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

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A DAUGHTER OF THE DAWN.

She looks upon the lake's expanse,
Her hair, wind-blown o'er eyes as blue
As mist that seems the waves to trance,
She watches the glad waves advance,
Retreat, dance at her feet,
And then again retreat,
In rhythmic, endless amplitude:
A priestess of the solitude.

Along the shore she steps in state—
Her cheek glows with the rosy dawn
That now begins to dissipate
The morning's pearly dews that wait
To greet, elate, her feet
And touch her gown so sweet,
Before they melt in morning air,
Like fragrance poured from chalice rare.

Her voice—soft as the note that falls
From nesting-bird awake at night
When to her drowsy mate she calls,
Like music of the past, enthralls;
Upsoars and falls, then soars;
Like siren's song from shores
Of fatal Tyrrhenean sea—
A flood of buoyant minstrelsy.

Her suave and gracious presence fills,
Completes, the scene; her graceful mien
Enchants, and like a dream fulfils
Its purpose, all the sense instills
With light, then thrills delight,
Through all the inner sight,
Alas, she is an airy wraith,
Too fair for life, the flower of death.

The Mysterious Widow.

During the summer of 1814 the British had laid claim to all that portion of the district of Maine lying east of the Penobscot. Shortly before the arrival of the English squadron, Commodore Samuel Tucker had been sent around to Penobscot Bay to protect the American coasters, and while the British sailed up to Castine he lay at Thomaston.

It was a schooner that the Commodore commanded, but she was a heavy one, well armed and manned; and she carried the true Yankee "grit" upon her decks, of which the enemy had received from them rather too many proofs. On the morning of the 28th of August a messenger was sent down from Belfast with the intelligence that a British frigate was coming from Castine to take him. Tucker knew that the British feared him, and also that Sir John Sherbrooke had offered a large amount for his capture.

When the Commodore received the intelligence his vessel was lying at one of the low wharves, where he would have to wait two hours for the tide, but he hastened to have everything prepared to get her off as soon as possible.

The schooner's keel was just cleared from the mud, and one of the men had been sent upon the wharf to cast off the bowline, when a wagon, drawn by one horse, came rattling down to the spot. The driver, a rough looking countryman, got out upon the wharf, and then assisted a middle aged woman from the vehicle. The lady's first inquiry was for Commodore Tucker. He was pointed out to her, and she stepped upon the schooner's deck and approached him.

"Commodore," she asked, "when do you sail from here?"

"We sail right off as soon as possible, madam."

"Oh, then, I know you will be kind to me," the lady urged, in persuasive tones. "My poor husband died yesterday, and I wish to carry his corpse to Wiscasset, where we belong, and where his parents will take care of it."

"But, my good woman, I shan't go to Wiscasset."

"If you will only land me at the mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask no more. I can easily find a boat there to take me up."

"Where is the body?" asked Tucker.

"In the wagon," returned the lady, at the same time raising the corner of her shawl to wipe away the gathering tears. "I have a sum of money with me, and you shall be paid for the trouble."

"Tut, tut, woman, if I accommodate you; there won't be any pay about it."

The kind hearted old Commodore was not the man to refuse a favor, and though he liked not the bother of taking the woman and her strange accompaniment on board, yet he could not refuse.

Some of the men were sent upon the wharf to bring the body on board. A long buffalo robe was lifted off by the man who drove the wagon; beneath it appeared a neat black coffin. Some words were passed by the seamen as they were putting the coffin on board, which went to show pretty plainly that the affair did not exactly suit them. It may have been only prejudice on their part, but the seamen should be allowed a prejudice once in a while, when we consider the many stern realities they have to encounter. Ere long the coffin was placed in the hold and the woman was shown to the cabin. In less than half an hour the schooner was cleared from the wharf and standing out from the bay. The wind was light from the eastward, but Tucker had no fear of the frigate now that she was once out of the bay.

In the evening, the lady passenger came on deck, and the commodore assured her that he should be able to land her early on the next morning. She expressed her gratitude and remarked that before she retired she should like to look and see that her husband's corpse was safe. This was of course, granted, and one of the men lifted off the hatch that she might go down into the hold.

"I declare," muttered Daniel Carter, an old sailor, who was standing at the wheel, "she takes on dre'fully!"

"Yes, poor thing!" said Tucker, as he heard her sobs and groans.

"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?" continued Carter.

"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas swollen with tears."

"My eyes! but they shone, though, when she stood here, looking at the compass."

Tucker smiled at the man's quaint earnestness, and went down to the cabin.

When the woman came up from the hold, she looked about the deck of the schooner for a few moments and then went aft. There was something in her countenance that puzzled Carter. He had been one of those who had objected to the coffin being brought aboard. The woman's eyes ran over the schooner's deck with a strange quickness, and Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon she went to the taffrail and she came and stood by the binnacle again.

