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GOOD-NIGHT.

There's a face in the mirror of loveliness rare,
Encircled by round, dimpled arms, sweetly bare,
White fingers, pink-tipped, hide and seek in her hair,
A-taking it off for the night.

There's a pair of brown eyes, rather sleepy, it's true
Red cheeks that outrival the peaches in hue!
A mouth made of rose-buds and holding a few
Bent hair pins 'tween teeth pearly white.

There's a flutter, of white angel wings, I suppose;
A dropping of shoes and a showing of hose;
A patter of little bare feet and ten toes,
A-running across on the floor.

Then darkness—a ghost kneeling down by the bed;
The tiniest prayer that ever was said,
A pulling of blankets all over the head,
And a sweet little musical snore.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

A long luxurious room, all wine-color and gold. Velvet carpets were under foot; silken curtains draped the windows; from cabinets of ebony gleamed exquisite gems of chiseling; on the wall hung delicious morsels of color, the chandelier was all ablaze; in the wide steel grate an anthracite fire leaped and sparkled with innumerable reflections. Without, the rain fell, the winds howled drearily, the trees rocked and groaned this desolate autumn night. Here, all was light and warmth and luxury. One of the massive doors swung back and a girl came into the room—a little, slight, childish figure, clad in a trailing blue silk dress, a dainty, youthful face, with features a trifle short for classic perfection, big, azure eyes, cheeks like pink roses, and pale gold ringlets falling in glittering showers to her waist. She came over to the mantel and stood, with idly clasped hands, looking up at the picture above it. Such a wonderfully handsome face, olive-skinned and Greek featured; bright and reckless and boyish on the whole; but one instinctively knew that back of it lay an impulsive, passionate temperament. So absorbed the girl stood she did not hear the door upon and and some one enter.

"You won't to be positive you'll recognize him, Iva," laughed a voice behind her.

She turned swiftly, a little shyly, her face luminous,

The lady who had entered and now stood regarding her with a happy, quizzical smile, though elderly, was straight and imposing and stately. Her soft satin robes swept the rich carpet; an exquisite morsel of Mechlin rested on her dark hair. One glance at her face and grave eyes involuntarily reverted to the pictured one above the mantel, but the face of the mother was as that of the son, aged and exaggerated, colder, sterner. Now, as she glanced up at the cold young face of him who was the last representative of a grand race, all the proud adoration of a mother came into the keen, old eyes, and she could well say, with the Countess Danicheff. "For that name and that son, everything. For the rest, nothing."

"What exquisite flowers, Iva!"

For just where the foamy lace flowed back from the girl's slender throat, nestled a cluster of pink, fragile, hot house blossoms.

"Yes; Mr. Lawrence sent them."

"Mr. Lawrence! Take care, little girlie! My prophetic soul tells me that Mr. Lawrence will grow a great deal too fond of you if he is not that already. He is a very wealthy man, dear—an honorable gentleman—but Cyril holds your promise. Nothing; nothing," she reiterated, almost passionately. "shall break that."

"Dear Aunt Adelaide, am I likely to forget it when I loved him so? Three years since he went—I was 15 then—and it has seemed like three centuries."

"Hark, how it storms. It is not ominous of his coming home, however, dear I am going up to my room a while, but be sure I shall hear the first sound of carriage wheels."

She left the parlor and Iva Russel walked to the window, and drawing aside the curtain looked out:

A dreary blustering November night. The rain fell heavily, steadily, uncompromisingly; the wind wailed and shrieked like a thing in pain; the trees writhed and flung their huge arms aloft. For the girl who stood there, looking out with such sweet, glad eyes, all the joy of the present, all the hopes of the future, lay in three little words thrilling through the heart and brain—"Cyril is coming!"

"Ah!'

She was turning away, when she stopped short, with a terrible gasp. Her blue eyes, dilated with fear, were riveted on the window.

Against it was pressed a face as white as the face of the dead. Wild dark eyes traveling around the room, then fixed themselves on her.

Even as their glance met, she sprang to the casement and flung it open with a cry of breathless, bewildered recognition.

"Cyril, Cyril!"

The man came slowly, dazedly into the glow, the light, the sparkle of the room. From his overcoat and slouched hat the water dripped. His face was that of the portrait above the mantel, but woefully changed, wan and worn and haggard.

"Iva," holding out his hands with a sad' weary smile, but not offering to kiss her, "dear little Iva!"

"Cyril!"

It was just a whisper. Into her eyes had crept a vague dread.

"Iva, where's your mother?"

"Up stairs."

She could only answer mechanically and in monosylables.

What a different home coming to that which she had expected.

"You—you got my letter! You were expecting me?" nervously, with a swift glance around the bright, cozy room and back to the little silk robed figure before him; "but oh, Iva, Iva!"—the words breaking from him passionately, his voice hoarse and shaking—"you were not expecting my wife."

"Your wife!"

"My wife."

He flung himself on his knees beside her low chair. He caught her soft, parkling hands in his own fierce grasp, and then he bowed his handsome, haggard face upon them.

