylight. Such a time as it seemed—judgeng by our feelings, we should have been old and toothless when that faint streak of dawn crept in through the blinds. What do you think it disclosed to our terrified eyes? A set of hanging shelves, loaded with books, in an ignominious heap on the floor, with the cord broken where it had been worn by the picture-nail which supported it, and so not leaving us the chance to believe that some one had knocked it down. And when we went to the head off the cellar-stairs and found a can of tomatoes popped open, on the broad shelf, we knew what had been shooting.

Tom said: "Just like a couple of women, to scare themselves to death: Why didn't you load my revolver at night, and have it ready?"

Baron Trenck Rivalled.

The jail at Geneva, Switzerland, consists of three stories and is separated from the Rue du Cloitre by a wall reaching to the second story. At the angle of the building nearest to the street are three windows, one above the other, all heavily barred; the highest of them is further protected by a hood or pent-house and belongs to the prison workshop. Recently the warder-superintendent of the workshop was having it cleaned out by two prisoners, one of whom bears the name of Menassade. When the work was nearly finished Menassade was told to carry some cinders into the yard. When they arrived in the yard the superintendent was surprised to see a long cord dangling from the workshop window. He ran hastily upstairs to ascertain what this could mean, leaving the prisoner alone with the turnkey. The turnkey, having no apprehension as to the safety of his charge, ran to the chief jailer on duty to inform him of what had happened. Under the pent-house of the workshop window the superintendent found a rope-ladder, of which the cord hanging from the window formed a part. It had been placed there by Menassade when he was cleaning the window early in the morning, and, as became known later on, the making of it had occupied eight months. His work was shoemaking, and with the bits of strings, thread, boot-laces, &c., he managed to secrete, he wove a long rope, and then with pieces of wood he had picked up here and there he formed it into a ladder in every respect sufficient for his purpose. His idea was when he took the cinders into the yard, on which occasions he was unaccompanied, to draw down the ladder from the pent-house, mount by means of it to the top of the wall, then detach it (to which end he had contrived a very ingenious device), descend by it into the Rue du Cloitre, and get clear away. On the return of the superintendent to the yard Menassade had disappeared. The theory formed by the prison authorities was that while the superintendent went up stairs to the workshop, Menassade, by the means of his rope and with the connivance of the turnkey, had contrived to get over the wall and make good his escape. Under this impression the turnkey was arrested and lodged in one of his own cells, telegrams were sent off in all directions, gendarmes stationed on all the roads leading to the frontier, and every place in Geneva likely to conceal a fugitive from justice, carefully overhauled. All this time the missing man was inside the jail. The moment the turnkey had turned his back, he had followed the superintendent to the workshop, and while the latter was busy with his discovery of the rope-ladder he had hidden himself in a place where it never occurred to anybody to look for him. High above the superintendent's rostrum, whence he surveys the prisoners at work, is a window, almost dark and sunk deeply in the wall. With the agility and noiselessness of a cat, Menassade climbed up to this recess and doubled himself up in such a fashion that when, shortly afterwards, the police searched the room it never occurred to them that the bundle of rags they saw lying there was other than what it seemed to be. In this position he remained until night, when he descended from his perch, and with the help of the tools found in the workshop removed a board from the stage which sustains the superintendent's rostrum. Creeping inside he made it his hiding place for eight days and eight nights, only coming out in the intervals between the warders' rounds to prepare for another plan of escape which he had conceived. He fixed a hook on the board to keep it in its place when he was inside. As there was a lavatory attached to the workshop he had an ample supply of water, and he sustained life on two slices of bread a day, abstracted from the breakfasts of the prisoners, which were placed near his hiding-place. More he dared not take for fear of exciting suspicion. With a piece of steel and a stone he struck a light; by the help of some cardboard he converted an old petroleum lamp into a dark lantern, one from the string which abounded in the workshop he manufactured a strong knotted rope. On Sunday mornings after the rooms were swept it was the custom of the warders to carry the waste materials up to the garret on which occasions they generally left the door unlocked. Menassade's plan was to remain concealed until the following Sunday, follow the warders to the garret, slip in unperceived and lie there *perdu* until nightfall. Then the garret window being unbarred., he would, by the aid of his knotted rope, have let himself down to the window-ledge below, on which there is sufficient standing room for a man of his cat-like agility, and so on until he reached the wall, whence the descent into the street had been a comparitively easy task. As he would have taken the rope with him, nobody would have known how or when he had escaped. But this hopeful scheme was marred by an untoward incident—one of the warders in leaving the workroom turned the key in the lock. Then Menassade's courage failed him; another week of semi-starvation and suspense under the superintendent's rostrum on the chance of the door being left open the following Sunday was more than human nature could bear; and when the warders returned they were surprised to see before them the man they had so eagerly sought, and for whom the police even then were scouring the country far and wide. "*Me voilà!*" he exclaimed, "*je me rends!*" The individual most rejoiced at this denouement was naturally the disgraced turnkey who had been locked up a whole week for an offense of which he was innocent. As for the superintendent, he is still greatly disturbed, that for seven days he should have literally sat upon one of his prisoners without knowing it.

