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WAIT AND SEE.

[illegible]

"Oh, dear me, dear me!" sighed Mrs. Copman. "What a world of trouble this is!"

Her son-in-law looked up from the newspaper he was reading. He was a tall, handsome man of thirty, with soft, fair hair, and here and there, a silver streak in his beard.

"Others may have trial developing it," he added kindly.

"No," said Mrs. Copman; "nothing equals that Matron wards the green parlor for a studio. There's such an excellent north light to it, you know."

"Well," said Henry Charteris, "why don't you let her do it?"

"But what shall we do for a reception-room?" said the old lady.

"Use Betty," suggested he.

"By her fancy?" And all the troubles about the 'heroine of them?' But dear Henry would be so delighted if only he [illegible]."

"Do turn in my own room," said Mr. Charteris, absently. "Floyd can easily doubt to allow shelves there. It will pay that Matron should be disturbed [illegible] to prosecution of her art."

"I'm on always so kind and thoughtful," said Mrs. Copman, brightening up a little and ready to give the necessary directions.

Floyd, Mr. Charteris' faithful friend, groom, stood humbly where the old lady could see his orders.

"By master's library," said he, "up [illegible] Whenever will I put [illegible]?"

"Oh, there's plenty of room for a few dishes," said Mrs. Copman, timidly. "And if there should be a collapse or so about, they can easily be put in the closet under the stairs, which has a good large window looking out over the garden."

Floyd nodded under his breath, but there was nothing for it but to obey.

"I never so much as a mother-in-law's time as the rest of my life," said he to the housekeeper with a groan. "There's Mr. Harry, crowded into the hall-room, in the north wing, and the closet under the stairs, while Mrs. Copman and her three Gorgonzolaed daughters have usurped the whole house, with their clothes, and their accessories, and their [illegible] and the smallest copy there was of."

The housekeeper shook her head.

"If, you may well say so," said she, "for I'm sure I'm the worst off, intellect, Floyd."

"Eh?" said the latter.

"Why, you see, Mrs. Charteris gave [illegible] directly upon them, Mr. Harry.

"Then you're a brick!" impulsively exclaimed Mr. Harry.

"Indeed, sometimes, sir, I'm!"

"Floyd," said he, "who is that—that pretty girl in the garden?"

"Mr. Miss Betty Lane, the patroness' daughter," said Floyd—"at least," explained he kind, "it looked like her."

"And what is she doing in our grounds, I'd like to know," demanded Mrs. Copman, hotly.

"She gave leave to get flowers for her watercolor, ma'am," said Floyd. "Mr. [illegible]."

"I'm not sure I would allow himself to be patronized by every one in the village. If he hadn't come here to protect him," said Mrs. Copman, severely. "As it was, Floyd—or else, I believe I had better go myself. This sort of thing must be put a stop to."

And she turned out to the greenhouse, where pretty Betty Lane was talking gayly in a most condescending manner to the gardener, who was evidently greatly flattered by the attention.

"Oh!" said Mrs. Copman, stiffly, "How-do-you-do, I'm sure!"

Betty turned and bowed. Only home from boarding-school three months, she had never met Mrs. Copman face to face before.

"It's the terrible mother-in-law," she said to herself, and she answered aloud: "Yes; I am getting a few flowers to model in wax, and—"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Copman; "but perhaps you hadn't better get any more. The flowers don't bloom very profusely, and my daughters like them for their hair. Besides, Mr. Charteris doesn't approve of the whole neighborhood running riot through his grounds."

Betty's deep blue eyes flashed.

"Madam," said she, "did Mr. Charteris tell you to say this?"

"N-not exactly," faltered the sweet virginal widow; "but——"

"Then," said Betty, you have been guilty of a very rude and inhospitable action."

And, flinging her white hands and gowns on the floor of the greenhouse she walked out like a princess.

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Copman, scarcely knowing whether to be most indignant or surprised at this imperial conduct.

While Betty Lane hurried on, never stopping to shed the tears which seemed to scald her resolute eyelids until she was safe in the little hotel-carpet, and there, under the cool, quivering boughs of the trees, she burst into a passion of tears.

"Miss Lane!—Betty!" uttered a rich, murmuring voice.

"Yes, I know," said Betty, laughing and sobbing in the same breath, "I'm very foolish, and I ought to have known better; but it isn't pleasant to be turned out of a place."

