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FADES THE DAYLIGHT.

Fades the daylight and the shadows
Slowly gather on the lawn;
Now the night falls on the meadows,
And the light of day is gone.
In the darkness which enfolds me
Tender memories come once more—
How each thought enchains and holds me,
Of the dear ones gone before.

Not in pain and not in sorrow
Think I of the loved ones gone;
Every night has still a morrow,
Darkness but precedes the dawn.
Were it not for heart-ties riven
For the friends that come no more,
There would be no hope of heaven
In the bright forevermore.

So while shadows darken o'er me,
Sit I at the close of day;
Loved, lost features are before me,
Faces which have passed away;
Voices which made happy laughter
Come again in tones of love,
Sweetly echoes follow after—
Twilight angels bend above.

It is daylight which is fading,
Light of day which now must flee,
It is but the happy shading
Of a brighter day to be.
So when twilight dreams have found me,
Twilight voices fill the air,
Loved, lost beings gather round me,
And their forms are passing fair.

Magnolia's Lovers.

Magnolia Vane was a dark-haired, tropical-eyed young beauty, who had come up from an orange farm in Florida to spend a season in New York with her aunt.

"You see, Aunt Pen, I don't know anything at all," frankly acknowledged Miss Vane, "about people, and manners, and customs, you know. Of course I've had a governess and learned whole pages of ancient history, and exercise books, and all that sort of thing, but there isn't any society at Orange Glade, and I'm a perfect barbarian."

Apparently, however, beautiful young barbarians in white silk and pearls suited the New Yorkers, for Miss Magnolia Vane became the fashion at once.

"Don't flirt, my dear," said Aunt Penfield, gravely. "You must remember that you are an engaged young lady."

"Am I flirting?" said Magnolia, lifting the black velvet eyebrows that were arched so perfectly. "Dear Aunt, you must tell me these things, for I know so little about society and its manners."

And Magnolia took refuge behind her ignorance with the most charming confidence in the world.

Major Brabazon, the fiancee of this bewitching "belle sauvage," took matters very coolly. The match had been made up between his mother, a handsome old despot in point lace, diamonds, and a Roman nose, and Magnolia's father, a domineering Southerner, who believed that marriage in Floridian families, like royal alliances, should be arranged while the parties were yet in their cradles.

"Young people, my dear madame," said he, sententiously, to Mrs. Brabazon, "have no experience of their own. It is only right that we should give them the benefit of ours."

So, when Major Brabazon came to Orange Glade, Magnolia looked out at him from beneath her dark, drooping lashes, thinking how handsome he was, and secretly wondering what he thought of her. She supposed, of course, she must be in love with him—people always were in love with the men they married, weren't they? And when she heard that he had obtained leave of absence from his regiment, and was to spend the winter also in New York, she was rather gratified than otherwise.

"Of course he'll take me to the opera and all that sort of thing," said she.

But Major Brabazon did not trouble himself especially to make the winter agreeable to the young lady from Orange Glade.

"These early engagements are a confounded nuisance," said the Major. "Miss Vane is a pretty little girl enough—but how do I know that I may not see some one whom I may like better? And if I once begin systematically to devote myself to her shrine, she'll expect too much of me. I may see fit to break off the engagament yet."

While in her turn, Magnolia was solemnly considering the situation.

"Aunt Pen," said she, "when my uncle was engaged to you, how did he behave?"

"He was devoted to me," said Aunt Pen with a little natural pride.

"Did he ever take you out?" questioned Magnolia.

"Everywhere."

"And haunt you like a shadow at balls and parties?"

"Of course he did."

Magnolia shook her head. "That isn't like Miles Brabazon at all," said she. "I think," very slowly, "he takes too much for granted."

"My dear!" remonstrated Mrs. Penfield.

"He has never once alluded to our engagement since I have been in town," said Magnolia, biting her lip. "In fact, he rather avoids me than otherwise. Do you know, aunt, I think he's tired of me!"

"Nonsense, my love!"

But while Major Brabazon was slowly making up his mind whether he would marry Miss Vane or not, there was another young gentleman engaged in the same social problem—Wayne Clifford, a handsome young artist with only his profession to depend on.

"Little girl," said Uncle Penfield, patting Magnolia's cheek one day, as they came home together from a morning concert, "take care."

"Take care of what, Uncle Pen?" innocently demanded Magnolia.

"Of Wayne Clifford!" returned the old gentleman.

"Is he regarded as dangerous in any way?" solemnly questioned the girl.

"But you may be dangerous to him!"

Magnolia looked up at her uncle with a shy, sudden glance, like a frightened bird—and in one glance, the shrewd old gentleman read the whole story.

"Whew—w—w!" he thought, "I am too late. Well—it serves that conceited puppy Brabazon right. That's all I have to say."

Just about that time Major Brabazon went to Boston in the train of a popular contralto singer, with whose yellow tresses and china-blue eyes he had fallen desperately in love. But the contralto singer had found a Bostonian, with a longer pedigree, a deeper purse, and more settled intentions in the matrimonial line than Miles Brabazon possessed, and frowned ominously upon him.

