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WHY THE COWS CAME LATE.

Crimson sunset burning
O'er the tree-fringed hills:
Golden are the meadows,
Ruby flashed the rills.
Quiet in the farm house,
Home the farmer hies;
But his wife is watching,
Shading anxious eyes,
While she lingers with her pail beside the barn-yard gate,
Wondering why her Jennie and the cows come home so late!

Jennie, brown-eyed maiden,
Wandered down the lane:
That was ere the daylight
Had begun to wane.
Deeper grow the shadows;
Circling swallows cheep;
Katydids are calling:
Mists o'er meadows creep.
Still the mother shades her eyes beside the barn-yard gate,
And wonders where her Jennie and the cows can be so late!

Loving sounds are falling
Homeward now at last,
Speckle, Bess and Brindle
Through the gate have passed.
Jennie, sweetly blushing,
Jamie, grave and shy,
Takes the pails from mother,
Who stands silent by.
Not one word is spoken as the mother shuts the gate:
But now she knows why Jennie and the cows came home so late!

CAPT. DESCHAMPS' VISITOR.

If my memory is good it was in the year 1859 that the incredible fact which I am going to relate took place in the good city of Compiegne. The old inhabitants still remember the excitement which the incident caused, and people speak of it under their breath.

Know then that that evening I was completely filled with melancholy. I had just taken coffee, and it was inexorable. In order to forget that annoyance. I had sought amends in the pleasant smoke of a cigar, and that smoke was acrid. The cold was biting, cunni was entering the house by every pore and by every door, and was even penetrating through the windows, when a violent ring of the bell resounded in my ear. I went to open the door in a very bad humor.

"Ah, I find you in!" exclaimed my friend Deschamps, springing into the room with a vivacity which seemed to me very singular, as he was a person of quiet manners, rather serious than lively.

"What is the matter?" I asked, shutting the door.

"Nothing," he replied, "only I was afraid you might have gone out, and I am glad to meet you again."

"Come in, then," I replied, "and welcome. I must admit that you have dropped in providentially, for I really believe I was becoming ensuied, and if you will grant me the pleasure of your company for a little while, you will save me from that catastrophe."

Gabriel Deschamps, Captain of Dragoons, was of a slightly romantic nature. He easily persuaded himself that all the women adored him, and when he had imbibed too much absinthe, which happened quite often—that is to say, every day—no one was more tender. A perfect conqueror! Physically, he would be called a handsome man, having high color, thick mustache, red lips, well-shaped nose, and a bright eye. As he entered, there was no visible change in his appearance, the muscles of his face did not indicate any disturbance of his mind, but I thought him pale and fatigued.

"Well," I said, "what news?"

"Well, my friend, I have come, just as you now see me, from Compiegne," he replied.

"From Compiegne?"

"From Compiegne, on horseback, eighteen leagues, at full speed."

"At full speed? Then you have deserted?"

"Ah, something else, quite as good."

"Well, what is it then? You don't know how you excite my curiosity. Is there a duel in the case?"

"There is to be no duel."

"What then?"

"There, there; I am afraid you will make fun of me."

"You would not allow that, Captain?"

"Who can tell? Have you not, you scribblers for the papers, ways of ridiculing people which leave them in doubt whether to smile or to wring your nose?"

"Come, uncork the bottle, my dear Captain, and drink a little glass of brandy."

"No, thank you, I will not drink today."

"Then it is more serious than I thought, I declare, I have never before seen you so excited."

"It is so stupid for me not to understand it, and that is why I have come to see you this evening. You, who are a skeptic, perhaps can give me the key of the phenomenon which disturbs my mind."

"Speak, and I will listen, and believe me, my dear Captain, with all due interest."

"First, you must know that I have the good fortune of possessing a lady friend——"

"Hum! I suspected that before you said it."

"Oh, if you are going to joke me——"

"That's all, my dear Captain. Henceforth I am mum. Continue."

So, thus reassured, he began:

"'Well, then, I have a charming friend with whom I am quite seriously in love, I acknowledge. Three days ago, being at liberty and not knowing how to kill time, I left the barracks with one of my friends—the first lieutenant of my regiment—to take a walk along the river bank. Night commenced to fall, and a villainous fog which you could have cut with a knife, rose over the Oise, and it reatened quickly to spread over the city.

"'I say, Gabriel," exclaimed my friend Dulaurier, slightly ruffled by the cold and the north wind which was blowing, 'are you so heated that an hour's walking along the river is necessary to cool you off? For my part, I don't enjoy it very much, and if you like, we will go to the Cafe Chapins and have a glass of punch.'

"'In faith no,' I replied, 'I prefer to go and see Julie. (I need not tell you that is my friend's name.) Will you come with me?'

"'Yes, indeed,' answered Dulaurier. 'An hour spent with a pretty woman is always agreeable.'