"What do you mean?" said Henry Charteris, gravely.

And Betty told him all.

A dark frown gathered over his countenance. He had known that Mrs. Copman and his three sisters-in-law were selfish, arrogant and domineering. He had been quite aware that he was little more than a prisoner of state in his own house; he had even formed some vague idea that Isabella, the youngest and least hard-favored of the three, had designs on his heart. But as he personally was concerned, it mattered not one straw. But now that innocent, starry-eyed Betty had been rudely attacked, things assumed quite a different aspect. He looked down upon the sweet, blushing face; he took both the little hands in his.

"Betty," said he, "this is an unseen battle. One widow and three resolute spinsters against an unprotected specimen of the genus homo. Yet I think if I had an efficient lieutenant I could defeat the enemy yet. Will you join the ranks?"

"I—I don't think I understand you," faltered Betty.

"You are eighteen, I am thirty," he went on; "and yet, Betty, I feel young enough in my heart to be your match. Dear little Betty, will you be my wife? Do you love me, Betty?"

And Betty bravely answered:

"Yes, I will be your wife, Mr. Charteris. I do love, you," she added, archly, "I have loved you ever since I first came home from school and met you at the Sunday-school picnic under the maple-trees."

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Mrs. Copman and her three daughters had gone to New York to order their spring wardrobes—charged to Mr. Charteris' account, of course—and it was late on the afternoon of the third day of their absence when they returned, cross, irritable and tired—Saratoga a shade rather more [illegible] Isabella more peevish, Mehetabel more blowsy and coarse.

To their amazement and indignation, the sound of one of Schubert's Nocturnes floated out from the parlor window as they advanced.

"Who is presuming to play on our piano?" said Mrs. Copman, in a rage.

"And the windows all open; too—boiling the parlor carpet!" Miss Mehetabel screamed.

"I'm sure to you live, ma'ma, gasped Arabella, "it's that bold peasant's daughter—Betty Lane!"

"The impudence of some people," cried Matron, "when mamma so good as ordered her off the premises but a month ago!"

"Henry," said Mrs. Copman, angrily, as she caught sight of her son-in-law serenely smoking his cigar just inside of the casement, "why is it that the carriage was not sent to meet us? Why are we compelled to walk all the way from the depot in this broiling heat? And what is that young woman here for?" as the caught sight of Betty's white dress in the background of the large, dim room.

"The carriage was not sent for you," said Mr. Charteris, calmly. "because Mrs. Charteris was using it."

"Mrs. Charteris!" gasped the widow, dropping at least half a dozen of her parasols in the path, while Henry led forward the lovely young bride, all in white, with cheeks like pale roses.

"Mrs. Charteris," he repeated—"my wife! Let me present you and the Misses Copman to her."

And that was the end of the complication, for, of course, Mrs. Copman and her daughters were too high-spirited to remain under the same roof with such a dangled and lovely young usurper. And they removed all that belonged to them—and a good deal that didn't—from the house the next day in high indignation.

"To think what fools men are," said the widow, "when dear Henry was so comfortable with us and the three girls."

But apparently dear Henry was of quite a different way of thinking, for he stood with Betty on the terrace, watching the carriage drive away which contained the widow and her daughters, he said:

"My dear, I feel as if a nightmare were lifted off my life. And now—now we can begin to be happy."

Aboukir.

The port of Aboukir, where the English troops landed, is situated fifteen miles to the northeast of Alexandria, at the western extremity of Aboukir bay. The bay first became famous in modern history by the destruction of the French fleet in its waters by Nelson, on August 1st, 1798. Only four French vessels escaped, and Admiral Bruyes and 5,000 of his men were slain. At Aboukir on July 25th, 1799, Bonaparte, with a comparatively small force, almost annihilated the Turkish army under Mustapha Pasha. The French cavalry on the occasion, but a hundred men, drove fully 4,000 Turks down the beach into the sea. The majority of them being drowned the surface of the water soon became hidden from view by the hosts of floating turbans—a fact on which French historians since that time have ever dwelt with pride. The next great engagement near Aboukir was in 1801. Napoleon had left Egypt and the remnants of the French army to their fate to return to France and assume the consulship. Some what a fine opportunity he had for obtaining possession of the Nile, England sent a fleet to Alexandria with an army under the command of Sir Ralph Abercrombie. The British landed in small boats at Aboukir under the fire of the French batteries, and, after a hot fight succeeded in driving away their opponents. Abercrombie's forces having swelled by the acquisition of some native irregular troops, he began his march for Alexandria, but before reaching that city found the French army drawn up in line of battle under General Menu ready to meet him. Then ensued the famous battle of Alexandria, in which, like Wolfe at Quebec, Abercrombie was laid low in the hour of victory. This engagement put an end to French rule in Egypt. A few years later, however, Aboukir also saw the collapse of the British power, three General Fraser's unfortunate command, after being decimated by weakness, and the attacks of Mehemet Ali's irregulars, boarded the British fleet and returned to England.