He returned, heartily disgusted and disenchanted, to New York.

"After all," he decided, "there is no one half so beautiful and winning as Magnolia Vane. I'll marry her at once; and we'll dream away our honey moon on the banks of the St. Lawrence river or under the roar of Niagara Falls. Let me see—it's a week to-night since I left New York. I really suppose I ought to have told her I was going away—but, fortunately, she isn't exacting."

And he ordered the hackman to drive to No. —— Lexington avenue, where Mrs. Penfield resided.

"Yes, sir, she's at home," said the solemn footman, looking rather curiously at Major Brabazon. "But—I think she's engaged, sir. Mrs. Penfield, I don't doubt, however—"

"She'll see me," said Major Brabazon, imperiously, and the footman gave up the argument as hopeless.

"Please to walk in sir," said he. And accordingly, Major Brabazon walked in.

Uncle Penfield was reading the evening paper cozily in his own particular corner by the lamp. And in the middle of the room sat Magnolia Vane, with the young artist bending tenderly over her hand.

"What does this mean?" shortly demanded Major Brabazon, advancing into the apartment with a lowering cloud upon his brow.

Miss Vane arose and made a sweeping courtesy.

"It means," said she, that I am engaged!"

"To me?"

"No; to this gentleman," laying her hand lightly on Mr. Clifford's arm.

"But," cried out Major Brabazon, in a stifled voice, "you are promised to me!"

"Oh, yes, that was in the old times," said the heiress of Orange Glade, with sublime indifference. "I have changed my mind on a good many subjects since then."

"Ladies are always privileged to change their minds," said Wayne Clifford, with a bow that was truly Chesterfieldian.

Major Miles Brabazon, had played fast and loose too long with the tropical beauty. And he had never realized how deeply he was in love with her until she was beyond his reach.

Miss Vane went back to Florida in the spring, but with the wrong bride-groom.

"Mamma," said she to her scandalized parent, "so long as I am happy, what does it matter, whether my name is Smith or Jones, Brabazon or Clifford?"

"But my dear," groaned Mrs. Vane, "it had all been planned since you were ten years old."

"One must take these affairs in one's own hand's, sometimes," said Mr. Wayne Clifford.

The "Nuts" of the Old Testament.

Twice in the authorized version of the Old Testament mention is made of "nuts." As by nuts in our own vernacular, when a differential adjective or the name of a country is not prefixed, we understand always the product of the Corylus Avelana, it may be interesting to what very different things are intended in the two Scriptural references. In the authorized version of the "Song of Solomon," the great naturalist to whom the authorship of this curious poem is very generally ascribed, says: "I went down into the garden of nuts." This garden would seem to have been one of the many of the same kind mentioned in the Book of Ecclesiastes also ascribed to Solomon, though not proved to have come from his pen, when he informs us that "I made me gardens and orchards and I planted trees in them of all kinds of fruit" (ii, 5). The word employed in the Song is *egoz*. In meaning it seems to have denoted primarily, a hut of any description whatever, provided that the sense was qualified by some prefix or adjunct. When used alone, on the other hand, there can be little doubt that it denoted the walnut—the nut *par excellence*. The walnut being a native of Persia, the importation of it into Palestine took place probably at a very early period. A tree so remarkable alike for excellent produce, scent of foliage, and a handsome appearance could not possibly escape the notice of the early cultivators of plants, or be left to exist exclusively in its native country. Solomon's great love of commercial enterprise would be sufficient to account for the introduction of it, at all events, into the royal gardens at Jerusalem. At the present day this admirable tree occurs in an apparently indigenous state everywhere, from Persia to the Himalayas, abounding especially in Cashmere. It is found also in Asia Minor and in Greece, looking in both countries like a native. Introduced into Britain, most probably by the Romans, completely has it now made itself at home with that one might also be tempted sometimes to think it aboriginal. In the time of Josephus it grew in profusion round the Lake of Genneserat.

Conundrums.

When is a wall like a fish? When it is scalded.

How does a stove feel when full of coals? Grateful.

Which of the reptiles is a mathematician? The adder.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is a-drift.

When is a doctor most annoyed? When he is out of patients.

When is a literary work like smoke? When it comes in volumes.

Why is the letter G like the sun? Because it is in the center of light.

What is that which shows others what it cannot see itself? A mirror.

Why is the letter N like a faithless lover? Because it's in constant.

How does a cow become a landed estate? By turning her into a field.

Why is whispering a breach of good manners? Because it is not aloud.

What is an old lady in the middle of the river like? Like to be drowned.

What word may be pronounced quieker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

Why is a miser like a man with a short memory? Because he is always forgetting.

How does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea (*see*).

Why is a fool in high station like a man in a balloon? Because everybody appears little to him, and he appears little to everybody.

Humming Birds.