"We proceeded toward the Faubourg Hurtebize, where my friend lives. The distance was quite long, but the expectation of warming ourselves at the blaze of a comfortable hearth was enough to abridge it. Unfortunately, we were mistaken in our calculations. Julie was out. The servant told us very indefinitely that madame would probably dine out, and that she intended to spend the evening at the theater.

"'By my faith,' exclaimed Daulaurier at this bad news, 'we are in luck; and I am going straight to the Cafe Chapins.'

"'Let's go by the avenues. It's as short as the Rue de Pierrefonds.'

"That is what we did. Scarcely had we advanced fifteen steps in the cursed avennes, black as a coal thanks to the fog, which was thicker than ever, when I lost sight and sound of my friend Dulaurier. I don't know whether he turned to the right and I to the left, or the reverse, but it is certain that we were separated as if by the wall of China. I called him, No reply. Without thinking any more about him, and knowing that I would find him again at the Cafe Chapins, I continued my dangerous walk. All at once I stepped against something strange, which had no apparent form, and I stooped to look at it closer. Was it a dog, a stone, or hun an form? It moved. I examined, it opening my eyes wide. It was a woman. She was seated at the foot of a tree, cowering like a beggar, seeming not to feel the cold, or to fear the solitude, nor to notice my presence.

"'What are you doing there, madam?' I said, 'Are you ill?'

"'No,' she replied in a faint voice.

"This is not the weather for sleeping in the open air."

"'Here or anywhere else, what does it matter?'

"'At night, a woman all alone is exposed to disagreeable adventures.' I continued, moved, I don't know why, by this eccentricity, and at such a time——'

"'Any time is good for me,' she said.

"'Nevertheless, if you will permit me, madame,' I replied with a certain warmth to accompany you home, I will offer you my arm.'

"Willingly,' she said.

"She rose immediately. I offered her my arm, but she did not accept it, and walked by my side. I admit that this first part of the adventure already puzzled me somewhat, and instead, of suffering from the cold, which I feared for her, I felt, not without astonishment, several drops of perspiration forming on my forehead. Impressed with the strange encounter, my mind was confused and unsettled. My ideas were foggy as well as the air. What was this woman? Was she really a woman? If so, would I enjoy an agreeable surprise when I should see her face? Would it not probably be as sweet as her voice?

"At the end of five minutes she stopped. I could not tell anything about what street we were in; but without being uneasy for a minute I approached her.

"'This is my house,' she said. 'Will it please you to enter?'

"Although I was far from excepting such a proposition, made in the calmest tone, nevertheless I accepted with alacrity, anxious to carry the affair to the end, no matter what should happen, and, moreover, I determined not to leave her before having seen her face.

"The stranger advanced toward her house. The shrill ringing of a bell resounded within and the doors flew open. On each side of the door stood a servant in mourning livery, holding a torch of lighted wax. Haughty as a queen, she entered before me and beckoned me to follow her. By the light of the torches I observed that she was completely clothed in black and that a thick veil covered her face.

"'You know me, my dear friend, and you know that the devil himself could not frighten me. Well, I confess to you, and with all due humility, that I felt a slight shudder run through me. But I took courage and entered. The apartment into which I was introduced was magnificently furnished. Rugs covered the inlaid floor and prevented the sounds of footsteps from being heard. Casting my eyes on the clock, I notic d that it was about to strike twelve. At a sign from their mistress, the servants went out as quiet as ghosts, after having lighted several wax candles as large as those of churches, the flickering and dull flame of which, however, sent forth only a faint light around us.

"I was alone with her. That was what I was waiting for, and really she did not make me wait long. After motioning me to sit down beside her on the sofa, she raised her veil. I was dazzled at the sight of her face, and all my uneasiness and fears seemed to me imaginary before that brilliant apparition, scattered in an instant. An angel, a demon, if you will, but a superb woman. I lost my senses. Now do you want me to tell you what passed between us? I know nothing about it, on my honor; I only remembered that pressing her hand in mine I felt the same sensation as in touching marble. I remember that her eyes, so soft, were fixed and motionless, and yet she looked at me with an air of interest so natural or of pity so profound that I, taking it for love, fell at her feet. I cannot tell you how long I remained in that position, but I was willing to stay there all the rest of my life, for I felt that I was dying of happiness, and unknown transports were wafting me beyond this world. All at once I heard the clock strike twelve. This sharp noise seemed funereal in silence.

"I quickly rose without knowing why; turning my eyes toward the fireless chimney, I saw the mirrors becoming covered with a black cloth, the hangings being darkened like the mirrors, and the candles gradually going out. Dazed by this phantasmagoria, I looked for my unknown companion. Gone! The servants—gone! I sprang forward. The street door opened before me and I rushed out of that diabolical den without being able to explain to myself how I entered it, nor why I had just left it.