A Spanish Breakfast.

All the members of the family are present at this meal, the first of the day. The table is said with a snowy cloth, with porous pitchers of classic shape, with a melon rolling here and there, knives, forks, plates, put on without any regard to order or arrangement; large bunches of white and purple grapes, and a few bottles of red astringent wine; bread (no apples) or long rolls all about the table, in the centre of which stand some flowers. When all is ready, the mother and father and one or two daughters of the family come in and take their places; the father quietly takes the melon before him and cuts it into slices, passing the plate round from one to the other; all are wonderfully silent, respectful, self-controlled; the household seems a peaceful, so patriarchal in its simple primitiveness, that the stranger seems out of place. The sons saunter in, cigar in mouth, but reverend towards their parents, and saluting them with the morning kiss of affection and peace, take their slice of melon. Then the soup is placed carefully on the table, anywhere, and each takes a plateful; then comes the meat stewed to rags from which the soup has been taken, with rice and slices of every sort of stewed vegetable of the luscious, aromatic, semi-pungent vegetables of the country. A little dish of sausage or of bacon follows; then bread and cheese, and then fruit again, and the men drink a little, but very little, wine, the women only water. A cup of coffee and a cigarette follow—the meal is over, and the family quietly disperse to pursue the occupations of the day.

Mr. Dewett.

The ladies pay very little attention to dress, but the gentlemen—some dress as often as five times a day. I will describe costumes that I have actually seen—a cream-colored flannel suit with scarlet belt, scarlet socks, cream-colored shoes, with streaks of black patent leather, cream-colored cape with scarlet band and scarlet tassel—isn't that nobby? And another with cream-colored blouse with blue cravat and blue belt, light brown English corduroy pants, buttoned close at the knees, long blue stockings with patent leather tips and little bits of the bright leather let in occasionally to make them look gay, and blue cap. A nephew of Mr. Conkling, a young lawyer (district attorney for New York), wears a scarlet and black-striped jacket, cream-flannel pants, and shoes to match. One of the young men wore, for a evening on the piazza, a snow-white pair of pants, scarlet-jacket with three large flat plaits in the back and three in front, like lady's waist, scarlet socks, patent leather shoes, or rich cap with large scarlet ball on top—wasn't that stunning! Some of them are very handsome fellows and wear their costumes in the jauntiest manner. He it looks queer to a new comer to see them pay so much attention to their stylish looking costumes, especially to the handsome shoes. They certainly do look "awfully swell." The young girls wear flannel suits, and look amusingly on at the attention given by the young men to their clothes.

A Hair Market.

There is a human hair market at Morlaux. Morlaux is a small town in the old Legal of Soarn, now a portion of the modern department of the Lower Pyrenees. It is unknown to the rest of the world, save, perhaps, to Paris, where it has a reputation as the seat of the great market of human hair. This market is held every other Friday. Hundreds of trafficking hair-dressers then throng to the little place from far and near in order to buy the hair of the young peasant girls fresh from the head. The dealers meander up and down the long, narrow high street of Morlaux, each with a huge pair of bright shears hanging from a buck leather strap around the waist, while the young girls who wish to part with their hair stand about in the doorways, usually in couples. The dealing is carried on in the best room in the house. The hair is let down, the tresses carefully cut, and the dealer names his price. The sums run from three to twenty francs. If a bargain is struck, the dealer lays the money in the open palm of the seller, anyhow his shears, and in a minute the long tresses fall on the floor. The purchaser rolls up the tresses, places them in paper and thrusts them into his pocket. The writer says that it is very rarely that a maiden can contemplate her fallen tresses disappear into the dealer's pocket without a gush of tears. But she consoles herself by exclaiming, "Well, it will grow again," and by looking at the money in her hand.

Starting up Legal Business.