"Look out, or you'll jibe the boom," uttered the passenger."

Carter started and found that the mainsail was shivering, He gave the helm a couple of spokes apart, and then cast his eyes again upon the woman.

"Thank'e ma'am," said Dan. "Ha, hold on—why bless my soul, there's a big spider right on your hair. No—not there. Ugh—I'll—Ugh?"

The last ejaculation Dan made as he seemed to pull something from the woman's hair, which he threw upon the deck with the "Ugh!" above mentioned.

Shortly after the passenger went below, and ere long Tucker came on deck.

"Commodore," said Carter, with a remarkable degree of earnestness in his manner, "is the 'oman turned in?"

"I rather think so," said Tucker, looking at the compass, "Look out, look out, Carter! Why, man alive, you're two points to the south'ard of your course."

"Blow me! so I am," said the man, bringing the helm smartly aport. "But say, didn't you notice anything peculiar about the old 'oman?"

"Why, Dan, you seem greatly interested about her."

"So I am, Commodore, an' so I am about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it be well for you and I to overhaul it?"

"Pshaw?" you're as scared as a child in a graveyard!"

"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit. That oman ain't no 'oman."

The Commodore pronounced the name of his Satanic majesty in the most emphatic manner.

"It's the truth, Commodore—I purtended there was a spider on her hair, and I rubbed my hand agin her face. By Sam Hyde it it wasn't as rough and bearded as a holy stone. You see, she told me as how I'd let the boom jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed there was no 'oman there, and so I tried her. Call somebody to the wheel and let's go and look at that coffin."

The Commodore was thunderstruck by what he had heard, but, with a calm presence of mind that made him what he was, he set coolly to thinking. In a few minutes he called one of the men aft to relieve Carter, and then went down to look after his passenger. The latter had turned in and seemed to be sleeping, Tucker returned and took Carter one side.

"No noise now Carter; follow me as though nothing had happened."

"Sartain."

The two approached the main hatch and stopped to raise it, when Dan's hand touched a small ball that seemed to have been pinned up under the break of the hatch.

"It's a ball of twine," said he.

"Don't touch it, but run and get a lantern," replied Tucker.

Carter sprung to obey, and when he returned a number of the men had gathered about the spot. The hatch was raised, and the Commodore carefully picked up the ball of twine and found that it was made fast to something below. He descended to the hold, and there he found that the twine ran in beneath the lid of the coffin. He had no doubt in his mind now that there was mischief boxed up below, and sent Carter for something that might answer for a screw driver. The man soon returned with a stout knife, and the Commodore set to work. He worked very carefully, keeping a bright lookout for the string.

At length the screws were out, and the lid very carefully lifted from the place,

"Great God in Heaven!" burst from the lips of the Commodore.

"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a thunder-clap from the tongue of young Dan.

"God bless you, Dan?" said the Commodore.

"I know'd it," muttered Dan.

The two men stood for a moment and gazed into the coffin. There was no dead man there, but in place thereof was material for the death of a score. The coffin was filled with gunpowder and pitchwood, upon a light framework in the centre were arranged four pistol all cocked, and the string entering the coffin without communicated with the triggers of each.

The first movement of the Commodore was to call for water, and when it was brought he dashed three or four buckets full into the the infernal contrivance and then he breathed more freely.

"No, no," he uttered, as he leaped from the hold. "No, no—my men. Do nothing rashly; let me go into the cabin first."

Commodore Tucker strode into the cabin, walking up to the bunk where his passenger lay, and grasping hold of the female dress, he dragged its wearer out upon the floor. There was a sharp resistance, and the passenger drew a pistol, but it was quickly knocked away the gown was torn off, and a man came forth from the remnants of calico and linen.

The fellow was assured that his whole plot had been discovered and at length he owned that it had been his plan to turn out in the course of the night and get hold of the ball of twine, then he intended to have gone aft, carefully unwinding the string as he went along; then to have got into the boat, cut the fall, and as the boat fell into the water he would have pulled smartly upon the twine.

"And I think you know," he continued, with a wicked look, "what would have followed. All I can say is that I am sorry I didn't do it."

It was with much difficulty that the Commodore prevented his men from killing the villain on the spot. He proved to be one of the enemy's officers, and he was to have a heavy reward if he succeeded in destroying the Commodore and his crew.

The prisoner was carried on deck and lashed to the main rigging.

"What a horrid death the villain meant for us," uttered Carter.

"Yes he did," said Tucker with a shudder.

"He belongs to the same gang that's been a robbin' and burnin' the poor folks' houses on the eastern coast," said one of the men.