A glowing circle of balm in flower is a great center of attraction for the humming birds, which come here from early morning, and go westward and return again, at frequent intervals, until after nightfall. I hardly get seated at my open window before I hear a buzzing, almost thudding sound, as if a boy were at hand with a tin wheel on a string, which he pulls so as to make the wheel swiftly revolve. But a close look reveals a much more animated mechanism than that. There is nothing daintier or prettier to be seen than the color, motions and enthusiasm of the humming bird when he is taking his repast. A little glossy, throbbing piece of vivacity, sitting on the air with his feet curled tightly up, and buoyant as a feather, moving at his sweet, fleet will from one tubular flower to another, and his liquid eye shining afar. Waves of shifting blue sweep over the glossy green black, in each angle of the sunlight, giving the effect of a suddenly transformed drapery, and when he turns to you in front, his red gorget, or throat-piece, glistens with the redness of the flame-like flower he salutes. His motion is so surpassing swift I can think of no winged motion like it. The bees would be put out of breath to keep up with him.

The female bird of this specie (trochilus colubris)—the ruby throated dispenses with the red neckerchief, and it is said the young birds do not have it. In the autumn the males in the young brood get a touch of of red color, but it is not until the following spring that the throat has its utmost brilliancy. Recently both heads of the family dropped down upon the little balm patch, and I saw that the female was a much more demure and less aggressive character than her gay lord. In size she is a trifle smaller. The wings of both, when used to buoy them up, seem more like a fine mist or vapor than like any fabric; gauze is not, and woven spider web would not, be half so aerial.

If you watch these birds long you will occasionally see them aught, when they almost always choose a dry twig, or one not thick with leaves, for their temporary pedestal. When one sits thus for a moment—it is never long—you will see him wipe his bill on both sides against the twig branch two or three times, as if he wished to be relieved of the protruding honey, after which ceremony he will strike as direct a line as possible for his nest. Both took a seat recently on a little bush which pushes nearly into my window a distance of not over three or four feet, respectively from my disengaged hand; but I directed no motion toward them more violent than the glance of my eye, which they bore for the usual space without flinching, and then took flight. The diet of the humming bird is composed of insects and honey incidentally, and they do the flowers a service in removing them. Audubon says their delightfully murmuring sound, as they are poised above the flowers, "is well adapted for lulling the insect to repose." The humming bird has a long, delicate bill, and its protruding, double-tubed tongue is covered with a "glutnous saliva," by which it overwhelms each insect it touches and draws it out "to be instantly swallowed." It is a bird of the Western hemisphere and 300 species have been discovered (some say 400), which latter number is only 100 less than all other species of birds put together

Iceland Ponies.

In order to travel with speed and comfort, each horseman requires a couple of ponies, which are saddled and ridden alternately, while the loose horses and those carrying the baggage are driven forward in a little herd, with shouts and cracking of whips. Spurs are unknown, and an Icelandic whip is certainly a most humane invention, with a thin leather strap for a thong, and devoid altogether of a lash; the ponies despise it utterly, and although it makes a noise, it evidently does not hurt. Accustomed from his birth to find his way over his wild mountain pastures, the Iceland pony is so clever and sure-footed as to give his rider a sense of security, even in the most awkward places, and if left to himself he will never make a mistake. He is as cautious as an elephant, smelling at every suspicious place, and testing it with his fore foot; if dissatisfied, nothing will induce him to proceed, and he turns aside to search for a safer way, being particularly on his guard when crossing water upon a bridge of snow, or when in the neighborhood of boiling springs. Even where the ground was roughest I have not hesitated to throw the bridle on the pony's neck and open a knife in order to scrape certain cartridges too large for the rifle which I carried under my arm. The gallant little beast picks his way rapidly over all obtacles, like the sturdy Stulka, who can knit and stare at the passing stranger, while she strides along over "Hraun," as if she were on a shaven lawn. Boggy ground is to a horseman always a very troublesome obstacle; but so remarkably dry was the country in June, 1878, that bogs could be avoided, and we were a good deal annoyed by dust and drifting sand. The ponies got nothing to eat, except the scanty herbage by the wayside, and were much disposed to linger wheres ever they could find a few blades of grass. To any such temptation the poor animawere, however, not often exposed, and they jogged along with great perseverance, making up for little food with much drink at the numerous streams which they had to ford. Iceland ponies are generally of a light color, dun, pale chestnut, white or piebald; under a rough exterior they hide many good qualities, and are as well adapted for the peculiar country which they inhabit as is the noblest thorough-bred of Arabia. A vicious animal is almost unknown, and a dealer in ponies, who has passed more of them through his hands than anybody else in the business assured me that he has not encountered more than one. The endurance of the little nags is astonishing; they will keep up a steady jog for hours together and will travel on through the long summer days of Northern latitudes with no other sustenance than may be picked up during an hour's midday halt.

A Begagement Ring.