A natty young lawyer and an elderly client were settling up their affairs in the Prothonotary's office, Philadelphia recently. When everything was arranged the old man, with a benevolent smile, threw down a five-cent piece, remarking, "The fee was small; treat yourself to a glass of beer." The attorney picked up the coin coolly, put it in his vest pocket and bowed his thanks to his gracious patron. A white haired counselor standing by the reporter taunted ironically. "Oh, the dignity of the bar!" he cried. "In the old days a respectable young man starting out in the law would have resented such patronage as an insult. A Philadelphia lawyer then would never assent to be treated as a boots. The bar is crowded now. The scramble for employment is harrowing, and practices are tolerated that years ago would have been spurned. The infected sheep would have been marked and cut off from the flock, so that every one might know them. You can count on your fingers all the men at the bar stigmatized as shysters, not because the spirit of legal pettifogging does not flourish, but because the line between the dignified and the vulgar lawyer is less clearly marked than before. But don't think I am talking of the entire bar to this sour way. As a whole it is still no doubt the grandest bar in the country; there are scores of the good old names still extant. But how long will the old reputation be able to withstand the sweeping tide of new practices? That is the question."

"I actually know," and the old man's eyes glowed with feeling, "I actually know a lawyer of good standing who has in his employ a negro 'runner.' The colored man has a wagon stand near a Magistrate's office. He attends the hearings and marks the defendants who will be likely to require the services of an attorney. He ingratiates himself into their confidence and tows them around to his legal employer. He receives one-third of the fee as a commission for his services. He has a hold in another way; he owns two or three properties, and when his accountances get into prison he enters security for them if they will be likely to come up when wanted and will agree to retain his lawyer."

"Then I know attorneys who cut out the lists of accidents printed in the newspapers and send communications to the persons interested, suggesting suits for damages. Just after the fire at the Randolph Mills, Kensington was speckled with lawyers' cards. Bless my soul, they say, you might have paved a block with them."

"'Rock angels,' I believe, are disappearing. These were the fellows who hovered about the dock in the Quarter Sessions, asking the prisoners whether they did not wish a lawyer and how much they had to pay for one. Everything was welcome from a ten dollar bill to an old value. I knew a man who became quite wealthy the practice."

"Have you heard of the great divorce case?"

"Never."

"It is the newest thing about which gallant lawyers are laughing at each other. It is quite fair, but only shows how delightful even established lawyers are to a good thing in these sad days. A middle aged German, with a beard and eye-glasses and as grave as a Chinese professor, comes round to your office and says that he has been sent to you by one of your best clients for advice upon a divorce matter. It is a woman who has commissioned him, a dear friend. She lives in Roxborough. Her life has been very sad. Her husband deserted her two years ago and actually has been audacious enough to open a grocer's shop in Camden with another woman. You say it is a clear case, that there will be no difficulty about obtaining a divorce. The man overwhelms you with thanks, his dear friend will be delighted; he will convey the news to her at once; good-bye till to-morrow. In a few moments he comes back with an empty pocket book in his hand. He is very sorry, but he did not foresee that he would have to go to Roxborough that day and he really has no change. You are affable. You will be delighted to assist him you say and hand him a dollar. He vows, with tears in his eyes, that he will pay you, with interest, to-morrow and you never see him again. They say that Peirce Archer, Jr., and Michael Arnold and a score of other fellows were floored. And don't mention it, but really I was taken in myself for fifty cents. My writ is ready; good-bye."

Methodical Habits.

"That is a finely colored pipe," remarked a reporter to a gentleman the other day, as he sat on the curbstone at a hotel, puffing wreaths of smoke from a well-browned meerschaum.

"Yes," he replied, and it has cost me about $500 to give it that color."

"How so?"

"Well, I kept a faithful account for eight years of all my expenditures and, as I have not always been what you might call an upright moral man, the account is a fearful one."

We knew the methodical habits of this bachelor, and hence were not surprised at his statement. In addition to the itemizing of his expenses, he had kept a full journal of his doings, and could tell how many headaches, how many days' sickness, how many times drunk; and thus it was an easy task to jot down at the end of the day how much whisky he had drunk or how many ounces of tobacco he had smoked. No old maid is more precise or systematic than he.

"I stopped drinking two years ago, but have continued to smoke. And, up to the time I let up on whisky, I found that I had smoked up 400 pounds of tobacco in this pipe. I smoked one pound a week, and, at times, when troubled with neuralgia, I smoked four ounces a day, which was a pound and a quarter a week."