"Yes," said the Commodore, with a nervous twitch of the muscles about his mouth.

A bitter curse from the prisoner now broke on the air, and with a clenched fist the Commodore went below.

In the morning, when Tucker came on deck, Seguin was in sight upon the starboard bow, but when he looked for the prisoner he was gone.

"Carter where's the villain I lashed here last night?"

"I'm sure I don't know where he is, Commodore. Perhaps he jumped overboard."

The old Commodore looked sternly in Carter's eyes, and he saw a twinkle of satisfaction gleaming there. He hesitated a moment—then he turned away and muttered to himself:

"Well, well—I can't blame them. If the murderous villain's gone to his death he's only met a fate which he deserved.'

A Mortgage on the Farm.

Good farmer friends, whatever else you do there is one thing you want to avoid as you would a pestilence. Never put a mortgage on your farm.

No matter how hard pressed you are, never be tempted to do it. If you do, you will regret it to the latest day of your life.

No matter if you do want to fix up the house, or buy more land, or get a better team, or send the boys to college, or buy the girls a piano—don't mortgage the farm to do it

It will hang like an incumbus over you. It will bind you to the wheel. It will make a slave of you, until the holder of the mortgage steps in and forcloses, and sells your homestead for half of what it is worth, and ends the matter.

Many circumstances may arise which place you in a tight place. You may need money in cases of sickness; your need may be imperative, and mortgaging the farm may appear feasible—but don't do it! If you must have the money, sell the farm yourself and begin anew. It will be better in the long run, for then you will be working for yourself, and not to pay interest, which brings you no nearer paying the original debt.

Our sympathies always go out towards the farmer who has a mortgage on his farm. We have watched the thing over and over, and just know how it works. He has not a dollar he can call his own. The man who holds that mortgage wants every dollar he can grab. He hovers round, ready to pounce on the cash when it comes in from the pet colt, the young calf, the few chickens the children have raised, the butter the thrifty housewife has managed to spare.

The farmer who has his house mortgaged cannot indulge in luxuries. If he gets a new coat it is remarked upon. If his wife indulges in a new dress, somebody says they had better be paying up the mortgage. If his son drives a smart horse, the old gossips nod their heads at each other and talk about "putting on style, and his father's farm mortgaged!"

Who can feel an interest in a piece of property which is his only in name? Who cares about making a farm more valuable, that some man he owes may profit by it? The fact of it is, none of us have approached near enough to perfection to feel any great anxiety to spend our lives toiling to enrich somebody out of the family. It isn't natural.

Wool Prospects.

The indications are that prices of wool will be no lower before new clip is ready for market. During the past season there has been a noticeable demand for fine wool, and the mills requiring this kind of stock show no falling-off. Therefore it seems probable that the supply of fine wool will be pretty nearly exhausted before the new clip comes in, this opinion being based upon the fact that very little fine foreign wool is left in stock, and the importations are extremely light. Eastern advices are to the effect that both native and foreign wool is a short crop, and the demand at present is far below the average at this time of the year. Flock masters are not in haste to dispose of the old clip, in many cases two years' shearings being held awaiting higher prices Unless holders of wool combine to force prices up, the prospects are that prices will remain steady for several months to come, but holders may, it is thought, confidently expect higher prices after the new clip is ready. Should prices for fine wool materially advance in the meantime, the result will be to place a large number of American orders in European markets in order to supply the demands of the mills until the new clip is sheared and placed on the market.

—Cock fighting originated with the Athenians.

Historic Characters.

Taking the southwest to be everything beloy the Tennessee river, between Alabama and the plains, we think of several brilliant people immedistely who lived or operated between those limits. It is the mother of southwestern states. The founder was John Sevier, whose family controlled politics of Arkansas from its admission into the Union down to the civil war, with but few intervals. Then came Sevier's youthful opponent, Andrew Jackson, who, in a military point of view, was the Washington of the southwest, and his name was formidable until he died throughout Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. Almost the last act of his life was to issue a private proclamation to congratulate Texas on coming into the Union, which was carried out under his young disciple, James K. Polk. Althoug Texas was admitted a few days before Polk came into office, his election compelled that event, and his administration fought the war with Mexico, which not only protected Texas, but gave us powerful extensions of territory on her west.

Thomas Benton of Missouri, another Tennessee man, who left Tennessee partly on account of a bloody fight he and his brother had with Jackson, was a remarkable character of this region, but he had unpopular qualties, stirred up unworthy animosities, and his egotism was almost equal to his American historical scholarship. He remains, however, the ablest general writer, prophet and inspirator of the Democracy of the plains, for he was not much an enthusiast on the Texas question, having followed Mr. Van Buren, who pronounced against the government admitting Texas. Benton turned his attention to a splendid empire west of the Missouri, in Oregon, California, Colorado and Kansas. He belongs, therefore, to the North rather than the South, and was so discriminated against in Missouri when Jim Green and several other smallfry divided his raiment. His young proteges, Frank Blair and Montgomery Blair, in the field and the cabinet, maintained their identity as apostles of the northern idea.