"Feeling that I was perspiring profusely, I wanted to wipe my forehead, but I could not find my handkerchief. The fresh air having restored me to my senses, and being anxious to investigate this denouncement, which was beyond my comprehension, I drew my sword and cut a deep notch in the mysterious house, which is situated on the Rue de Pierrefonds, as I immediately made sure.

"You can imagine how much I needed rest and quietness after such an adventure, and so I returned to my room. The next day, when I related this singular story to Dufaurier, he shrugged his shoulders, and when I offered to show him the house he treated me as if I were crazy. However, he ended by agreeing to accompany me in my search. Nothing was easier than to find the house again, as I had marked it with an ineffaceable sign. We were greatly astonished at seeing the window shutters fastened tight, the rusty hinges of the door, and all the appearances of a deserted house. I rang the bell No answer. Impatient at this failure, I rang again so violently that a neighbor opened his window and said:

"'What do you want?'

"'The lady who lives in this house,' I replied.

"'She died two years ago,' said the neighbor, 'and since then the house has been empty.'

"'Impossible!"

"'If you have come to buy it,' continued the neighbor, 'apply at No. 12. There is a gentleman there who will give you the information you want.'

"I thanked the obliging neighbor, who shut his window again, and I went immediately to No. 12, with the hope that this person to whom I was directed could help me to unravel the affair, which seemed to become more puzzling since I had determined on solving it. My friend and I presented ourselves at No. 12, and M. Bourdon was wonderfully polite to us as soon as I told him I wanted to buy the property he had for sale.

"'It's a good bargain,' he said 'and when you have looked at the house——'

"'I know it,' I replied.

"'You know it?' said he, turning toward me the most astonished look in the world. 'Impossible! It is more than six months since I myself have put my foot in it, and as I have the keys of the house in my desk—Ah! beg your pardon, he quickly added, 'you were there before the owner's death?'

"'I was there yesterday evening,' I replied, and I stayed there about two hours in the company of a charming young lady.'

"M. Bourdon suddenly looked at my friend, as if to ask whether I was insane. I understood his meaning, and without being offended I continued, hoping to make him change his mind about me, and wishing to furnish him with the most ample details of my visit.

"'I know,' said I, in conclusion, that you place little faith in my words, since I cannot give an exact account of the truth. But there is an unanswerable way of verifying my assertions. On leaving the house in question I could not find my handkerchief, and I think I remember having left it on the sofa in the saloon. Will you come with us and prove it? If we find my handkerchief, what will you say?'

"'My dear Captain,' said M. Bourdon, 'I shall say nothing, but I shall sell you the house at your own price.'

"'I would not have it at any price,' I said, in a low tone to Dulaurier.

"M. Bourdon did not hesitate to accept my proposition, and on reaching the door triumphantly pointed out to me cobwebs in the lock.

"'Do you give in?'

"'Not yet.'

"'But this door has not been opened in six months.'

"'I tell you I crossed this threshold yesterday morning.'

"'We entered. Everything about the mournful aspect of that house expressed desertion, neglect, solitude. The walls were mouldy, a thick dust covered the floor, the ceilings were cracked, and cobwebs overran the staircase. On entering the saloon, the first object that struck my eye was my handkerchief lying on the sofa."

He paused. After a time he spoke: 'There's my story, my dear friend; what do you think of it?'

"Are you not a somnambulist, Captain?"

"I don't know. I never was aware of it."

"Were you—how shall I say it?—a little—when you left the barracks with your friend Dulaurier?"

"Hum! I remember but very little about it."

"It is necessary to enlighten me on these two points before asking my opinion of your adventure, otherwise I can explain it in this way—you went to sleep lying on your back, and had a bad dream."

Captain Deschamps was killed six months afterward in the campaign in Italy, without having answered the two questions.

A Unique Festival.

An altogether unique festival was recently held at Preston, England. It was the celebration of the Preston Guild, which takes place every twenty years. The guild records only extend as far back as the fourteenth century, when Henry II. granted them a charter including all the "liberties and free customs" which had not long before been granted to Newcastle-under-Lyme, including the freedom from passage tolls which its freemen still enjoy. The first guild of which record was made was held in 1328, but the chronicle makes allusion to an antecedent celebration; the next was in 1397, the next in 1415 and the fourth in 1459. The fifth of which any mention has been preserved took place in 1500, and the sixth in 1542, since which time the celebration has been held regularly. Some of the records are decidedly curious. Thus in 1602 sundry persons had the freedom of the town granted them free of money payment for ringing the day bell and curfew, for keeping the church seats clean, and for "bakings of breade and brewings of beare," while most stringent enactments were taken for "the prevention of strangers given birth to children in the town." In 1702 an order was issued against smoking tobacco in the streets. In 1822 there was some talk of letting the venerable custom lapse, since no new freemen could be created, and the freedom of the old burgesses, which had to be renewed at a guild, was nearly valueless; nevertheless, the pro-celebration party carried the day, as it did again in 1842 and 1862. The festival has now no civic significance, but is kept up as affording the people a week's amusement, and it is likely in the future to be celebrated with even greater splendor, as furnishing a very convenient landmark in the history of a very old and a very flourishing municipality.