"What did the tobacco cost you?"

"Ten years ago Durham was shipping his tobacco in barrels instead of bags, as at present, and I paid $1 per pound to 75 cents, and then 60 cents, but, averaging the price at 75 cents, the 400 pounds cost me $300 for the eight years, or $37.50 per year."

"How much whiskey did you drink in the eight years."

"Fifteen barrels. I drank a quart per day. I was paying $12 per week at a certain hotel in Florida, and the barkeeper has boasted on several occasions that for many and many a week I paid him $4 per day for whiskey, ginger, lemons, etc., which, with board just $40 per week. Now, 15 barrels at $100 per barrel is just $1,500, but that does not cover the cost to me, as I paid 25 cents a drink for lots of it. I calculate that my whiskey for the eight years cost me fully $2,000, if not more."

The nervous system of this gentleman does not seem to have been impaired by this excessive use of tobacco and liquor. He holds that but few men could stand it, and when his hands commence to tremble, he will cease to smoke.

Actors in Summer.

The actor, sir, is confoundly extravagant and insanely lavish. You ask where actors spend their summers. Why, those who have worked like white slaves for ten months spend the whole of their earnings in two months of summer and begin the next season penniless. Look, for instance at the very best fellow on the stage, John T. Raymond, and ask yourself if he looks like a man subject to insane freaks. And yet no man will tell you more readily than himself how he passed the first summer following his success. He had been working like a beaver until he started out with 'Colonel Sellers,' and cleared a clean $80,000 in cash. No humbug, you know, a clean sixty thousand," reiterated the actor, gravely. "One would suppose that with so close a remembrance of the sting of poverty he would have put away a snug little nest egg and felt more at ease. Did John do it? No! He immediately bought all the clothes he could, treated all the boys, and disappeared for a few days, when he suddenly splurged out in a style that made the public snort. He went up to Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson and bought the magnificent Bierstadt estate, paying as much as he could out of his $80,000 and borrowing extra money at three per cent. besides. He had eight servants dressed in the most gorgeous livery, horses that pranced like mad, a castle, a superb estate, and everything he could think of buying that would add to his splendor. By gracious, sir, it was positively amazing the style John put on that first month. He began to invite all the boys—every one. It didn't make any difference to John how great a faker his friend looked if he'd only join in with the crowd. Actors who felt the heat of the summer's day and had cravings for bread and water were astonished to receive such telegrams as this:

"DEAR JIMMY.—Take 10 15 a. m., train for Tarrytown—my equipage meets you at depot. What kind of wine do you drink?

JOHN T. RAYMOND.

"They'd go up, and there would be the landau with a couple of fiery horses, a stiff-necked coachman, and an imported footman in gold and brown, with John sitting exact in the landau, his plug hat over his eye, and a smile of ineffable serenity on his face. If there were ten hams—pardon me, I refer to the lower grade of actors; 'tis a term we sometimes allow ourselves to use—if there were ten of them, by gracious, sir, John would have the whole crowd in the vehicle, and sit on the legs of the footman. Well, sir, he went on giving dinners and entertaining like a potentate for two months, and then returned to the drudgery of playing without a sigh, $40,000 out. This summer he is living like a lord at Long Branch, and divides his time between playing with his baby and counting dollars."

"That was a costly freak."

"Yes, but not at all unusual. Look at McKee Rankin and his wife. Rankin bought an island on the Detroit River, and he has a keeper and game preserves there. He has built a superb house and in the summer entertains lavishly. He has no end of servants and lives like a prince, only to come back again and start anew in the inevitable grind. Sometimes it has rather a pernicious effect, too. The example is bad. Fred Marsden, who writes pieces for the stage, became a victim to the summer castle mania and rushed into a log country seat in Adirondacks; but he found that he couldn't run the place in the style of a millionaire the first year, so he decided to economize the first year, and wandered about enthusiastically asking people to come and see him next year."

The loquacious actor coughed with delicacy behind his left hand and then gently settled his collar with his fingers, all of which caused a large and transparent ornament on a conspicuous ring to blink so in the glare of the sun that passers-by stopped to talk to each other about the diamond.