A man rather overlooked in the southwest was Gov. Claiborne, the first American governor of Louisiana. Mr. Cable introduces him in a faint sketch in his novel called "The Grandissimes." He died while the senator-elect of Louisiana, after having been both territorial and state governor. It is his nephew, I believe, who has recently written the "History of Mississippi." Sam Houston, notwithstanding his remarkable qualities and uniform patriotism and success, is still very much of a local character, because the rest of the country is but slightly familiar with what has been going on in Texas. The last generation knew Houston much better than the present one.

Two brilliant men in the South were S. S. Prentiss of Mississippi, and Robert Crittenden of Arkansas, both of whom, it is said, shortened their days and darkened their bright talents by that dissipation into which young men from the northern climate were often drawn by their prominence in the far South. Traditions say that Crittenden died on a spree while visiting Prentiss, and Prentiss himself bitterly lamented that he had ever gone South at all, and lost the restraints of his New England education. The two celebrated men of Mississippi—Jefferson Davis and John A. Quitman—were both from a northern climate. Quitman was of German stock born at Rhinebeck on the Hudson river, near the homes of the Livingston family. Davis was born in Kentucky, but a few miles from the birthplace of Abraham Lincoln, and it has been said that both were of poor white stock.

Archbishops.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and many of the prelates, have no residence in the cities of their respective sees. The former lives at Lambeth Palace and Addington Park, both in Surrey; the latter at Bishopsthorpe, a few miles from York. The Bishop of Winchester lives at a fine seat called Farnham Castle, the Bishop of Durham at what was formerly but one of the Prince Palatine prelate's palaces—Bishops Auckland. The Bishop of Lincoln has a fine residence—Riseholme, near Lincoln; the Bishop of Lichfield formerly lived in this country, but the late indefatigable Bishop Selwyn insisted on having a habitation in the city, nearer to business, as it were. At Exeter, Peterboro, Wells, Ely, Salisbury, and Norwich the palace is contiguous to the cathedral. In some cases these old city palaces are very large—that at Norwich is immense. Of late years nearly all have been rehabilitated by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners. The only prelate except Canterbury and London now having an official abode in the metropolis is the Bishop of Ely, who has a very fine old-fashioned house in Dover street, which was specially bequeathed to the See of Ely by a former prelate. The city of Ely is little more than a village. While Bishop of Oxford, Bishop Wilberforce was a bachelor (or rather widower) of the Albany." As Bishop of Winchester he for a while occupied the town house of the see, a very fine mansion no longer enjoyed by its incumbent.

Island of Herm.

The island of Herm, heretofore a favorite resort of the people of Guernsey, has been sold for $35,000 to the French Carthusian monks. Last year it was leased to the Trappists, but they found it unsuited to their system of agriculture—the raising of plants for their Trapisterie. The Carthusians believe they can grow there an abundance of daffodils for use in making their liquors. One of the rules of their order enforces solitude, so that the people of Guernsey will be denied the pleasure of making this one of their favorite resorts hereafter.

Patty's Successful Idea.

A new England kitchen in the summer time. It was a picture, with its roses climbing the windows, its glistening milk pans, like so many mirrors ranged in rows on the shelves, and its floor white and sanded; it was a wholesome picture too, especially as it had the breath of a garden full of sweets borne in with the breeze that stirred the spotless window curtains.

The pair of hands which had done all of this were not white nor soft, and they were now busily engaged in mending David Wilson's stockings.

"He ain't asleep, is he?" said the owner of the industrious hands—Prudence Wilson, looking up as she spoke and disclosing a round apple blossom face wearing a slight shade of anxiety.

"Yes, he is asleep."

"Thank God!" she ejaculated fervently. "Now do go and take a nap, Patty, you look tuckered out."

"Yes, I am tired, Aunt Prue," she replied in a cheerful voice, which yet had a cadence of melancholy.

Patty was a slender Yankee girl of twenty-two, of the brunette type, the warm blood speaking eloquently in her cheeks. She could suffer unflinchingly, if need be, and could temper mercy with justice, but she reserved her smiles for those she loved.

David Wilson had been like a father to her ever since his sister Patty's death, but lately, for some unexplained reason, he imagined himself ill with all sorts of ailments and had become irritable—outrageously so at times, on account of it.