Fires.

The losses by fire in this country this year are reported a $61,000,000, which is $5,000,000 in excess of the total for the same months of last year, and nearly $7-000 000 greater than the average loss for the corresponding period of the four years ending with 1881. The July record of losses was higher this year than ever before, except in 1866, the year of the Portland fire, and the August record higher than in any recent year, except 1881.

A Hundred Husbands Poisoned.

Thekla Popov, the peasant woman who is being tried on a charge of aiding and abetting upward of a hundred women in poisoning their husbands, is a very remarkable character—destined to occupy a position at once unique and picturesque in the annals of crime. She is a gypsy, and is now some 70 years of age. She lived in a little village named Meleneze, and it may almost be said that murder was her trade. People say she had her agents and emissaries, whose business it was to keep up her "connection," and it must have been a horrid and gruesome spectacle to see the grizzly hag seated in her armchair every day, receiving her customers during business hours, and giving them the diabolical advice and aid they sought.

They were all married women from the neighboring country side, eager, for some reason or another, to get rid of husbands who obstinately refused to die in the ordinary course of nature, but who, by Thekla's friendly offices, might be made amenable to the resources of art. These wretches paid the old gypsy a fee of from 50 to 100 florins for each bottle of poison, and were duly instructed by her in the safest methods of its "exhibition."

Thekla Popov's clients were, however, not always married women. Sometimes she had dealings with young girls who quarrelled with their sweethearts, and who, from jealousy or rage, had determined to kill them. This woman's terrible trade prospered amazingly for two years. She excited no suspicion, because the drugs she administered acted slowly, though surely, and in their effects simulated the symptoms of disease. Even now that the bodies of some of her victims have been exhumed they show no signs of poisoning, though the stomachs are eaten away.

The first case that set people on the alert was that of one Jocza Kukin, a rich peasant, who died at Meleneze two months ago. Ugly rumors about his death were spread, and the gossips whispered mysterious hints of foul play. There was in consequence an inquest, but the most careful post-mortem examination failed to reveal any traces of poisoning in his case. The whole story was slipping out of the memories of the villagers, when suddenly a dreadful revelation was made. A gypsy girl, the daughter of old Thekla Popov, came before the Court at Gross Bedskerek, and horrified it by the tale she had to tell. She confessed that she gave the wife of Jocza Kukin a bottle of some red liquid poison prepared by her mother. She did this by her mother's instructions. Having had a quarrel with her respected parent over some property, she determined to betray her. Thekla Popov's daughter further declared that she actually saw Kukin's wife pour this poison into his coffee, and that she told her mother what she knew and had seen. The gypsy replied: "One day I will poison you also unless you hold your tongue."

Of course this statement caused Thekla Popov and the widow of Kukin to be arrested. They, however, denied the charge brought against them. Oddly enough, the Judge, by a clever ruse not quite in keeping with English notions of fair play to accused prisoners, managed to overhear the two women talking the affair over in jail. Among other things he overheard what Kukin's widow was saying to her accomplice: "Well, I am young and pretty. He was old and ugly. Why should he not die?" The Judge after that had little doubt that the prisoners were guilty. They were therefore put on their trial, and the clew thus unexpectedly placed in the hands of the authorities was actively followed up. Strange discoveries were soon made, showing that, from the woman Thekla Popov as a centre, a vast and complex ramification of crime extended far and wide throughout the community. The trial has been deferred for several weeks, so that the bodies of men supposed to have been murdered by their wives may be exhumed and examined.

Overhead Fire Escapes.

A correspondent suggests as a fire escape a passway of iron along and above the roofs of houses; passing through the more lofty buildings if need be, or diverging to the right or left, so as to bridge over and connect all the houses of a block, thus securing an easy and safe passage from any house to those adjacent, as well for the convenience of firemen as for the escape of those who are beset by fire. The construction of these iron passes, he says, could be fairly compulsory to owners, and they need be by no means of an unsightly appearance. When wished, they could be elegantly constructed to conform to the general architecture of the building by or through which it passes, and this would hold good with regard to the means by which each house was connected with this proposed passway. He is aware that there are disadvantages which at once crop up—apparent danger from burglars, and so on—but there is no good without its modicum of evil, and this weakness of his plans, he thinks, could be overcome and guarded against.

A Bridal Moustache.