"Frank Mayo is another instance of the desire to have a 'home,' he continued affably. "When he had cleared his first $30,000 on 'Davy Crockett' he went into the wilds of Pennsylvania and built a place he calls 'Crockett Lodge.' It is away back in an almost inaccessible point in the mountains, and when 'Davy' goes there to enjoy his summer he almost dies of loneliness. Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer, on the other hand, have elegant residences Stamford, Conn. They can hardly be called country places, as they are almost in the city of Stamford. There is a harbor there where Wallack keeps a yacht."

"Beg pardon—but, I say, how about some of the actresses?"

"Ah there! You rascal! Well, I dunno, but the question is natural," said the actor with a tolerant smile. "Most people feel curious about the women of the stage; but Lord! my boy, how soon the glamor wears off when once you are in the profession. There is one thing that is so true that it doesn't admit of argument concerning actresses—they cannot be domestic. No better illustration could be found than Clara Morris. That woman, sir, has one of the most beautiful homes it is possible to imagine at Riverdale. It is a charming place, with an exquisite outlying park, grand old shade trees and inspiring views, Clara Morris has a studio, horses, dogs, an indulgent husband—everything, sir, that should make a woman contented, but she cannot stand it. It is of no use for her to try, for it is simply impossible for her to be domestic. I speak from knowledge, sir, for it is my privilege to call her 'Clara' and remind her of the time, many years ago, when I supported her at Daly's old theatre."

The actor glanced at the reporter's eyes and looked hurriedly away, winking both eyes very rapidly, and uttering a mute but intelligent appeal that his tears at this reminiscence be shunned. Then he went on:

"Clara Louise Kellogg bought a place at Cold Spring that was built at a ruinous cost by a New York broker. She knew, she said, that it was what she had been angling for all of her life."

Progress of Mexican Railway Projects.

The three United States railway projects in Mexico are the Mexican National, the Mexican Central, and the Mexican Southern railway companies. These corporations represent respectively Philadelphia, Boston, and New York capital. The first, or Mexican National, is operated under what is known as the Palmer-Sullivan concession from the Mexican Government, originally obtained in 1872. The pause of 1873 suspended surveying operations, and work was further prevented by legal complications, which were done away with by a new concession granted September, 1880. This company has actually completed but 187 miles of railway, of which only ninety miles are on the main line or lines—viz: twenty-one miles from the City of Mexico toward Tolnca, and sixty-four miles south from Laredo. In addition to this, the road-bed has been graded for over one hundred miles south of Laredo, for about 237 miles west of the City of Mexico, sixty miles east of Monterey, and seven miles west of Matamoras, and elsewhere in sections. There are, it was stated, about 7,000 men now at work. Track-laying south, toward Monterey, is progressing at the rate of two-thirds of a mile per day. About a half a mile of tunneling on the Tolnca branch, out of the City of Mexico, is delaying progress somewhat. When completed, rails will be laid with all dispatch, for not until "the ninety-third mile post" is reached, out of the City of Mexico, will the subventions become payable.

The Boston road, the Mexican Central, received a grant, under conditions similar to the National, and it is proposed to extend from the City of Mexico, west of north, to El Paso, on the Rio Grande. It will then connect with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, both lines being, indeed, owned by the same people. About 130 miles of railway have already been completed south from El Paso, about 218 miles north from the City of Mexico. Some little track-laying has also been accomplished by this company north from Guaymas on the gulf of California, whence it is intended to connect with the Southern Pacific; and west from Tampico, whence it is proposed to run a branch to connect with the main line at San Luis Potosi.

The third line is the Mexican Southern, of which General Grant is President, and in which New York City capital is interested. No track has been laid, but considerable surveying is said to have been done. The route proposed is from the City of Mexico southeast to Puebla and Tehuacan, and thence southwest to Oaxaca. A branch is proposed, to run to Vera Cruz; also to another port on the Gulf of Mexico not to be established. From Oaxaca a branch will also run to the Pacific, and thence down the coast to Tehuantepec, and, if deemed advisable, to Guatemala, Central America. The Mexican Central's estimate comprises 1,461 miles of track, and the Southern's but 926. Thus, of track already laid in Mexico by the Mexican companies, there has been but about 400 miles altogether. Of this the Mexican Central has 304, and the National but little over 100. This month has been done out of the 4,327 miles which "it is proposed to build."

Ice Cream.

"There's a bad storm coming!" cried Jedediah. "Run for the house, every one of you young ones!"