"Listen, Iva,"—breathlessly, rapidly "It was in London I met her. We boarded at the same house. She was an English girl who supported herself and her invalid father by teaching. One night the house took fire. My room was in a remote part; and the firemen could not or would not find it. She led them through the rain of sparks, and flame, and falling timbers, till they burst open my door and dragged me out, unconscious. She bears the marks of those burns to this day.

In carrying me out I was struck by a falling beam. For weeks I lay ill and delirious. When I awoke to reason it was to find that she who had saved had nursed me. Every scrap I had in the world, was burned—money, letters, clothes, everything. And all these weary weeks she had been supporting me, ministering to me.

As I grew stronger I came to see what—thorough woman though she was—she strove to conceal—a love for which I was most unwishful, most unworthy.

Dear, what could I do? My honor led me through dishonor—I married her. She is here to night at the hotel—she and my baby. "Why don't you curse me, Iva?" litting to hear an anguished, pallid face. "Had ever man a more bitter task than mine has been to-night?"

Stonily the girl had heard him. Every tinge of color had faded from her face and left it deadly white.

"You love her?" she questioned very low.

He dropped his dark young head with a groan.

"God help me," he said, 'no."

"Cyril!" cried a fond, proud voice from the doorway; "Is it you, Cyril my darling boy? and I did not hear you come,"

And his mother had rushed across the room and clasped him in her arms.

"Wait a moment, mother," drawing back hastily from her embrace and standing up before her all white and nervous. "I have something to tell you first. I am married."

"What?"

She staggered back as though from a blow.

"Yes, I have told Iva—" he began his voice low and hurried.

But she silenced him with one swift imperious gesture. Now you saw that her stern old face did not belie her. It was flashed darkly with passion; her eyes were blazing.

"And you dare—you dare to come and tell this to me—me?—in the presence of the girl to whom you were bound in honor! Out of this house! Out this moment, I say! You are no son of mine."

He did not cry for mercy as a weaker man might have done. His temper was a reflex of her own. He turned to go as quietly as he had come, On the sill he turned simply as a sob smote upon his ear, To his dying day he never forgot the picture that met his eye.

And William Lawrence, entering unannounced with the freedom of an old friend, drew back in bewilderment.

In the centre of the rich, gaslit room, stern and dark-browed and unyielding as was ever a mother Sparta, Mrs. Calvert stood; and at her feet, where she had flung herself in passionate application, the kneeling figure of the girl, all shimmering in silk and costly lace and pure pink blossoms. Her clasped hands wore uplifted imploringly: her lovely; tear wet, childish face was white and quivering.

"Aunt Adelaide — Aunt Adelaide don't! Remember if you loved him; so did I."

The man in the doorway caught his breath sharply, and Cyril Calvert dashed away with hasty strides into the stormy November night.

"God bless her! God bless her!—my first and last love!"

"Good-bye, dear. It's getting late—I must be going."

And a little sombre clad figure by the fire had gently down the child she had soothed to sleep, and began putting on her wraps.

Cyril Calvert's wife, a pretty, fragile English girl, with eyes too bright for health and a scarlet spot on either cheek rose too.

"It's too dark to go alone, Iva. Wait for Cyril."

"No, no, dear," hastily.

"Is she as hard as ever, Iva?"

Iva shook her head sadly.

"Yes, the struggle between her love and pride is fearful. It is eating away her life."

"I'm sorry we ever came,' Alice Calvert said, fretfully. "Cyril would have it so, and now I have not the strength nor the means to leave. He is working very hard, but journalism gives very light support to a novice. Without you Iva, I do not know what we would do. You, and that annonymous friend who is so inexpressibly good to us. Yesterday there came a basket of hot house fruit. I saw the gentleman as he stood with the messenger at the corner of the street pointing out the house. His face was so strange to me, but I shall know him if I ever see him again. It must have been from him there came two months ago, when we were so hard up, that $50 bill in the printed envelope."

"God bless him for a good and true friend, whoever he is."

"Good night, Iva!"

"Good night Alice!"

And she kissed the baby and his mother and went away. A block from the house she met William Lawrence, and they walked home together through the snow and starlight.

Just one year from that night when Iva Russel was waiting for her lover, William Lawrence stood on old Mrs. Calvert's doorstep.

He sent up his card to Iva with one line inscribed on the back;

"She is dying. Come."

Ten minutes later they were walking swiftly toward the city in the frosty, yellow twilight.

"How did you know it, Mr. Lawrence?"

"I was passing, and, having heard that she was very ill, stopped to inquire."

What a clear, crisp, amber night. Bright and bracing and invigorating, with a breath of winter on its frosty sweetness.

Even Iva Russel, pale and worn from nursing poor Alice Calvert, felt a strange, new thrill of peace and happiness.

They went together into the darkened room. Cyril, kneeling by the bed his face buried in his hands and not looking up.