A Nevada girl had a very perceptible moustache, and on the morning of her wedding day she undertook to remove it with a caustic preparation. Her lip was burned to such a black and swollen condition that she refused to show herself to the guests. As the bridegroom would not consent to a postponement, the ceremony was performed privately, and the company consoled themselves with a dinner. The bride started on her honeymoon journey closely veiled, and unkissed by her friends.

The Jabiru of Senegal.

This bird belongs to a genus allied to the one containing the marabou which is so well known to those who frequent zoological gardens, and to the same family as our storks. It is impossible in examining it not to make the reflection that animals possess a physiognomy in keeping with their habits. The marabou a bird of revolting voraciousness, which shares with the vulture the duty of disposing of carcasses and various kinds of filth lying around, is fully as repulsive in its aspect as the jabiru is attractive. It is, in fact, because the latter eats living prey and has the bold and free step of the hunter, Living in the vicinity of ponds and rivers, it hunts and fishes by turns. It often flies, which is some thing that the marabou rarely does, as the latter is kept on the ground by its duty as a scavenger. The jabiru lives in pairs, and the male and female of each couple never leave one another. Its area of distribution is quite an extended one. From the banks of the White Nile, as far as Senegal having for northern limit the fourteenth degree of latitude, it lives in the whole center and southwest of Africa, although nowhere abundant.

It is larger than our stork, and its back, the upper part of its wings, its head, neck, and tail are of a brilliant black, while the lower parts of its body are of a beautiful white. its red and black bill is provided with two pendent wattles that have been likened to a saddle, and that have sometimes given the bird the name of saddled stork. In captivity it is a pleasant companion. It respects its neighbors, but wishes to be respected by them. Like the stork, it has great regard for its dignity and does not allow any one to injure it. According to Bennett, who has made observations on Australian jabirus in captivity, the habits of which are much like those of the Senegal bird, and according to Dr. Bodinus, who has had several of the latter in his possession, they are easy to rear and do not suffer from changes in temperature. It would perhaps be possible, then, to acclimate them in our country, where they might, while proving an ornament to our marshes, render service by destroying frogs, field mice, and other vermin. They would swallow here and there a few fish; but, since Europe will soon witness the death of the last heron, it would prove a certain compensation for the friends of animals if they could replace that by a bird of more sociable habits, and which by that very fact would be more effectually protected. The new boarder at the Jardin des Plants, to judge from the pale tints of its plumage, is still a young bird. It does not appear to us to enjoy very vigorous health. We have seen it often, and it was always seated and making a plaintive clucking, and partially opening with a sickly air its long bill, whose upper mandible had been mended with a piece of tin.

British Annuities.

An interesting list of British annuities and pensions has just been issued. Over and above payments of the civil list, members of the royal family receive £161,000. For pensions for naval and military services the Government pays £38,166; for political and civil services, £20,434; for judicial services in Great Britain, £41,225; for judicial services in Ireland, £32,467; for diplomatic services, £8173; miscellaneous pensions, £9005; and hereditary pensions, £6184. Of naval and military pensions the £7000 of Earl Nelson and the £4000 of the Duke of Marlborough are intended to run to the end of time, like the £984 of the Duke of Schomberg's heirs, the £1200 of the heirs of Captain Garth, and the £1400 of the heirs of William Penn. The Duke of Wellington's £2000 ceases after the death of the next holder of the title. Lord Eversley draws £4000; Lady Elgin, £1000; Lady Mayo, £1000; Mr. Millner Gibson, £2000; Mr. Spencer Walpole, £2000; Lord Clarence Paget, £1950; Mr. Charles Villiers, £1950; Earl Cairns, £5000; and six retired judges and a number of ex-county court judges draw various sums.

he Coffee we Drink.

During the twenty years ending June 30, 1876, the United States imported over 2,200,000 tons of coffee, less than 100,000 tons of which were re-exported. During the year ending June 30, 1877, we imported 320,000,000 pounds of coffee, three fourths of which came from Brazil. For the twenty years mentioned our consumption of coffee averaged 200,000,000 pounds a year. During the last five years of the period it was 300,000,000 pounds Latterly the relative amount brought from Brazil has declined, owing to the greater increase in the amount imported from other countries. Last year our coffee account with Brazil exceeded the sum of our exports thither by more than $28,000,000.

The Goodwood Races.

The originator of the race meeting at Goodwood was the well known Earl of Egremont, who, early in the present century, transferred a little meeting which for many years had been held in Petworth Park to the beautiful course which is so charmingly placed, with the Duke of Richmond's palace on one side and the wide expanse of downs on the other. During the first twenty years of its existence the meeting took place sometimes in the spring and sometimes in the autumn; it was not until about 1827 that it was permanently fixed for the last week in July, and it has since been regarded as the wind up of the London season.