But his loyal niece had borne with his petulance patiently. And now, seating herself by the rose covered window, and leaning her head against the casement, she closed her eyes and remained motionless for some minutes, while not a sound was heard but the ticking of the clock, and the hum of busy bees out of doors.

Presently she awoke with a start, exclaiming, "Did the bell ring, Aunt Prue."

"La, no, child. You are always thinking of that 'ere bell. It's too bad! I'd just like to give David a good shaking, there ain't no sense in being so unreasonable."

"You forget that uncle is an invalid, and oh! he has been so very kind to me."

"Oh! Indeed I'm not likely to forget it, neither of us will, I'm thinking."

Patty sighed, laid her head against the window, closed her eyes as before, and silence reigned again.

But Prudence Wilson's tongue when once started was loth to stop. She caused her pretty niece to open her eyes wide, and her cheeks to flush a deeper red by her next remark.

"Patty, dear, I know why you are so down in the mouth lately. It's all on account of Joe Clark; David has been and got another crotchet, and he'll be afraid to come here any more."

"Do you think so, auntie?" and this time she smiled.

"Perhaps you think I don't know Joe?" she replied tentatively; but receiving no satisfaction she continued to vent her vexation "David is a grown up baby, and you humor him too much; why! I do believe that if he want Jerusalem, you'd plan for it. You nor no one else can't begin to please him.

"I can try at least, Aunt Prudence"

"Yes. Spile him, humor him let him do as he likes, do!"

"But I don't, auntie. Then as if a sudden and *new idea* had entered her mind, she added, "But *I've a mind to.*"

"Be you crazy, Patty?" asked Miss Prudence, inconsistently.

"Hush! he's awake, and needs me," said the girl, and she was gone in an instant on her mission of love.

"She's made of injy rubber, I guess," said the old maid aunt began to sew vigorously.

Patty ran up stairs with a bound.

"Are you all deaf down there?" said the old gentleman in a querulous tone. "I've rung and rang till I'm exhausted.

"Are you better, uncle?" Patty inquired with a cheery soothing voice.

"No, I'm worse; high fever; no wonder, in this confounded hot room. Open the windows and doors. Quick, I say."

Without a moment's hesitation his niece obeyed him, letting in a rosy flood of light that made the captious old man blink, and the summer breezes sent the papers on the table whirling around the room.

"Girl, do you wish to kill me;" he cried, clapping his hands over his eyes. "Shut out that light quickly. I'm almost blind—and as if that were not enough, there is Prudence singing; go down and tell her that her voice is cracked, and that she is an old fool."

Patty remained absent so many minutes that it added a fresh grievance, and the invalid rang the bell furiously, desiring to know "what kept her so long."

"I was trying to calm Aunt Prue. She is offended with your message."

"Patty, Patty! And you told her that? You are the biggest fool," and he fell back desparingly upon the pillows, as though this was the climax of annoyance.

"Yes, uncle, I know it," she replied, cooly.

David Wilson stared at her in surprise. Was this the whitherto amiable girl who had humored and even anticipated his every wish? Could it be possible that constant attendance upon himself had affected her brain?

Perhaps he had been too hasty in peremptorily forbidding her to see Joe Clark again, and her mind had lost its balance.

"Patty," said he, at last, "do you send to Joe Clark, and tell him I must see him this very night; do you hear.

And he looked at her keenly.

Did the old bachelor think that he could read the girl's heart so easy?

What a relief it was when he closed his eyes once more! Now, Patty could steal away on tiptoe—but no—she had scarcely reached the door when he called out:

"Patty, give me a glass of lemonade."

The pitcher was within reach, freshly filled, and palatable, but the invalid thought himself too weak to stretch out his hand for it.

"Pah! this is tasteless. Throw it out."

"Do try a little, uncle; it's very nice," said his niece, coaxingly.

"No; I won't!" and then he threw himself back upon the pillow, with the air of a martyr, but not for long, for resting on one elbow, he said:

"Patty, I think I'll taste a spoonful of that vile stuff."

"Oh, uncle! I am so sorry; indeed, I threw it out."

"Threw it out! a whole pitcherful? What extravagance! And so you took me at my word. Patty—Patty, you'll be the death of me, Go down stairs, girl—and stay there!"

The poor soul, glad of the chance, went down, heedless of his calls for her immediate return. Then for a whole half hour the sick man remained quiet, thinking over the situation, no doubt—until at length he caught sight of a wreath of smoke curling past the window.

Thoroughly alarmed, he rang the bell furiously. In vain; there was no response.

"Help—help!" he cried. "Am I to lie here and be burned to death?"

And, as a sudden gust of smoke filled the room, he jumped out of bed with surprising agility for a confirmed invalid, and hastily wrapping a blanket over his dressing-gown, ran down the stairs, shouting "fire—fire!" with a voice that proclaimed sound lungs, at least, but his face was very pale, and his limbs trembled with excitement.