Burglary as an Art.

As one of the most prominent young burglars of San Francisco was walking out of court the other day just after having secured an acquittal regarding his latest job by a prompt and business-like "divy" with the powers that be at the usual rates, a well-to-do but anxious looking stranger touched his arm and beckoned him into a doorway.

"You are 'Teddy, the Ferret,' aren't you," asked the gentleman, "the man who was tried for safe-cracking?"

"Well, wot of it?" replied the housebreaker.

"Why, just this—you'll excuse my speaking so low, but the fact is I've come all the way from the San Joaquin to look up a party in your line of business."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes—I—well, I've a little proposition to make to you."

"Exactly," said the Ferret, calmly; "you're a bank cashier down in the foothills."

"How did you know that?" stammered the gentleman, much amazed.

"And your cash and accounts are to be gone over by the directors on the first, and as you can't relize on your stocks, you want me to go up you some time next week, shoot your hat full of holes, find the combination in your breast pocket and go through the safe in the regular way."

"Great heavens, man! how did you find all that out?"

"Why, I guessed it. It's the regular thing, you know. Got three orders to attend to ahead of yours now. Lemme see. Can's do anything for you next week, but might give you Wednesday and Thursday of the week after. How'll that suit you?"

The cashier said he thought he could make that do, and in less than five minutes they had struck a bargain and arranged the whole affair.

"The Same Old Story."

A Yale student was showing his sister over his rooms in college, when some one knocked at the door. Supposing that it was one of his friends, and not wishing to be chaffed, he hid her behind the curtains, admitted an elderly gentleman who apologized profusely for his intrusion, and excused himself by saying that it was many years since he had been at Yale, and could not leave without paying a visit to his dear old college and the old rooms he had occupied as a student.

"Ah!" cried the old gentleman, looking around, "the same old sofa! yes, and the same old carpet—everything the same!"

Then, walking into the bedroom, he remarked, "Yes! and the same old bed! and the same washstand! Yes, everything the same."

Presently he stepped toward the curtains, and remarked, "Ah! and the same old curtains!" Looking around he beheld the young lady, and turning around, said: "Ah, you young dog, and the same old game!"

"But," hastily replied the undergraduate, "that young lady is my sister." To which the reply came, "Yes, I know, and the same old story."

Transformation Scene.

As a ferry-boat steamed out of the Fulton slip on the New York side on Sundy morning, a pretty girl of about 13 years of age entered the ladies' cabin, which was filled with persons going to church in Brooklyn, and walking hastily around deposited in every lap a printed card, headed "I am blind."