—The King of Holland sometimes walks all night in the populous parts of the Hague. When he reaches home he personally supervises the frying of his potatoes, which he takes with several glasses of beer.

MULCHING has been strongly commended, but is applicable only in certain cases. It is useful in case of newly planted trees, but even with mulching the surface of the ground should be kept finely pulverized.

Johnny's Father.

"When is your ma coming back?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy, as he found him standing on the sidewalk when the grocery was opened in the morning, taking some pieces of brick out of his coat-tail pockets. "Oh, she got back at midnight last night," said the boy, as he ate a few blueberries out of a case. "That's what makes me up so early. Pa has been kicking at these pieces of brick with his bare feet, and when I came away he had his toes in his hand and was trying to back up stairs on one foot. Pa hain't got no sense." "I am afraid you are a terror," said the grocery man, as he looked at the innocent face of the boy. "You are always making your parents some trouble, and it is a great wonder to me that they don't send you to the reform school. What deviltry was you up to last night to get kicked this morning?" "No deviltry; just a little fun. You see, ma went to Chicago to stay a week, and she got tired, and telegraphed she would be home last night; and pa was down town, and I forgot to give him the despatch. After he went to bed, me and a chum of mine thought we would have a Fourth of July. You see, my chum has got a big sister, and we hooked some of her clothes, and after pa got to snoring we put them in his room. Oh, you'd have laughed. We put pair of No. 1 slippers with blue stockings down in front of the rocking chair, beside Pa's boots, and a red corset on a chair, and my chum's sister's best silk dress on another chair, and a hat with a white feather on the bureau, and some frizzes on the gas bracket, and everything we could find that belonged to a girl in my chum's sister's room. Oh, we got a red parasol, too, and left it right in the middle of the floor. Well, when I looked at the lay-out, and heard pa snoring, I thought I should die. You see, ma is easily excited. My chum slept with me that night, and when we heard the door-bell ring I stuffed a pillow in my mouth. There was nobody to meet ma at the depot, and she hired a hack and came right up. Nobody heard the bell but me, and I had to go down and let ma in. She was pretty angry, you bet, a not being met at the depot. "Where's your father?" said she, as she began to look up stairs, I told her I guessed pa had gone to sleep by this time; that he had gone to bed an hour ago. Then I slipped up-stairs, and looked over the banister. Ma said something about heavens and earth, and where is the huzzy, and a lot of things I couldn't hear; and pa swore, and said it's no such thing, and the door slammed, and then they talked for two hours. I s'pose they finally laid it to me, as they always do, and when he came down stairs he hurt my feelings. I see they had my chum's sister's clothes all pinned up in a newspaper, and I s'pose when I go back I shall have to carry them home again, and then she'll lie down on me too. I'll tell you what, I have a good notion to take some shoemaker's wax and stick my chum on my back and travel with a circus as a double-headed boy from Borneo. A fellow could have more fun, and not get kicked all the time." And the boy sampled some strawberries in a case in front of the store, and went down the street whistling for his chum, who was looking out of an alley to see if the coast was clear.

English Bill.

A San Francisco man laid down a package of United States bonds while he paid for a magazine, when a well-bred, well dressed gentleman engaged him in a discussion over an article which had attracted his attention in the magazine. They grew quite interested in it, but presently the gentleman withdrew. The bondholder put out his hand to pick up his envelope of bonds. It was gone! The police said "English Bill" was the cove, and set out to find him. But they were quite baffled, with the exception of one detective who hung on. The only clue he had was the fact that "English Bill's pal was seen driving in a fashionable quarter and stopping at a well-known boarding-school. The detective made himself "solid" with one of the chambermaids, who declared that there was not a man in the house. But he patiently continued the acquaintance. One morning she came out of the gate in the back yard and emptied a pail of slops into the gutter. Suddenly he saw a bit of paper floating along. He picked it up and looked satisfied. A day or two after when "a French girl," who had been in the institution a few days and kept her room on account of the neuralgia, was about driving away in a carriage, the detective disrobed her and showed the astonished school teacher that she had been harboring a man. Most of the bonds were recovered. The thief had been detected by shaving paper. To maintain his feminine character he had been obliged to use the razor every night when the rest of the house was asleep. Weeks had been employed in perfecting the ruse and arranging the matter so as to allay all suspicion. The clever rascals had learned all about the school, and in the introductory correspondence had, without appearing to do so, played upon the lady's vanity. An unconsidered trifle had betrayed them.

An Honest Robber.

An ingenious scoundrel in Paris has been playing the singular role of an "honest robber," and made a comfortable living until a meddlesome policeman spoiled the business. It was his game to open carriage doors for ladies, and as they stepped out to possess himself of their purses and accessible jewelry, which he at once deposited at the nearest police station, subsequently accepting, with modesty, whatever reward their gratitude suggested. Finally he was caught in the act of taking a watch into his temporary possession, and put where his honesty will go unrewarded.