Prudence Wilson met him in the hall She held up her hands in astonishment.

"You *here*, David? Why, what on earth is the matter?"

"Where—where's the fire?" he exclaimed, wildly.

"In the stove, I guess, if it ain't all smoke," said she, with provoking coolness. "What a pack of fools you be, to scare because green wood wouldn't burn."

"Oh! uncle, do go back to bed; you'll catch your death of cold, standing here in the draught."

"No, I won't!"

"But consider you are an invalid."

"No, I ain't!"

"Uncle do you mean that you are not sick?"

"I mean that I am an old fool and have just found it out—a *cured* old fool though."

Who should come in at this critical moment of repentance—from fright and being taken at his own word—but Joe Clark!"

"You sent for me, Mr. Wilson," said he, wonderingly; "can I be of service in any way?" glancing at Patty, as he spoke.

Is it necessary to add that both sister and niece had plotted to cure the hypochondriac?

Or that Joe Clark came just in the nick of time to catch Uncle David in the right mood?

And to gain his consent to his marriage with pretty, patient Patty?

How Women Buy Theatre Tickets.

Spriggins, who is a man about town, insists that the sexes are never seen in such marked contrast as when selecting seats at the box-office of a theatre. Business man walks up, saws, sententiously, "Thursday night," puts his finger down promptly on the seats that seem to him best, and at the same instant puts down his money. He has read the advertisement, and knowing what the play is and what the price is, he asks no questions, but pocketing his tickets, walks away. Time, one minute and a half.

Elderly lady comes up. She looks at the plat for Wednesday night, Thursday night Saturday afternoon. Wonders why there isn't a Wednesday matinee, and, scolding about it a little, takes counsel of her rising resentment, and decides not to buy any tickets at all. Just as impatient gentleman puts his hand forward, she recalls her decision and she thinks she will, with mental reservations. Goes all over the plats again, and then slowly opening her pocket-book, fishes out her money, and finally retires. Time, eleven minutes and three-quarters.

Four young ladies slide in ahead of the gentlemen waiting, under a suspension of rules. They want seats in the first row, dress circle. All taken. Too bad. They will take the last row in the parquette. Not at all, why not in the middle or well up to the front? They won't go there. Then they divide and discuss the advantages of the right and left. They grow warm and forget about the ticket-seller and the gentlemen waiting. They relate various disappointing experiences on those side seats. They disband, as it were. Two take seats in the orchestra circle, and two explore, butterfly fashion, the balcony. At last they get their seats. Time, thirteen minutes and a quarter. In the next ten minutes the fifteen gentlemen in line ali have their seats, and are at their business. Such, says Spriggins, is life. Spriggins is, of course, a horrid creature.

Poor Philip.

Poor Philip Vonderdonk, of Burlington. All his life he had toiled and saved and scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it. And now all his hard earned wealth was gone, and a great hateful, interest-eating mortgage spreads its black wings over all that he owned and loved on earth. He sank into a chair and, folding his arms upon the table before him, bowed his gray head upon them and groaned great groans from Groanville, Groan county. His heart seemed breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife anxiously, stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled, "both farms and sold the wood lot over in Big Island."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house, too?" she asked, with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man in hollow tones, "Oh, yes, and sold all my stock in the Northern; and hypothecated what I had in the Sixth street bridge."

"And was it enough?" she asked trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled, and then, as he saw the ghastly pallor of deathly disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days time for the balance at 8 per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she caroled joyously. "Oh, Philip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no, not all of it," he said. "I brought the plume and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the hat itself is coming down from Chicago on a flat-car."

And the next week after that, eleven dark-browed men who sat behind Philip's wife at the theatre waylaid the wretched man on the way home, hauled him off down Valley street, rolled him up into a wad and stopped up the new sewer with him.

Dresden's China.

The history of Dresden china dates back to the year 1710. Until recently the work has been carried on in the old castle where the charmed secret of "how to make it" was discovered. A number of commodious buildings are now used for the work and occupied by seven hundred workmen, we had almost said artists, for they certainly deserve that name. The china is composed of a mixture of feldspar and "kaolien." The process of making is very similar to that used in the making of any china. The principal charm is the skill and care which is used. When one sees the numberless processes of moulding, trimming, baking, decorating and polishing through which each piece of china, and, indeed, each tiny flower passes, we do not wonder at its great cost. This china has been imitated very widely, but one can always tell the genuine article by the royal mark, which is two swords crossed.

There are two qualities of Dresden china; The second can be distinguished from the first by the addition of two little grooves, running at right angles with the swords. The difference between these classes arises simply from the fact that in baking the second class articles have not retained their perfect form. The demand for china is greater that can be supplied, and the majority of there orders come from England and the United States.