"It's my father, ma'am," the little girl explained, addressing herself, with tears in her eyes, to a lady. He is very old, and blind, and he has only one arm, and he's waiting for me in the Brooklyn Ferry."

"Poor little girl!" the playing lady mused. "Your's is a hard lot," and she dropped a dime into the tin plate that the child carried around as she gathered up the cards she had distributed.

Pennies and larger sums were poured into the tin plate, and when the boat entered the Brooklyn slip the little girl was drying her eyes and counting up the net results of a very rich harvest.

Her father did not seem to have kept his appointment with her in the ferry-house, but she was met outside the gates by a desperately drunken young man, into whose pocket she freely poured her earnings, and then she accompanied him, in an apparently contented state of mind, along Fulton street.

Webster, Choate and Sumner.

Thirty years ago, when a student at Amherst College, I remember going over with several of my classmates to Northampton, where Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate were the opposing lawyers in the great Oliver Smith will case. I shall never forget the impression made by the great contrast between the manner and gesticulation of these two distinguished pleaders in their closing arguments. The court room was crowded almost to suffocation, and the immense interest involved, together with the high reputation of the opposing counsel, combine to excite the attention and interest of all to a remarkable degree. Webster's gestures as well as his words were comparitively few, but weighty, massive, the very embodiment of dignity and conscious strength. Most of the time during his half-hour argument he stood perfectly motionless, his body slightly bent forward and his hands behind his back. Choate spoke for nearly two hours in a manner the very counterpart of Webster's, and yet equally appropriate to the speaker's individuality. He was all alert, every vein swelled to fullness, every muscle at its utmost tension. He advanced toward the jury and retreated. He rose on tiptoe, and several times in his excitement seemed to spring up entirely off his feet. He ran his long, nervous fingers through his dark hair, and anon shook them in the air above his head with so swift a motion that they seemed to run into each other like the spokes on a spinning wheel. His plea lasted two hours. The day was hot, and when he had concluded he sank into the arms of attendants in a state of perfect exhaustion, and was borne out into the lobby like a corpse. The excitement in the court room was intense, but Webster's calm, stern logic carried the day over Choate's brilliant and fiery rhetoric. The verdict was for Webster and the will. One word concerning the gesticulation of Charles Sumner. He was always dignified and self-possessed, and in his movements, as well as words, always conveyed the idea of deliberation and scholarly culture, rather than that of spontaneous warmth and impulsive feeling which is most apt to stir emotion in a hearer. But he had one gesture which he used not often, but always once or twice in his great speeches, which never failed to send the blood thrilling to my temple, and I noticed it had a similar effect on many others. He raised his hand higher and higher, with appropriate gesticulation, while building a climax, and, when he came to cap it, he rose on tiptoe and thrust his hand up into the air with great force and with a look of exultant triumph. It was magnificent. It fitted the subject and the man.

A "Horse-Car" Romance.

Having finished collecting the fares, the conductor of a Washington avenue, St. Louis horse-car came to his perch on the rear platform and said there would be no smoking allowed on the car. It seemed to delight him to say this; he looked as if he were a saint.

The passenger said he had seen people smoke on the car before, and the conductor said, "Not this car," as he jerked the bell-strap and struck his thumb in the back of a lady to support her as she boarded the conveyance of civilization.

"I didn't say this car," said the passenger, as he threw his Havana into the street.

"It's nothing to me whether a man smokes or not," growled the conductor, "only I catch thunder for it from the Company."

Seeing that the fellow softened, and noticing a regretful glance creep over his face, the passenger concluded to engage him in "sweet converse." Reassuring himself that the conductor had no deadly weapon concealed on his person, the cigarless citizen ventured:

"One of you fellows struck oil in Chicago the other day!"

The "conductor" knit his eyebrows as if the word "fellows" had alarmed the bile on his liver, and then asked, "How was that?"

"Rich man's daughter became fascinated with him; ran away from home and married him. And it has caused quite a stir."