Jedediah was the tiniest man. He had lived in Kansas a good many years, while Florence and Nettie and Bell hadn't been there quite one yet.

The children were at work in the garden, but they dropped their hoes and scampered into the house to a great berry which Jedediah sang out to them, for of course he knew a hail storm when he saw one, and a hail storm in Kansas, with hail stones as big as hen's eggs was not to be laughed at by three little New England girls.

It was soon proved that Jedediah did know hail storms. How the ivy stones came rattling down, pounding against the window shutters, filling the garden paths, lying in little windrows across the flower beds and beating every green thing flat to the ground.

"Oh dear!" cried Florence and May and Nettie together. "It'll spoil our sweet peas. They've just come up. Oh dear!"

Mamma joined them, but she hadn't a word to say; for she just the same as knew that the sweet peas must be replanted, and do their coming up all over again.

Pretty soon the storm had passed, the roar of the wind had died away, and the sun shone out as bright and cheerful as if no dreadful a thing as a hail storm had never been thought of. But the sun shone on three little faces at a window that were not at all bright and cheerful. How could they be, with the garden looking so low and the sweet peas all beaten down!

"We can't work any more here to-day," said Florence. "It's a horrid place. I wish I was back with my grandma."

Mamma might have wished so, too, away down in her heart, but she didn't say anything until she had looked out at the glistening heaps of hailstones for as much as five minutes. Then she said:

"How would you like to have an ice cream party? There's ice enough, many knows."

"Oh!" "Oh!" "Oooh!" There "oh," because there were three little girls, you know.

"Well," said mamma, "two of you go out and scrape up all the hailstones you can. Maybe Florence had better go over and ask the Goggins children and Nannie Kane to come."

So they all fell to work with a will, and in a much less time than it takes to tell this story, the Goggins children were there, and Nannie Kane was there, and they were all taking turns at the freezer and at tasting and at scraping up hailstones. I don't think you ever saw a merrier party.

"I declare!" said Jedediah, "I never knowed before what a hailstorm was good for; but I reckon I've found out."

He was quite sure of it, when, half an hour later, the children brought him a saucer of delicious lemon ice; and he declared again he'd almost like to see another hail storm some time.

"I'm kind of glad it came," said Mary. "We've had a lovely time."

"If only the sweet peas didn't get killed," said Florence, regretfully. "But I spose we can plant some more."

"That's the way to do it, said Jedediah. And that's the way it was done.

And I, while I am writing this little story, am thinking of a certain blue-eyed pug-nosed, yellow-haired girl away out in Kansas; and I wonder whether she will see and read this, and if she will know how it happened to be told.

Kidnapping in Italy.

A writer describes the chief processes employed by the principal Italian kidnappers, the special processes are kept secret. First, cold water is injected through the whole circulatory system, until it comes quite clear. This may take nothing or five hours. Alcohol is then injected for the purpose of abstracting all the water from the body. This is followed up by an injection of ether to dissolve out the fatty matter. After this a strong solution of tannin is slowly injected, and full time is allowed for its soaking into all the tissues, this takes from two to five hours. Lastly, the body is exposed for from two to five hours to a current of warm air, which is previously dried by passing it over heated chloride of calcium. The body can then be preserved for any length of time and is as hard as stone.

The Hamiltons.

Alexander Hamilton was one of the military family of Washington, a brave soldier, and acted constantly in framing and adopting the Constitution of the United States. He was raised in a cloud by Aaron Burr. John Church Hamilton, one of his sons, died at Long Branch on the 24th of July. He was the third son of his illustrious father and was born in 1792, and had consequently reached the great age of ninety-two years at the time of his death. He had always lived a very retired life, withdrawn from the public eye of the world appearing to be a hereditary disposition of the Hamilton family. He lived for many years in a large rough house in Twenty-second off 9th avenue, New York. Here he passed the evening of his life in the company of his two unmarried daughters, and in the enjoyment of his books. He was an author, and, without having the reputation to sell much in the book of literature, has done enough to show that he might have done better if he had tried. In 1859 he published the third his father, in two volumes. It was written under a strong bias, were of course, and is entirely devoid of those occurrences and attractions that are so frequently employed to make biography endurable reading. The work was never finished—that is, the tragic end of the subject of the biography was left unfinished. The book is now kept in print, and in trade a steady forgotten. It is not known whether Mr. Hamilton ventured into authorship subsequently, but he was a strong literary taste, was a member of the Historical Society, and counted a large amount in the progress and elevation of American letters.