Kicked Into Notoriety.

Not long ago one of the suburban farmers of Macon, Georgia, led an old mule to the front gate and bade him go his way and sin no more. For more than two years he had lavished time and affection on the animal, in the hope that on some future day he could pronounce him cured of the habit of kicking. All mules kick more or less, but this particular mule was the boss kicker—in fact, he did nothing else but kick. Col. B. worked on him faithfully, and tried hard to bring him around to a consciousness that such indiscriminate and continued kicking was not only out of all reason but dangerous. These efforts were unavailing. Finally, after exhausting every means, he took him to the front gate as aforesaid and bade him seek other fields and pastures new.

It may be said that in thus parting with a mule that cost him some two hundred dollars in money and the future salvation of his soul in profanity, Col. B. let fall more than one tear, and, more than that, returned to the house with bowed head and wept. But the mule seemed to have divined the true intent of the former owner, and in the exuberance of joy at being released from bondage; to say nothing of the plow line, sent his heels high into the air and whickered a whicker that flavored of real happiness. He nibbled now and then at some tempting patch of green grass along the borders of the road—the same sweet patches that had, perhaps, made the mouths of other mules bound to heavy loads of wood and cotton water, as they hurried along under the lash of the driver.

But with such a feast before him, our mule was something of an æsthetic, and munched here and there, after the manner of a dainty lady at a banquet. For miles did he scamper and nibble, not knowing or caring where he was going, forgetting in his exhilaration that it is a long lane that has no turning.

Hence it was not long before a freedman spied the happy animal. He had acquired his forty acres, and to complete his complement of this world's goods he needed the mule And to see a fine fat animal ambling along the road without any visible owner was a temptation he could not withstand, and he took the stranger within his gates. The mule saw more bondage and began to kick against the proceeding. After he had kicked against the proceeding he kicked against the house and everything that came within range, and after demolishing everything standing he could wound up the circus by kicking the owner of the premises and then kicking down the fence. He sought the road once more, and met a man with a team and load of cotton. The man saw a stray mule and took him up, tying him to the rear of the wagon. It was the work of a moment only for our mule to turn around and kick the left hand wheel into pieces, leaving the wagon at a standstill in the road. The man turned him loose with a benediction.

His next venture was near Columbus. How much damage he had done in the interim, we have not as yet been informed, as the returns are not all in; but when near Columbus, he struck a drove of cattle. The idea occurred to him that there was a picnic, and if he ever did any kicking, now was his opportunity. We were not present, but they tell us that he carved a way through that drove of cattle as a cannon ball ploughs its way through an army; but when he had gone through the ranks triumphantly, he struck a big black bull that was bringing up the rear and there he found his match. His heels went flying against the bull's head, but the bull was always sharp enough to take advantage of the uplifted heels and put in his work with his horns in the mule's stomach, and a few passes of this kind resulted in a complete victory for the bull.

The cattle driver, who had looked on the encounter in a dazed sort of way, now came forward and after a gaze on the dead mule concluded to bring his hind legs along as a trophy, as the Indian brings the scalp of his victim. As he neared Macon, Col. B. happened to be looking out, probably wishing for a return of his animal, and saw the drover and his cattle, and also the hind legs which he recognized at once as those belonging to the boss kicker. The drover told him of the encounter, whereupon the mule owner waxed wroth, and will sue the cattle drover for damages, placing the amount at two hundred dollars. As a counter suit the drover brings in a list of damages which includes a fearful lump on twenty odd head of cattle, The case will probably come up at the spring term of court.

Ingenious Spy.

It was customary with Marshal Bassompiere, when any of his soldiers were brought before him for heinous offences, to say to them, "Brother, *you* or *I* will certainly be hanged;" which was a sufficient denunciation of their fate. A spy, who was discovered in his camp, was addressed in this language; and next day, as the wretch was about to be led to the gallows, he pressed earnestly to speak with the marshal, alleging that he had somewhat of importance to communicate. The marshel being made acquainted with his request, said, in his rough manner, "It is always the way of these rascals; they pretend some frivolous story, merely to reprieve themselves for a few moments; however, bring the doghither." Being introduced, he asked him what he had to say. "Why, my lord," said the culprit, "when I first had the honor of your conversation, you were pleased to say, that either you or I should be hanged; now I am come to know whe'her it is your pleasure to be so, because, if *you* won't, *I* must, that's all." The marshal was so pleased with the fellow's humor that he ordered him to be set at liberty.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—The great gray slug has a supply of 28,000 teeth.

—There are forty-six species of the English cuckoo.

—Dusters were first made of the tails of oxen or foxes.