"Girl didn't weaken?" he asked quickly, for the statement interested him greatly.

"No; she is firm."

"Do you know what I think?" he asked. It would have puzzled a phrenologist to have guessed what he thought or whether he had ever thought at all or not; but the citizen made no allusion to this, and kept the fellow in a good mood by asking him what it was he did think.

"I think a horse-car conductor has as much right to marry rich as anybody else, if he can get the chance; don't you?"

"Why, of course."

"An' more of us would get there if we only had time to devote to the girls. You see, mister, a conductor's life don't give him no chance to write po'try and soft letters, or to hang around the gates."

The citizen ventured that the routine of the lives of such men afforded little time for the pleasures incident to courtship.

"An' then when we make a mash some dry-goods clerk will find it out, and' will foller his girl an' take her home. I have noticed that a dry-goods clerk is the most jealousest of men, an' specially of conductors."

"You interest me!" said the citizen.

"You see we have chances of makin' a mash where nobody else kin. We flirt on the sly; sometimes it takes, an' sometimes it don't. Frinstance, I see a purty high-strung girl on the corner with her finger up. I put up my finger and smile.—this way." (May the Lord deliver the citizen from ever seeing such a smile as that again.)

"If she gives a correspondin' smile," he continued, "I stop the kerr, and as she gits aboard I gently squeeze her arm as she comes up, noticin her face all the while to see if it blushes; et it do, I know she has noticed it, an' then I gently press my thumb between her shoulders ostensibly to steady her, but in reality to test her more; if she kind o' totters, it's evidence to my mind that she is sceptible; if not, I take it she haint no use for me, or else she loves another. Did I get your ticket, sir?"

The citizen had given up one ticket, but, rather than run the risk of getting into a dispute and snapping the thread of the charming narrative, he gave up another.

"Yes, indeed!" said the fellow with a sigh. What he said it for the citizen could not divine. It had no earthly connection with what he had been talking about, but the citizen did not allude to the irrelevancy of the remark.

"Then, when she sits down I appear indifferent for a while, an' finally venture up an' say 'Fare, please.' I have my voice trained, an' kind o' put a tremble on the word 'please.' Ef she fumbles around for change it's a purty good evidence she's willin' to flirt. Ef she pulls out a half case, or a case note, when she's got a quarter, you kin bet your boots that she would send a 'volenteen' around ef she had the address. I give her change and a slip without tearin' off any ticket, for ye see we alat got our necks greased yet on this line, and she notices that she has not been charged for her ride. No matter how rich her father is, or how many sparks she has got on to her dukes, there ain't no girl but what feels a thrill at bein' dead-headed. After a while she puts up her finger again, and I smile."

"Don't stop, to smile, go right on with the story," said the citizen.

"I jerk the bell-strap and help her off. This is where I get my work in, helpin' her off the keer. I can't give the secret away."

A shadow crept over the fellow's face as he turned his eyes on a mansion he was passing. He shook his head and proceeded:

"I wish I didn't have to pass that house. I remember an eppysode I had about it that'll foller me to my grave. She was as fair as one of the angels I've heard about. I commenct with her as I have been tellin' you, never thinkin' that there would be anything in it. She allus waited for this keer, even if it was rainin'. One day she give me a little rosebud, and a Mercantile Library ticket was tied on it, with her name on the back, all writ in her own hand, the nicest I ever see. One day we made an engagement to meet each other down at the library. She showed me the sculpturin' in the room, an' told me who each one was, an' what he had been doin' for a livin'. Talk about learnin,' there was the educated-est female I ever struck. But she was bissiness. She said she pittied me, an' often noticed how attentive I was an' she jest despised him. She was wantin' to do somethin' to get even with her pa. I was honest with her. I told her I had no money; don't never deceive a woman about that. It is the fust thing she will find out, an' of you've lied to her it seems to chill her heart. She said that made no difference; she would lock her sparks."