"Iva! Iva!" Alice Calvert's hot fingers closed feverishly over her friend's. "Who—is this?"

William Lawrence came a step forward into the light.

"Yes, it is he," cried the dying woman. "Iva—Cyril, this is the gentleman who has befriended us so long."

Iva Russel lifted her pure fair face and looked at him.

How blind she had been.

When two hours later they went from that quiet room, leaving behind them peace eternal, William Lawrence carried Cyril's child in his arms. They brought him to an old woman, sitting sad and lonely in her splendid home.

Iva opened the door and pushed him gently before her into the room,

They saw the wee one toddle across the floor; they heard his pretty, lisping baby voice say the word they had taught him,

"Dauma!"

Then, as she caught him to her withered breast with a quick cry, they drew back reverently and shut the door, knowing Cyril's cause was won.

"You are tired," Witliam Lawrence said, gently.

"A little," she smiled.

He stood opposite her, and she thought—as she had thought many a time, of late—what a grand honest gentleman he was, and how securely one could trust one's happiness in his hands—felt, with a hot glow of maidenly shame that even her heart should confess it to herself, that this strong, new, ennobling affection which had come to her was the love of a lifetime, and no brittle, childish passion.

At the door he paused and turned to her.

"What a bright, beautiful night, Iva! How different from that other one, one year ago, when the sweetest hope of my life was crushed—a hope that has of late sprung up and blossomed again! Dear I have hoped—I have fancied that perhaps after all—"

The little hand he had taken lay confidingly in his. Her happy eyes looked up to the frosty, glittering stars.

"Yes," she said, softly, "after all!"

Shelter from Frost.

The importance of providing shelter for such half hardy plants as winter spinach, onions, strawberries, etc., has been mentioned before, and should have been applied before this time. In seasons when we have plenty of snow during the entire winter, covering for such plants is hardly needed at all, but such seasons are not common in the southeastern portion of New England; in this region it is much more common to have the land more or less exposed, especially late in the winter, when the sun runs high and the nights are cold. It is against such frequent freezing and thawing that the shelter is wanted, and if it is only sufficient to shade the ground from the sun and prevent frequent thawing, it is better than a heavy covering, which is apt to smother the plants during a thaw. There is another sort of covering to be used in spring on the hot beds—I mean of course, the mats and shutters used to shelter the glass in frosty weather. These mats and shutters are usually made on the farm during the cold and stormy days of winter. The mats are made of rye straw, the coarser and larger the better, and the grain should be well threshed out, so as not to attract rats or mice to make their nests in the mats when stowed away in summer. There are two sorts of frames used in making mats, one is a rectangular frame of 2x4 inch spruce, 6 feet four inches square in the clear, placed on legs so as to be about 2½ feet from the floor, and across this are tightly drawn as many strings of marline as are to be used in tying the mat; usually eight or nine strings are used. One side of this frame is made movable, and is secured in its place by stout hard wood pins at each end; this moveable side is where work begins in tying the mat; the straw is laid on in a small, clean handful, and tied down tightly by given the loose end of the marlin or spun yarn a half hitch around the tight string which is made fast to the frame; when the mat has been tied for about two feet from the edge, the movable side of the frame is moved forward and secured in its new position by pins while the portion of mat already made is allowed to drop over its edge, allowing the workman to reach over and tie about two feet more of the mat. The edges of the mat where the butts of the straw are irregular, are easly trimmed straight by placing the mat upon the floor with a straight edged piece of board over the edge to be trimmed, and then chop off the irregular ends with a hatchet.

The other sort of frame used for tying the mats, is shaped somewhat like a common carpenter's saw-horse; it is built higher however, so as to bring the top about 1½ feet from the floor. The top is made of two pieces of inch board placed an inch and a quarter apart, and between them the mat is pushed downward as each handful of straw is tied on top. In this frame a mat may be made of any length desired, usually eight feet is about the limit. Any one unaccustomed to the use of these mats would be surprised to see how efficient they are in protecting hot beds from frost; when placed over the glass and covered with shutters, it requires a very hard frost with high wind to freeze through them. The shutters are made of ¾ inch pine matched boards, 6 feet 4 inches long by 2½ to 3 feet wide, and secured by three cleats, one at each end, and one across the middle, securly nailed with clinch nails. If kept well painted they will last for many years. The shutters are often used without glass as spring advances, to shelter plants on frosty nights, throwing them off by day so as to expose the plants to the open air; this enables the gardener to use his glass and mats on other beds containing more tender plants. It is customary to put the glass upon cold frames containing dandelion and rhubarb, about the middle or latter part of January, covering at nights with mats and shutters. If the beds are well banked with eel grass, or horse manure, they will not freeze enough to injure these hardy plants, and the growth once started will progress rapidly as the sun gets higher. When the rhubarb leaves touch the glass, the frame is built up with an additional plank or two placed on the lower one and held on its edge in place by means of pickets nailed on upon the outside. The rhubarb will grow three feet long if the glass is raised so as to give it room. It is a very acceptable sauce in early spring, before it can be pulled out of doors, and the forced article is much more tender that what grows out of doors.