"Say, mister," as he walked up to the proprietor of a jewelry store, who stood behind the counter, "have you got any of these here finger rings—these here—these—oh, I forgit what you call 'em?"

"Gold rings?" asked the proprietor.

"No, not quite gold rings—oh, yes, hypocrite gold rings; that's it."

"Can't understand what you mean by that," said the proprietor, with a stare.

"I mean," said the young man, "this kind of gold that looks like gold and isn't gold; this here kind that most everybody is wearin' nowadays. I want a ring for my girl, and I want you to scratch on the inside Jim Brown to Sallie Jones. Don't care what it costs; you can go as high as half a dollar for it all if you want to. It's a begagement ring."

The boss took it all in, and soon fixed him off with a "hypocrite" gold ring done up in the softest kind of cotton.

—A space is three feet.

Life in a German Schloss.

The routine of life was quiet, even monotonous, but to an American woman, fresh from the "fitful fever" of American housekeeping, sweet and restful. The servants were numerous and well trained, and performed their duties with little noise, and at the right time and in the right manner. It must be said in passing that it took ten men and women to do the work which half that number would be required to perform in an American household. Then, on the other hand, it must be stated that they have not half our conveniences. The utensils are primitive and cumbrous, and they have much to "fetch and carry;" but looking at *results*, one can only indulge in an envious and useless sigh. The absence of those pests of American housekeeping, the weekly washing and ironing day, is one reason why the German servants are able to go about their work with so much more regularity and thoroughness. In Germany the family wash is done no oftener than once a month—in many places not oftener than once in three or six months—and then is done by extra help hired for the occasion. On Monday of the week devoted to this work, according to my observations, the women came and began preparations. The clothes, etc., were sorted under the supervision of the lady's-maid or housekeeper; the wood laid ready for lighting under the great boiler in the wash-house and every tub, hogshead, etc., filled with water. The water was pumped laboriously and brought from some distance in cumbrous buckets. The carriers wore upon their shoulders for this purpose heavy wooden yokes, like ox-yokes, with a chain and hook at each end, to which the full buckets were attached. The next morning at three o'clock they were at work, busy as bees, and out chattering the swallows in the ivy which grew about the wash-house eaves. Wash-boards, those instruments of destruction, were unknown, all rubbing being done between their horny knuckles. The ironing is done in Germany by means of a mangle, where possible, and the clothes are beautifully smooth and clean. The whole atmosphere of the place was peaceful and drowsy. Pigeons cooed, swallows twittered, from morn until night. These, and the musical baying of the hounds, the lowing of distant cattle and the muffled rumble of wagons upon the chaussee, were the sounds to which the ear became attuned. The occasional shriek of a locomotive was the only reminder of a world outside this Sleepy Hollow of a place.

Capture of Washington.

In July, 1814, it was rumored that a large force of British soldiers had sailed from the West Indies with the purpose of landing on the shores of Chesapeake Bay and destroying Baltimore and Washington. No particular fears seem to have been entertained for the safety of the capital by President Madison and his cabinet. Gen. Winder was in command of the Fourth Military District, which embraced the District of Columbia, and he had 2,000 men, scattered over quite a large area of country, under him. As soon as the British, under command of Gen. Ross, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Stony Point, landed at Benedict, on the shore of the Chesapeake, Gen. Winder became impressed with the fact that Washington would be assaulted. He communicated his fears to Mr. Madison, and 15,000 militia from Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia were placed at his disposal. Commodore Barney came up the the Potomac to the Patuxent River with a schooner and thirteen armed barges, and sailed up that stream to its head waters, where he thought he was safe from pursuit, and joined his forces to those of Gen. Winder. Gen. Ross marched through Mariborough directly upon Washington. Mr. Lossing says that Gen. Winder had 3,000 effective men. He probably had 4,000 ineffective militiamen besides. The number of Commodore Barney's men is not given. On the night of the 23d of August, 1814 it was known in Washington that the British were approaching. The American troops were stationed on the old Baltimore and Washington turnpike, a short distance west of Bladensburg, a village about six miles from Washington. Gen. Ross was marching his troops down the pike toward Washington.

At about eight o'clock on the morning of the 24th the Cabinet met at the Executive Mansion preparatory to a visit to the battlefield. About an hour later the party set out on horseback, attended by a small escort, for the scene of the fight. Upon their arrival the camp was found to be in great confusion and disorder. A panic seemed to prevail among the militiamen. The marines and sailors under Commodore Barney preserved better order. Mr. Madison became convinced that the fight would end disastrously for the American troops. He dismounted from his horse and ordered a messenger to ride as rapidly as possible to the Executive Mansion and inform Mrs. Madison to leave the city with all possible speed. She packed what articles of value could be conveniently carried in a carriage and started for Mr. Madison's place at Montpelier, Va. Before her departure she directed two servants, John Lowri and Thomas McGrath, to remain in the building and, in case it was fired by the troops, to save the famous portrait of Washington, by Stuart. These domestics, finding that they could not save the picture with its frame, cut it out and secreted it. It now hangs in the White House. A vast amount of gush has been written about the preservation of this picture. Even Mr. Lossing, in one of his books, describes Mrs. Madison as saying to a couple of gentlemen who informed her of the victory of the British; "Save that picture; save or destroy it, but do not let it fall into the hands of the British."