"Do what?" asked the citizen.

"Soak her gems—put her diamonds into Walker's; don't ye git on?"

The innocent citizen said he did.

"Well, it was fixed up. We was goin' away on a steamboat excursion together. I was knocked in the head jest as we was about to lift the golden mug to our lips. One night she, and her pa an' ma 'an little brother got on the keer together. Thinkin' I would kind o' strike the old man, I sez: 'This ride for the family's on me; Governor, put up your cash.' He took hold of me an' called me a puppy. It was an embarrassin' place to be put in, especially to the maiden. She come to the front an' said: 'Papa spare him.' She meant well enough, poor thing, but she jest give the whole thing away right there. The old man rushed on me, an' says: 'You're one of these fellers that stan's in with coachmen to get the daughters of wealthy people,' says he. I told him he was wrong, but he wouldn't have it. An' he took his family off of the keer, I never saw ner agin."

"Did she die?" asked the citizen.

"No, ef she was dead I would hitch my soul onto salvashun an' prepare to meet her; but she's lockt in a nunnery, an' ef she ever gets out I don't know whether I'll get her, or the fellerون Fourth street. It well be an interesin' match when it does come off. Didn't I tell you you couldn't smoke on this car?" he thundered of a sudden.

The citizen said he hadn't been smoking for the last half-hour.

"I spose I got excited," he said, "about her, as I do when I pass the house. I allus get a little rattled about this. But it's cured me of suckin' eggs."

"Of what," asked the astounded citizen, who thought another revelation was to come.

"I mean of flirtin'," replied the conductor. And the car stopped.

Feather Mats.

The choice plumage should be plucked from the fowls without scalding, and each variety kept separate. Put them, not too many at a time, into shallow pans and place them in a moderate oven for twenty minutes, being sure not to let them get overheated and scorched. Afterwards hang them away in paper or cotton bags, and when ready to use take out only a few at a time, in boxes large enough to keep them from flying. Any strong material may be used for a foundation to the mat. The common gray canvas to be found at the tailor's is very good, and bed-ticking answers quite as well, but is harder to sew. The feathers must be sewed on this foundation, one at a time, and as close as possible, each row of feathers lapping well over the row before it, so as to make the mat full and durable. The simplest arrangement is alternate rows of the different varieties, which will give a mottled effect, or, a centre of partridge feathers and a wide band of green, from the neck of the drake, or some similar combination. If geometrical designs are used for centres and corners, they must be perfect to be effective, and this is difficult to accomplish without practice. Making a feather mat is rather a tedious undertaking to be sure, but then there is a satisfaction in having quite an elegant affair when it is done, and one that could not be bought for a song. The completed mat must be lined with a heavy colored flannel or cloth, pinked on the edges; it is suitable for parlor doors, and would be a valuable possession to a person troubled with cold feet.

Care of the Hands.

A handsome hand is a charming object in itself and seems to indicate refinement in its owner.

To be perfect, the hand should be delicate and somewhat long.

The back should be just plump enough to prevent the veins from being too prominent.

The fingers must be long and tapering, forming little graduated columns of perfect proportion.

When the hand is open there should be little dimples at the knuckles, which ought to be slightly prominent when the hand is closed.

Much of the beauty of the fingers and hand depend upon the proper care of the nails. These, if cut too close, deform the finger ends, rendering them stubby. The upper and free border of the nail should always be left projecting a line or so beyond the extremity of the fingers, and should be pared only to a slight curve, without encroaching too much on the angles. Soap and the finger brush are all that is necessary for cleaning and polishing the nails. The habit of biting the nails is as ugly as it is fatal to them.

When the skin of the hand is hard and rough, they should be kept almost constantly gloved and washed frequently but not too often with lukewarm water and fine soap, to which may be added a little bran. A little cold cream before going to bed is a common and useful application. The skin of the hands should always be soft and flexible.