Married for Money.

In the dining-room of a stately mansion on the banks of the Mersey were seated two gentlemen. The elder one was tall, good-looking, with flashing black eyes, which inspired the beholder with something akin terror when they were lit up with passion; the other one was fair haired, with blue eyes and a merry smile ever playing about his face.

The first gentleman was Harry Wilmot, the master of the house. Before him was placed a large table covered with papers—apparently bills—which he was examining with a gloomy and dejected countenance. After being thus employed for some time, he gave the tableau impatient push, and said to his friend:

"I wish this piece of business was ended. By-the-way, have you heard that I am going to be married?"

"No replied the other, whom we must not forget to introduce to our readers as Mr. Clarence; "and may I ask on whom you are going to confer the honor of your hand?"

"Miss Harper."

'I cannot say that I admire your choice,' replied Mr. Clarence; "she has neither blood, beauty, wit nor common sense,"

"All that you say is too true, and between you and me, I cannot bear her myself; but then she is rich, and if I do not get some money, I shall have nothing; besides, my creditors are becoming clamorous and, after all beauty is but skin deep; and as for blood, she is the daughter of a toymaker, but highly respectable people you know."

"Well, but you have said naught about her want of wit and sense," said Mr. Clarence.

"The first is a dangerous weapon in a woman's hands, and the second I hope she will acquire in time."

"How true it is," remarked Mr. Clarence, "that gold is the god, the wife, the friend, and the money monger of the world! But what is her fortune?"

"Fifty thousand pounds, which I can assure you, will be very useful to me, as I am not worth so many pence at the present moment."

"When is the wedding to take place?"

"On the 10th of March."

"Well, I wish you much happiness; but remember, a man cannot possess anything better than a good wife, nor anything worse than a bad one. But I must now say farewell."

When Wilmot was left alone his reflections were anything but pleasant ones. He had a habit of thinking aloud, or talking to himself, perhaps on the same principle as the village school-master, who gave as his reasons for doing so—first, "that he liked to talk to a sensible man;" and second, "that he liked to hear a sensible man talk." Be that as it may; we will listen what he says.

"Clarence thinks I am a fool, and I almost think so too—going to be married to a woman I all but hate! for what? Gold, hard, round, unthinking, unmeaning gold, Ah! how different to Helen Aubrey! She has every attribute to make a man happy. What a pity it is she has not money, and what a bore it is we cannot do without it! That Miss Harper seemed to be talking very lovingly to Captain Dent last night. Oh, if the jade turns out a flirt, I shall go halt mad! and I think I am nearly so already. There was some truth in what Clarence said above a good wife; and if to all my other troubles that of a bad wife is added, what shall I do? However, it is no use meeting troubles half way; they come quite soon enough without. I think I will go and see Miss Helen One may spend a happy hour there; and I suppose I must even bid good-bye to that when she gets to hear of my marriage, for although she is as good as an angel, she is as poor as Job, and as proud as Lucifer."

We must now introduce our readers to Hawthorn Grove, the residence of Anthony Harper, Esquire; for although Anthony was only a toy maker, yet, on account of his great wealth—he being the richest man in the village—he was usually styled the squire by the population; that, and the seeming deference always paid to him, made him consider himself, his affairs, and his property to be of the first importance in the county. Mr. Harper was not an educated man. He was wont to declare that he considered the whole system of education a great waste of time and labor; and yet withal (and curiously misplacing them) he had a fancy for using long words.

Shortly after the conversation with Clarence, Mr. Wilmot called on Miss Harper; but before we describe the interview, it will be but polite to describe the lady. She was tall and thin; her hair was red, her eyes were pink, and her features were large and sharp.

After making the usual polite inquiries about her health, etc., he said:

"What a long time it seems to look forward to before I can call you mine!"

"Only a fortnight, you know; but papa was saying that he was afraid the marriage settlements could not be completed in time the lawyers are so slow in their work."

"What need have we for settlements?" exclaimed Wilmot. "Do I not love you fondly, madly, passionately? Will not all that I have be yours? Oh, do not delay a moment beyond the 10th of March! I hardly know how I shall wait even that long—or, at least," he mentally added, "how my creditors will."

To which Miss Harper replied.

"Well, I will ask papa about it."

"Do, my darling; and now, farewell! It is like tearing soul from body to leave you even for a short time. Thank my stars, I have got away at last!" he muttered, as he walked down the stairs.

Mr. Clarence paid his friend, Mr. Malvin a somewhat early visit one morning, and found him sipping his coffee and looking at the newspaper.

"Have you heard the news, Malvin?" exclaimed he.

"No," replied the latter, laying aside his paper, "what is it? Did you win at the last Derby races, or discover a new cut of a coat, or been fascinated by a pair of bright eyes?"