The battle began at about noon, and Commodore Barney's men stood the blunt of it for some time. He was finally wounded. The militia proved worthless, and Gen. Armstrong ordered a retreat. The men fled in all directions, throwing away their arms and equipments, and dashing their coats to the ground the better to facilitate flight. Most of them came through Washington, and dispersed toward different points in Maryland and Virginia. Mr. Madison followed his wife. Every able-bodied man in Washington, excepting the Roman Catholic priest, had gone to the front. When they returned most of them found that their families had already fled from the city. The British entered the city about eight p. m. While marching down Maryland avenue toward the Capitol a shot was fired from a private house owned by a gentleman named Sewall at Gen. Ross. He was not hurt. His horse was killed, however, and the troops surrounded the house and burned it to the ground. Who fired the shot has never been discovered. The troops encamped at the foot of Capitol Hill, where the Botanical Gardens are now located. That night they fired the Capitol and Executive Mansion. The light of the conflagration was seen, it is said, as far as Baltimore, forty miles distant. Only the walls of the buildings were left standing.

On the following morning the British set fire to the Treasury, a two-story brick building of modest dimensions, which stood where the present Treasury building is located on the corner of Fifteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, The War and Navy Department buildings, which were built where the present imposing structure, now nearly completed, stands, on the corner of Seventeenth street, and Pennsylvania avenue, were fired. The affairs of State and the postal business of the young republic were conducted from offices in private residences. They were not harmed after firing the War and Navy Departments. Gen. Ross marched his troops to the corner of Fifteenth and F street and drew them up before a building occupied by the Bank of the Metropolis, now the National Metropolitan Bank. This institution had loaned the Government $300,000, and the plate from which its notes were printed bore the words "a depository of the Government." Some of these notes had fallen into the possession of the British, and Gen. Ross believed it to be a Government bank. He was prepared to fire it, when a citizen informed him that it was a private institution, and had no connection with the Government beyond making the loan above referred to. "Besides," said this honest citizen, as the story goes, "if you burn this property you will destroy the sole support of a poor Irish widow, a country woman of yours.

"She must be a poor Irish widow to own such a valuable property in Washington," said Gen. Ross savagely, but he did not destroy the building.

The British remained in camp here about forty-eight hours, and then left the city by the same route they had entered it. No demonstrations were made against them, but they appeared to fear the return of the American troops in large numbers and animated with more courage than they had shown before.

The Feminine Foot.

There is no doubt that the foot plays a most important part in social life; often wields an influence over destiny. We are speaking now strictly of the feminine foot, upon which so much time, labor and expense are lavished. In dancing it becomes vocal and expresses a whole language of sentiment used to emphasize emotion, it gesticulates with startling force, and a lover who hesitates to announce his devotion can be brought to an immediate avowal by the transitory, but maddening glimpse of a dainty foot, encased in pink, silk-embroidered hose, and Mignon slippers thrust distractingly forward.

A story is on foot of a courtier who drank his lady-love's health in a shoe he had stolen from her, and at this day it is a practice with the young bloods who ape the manners of the French regime to have the foot of their favorite cast in marble or bronze and use it for a paper-weight.

There are no people in the world so exacting in the matter of feet as actresses, and it is largely true of them they do not have patrician feet, but they have artists for shoemakers, and by dint of pinching and compressing, wearing patent heel and toe bands, having the heel under the middle of the foot and the length of the upper shortened by the stitched lines and other devices, a small, symmetrical foot is secured. It happens, however, with some of our best actresses, that they can only endure the pain without fainting during a single scene, when their stage dresser removes the shoe and restores outraged nature. So much can be done by delusion that a No. 5 boot will not appear larger than a No. 2 behind the footlights. The doctors who treat spinal and brain diseases can tell the rest of the story.

Beautiful feet require fine adornings. There are boots sold in New York City for $125 a pair. They are imported from Paris, and the cloth is a mixture of gold or silver thread and silk. They are lined with the finest kid, and the buttons are gems. They are usually purchased by those who "toil not, neither do they spin," and silk stockings worth $75 a pair are worn with them. A pair of boots made for Annie Louise Cary, to wear in opera, are of light blue satin, soft and thick, with blue silk lacings, tied with lovely tassels, lined with brilliant, cardinal kid, and banded horizontally, with inch wide ribbons of gold braid. The feet may well be handsome now, for there is everything to make them so. Innumerable shops, filled with the finest goods, fancy silk and fancy boots and slippers; opera-ties, walking ties, patent leather and kid shoes, lemon-colored, old gold, lavender and Oriental satins, heels four inches high, and in steps that form a royal arch, and a faithful pedicure, who steps to the front with his salves and instruments when nature becomes obstreperous.