—A Pittsburg company is manufacturing glass shingles.

Tom Paine's Grave.

A correspondent writes: Driving through the village of new Rochelle lately, I observed that the Tom Paine monument was very much marred by relic hunters, who have chipped off pieces from every side. Many suppose that this monument mark Paine's grave but this is not the case. He was buried there, but his bones were carried to England ten years after his death (1819) by William Cobbett, who intended to hold a grand funeral. The plan met no encouragement, and the result was that the box containing the bones was left in a custom house store, and no one knows what became of them. This resurrection inspired Byron to such a degree as to produce his well known epigram.

The history of this monument is as follows: Paine owned a farm at New Rochelle (the gift of the Government), but passed his days in this city in a rather miserable condition. After his death his remains were conveyed to the farm, where they lay ten years, and were then removed by Cobbett. There was a small circle of admirers of Paine in this city, and in 1839 they erected this monument, placing it over the empty grave. The deception thus practiced has led memorial hunters into an error, since they imagine this to be the place of interment. The Tom Paine clique has given place to the Ingersoll admirers, but they will eventually prove equally as evanescent. It may be observed that only one person on record was ever named after Tom Paine. This was a son of Robert Treat Paine, signer of the Declaration of Independence, born amid the excitement of "the time that tried men's souls." His father, out of admiration of the author of the "Crisis" and "Common Sense," called the child Thomas, thus making him Thomas Paine, Jr. This did very well until the "Age of Reason" appeared, which rendered its author infamous. "Thomas Paine, Jr.," then became disgusted with his title, and at his request the Legislature of Massachusetts allowed him to take the name of his father, Robert Treat Paine, Jr., (as he now became) was the author of the favorite song, "Adams and Liberty," for which he received $750. He married an actress Miss Baker, and became an attache of the theatre, being the first American of social rank that identified himself with the histrionic profession.

New Three Per Cent Bond.

The first of the new three per cent. United States Bonds were issued from the Treasury at Washington, on the 4th. They are five denominations, viz.: $50, $100, $500, $1000 and $10,000. Three hundred and fifty million dollars of the bonds have been printed. Each denomination of the new bonds has a distinctive vignette, as follows: $50, Fessenden; $100, De Witt Clinton; $500, Franklin; $1000, Garfield; $10,-000 Alexander Hamilton. They are printed on distinctive paper, with threads running through it similar to the paper used for the national bank notes and greenbacks. Each bond bears a view of the Treasury Department. The corner pieces are of scroll work, in which is interwoven the denomination of the bond. The bonds are called "The three-per cent. loan of 1882," which legend is printed across the upper part of the face. On the right hand in the border are the words "Act of July 12, 1882." On the opposite border are inlaid letterings of "three per cent.;" near this is an engraved "fasces" entwined with ribbon bearing the motto "E Pluribus Unum," with the monogram "U. S." on the centre piece; on the right and left of the portrait is the denomination in geometric lathework. In each of the letters of the legend is engraved "United States of America" in white-faced letters on a black background forming the shank of the letters. In the title of the bond "United States of America" is printed in large scroll letters across the face under the vignette. All are dated August 1, 1882. The denomination is engraved in tint to prevent photographing. The numbers are printed on scroll-work panels on each side of the portrait. The panels and the denominations are printed in fugitive tints to prevent the alteration of numbers. The space for the name of the payee is also tinted. There are three seals on the bonds—the printed seal of the Secretary's office, an embossed seal and a printed seal of the Treasury Department. The face of the bonds is printed in black, with five distinct tints. The color of the backs is different in each denomination—green on the $50, red on the $500, brown on the $1000 and black on the $10,000; There are five different patterns of scroll work on the back of the bonds. One peculiarity of the new bonds is that they are printed in such a way that when folded the whole story of the bond can be read without opening the bond.

"Chalking Down.

A Massachusetts man has invented a new way of "chalking down" the debts due him. One of his creditors is a deacon who drives the stage, and who, much to his discomfort, is daily asked by the passengers to tell them what the sentences mean that they see displayed on the fences as they ride along: "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord; but they that deal truly are His delight;" "Do not say that you have paid a debt when you have not paid the interest on it;" "Over $1,000 due and not paid yet;" and so forth. The day after the deacon talked in the prayer-meeting about brotherly love he saw chalked on the fences "Give us more brotherly love and pay your debts." "Let brotherly love prevail—but pay your debts." These are black-board exercises not included in the international Sunday School lessons.

NEWS IN BRIEF

—Of the 1,150 convicts in the Ohio Penitentiary but 17 are women.

—The ancient ell, a measure, was the length of the arm of Henry I.

—Fifty thousand watermelons are shipped north from Atlanta, Ga., daily.