"No; you are entirely wrong. In the first place, you know that I was not at the Derby. Your second guess is still more ridiculous, as I trust always to be above such trifles. Besides, you know beauty unadorned is adorned the most; and as for being fascinated by bright eyes, I prefer fascinating; it is infinitely more amusing, and I flatter myself I am pretty skillful at it, and could pick a wife from among the fairest damsels in the land if I only chose to ask them."

"Humph!" returned Mr. Malvin, "I like that, now; it is so very modest; but you may be thankful that none of the ladies are here, or they may give you some new ideas on the subject; but tell me, what is the news?"

"Harry Wilmot was married to Miss Harper last Thursday."

"No, you don't say so! He has married her for her money, of course?"

"Yes, and she married him for his position in society, so it seems to be pretty equal, with this slight difference—that she has got the one, but he has not got the other. Mr. Harper settled all his wealth upon her, so that he can't touch a penny."

"Well, it almost serves him right. If a man will so desecrate marriage, he deserves all that he gets. Better have a wife with a fortune in her than with her—unless you can have both together. That's my sentiment; but how are the happy pair now?"

"The happy pair, indeed! They are chewing the cud of disappointment, and he endeavoring to get accustomed to his wife's ways"

"Well, well," said Malvin. "I wish—I wish him much happiness"

"And so do I; and don't wish that he may get it; By the way, I saw a note of her writing, and just looked for all the world as if a spider had walked into an inkstand, and then walked out of it along the paper; such a scrawl!"

"Well, I wonder what the future Mrs. Clarence will be like. I shall expect her to be a perfect paragon of excellence. With your fastidious taste, take care you don't pick up a crooked stick at last, old fellow; but I have an engagement, and so I must wish you good morning.

In the private room of a hotel sat Mrs. Wilmot, painfully regretting the past and reflecting on the future, when Mr. Wilmot entered the room, and addressed her with:

"Matilda, dear, I want you to let me have five hundred pounds."

"You are very obliging. You have done nothing but ask me for money since I married you. I have come to the determination of lending you no more."

"Before the month is over I will seek a divorce."

"Do so, and set all tongues in town talking about you."

"Confound the woman!" he muttered, as he strode out of the room. "she knows my weak points, if she knows naught else; but what must I do? One thing at least I will do, and that is, to warn all my friends never to marry for money.

Shooting Chamois.

To tell a buck from a barren doe in early autumn at any but the shortest distance requires long practice, and even mistakes not infrequently occur; for the latter have also a misleading propensity to sneaking about alone, and at the season of the year of which I speak resemble the bucks in all but the position of the horns, which very slight difference can, of course be detected when the animal is quite close. Only the day before I had killed a barren doe, mistaking her for a buck, and though they are perfectly legitimate game, yet it is ambition of the cognoscenti to kill only bucks. My glass assures me, however, that not only is the animal a buck, but the large size of the horns ranks him unquestionably among the very largest—the so called "capitals-bocke." I let him proceed half way down the gully, bringing, meanwhile, my rifle very slowly up to the shoulder. Here he halts, apparently to survey for the last time, the ground, before he makes his rush. This is the desirable moment, and, though the buck will get a nasty tumble of some sixty or seventy feet, for he has barely enough footing. I prefer a long and steady shot to a much closer running one. My Express, the same that in the Far West has rolled over, in not dissimilarly wild surroundings, many a proud bighorn—gives forth its loud report, and the solid bullet, (a preferable missile to the usual expanding bullet for such small game as chamois,) propelled by what Continental sportsmen consider a terribly large charge, *i. e.*, five and one-half drams, pierces, as I afterward discover, the wary old fellow from end to end, sending him his legs turned upward, to the bottom of the precipice, where he lands with a dull crash. Twice more do I shoot at chamois coming singly down the gully, and from precisely the same fatal spot does my quarry take its headlong plunge. The last head, however, coming quicker than the preceeding ones, the beaters being by this time close behind, makes an examination with my glasses impossible; and so, to my chagrin, I find when all is over that my last victim is a barren doe. By this time the drive is drawing to a close, and wherever one looks one sees, generally in the most impossible places, beaters descending from the heights above. As one watches now one, then the other, edging barefooted along fearfully narrow bands of rock, terrible abysses yawning at their side, one can not fail to see that these men are not moved so much by the poor pay (about half a crown per diem) as by the inherent love for sport, to follow such an exceedingly dangerous vocation, while they could earn as much, if not more, in their ordinary calling. The results of the drive when, after the numerous reports of the keepers had been heard, one could form a correct estimate, were the following: About ninety chamois were in the drive to start with. About forty broke back through the line of the beaters, or escaped at the sides, while the rest came to the four guns, who with thirty-one shots, killed eleven head, namely: seven bucks, all with the exception of my first one, of moderate size, three barren does, and, unfortunately, also, one mother doe, who, having lost her kid in the frantic rush, appeared quite alone, and hence, being mistaken for a buck or barren doe, paid with her life for her unmatronly conduct

A Few "Hows."

How much happier life might be if minds could be trained to forget past trouble.