After all, it is the willing feet, the helping feet,—the feet that are swift to do errands of mercy—the "beauteous feet" climbing the hill of Zion, or of difficulty, that are the most value in the world. There are feet for whose step loving hearts watch and wait, and when they come it is like the coming of sweet, glad music. There are heavy feet borne down by sorrow that drag listlessly along, and there are feet that rest from their labors.

Kaiser Joseph and the Spielberg.

Up to a a few decades ago Austria divided with Russia the honor of posessing some of the worst dungeons in Europe, and perhaps the most terrible of these living tombs was the Spielberg of Brunn. Major von Rosanegg, of the Engineer Staff, has just published an interesting little volume on this now unused fortress. One charming and authentic tale is worth repeating. It was in 1783—the first centenary, therefore, of the deliverance from the Turks—and Kaiser Joseph in person made an incognita visit to the Spielberg to inquire himself who was deserving of freedom. For the centenary was to be marked by the release of prisoners. Colonel Count Auersperg was his aid-de-Camp. Jailer Cyrill received his orders from the Governor to show the two gentlemen the prison, and led the way down the dark passages, a mighty bunch of keys in his hand. After viewing many sad chambers, where one or more wretches, ill-clothed and dirty, sat moodily waiting for release or death, Cyril conducted the visitors to the underground cells—dark, clammy and reeking, with evil smells. The jailer was in the act of passing the first door and proceeding further, when the Emperor stopped and bade him open the cell. The visitors were horrified to see a human figure almost naked and chained wrists and ankles to the wall. The man had gone mad from confinement in solitude and darkness, and gibbered and mouthed fearfully. The next cell a model of the first, was empty, and the Emperor without a moments hesitation, insisted upon being locked up alone for an hour in it. Remonstrance was useless and the imperial will had to be obeyed. The heavy door was slammed, so the others retired and the monarch was left to himself. When they came at the end of the hour Kaiser Joseph looked sick and ill. The first words he said were, "I am the last man who shall ever inhabit these underground cells; to morrow they shall be walled up." The Imperial command was obeyed, and next morning came the stonemasons and bricklayers and cut off the dread cells from the rest of the world. Kaiser Franz Joseph the present Emperor, abolished the Spielberg as a State prison in 1855.

"I Guess I'll go Afoot."

Half an hour before the departure of a lake steamer from her wharf at Detroit the captain was approached by a stranger who had been inspecting the boat from the dock for the last ten minutes, Introducing himself as a would be passenger, he asked:

"Captain, is this boat provided with life-preservers?"

"She is."

"Are they all right?"

"They are."

"Can your crew launch a life boat?"

"They can."

"Is your life raft all right?"

"It is."

"Is the fire hose all ready for instant service?"

"It is."

"Will your engineer stand to his post in case of disaster?

"He will."

"Do you call yourself a cool and collected man in the presence of danger?"

"I do."

"Do you know exactly what you would do in case of a terrible gale or fire?"

"I do."

"Can the mate be depended on to second all your efforts?"

"He can."

"And will your crew stand by and obey you?"

"They will."

"Are your green and red lights all right?"

"They are."

"Machinery in perfect order?"

"It is."

"Going to overload the boat?"

"No, sir."

"Expect to do any racing?"

"No, sir."

"Is she fixed to blow off at forty-six pounds?"

"She is."

"Donkey engine working all right?"

"It is."

The stranger heaved a deep sigh and was walking away when the captain asked if his baggage was aboard.

"No, and I guess I'll go afoot," was the reply. "Every boat which has burned up or gone down for the last five years had everything in the neatest kind of order, and I'll either look for a craft making six feet of water an hour or run the risk of going through a railroad bridge. Good-by, captain—I shall look into the dailies all this week to see who of your passengers were saved!"

The Melting Business."

In an alley off Hastings street, Detroit, just back of a tumbledown rookery, a member of the sanitary police squad found a man lying under a wagon and inquired if he was ill. The man pointed to the old house, cautioned the officer to speak low, and replied:

"I'm the husband of the woman you see hanging out clothes over there."

"And why are you hiding here?"

"I've been off on a spree for a whole week."

"Ah! I see. It is the return of the prodigal."

"Wuss than that, sir. The prodigal had no wife and didn't steal the rent-money to get drunk on. Oh, I'll catch it, sir, if you don't intercede for me."

"But what can I do?"

"You slip around to the front of the house and say that you have news for her. Watch her face and see how she takes it. Then tell her it is about me. Watch and see if she gets white around the mouth. Tell her that you have news that I was drowned at the ferry dock. Watch her tears at this point. Tell her that I called her dear name as I went down for the last time. Watch and see if that melts her. If I can get her all broken down and overcome I'll bust in on her and get her forgiveness before she gets over wiping her eyes and pulling her nose. Go, now, and I'll owe you a debt of gratitude all my life. I think Mary will melt under your soft words."