At the christening of the infant of Alexander Hamilton, in Central Park, New York, on the 25th of November, 1880, Mr. John C. Hamilton delivered an address. The statue was the gift of the Patriotic order of the Sons of New York, the figure is of bronze size and when the pedestal is about 16 feet high. Mr. Hamilton, in presenting the statue, said—"Upon a base of granite rock, with a fencing of iron, there bearing its ornate position, facing the rising sun, is now heard the name of my father. With reverence for his character, and valuing the sympathies of the liberal, gentle astronomer, I present, in the true and inestimable enough your honor, the statue of Alexander Hamilton, the celebrated Mayor. Though performing it were the act of citizen I may be permitted to allow a look, near the close of a century of our national existence, time lasting to interpret the utility of the public services, and of the measure of the gratitude due this memorial may add to their being invaded and unduly appreciated, under the patronage of a republican sentiment, and established by the people of the United States of America."

The eldest of the children of the distinguished statesman and patriot was Philip, named after his grandfather, General Schuyler. He was extremely fond of, though deprived by his loving mother, the society of his father was removed to another. He died, the only parent, in a duel. His antagonist was one George Eacker, from Pennsylvania. He was educated in Trinity Church yard, New York, and two years subsequently his father was killed by his side, Eacker, remaining with encouraged during the time, and a year and a half later was killed in two years after. The duel took place on the 11th of July, 1804, at the age of eighty-one years. At the time of the duel between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr he was in transition family rest at No. 52 Cedar street, New York, and were deemed extraordinarily happy households. Mrs. Hamilton was a noble woman, endowed in the society of that day as well as for the charities of her person, as for the many engaging qualities of her mind. The head of the family was the most conspicuous man in America. He was President of the Society of the Cincinnati, a circular light of the day, and is honored by a brilliant class of historical performances in the field and in the forum. The children of parents so accomplished and so distinguished could not fail to be surrounded by the best social influences within the city of New York. Young Alexander Hamilton was a lad of promise, and upon leaving school at the time, accompanied his father, who, his father fell by the hand of Aaron Burr. The widow Hamilton left her family in reduced circumstances, and thus was an early introduction to the world's struggle for themselves. Young Hamilton, at the age of twenty-eight, was a member of Volunteers in command of the 71st at Grand Rivers, which at that time was a crazy combination of mud, frost-bite, and hard bugs. Subsequently he was ordered off to meet the enemy at various points on the coast and in Canada, and he carefully embraced the opportunity of his father. When the war ended he left the country for France, and remained there for several years, making in the meantime several trips through Europe. He was married to the daughter of a leading merchant, the morning, from retired to settled down in New York, where, he passed a comparatively quiet and successful career up to the day of his death.

James A. Hamilton, another son, was born in September, 1788, at Irvington-on-the-Hudson, and there were two daughters, whose records were unrecorded and consequently have never been spoken. James Hamilton was born in 1788. He was a student in Columbia College, New York, when his father died. He applied himself to the study of law, and after graduating was admitted to the bar at the age of twenty-one. He married a daughter of Governor Morris in the year following, and in 1813 he settled down to practice in New York city. He published the recollections of his life under the title of "Reminiscences of James A. Hamilton, or, Men and Events at Home and Abroad During Three-quarters of a Century." He was already well known as the author of the biography of his father's works.

John C. Hamilton, a few years ago, married to a newspaper correspondent, the publisher resident of the Union—"My father's residence was in the country, towards the town of New York, named. His law office in the city was rather a shabby affair. The day before the duel I was sitting in a room, when, at a single moment, I turned around and saw my father in the doorway, standing calmly there and looking at me with a most sweet and beautiful expression of countenance. It was but a moment, and without any of the [illegible] presentation or ceremonies had, 'John,' he said, 'I feel determined here, 'I possession and hope with me to-day.' His voice was firm, as if he had been my teacher instead of my father. That night I went to my bed, and in the morning very early he awakened me, and taking my hand in his pulse, all four hands extended, he said, and knelt in my repeat the Lord's Prayer, pausing frequently. Many years have passed over my head, but I have forgotten much things, but not that solemn expression when he stood looking at me in the door, nor the prayer we made together the morning before the duel."

Colonel Hardy, the secretary of British Honduras, is visiting New Orleans.