How hard it is to avoid listening and liking to listen to scandal about our neighbor.

How tame life would be without troubles and difficulties to overcome.

How few value or cultivate a good pair of legs and lungs.

How the old are forgotten by the young

How unfortunate that so many of the aged should make themselves unattractive and even repulsive to the young.

How strong we feel when we have never been sick.

How many men and women are there without a weak spot somewhere!

How whiskey does bring out a man's true nature and show the makeup and and artificial side of moral character!

How much better is a "dog's life" than the lives of some men and women.

How few new brooms, after all, sweep clean unless there is a clean sweeper behind them.

How sorry some people are for faults which they will commit next month.

The Royal Tombs of Austria.

A correspondent writes of a short tour in the Austrian and Bavarian Tyrol and most delightful—to Salzburg and Grunden, on the beautiful Tram Lake, and to Ischl, where the Imperial Austrian family pass the summer. At Ischl the River Tram runs swiftly with a clear green, and, with the hills and mountain on every side, the scene is lovely. To walk in the pine forests beside mountain torrents or flowing brooks, to smell the delicious cyclamen on the high, mossy, rocks is a great boon to the invalid, as well as to the strong, and all is so accessible. Here the banks of the river are built up on either side with walls, except at some places, and there are promenades, seats, and cafes all along, and a band to play—a cheerful scene, and withal so old a look.

The trip down the Danube to Vienna is accomplished in about nine hours, while the trip up the requires twice as long a time. This river is not so bright and beautiful as the Rhine, but is massive and imposing and broad in it effect. I mean the mountains are big and round and so sharp, it looks more like the dwellings of the Nibelungen. The castle where Blondel sought Richard Cœur de Lion, and found him with his song, is still imposing and magnificent at a sharp turn in the river, which takes many sharp turns. You do not land at Vienna immediately from the river steamer, but change to a small steamboat which takes you by a canal almost to the middle of the town. The inner town is encircled by this canal on one side, and by a sort of boulevard on the other, making about a two mile circuit, and called the "Ring." As all the streets radiate from this ring it is very easy to find one's way about. The city is very showy, with almost endless fine buildings around these boulevards, and buildings are still going up; a splendid opera house in the Renaissance style, Rathaus, ministries of this and that, academies of arts and sciences, and the palace, which is immense and contains treasure chambers, library, &c., &c. A private collection of paintings, the Liechtenstein, has the best portrait Rembrandt ever painted (of himself it is), and it is certainly wonderful; also the best Van Dyck, a portrait of the Princess d'Este, together with many others of less importance, but all good. An old gouty man went about with us and pointed out the beauties like a lover. He has a book in which all the famous artists and others have declared that this Rembrandt is the best existing.

There is also wonderful collection of paintings at the Belvedere—a masterpiece of Durer's, the "Trinity," a great many Titians (among them the famous "Danæ"), a large collection of the Venetian school, the "Jupiter and Io" of Correggio, that has been so often engraved; the "Ecce Homo" of Guido, and the "Mater Dolorosa" that we see every where. There is also a collection of old armor, embroideries, ivories, missals, jewels, and wood carvings that is the richest imaginable. Each ivory (and there are cases of them) is a gem before which one could worship. A helmet of a Doge of Venice and his shield was of much interest; indeed, the whole collection deserves real study. The royal treasure chamber has the crown jewels, which are gorgeous, with no end of old jewelled clocks, watches, carved crystal goblets, dishes, and enamels.

We went to the Royal tombs and I was glad to have gone to Maximilians's sarcophagus, and to pay homage to the martyred hero. It is covered, and so is the wall behind, with bows and long hanging ends of satin ribbons of different colors, with inscriptions and mottoes embroidered by royal and mourning friends, and there were three or four silver wreaths. A Capuchin monk took us down in the vaults, and it was very solemn to be there—the trees waving above through a small grating, and to hear the life and stir of the busy world above, and all this royal dead still forever. They are all there, from the founders of the family, from Rudolph of Hapsburg down. The friar pointed out in one division the sarcophagi, of four Arch duchesses and four Kaiserinnen, without even naming them, which was almost democratic for royality. The Augustines have the imperial hearts, which can be seen through a little grating in a small crypt and enclosed in brass vases. Another church has the entrails and the Capuchins have the bodies, and the money, they receive from showing the sarcophagi purchases bread and soup with which they feed 180 people every day without asking who they are.

Short of Meat.

A Metnodist minister travelling in Michigan was entertained by a family, whose hospitality was greater than their means, and who were short of meat. In order to spread a good dinner for the parson, it was decided to slay the pet hen which belonged to the little boy of the family. This was a sacrifice, but the interests of religion and hospitality seemed to demand it, and so the bird's neck was wrung, After dinner the minister was asked to lead in family devotions, which with true clerical courtesy he consented to do. The family being called together, all knelt down on the floor, which was of boards, liberally adorned with knot holes. While the prayer was going on, a lonely little chicken, one of the children of the deceased hen, came running under the house, lamenting the loss of his mother The afflicted little lad put his mouth to a knot hole, and sympathetically said to the chicken: "Peepy, peepy, I didn't kill your mother. They killed her for that big old preacher's dinner." That "big old preacher" was startled out of all sense of prayer-fulness, and suddenly brought his devotional exercises to a close.