—Boston's present valuation is $672,-490,100, a gain of $6,935,500 over last year.

—Mme. Marie Roze-Mapleson has returned to London from her vacation in Auvergne.

—A system of graded schools leading up to the college and university is contemplated for Wales.

—Albrecht von Graefe, the eminent ophthalmogolist, has had a statue erected to him in Berlin.

—Mrs. Tyler, widow of ex-President Tyler, is staying for her health at Old Point Comfort, Virginia.

—The earliest known invention of an English double Christian name is a deed of the time of Edward III.

—The King of Siam buys his household furniture by the ton at the rate of over a thousand dollars a ton.

—Greek and French have been added as optional studies to the course of the Indianapolis High School.

—Baron von Brockdorff, a nephew of Moltke, recently Professor of Modern Languages in the Maryland Agricultural College, has resigned that position and gone back to the German army.

—California has a school population of 215,522, and has just distributed among her counties an apportionment of $334,659.10.

—The laws of the Mexican king, Montezuma I., related chiefly to the intercourse of and distinction between classes.

—Mr. George Derr, of Lewisburg, Penna., died worth $25,000, all of which he left to the Christian church of that town, of which he was a member.

—Baron Wilhelm Rothschild, of Frankfort, returned his last year's income at $1,197,000, while his brother, Baron Meyer Carl, returned $1,140,000.

—John McCutcough, whose father was evicted from a small Irish farm, says America is the best country, not only for actors, but for everybody else.

—California received an increase of about 23,000 to its Chinese population in the first seven months of the present year, 27,105 arrived and 4,141 departing for home.

—Mrs. Fletcher Webster has presented to Mr. G. F. Williams, of Boston, the arm-chair and table used by her illustrious father-in-law in his Marshfield study.

—The United States has one medical man to every 600 inhabitants, while Canada has only one to 1,200 inhabitants, Great Britain one to 1,672, and Germany one to 3,000.

—The first shipment of Russian petroleum from the oil wells in the province of Baku was sent to the European market on July 21 by the English steamer Alfred.

—Mr. Edwin Booth's daughter accompanies him on his tower through Holland and Belgium.

—There are said to be 18,000 locomotive engines in use in the United States. Pennsylvania has the largest number, 2,700, while in all New England there are but 1,700.

—Herr Fuchs' report states that 244 earthquakes are known to have occurred during the year 1881, of which 86 were in winter, 61 in autumn, 56 in spring and 41 in summer.

—Mr. John J. Gilbert, of Philadelphia, has been engaged to take the place of the late George A. Conly as basso with the Emma Abbott Opera Company for the next season.

—The Austrian military authorities have decided to abandon the fortress in Koniggratz, Northern Bohemia, close to which the decisive battle of Sadowa was fought. The site and the buildings have been sold to the Commune for $450,000.

—The two British Princes, Albert Victor and George of Wales, who have been making the tour of the world, have just been confirmed at Whippingham Church, Newport, Isle of Wight.

—Miss Maria C. Benton, a grand-niece of the famous Thomas H. Benton, was married recently in St. Louis to Benjamin F. Cabie, only son of P. L. Cable, the Rock Island millionaire.

—Spain, with a school population of 2,606,265, has 28,117 elementary schools, instructing 1,410,476 pupils.

—Upon the heels of the report that the Czar of Russia now rides out without an escort comes the announcement that the Imperial family will spend the coming winter in St. Petersburg where Court festivities will be resumed.

—Mme. Nilsson, after her American tour, proposes to live permanently in England somewhere near London. Mme. Nilsson's fortune has been considerably diminished by unfortunate purchases of houses and land in America and by the disastrous Bourse speculations of her husband, but she still has a competence.

—It is proposed to erect a monument in Montreal to the memory of the late Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. The project meets with great favor with all classes and both nationalities.

—Brother Quentman, of the Christian Brotherhood, of Hartford, Ct., has been sent to Paris by the Superior of the order to remain for a year, to study the system and methods of teaching now employed by the Brother in the French schools.

—Of all the Roman Catholic Clergymen in the United States in 1834, it is said that the only one now living is the Rev. Father Hamermans, who, recently celebrated the fifty-third anniversary of his ordination and the forty-first of his present pastorate, St. Mary's, Troy, N. York.

—The bronze statue of Lafayette on which Mr. J. Q. A. Ward is now at work will cost $25,000, and on its completion, in September, will be presented by J. P. Howard, of Burlington Vt., to the University of Vermont, the corner-stone of which institution was laid by the French patriot in 1825.

—It is said that the labors of Bishop Ireland in Minnesota in behalf of total abstinence have been so successful that it is very rare now to find an Irish saloon-keeper in St. Paul, and the Irish Catholics contribute probably, in proportion to their numbers, fewer patrons of the saloons than any other part of the population.