The officers slipped around and told the wife that her husband was hiding in the alley, and then took a position where he could witness what followed. He had hardly secured it when the man came down the alley on a gallop, followed at a short distance by the wife, armed with a hoe-handle. There were no words spoken, but the man simply threw up clouds of dust with his heels as he put on the steam, and and as he passed the officer he somewhat curtly observed:

"Ah! but ye ain't worth shucks at the melting business!"

Inversion of Gelatine Negatives.

M. Izard's method consists in making two layers of caoutchouc dissolved in benzine; when the first of these layers is dry he interposes a film of ordinary collodion containing about 1-5 per cent of pyroxyline, and covers it with the second layer of caoutchouc, this latter being itself again coated with a film of ordinary collodion. When this is finished, strips of the peculiar black paper called *papier a' aiguilles* are glued all round the plate, so as to form a frame of the required dimensions, and the whole is then allowed to become thoroughly dry. If now it be desired to at once transfer the negative, it is only necessary to cut through the layer along the outer edge of the paper frame, and by raising one of the corners of the pellicle with the point of a knife the whole may be stripped off in one continuous movement. Provided care has been taken to let the paper get perfectly dry, the pellicle is sure to come off without its dimensions being in any way distorted. It will be seen that by nearly all similar processes we are enabled to get films which are so thin that we can, by inverting, print on either side. We can, therefore, in case of necessity, prepare for the inversion while leaving the pellicle adherent to the glass plate on which a negative image has been taken; and when we wish to invert the negative, we have only to cut through the edges of the film as above described, and to strip it off the plate.

Easily Suited.

When Catherine was arraigned before the Police Court, New York, a smile of recognition spread over the face of His Honor.

"Back again, Katie," said His Honor.

"Yis, sor, since I cudn't go wudout seein' me old frinds wanst in a whoile," said she.

"That's right, Katie, but you shouldn't get drunk in order to see them," said the Court.

"Sure I cudn't get Yer Honor to luk at me, av I didn't, for the officers wudn't lave me near enough to ye," said she.

"That's a lame excuse, Katie'" said the Court.

"No, sur, oh no. Sure warn't ye the fusht Judge that gemme me tin days, and warn't ye the lasht to gimme me three months, an' phoy wudn't I throy to see Yer Honor," said Catherine.

"You're pretty near right there, Katie," said the Court. "Suppose we say three months this time."

"Plaze yersel', Yer Honor, an' ye'll plaze me," said she, turning away. "Sure I was always aisy suited, an' it 'ud be ratner late in the day to begin to be particular about a throifle av a month now."

Mayor Cooper's Nickel.

Mayor Cooper, of New York, was recently charged in with an offense with which his worst enemy never accused the late lamented "Boss" Tweed. Of course in the days of the Ring those hateful contrivances known as the "bell punch" and "cash box" had not been invented as standing affronts to the notorious probity of conductors and drivers of cars of the bob-tailed species, but even if they had it is doubtful if he would have been deemed capable of trying to "beat" the "cash box."

The history of this most dreadful blot on the municipal escutchen is briefly told.

Mayor Cooper enters a Bleecker street "bob-tail" car just opposite the Register's office, and so easy is the grace with which he slings himself on the back platform that the driver first notices him sitting midway on the left hand seat absorbed in the Herald dispatches from Maine. Thinking to awaken him to the duty of the hour he sounds a volley on his tinkling bell. The Mayor pays no attention, and the tintinnabulation wanders out through the windows to consort with the confussed noise of the great city. Again, in cadence less musical, but even more emphatic, the bobtail driver's bell responds to his vigorous jerk, but the minds of the foremost man of New York is in Skowhegan and Androscoggin, and he hears it not.

With copious remarks of an impolite nature the driver flings open the front door and yells:—

"Dropanickelinthebox!"

His Honor, having finished Jim Blaine's explanation to Garfield of how it happened, raises his eyes to see what is the matter.

"Say, young fellow, get yer fare into the box," howled the driver, looking straight at the Mayor."

His Honor looked to his left, but saw no young fellow. A fat boarding house keeper was grinning at him, and noticing his surprise broke out into a snicker.

"Blank, blank, blank yer blanked immortal part," said the driver, "d'ye intend to pay yur fare or not?"

"Are you speaking to me?" asked the Mayor.

"Yes, I'm talkin' to you. Dropanickleinthebox!"

"I have dropped my fare in the box," said His Honor.

"You don't look like a fellow that'd try to beat the cars, but if you don't git yer fare in here I'll bounce you," said the now frenzied driver, tapping the glass box at the side of the door.

The Mayor, who was recognized by several persons on the car, protested that he had paid his fare and would not be imposed on. The argument continued for some seconds, the driver meanwhile animadverting on the baseness of the man who would wear a new fall overcoat and try to beat the "cash box."