Cigaretts.

A correspondent writing from New York says I ran across a cigarette factory the other day. Whew! I wouldn't write—or, rather, you wouldn't dare print what I saw. Dirty butts of cigars, fresh from the filth of the muddy streets, are the cleanest and nicest of the material used in compiling these precious roads to ruin. I came down town on a Madison avenue car this evening, and on the tail end there were little chaps, the eldest about fourteen. Each smoked a cigarette and spat his little life away. I ventured to ask if they enjoyed the odor. They said they did. And the taste? Certainly. On inquiring I found they had a well-known brand of cigarettes, noted for its "opium soak" and its terrible smell when burning. Poor little rogues. They can't last long, They were pale and sickly, puny and offensive. Men? They're men already in their eyes. They and a majority of our little lads are full of the slang of the day, up in all the catches, and abundantly able to hold their end in conversation. I subsequently saw these three boys in Niblo's Garden. It would have surprised you to hear them talk. A blind man might reasonably think he was listening to three old men. Nothing was new. They had seen it before, and better done than that. Down went the boys, but before they felt the first breath of the fresh air from the street, each puny hand held a cigarette to the vile smelling mouth, and puff! puff! they sickened everybody in their vicinity. This is an old grievance of mine, and I don't care to bore you with it, but I feel it keenly. Day by day the vice grows stronger. There was a time when cigarette-smoking was confined almost entirely to Cubans, who knew what good tobacco was and made their own cigarettes. Gradually the habit spread. Dealers followed suit. Makers became unscrupulous. Little dirty boys were sent out to pick up cigar stumps. Other equally disgusting material was also utilized. Opium was made to do duty. Cheap paper took the place of rice paper. I wish these boys could see the stuff paper is made from. Wouldn't it turn their little stomachs? I trow, I trow. The cheap paper, the old stumps, the opium, and the chemicals used to make them "strong" deserve to be shown up. Parents have no influence with their sons. Why not? Because they smoke cigars or pipes themselves. The boys charge all the good advice they get to their father's desire to keep them down. There is but one way to deal with American boys. Reason with them through their eyes. If every nicotined stomach was made public; if every time a fellow died of too much cigarette the fact was made known; if the proud boys could be shown a rag-factory and stump-grindery, it seems to me the cigarette business would be wound up very soon.

Grief-Striken.

"I came to tell you this morning that you might as well stop them proceedings in chancery for a bill of divorce," said a soft-eyed thing about 27 year old, as she came into a Laramie lawyer's office yesterday.

"Decided to live together as man and wife again, hey?"

"No, not that. Not that. You see Obadiah strolled away to Leadville two years ago, and kind of give me and the kids the grand shake. Since then I've been rustling in my gentle, unobtrusive manner to make a stake. I've wrote to him occasionally whenever I had leisure, and kind of rounded him up for not chipping in with his assessment, but he never represented. That kind of irritated me, and I asked you last week to get me a divorce. If I paid all the assessments myself I thought 'twould be no more than square to get all the dividends. But this morning I got news from Leadville that has changed my notion a little about the divorce."

"Sent you some money, did he?"

"No, not that. He didn't even write to me, but I got a paper with a big blue mark around a piece in it, which conveys the intelligence that Obadiah was hung there on the 10th by request. It seems that he got to jumping lots and stealing horses between meals, and people got down on him. Then he salted a claim over on Buckskin, and sold it for $40,000 to a tenderfoot from away down East. He made several flowery breaks like that, and the popular feeling seemed more or less turned against him, Several weeks ago Obadiah stole a pair of mules from a man who belonged in Kokomo, and next night went back to get a neckyoke and monkey wrench that belonged to the wagon, and happened to run right into a passle of vigilantes lookin' for a job. They took Obadiah over to a tall, limber tree, and let him stand on a bronco pony plug under the lowest limb while they tied a clothes line around his windpipe. Obadiah told them that he was not much of a bareback rider, and he didn't know whether he could do the trick or not. They slid the clothes line over the limb and hit the bronco a lick with a quirt. The bronco was a high-life plug, and had been raised in luxury, so he got mad when they hit him and he lit our some. That left Obadiah in a good deal of suspense. He wiggled around a little and got embarrassed, and didn't seem to know what to do with his hands for a while. Then he became more calm and composed in his manner, and the crowd made a present of him to the coroner. I wrote the authorities to send me his check book and a statement of Obadiah's bank account, and whatever you're out on this divorce hooraw will be all right, understand. I'd rather let the vigilantees fix up my law business than to die of old age waiting for chancery, anyhow. That's the kind of a grief striken relic I am."