—The earliest mention of parks is among the Persians.

—Mr. Gladstone has sat in Parliament for exactly half a century.

—The leech has eight or ten eyes set in its back near the head.

—Two new gambling establishments are being erected in Nice.

—Two million barrels of salt are annually exported from Michigan.

—The late Professor Draper took the first photograph of the human face.

—The fruit exports of America have increased a hundredfold in five years.

—The Swiss legislature has passed a compulsory vaccination law—89 to 23.

—The mother of the late General Custer died at Monroe, Mich., recently.

—Buckingham palace has four hundred rooms, without counting corridors.

—The pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf afford support to about 35,000 families.

—The new post office building going up in Philadelphia will cost over $6,000,000.

—Gauze is said to receive its name from Gaza, in Palestine, where it was first made.

—Fourteen kinds of dogs can be distinguished in the Greek and Roman records

—Forty thousand dollars worth of chewing gum is gathered annually in the State of Maine.

—A tame wolf, presented to Prince Bismark by a Russian, has arrived at Friedrichsruhe.

—Several thousand colored people of South Carolina have made arrangements to go to Arkansas.

—The tobacco monopoly of France last year yielded a net profit the State of about $60,000,000.

—There are now 19,000,000 more people in the United States than there were before the civil war.

—A washerwoman of Franklin, Pa., has twenty-eight living children. She is about 50 years of age.

—The number of persons killed on railways in England is proportionally wice as great as in France.

—A boy at Moline, Ill., had to be whipped thirteen times before he would consent to be vaccinated.

—The revenues at the port of Charleston, South Carolina, have increased four-fold within four years.

—English artists in landscape who exhibit at the Royal Academy are far ahead of those who paint figures.

—The milk of the elephant contains less water and more fatty matter and sugar than that of any other animal.

—Texas furnishes pecans to the value of $2,000,000 per year, and thinks the crop can be increased to $10,000,000.

—The Bible is translated into thirty-two African languages, in eight of which the whole of the Scriptures are published.

—The expenditures made upon the suspension bridge between New York city and Brooklyn amount now to $13,496,393.74.

—A lady in Rochester, N. Y., who is 5 feet 4 inches in height, has light brown hair which measures 6 feet 6 inches in length.

—The Prussian government has presented in the landtag a bill for the purchase of six private railways, at a cost of 477,000,000 marks.

—Colonel Arnat Von Steuben is busy preparing a report on the Centennial celebration at Yorktown for the Emperor William of Germany.

—Lord Overstone has remitted fifteen per cent. of the rents due at Michaelmas from his tenants at Wing and Aston Abbotts, Buckinghamshire.

—Real estate in Paris is advancing. In 1841 a home and garden in a fashionable quarter sold for $15,000. It sold within a few months for $123,000.

—The age of an oyster may be reckoned by counting the lines in the groove of the hinge of the bivalve. These lines indicate the annual layers or shell-growths.

—Major Cathcart, who was one of the principal members of General Fremont's expedition, which in 1848 made a winter journey across the plains to California, is dead in London.

—There are now stored in the oil country 25,000,000 barrels of crude petroleum, a sufficient quantity to supply the present demand for illuminating purposes for the next five years.

—There were shipped from San Francisco last year 38,166,377 pounds of wool, valued at $7,000,000. The total wool product of California from 1854 to 1881, inclusive, was 558,624,124 pounds.

—The war footing of the German army has been established by the budget of 1882 at 500,000 men. In the event of war, the number could be doubled at twenty-five hours' notice by telegraph.

—On the house 7 Craven street, Strand, London, a circular tablet has been fixed, with these words: "Lived here, Benjamin Franklin, Printer, Philosopher, and Statesman. Born 1706. Died 1790.

—The remains of a mastodon, estimated to measure 36 feet from the tips of its tusks to the tip of its tail, have been discovered in a bayou two miles and a half east of Richmond, Ind., by workmen engaged in excavating for a fish pond.

—Madras has a breakwater built by British engineers at a cost of $3,000,000, but they neglected to band the great blocks of concrete properly, and the first storm has knocked the whole thing to flinders.

—Dr. Jessup, of Syria, writes that the Sultan has granted permission to the Russian Jews to settle in Asia Minor, but prohibits them entering Syria or Palestine, on the ground that they might attempt a Judaic empire.

—General O. O. Howard has sent a number of large photographic views of West Point Military Academy to the Marquis de Rochambeau, who desires to use them in the preparation of a volume descriptive of the visit of the French Yorktown delegates to this country.

—There are in the United States 6,471,787 men available for military duty. There are 123,346 in the militia service, of which 114,524 are non-commissioned officers and privates, 6,053, company officers, 1,603 field officers, 1,040 staff officers and 126 general officers