At this juncture a passenger entered and dropped his nickel into the box. On looking down into the receptacle the driver found two coins there, and the mystery was explained. The Mayor's money had caught on the top of the box and was jostled down by the new comer's deposit.

The driver was subsequently informed of the identity of the person whom he had irreverently called "young fellow," and his only remark was:

"I wonder will the old man complain agin me."

A Flight of Sand Larks.

To witness a large flight—or, as it is more correct to call it, a "fling"—of Dunlins on the wing is a sight as curious as it is interesting and beautiful. It is not when they are flying with an apparently settled purpose from one place to another, but when the banks in a "fling" of from a few hundreds up to thousands in the flock, that their wonderful lightness and activity on the wing are seen to such advantage as to strike even the most casual beholder with admiration. At one moment the spectator sees at a distance a dense, dark body moving rapidly along, which a practised eye at once sees is a large flock of sand larks. Watch them, and, to your amazement, if they are some distance off, the rapidly moving dark cloud will suddenly almost, or sometimes entirely disappear. This is caused by the whole flock simultaneously turning their sides and the edges only of their wings to the spectator. Slowly then, and looking at first like a shadow, the birds reappear, the flock comes into full view as at first, and one is wondering what the next change may be, when instantaneously every bird in the whole flight, turning its white under surface toward the spectator, almost dazzles him with a momentary flash of bright silvery whiteness; the appearance of the flock under this aspect having been most aptly compared to a shower of new shillings. These graceful and attractive evolutions are often repeated, each change being a surprise; for, owing to the constantly varying shape of the flock, which one moment may be in a long-drawnout line, and perhaps the next in a round ball, no two of the movements are exactly alike. The flock, if large, often breaks up, but only shortly to reunite again.

A Good Deed Rewarded.

Many curious stories are told of the influence exercised by the Afghan chiefs over their followers, among the most striking of which is the following: A young English subaltern, attached to the Cabul expedition of 1841-2, rescued an Afghan pilgrim from some British soldiers who were handling him roughly. The pilgrim warmly thanked his deliverer, saying with emphasis that "an Afghan never forgets a good turn or a bad one." Some months later, during the fatal battle of the Kurd-Cabul pass, our hero saw one of the enemy point to him repeatedly, and concluded himself singled out for destruction. But, to his amazement, he remained unhurt amid the hottest fire, while his men were dropping around him like leaves, those who had molested the pilgrim being the first to fall: At length several of the enemy disarmed and dragged him down by main force, checking those who wished to kill him by declaring him to be under the protection of their chief. The chief in question proved to be indentical with the rescued pilgrim—a disguise assumed to aid his designs against the English—and the officer, having been hospitably entertained, was dismissed without ransom.

Beavers Coasting.

Two boys who live in the State of Iowa once concluded to see what beavers did on moonlight nights. Therefore they crept through the snow just about midnight and went to the home of the beavers. At the dam which the beavers had built the moon was reflected from the ice with a great glare. To their great surprise the boys saw the beavers coasting down a long slide from the top of the dam to the ice below. It was fine sport. The old beavers gave the young one rides on their broad flat tails, all sliding down very rapidly, Just then one of the boys sneezed, when the beavers disappeared like a flash.

—A fathom is six feet.

Guillotine.

This machine, which was brought into use in the early period of the French Revolution, is not altogether a modern invention. Similar contrivances were in use in several parts of Europe during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, if not before. According to Crusius, in his "Annales Suevici" (1595), such an instrument of decapitation existed in early times in Germany, but was superseded by the sword: it was styled *Fallbeil*, falling hatchet. A representation of it may be seen in two old engravings—the one by George Penez, who died in 1550; the other by Heinrich Aldegrever, bearing the date of 1553—and also in an old picture, which, according to Reiffenberg, is still preserved in the city hall of Augsburg. Jean d'Autun, the historiographer of Louis XII. of France, narrating an execution which he witnessed at Genoa, May 13, 1507, describes a machine exactly like the guillotine. This is the *mannaia*, which was used in all parts of Italy for the execution of men of rank, and is fully described by Pere Labat in his "Voyage en Espagne et en Italie en 1730." The same had been introdued into Southern France; and Puysegur, in his "Memoires," makes allusion to it on the occasion of the execution of Montmorency in 1632. A similar contrivance existed in the Netherlands. The "Maiden" of Scotland, which was used in the decapitation of the Regent Morton in 1581, and is still preserved in the Museum of the Antiquarian Society at Edinburg, was an instrument akin to those above mentioned; and either it, or at least the pattern of it, has been brought from abroad by the very man who suffered by it. The decapitating machine, therefore, was far from being a novelty when Dr. Guillotine suggested its application in 1789.

It is a remarkable instance of the vitality of a popular error, that Thackeray, who was evidently well acquainted with French history and French affairs generally, should, in his "Philip," chapter sixteen, have fallen into the common mistake of supposing that Dr. Guillotine perished by means of the instrument that bears his name, but which he did not, as Thackeray says, invent. Thackeray does not actually assert that Guillot