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The silver half dime of 1802 is the scarcest af all American coins.

—Canadians continue to obtain comparatively large numbers of polled Aberdeen cattle from Scotland.

—It is found that the effect of the electric light in conservatories is stimulating to the vitality of the plants.

—In 1849 the expert trade of France amounted to £19,000,000; in 1879 it had sunk to £34,000,000 sterling.

—Out of every five children on the roll of the London Board-Schools, only four attend school an any given day.

—It is proposed to celebrate the 25th anniversary of the settlement of Portland, Me., on the Fourth of July next.

—Twenty five thousand specimens of spiders in glass bottles have been arranged by Captain Holden, of Cincinnati.

—The revenue of France received from direct and indirect taxes in the year 1881 exceeds the estimates $40,000,000.

—The American magazines published in London are very popular among Englishmen.

—The United States in 1881 consumed three times as much canned salmon as they did in 1880.

—The Mormons expect 1,500 converts from London next month, comprising a number of families and about 300 unmarried women

—The administrator of the Mark Hopkins estate in San Francisco was required to give a bond in the sum of $13,000,000.

—A paper mill at Holyoke, Mass., made 24,500 pounds of paper in twenty-four hours on one machine—the biggest run on record.

A colored tailor from North Carolina, is said to have made $50,000 in Boston since the war. He gives employment to over 100 persons,

—Some of the Policeman in Montreal complain that they can't keep their hands warm with woolen gloves and ask for fur ones.

—Emmons Blaine the ex-Senator's youngest son, is a clerk in a railroad office at Fond du Lac, Wis. He is studying the business.

—The residence of Senator Ben Hill, at Athens Ga., has been sold to Professor. Speer, of the University of Georgia It originally cost $30,000.

—The cotton States consume 42,252,244 bushels more wheat than they raise, and pay to the North for wheat, corn, oats, and hay, $150,000,000, annually.

—Maryland's latest achievement is a diamond-back terrapin which weighs five pounds and two ounces and whose bottom shell measures 8¼ inches in length

—Los Angeles County, Cal., claims 9 500,000 grape-vines bearing, and 3,000,000 planted last winter; and 60,000 bearing orange trees, and 100,000 to begin next year.

—Out of 1,600 000,000 letters delivered by the General Post Office, in London, England, the proportion of missing property and non-property letters are only ·04 per cent.

—Princess Louise's determination to pass the winter on this continent has led many American society people to select the Canadian Capital as their place of winter residence.

—Notwithstanding the terrible power of the electric eel, equal to fifteen Leyden jars, there is a little parasite fish, two or three inches in length, that preys upon it utterly oblivious of its shock.

—The organist of St. Paul's, in London, has published a statement of the cost of the new big bell, and along with it an appeal for contributions. The total outlay for casting and hoisting the monster into position he gives as $15,000.

—The Upper Mississippi lead fields include 2,000,000 acres—200,000 in Iowa, 400,000 in Northern Illinois, and 1,400,000 in Wisconsin. The value of the gross amount of the lead produced in the fields since 1826 is about $70,000,000.

—Mr. Kimball, the church "debt-raiser," has assisted in freeing 175 churches from burdensome encumbrances. The largest amount he encountered was on the Memorial Presbyterian Church, New York city (Rev. Dr. Robinson's), $110,000.

—The areality of the population of England and Wales—that is, the mean area to each person, which in 1801 was 19,934 square yards and in 1871 was 7,928 square yards—is now 6,955 square yards to each person.

—A Statue of Oakes Ames, facing and pointing to the west, and one of Oliver Ames, facing east, are to crown the monument which is in process of erection at Sherman, Wyoming Teritory. It stands upon the highest point of land on the Union Pacific Railway.

—The Duke of Hamilton has decided to sell his magnificent library at Hamilton Palace, on the celebrated Beckford collection. This collection was made by William Beckford, the author and traveller, whose eldest daughter married the tenth Duke of Hamilton.

—The lot which Mr. W. W. Corcoran deeded to Columbia College, in Washington, for building purposes, at the corner of Vermont avenue and I street, has a frontage of 95 feet on the avenue and 152 feet on the street. This location is in the heart of the city.

—During the past year 1,532 persons died in London of small-pox. Of these, 325 had been vaccinated and 637 neglected that precaution, the remaining 570 being doubtful. of the population of London 3,620,000 are vaccinated and 190,000 are not.

—Twenty five years ago the city of Albany, with a population of 67,000 consumed 350 lbs. of opium and 375oz. of morphia annually. Now, with a population of 91,000, there are 3,500 lbs. of opium and 2,500 oz. of morphia sold every year in that city.

—There is still living a lineal descendent of Martin Luther, in the person of one Herr W. Wolters, of Stuttgart. He was formerly a Court actor, and claims descent through Luther's daughter Anna The male line has long since been extinct, the last representative of it having died in 1720. This was Professor Luther, of Lipsic.

Of the fifty-one metals, thirty were discovered in this century.

Great truths are often said in the fewest words