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FRIENDSHIP.

We have been friends together,
In sunshine and in shade,
Since first beneath the chestnut trees,
In infancy we played.
But coldness dwells within thy heart,
A cloud is on thy brow;
We have been friends together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been gay together;
We have laughed at bitter jests—
For the fount of hope was gushing
Warm and joyous in our breasts.
But laughter now hath fled thy lip,
And sullen glooms thy brow;
We have been gay together—
Shall a light word part us now?

We have been sad together;
We have wept with bitter tears
O'er the grass-grown graves where slumbered
The hope of early years.
The voices which were silent there
Would bid thee clear thy brow;
We have been sad together—
Shall a light word part us now?

FORTY YEARS AFTER.

Long, straight, and monotonous stretched the highway connecting the scattered hamlets in a remote part of Holland. Shade there was none, the only trees for miles around being the tall poplars which seemed to look down mockingly on the scorched ground. Dazzlingly white and interminably dusty the thread seemed to stretch before the dark blue eyes of a young man who had been trudging along alone for several hours, and who at last gladly took advantage of the slight shade cast by a pile of stones to throw himself upon the ground by the roadside and stretch his tired limbs as luxuriously as the unfavorable circumstances would allow.

There was nothing at first sight to distinguish this wayfarer from many others who passed over the same highway—frequently students from a small university town not far distant—but a close observer might have detected a light in the tired eyes looking over the dusty landscape which twenty years of life do not often kindle, telling of strength and power—the light before which men involuntarily bow down as showing a leader and ruler among them.

Only a few moments he gazed dreamily over the uninteresting country, then sought rest in another way. Drawing from his pocket the pieces of a flute, he quickly joined them together, and was soon filling the air with strains of music soft, low, tender and pensive, as suited his own weariness and the langour of the sultry summer day. Despite the energy, determination, and strength marked in every feature of his face, this young man could be none other than a musician, for neither the inborn genius was wanting nor the evidence of most careful and patient training.

He had long forgotten that he was tired and hungry, that the road before him was at least three inches deep with dust, and the sun pouring down rays which seemed fairly to scorch everything they touched, when he was startled in the midst of an impassioned *andante* of Beethoven's, by a strange choking sound behind him, something between a sob and a sigh. Turning, he found, standing a few steps from him, a young girl with clasped hands and bent head—a girl with hair fair as flax and eyes blue as forget-me-nots growing in the field close by.

The young man was on his feet in an instant, weariness forgotten in the presence of so fair a companion; but the half-saucy compliment he was about to utter died on his lips as he saw a tear stealing slowly down the delicately-rounded cheek of the girl, who seemed little more than a child.

"Ah, my child," he cried, with quick sympathy, unwittingly speaking in German—his moeher-tongue—"you are in trouble! Can I help you?"

"No, sir," said the girl softly in the same language, raising her head and gazing at the young man with an innocent awe and reverence which touched him deeply. "I don't know what it is; but your music—I can't tell if it is gladness or sorrow. As I heard you play, the tears would come."

"Are you so fond of music then, child?" asked the young man, delighted.

"I don't think I was before, sir,' the girl answered simply. "But I haven't heard that kind of music."

"Won't you sit down here for a moment? I will play again if you wish; but first you must tell me your name."

The girl took a place beside her companion quietly and unhesitatingly.

"My name is Greta. And yours?"

"Mine? Hum! Fritz, of course. And you—are you an angel dropped from some passing cloud, or a fairy risen from the earth, to appear so suddenly before me? I mean"—laughing at her bewildered air—"where did you come from?"

"I have been to the Chapel of Our Lady in Dorf Sessin to count my beads," she answered slowly; "and then——.

"And then?" asked Fritz, looking admiringly at the lovely innocent eyes gazing dreamily into the distance, while he caressingly drew through his hands one of the long flaxen braids falling over the girl's shoulders and below her waist.

"And then I went into the wood over there, and have been there ever since."

"Doing what?" Fritz persisted. "Gathering flowers to adorn your soft pretty hair?"

"Doing nothing but lie on the grass listening to the brook trickling by, and watching the clouds sail past, and hearing what the birds sing to each other—for I understand almost all they say. Ah, sir, it is so quiet and peaceful and lovely there! I hope, when I die, they will bury me there under the trees, close by the water. Nowhere else could I rest so well."

Wonderingly Fritz gazed at this girl, so widely different from the rustic beauties he had met before on the high roads. Without a thought of the gay badinage in which he usually indulged on such occasions, he almost reverently took one of the unresisting hands loosely clasped on the girl's knees, as he said very gently—

"My child, you are too young yet to think of death. A great many happy years will pass, I hope, before you lie there beside the brook. Shall I play for you again?"

Once more the sweet strains floated on the sultry air, while Greta, with parted lips and wide-open, almost worshipping eyes which never left the young man's face, listened as if fearing by any breath or motion to break the spell stealing over her. At last Fritz started to his feet, put his flute into his pocket, and, tossing back his brown hair with a merry shake of the head, exclaimed laughingly—

"I dare say I shall shock you, Greta; but, all the same, I am getting abominably hungry. What am I going to do for my dinner? I was told that there was a capital inn in the neighborhood, kept by a German woman—a certain Mutter van Tann—where an uncommonly good venison *ragout* is sometimes to be had. Can you tell me if it is near?"

"Yes" answered Greta quietly; "you will come with me, please. The inn is my home, and I am Mutter van Tann's daughter."

Good natured hospitable Mutter van Tann came bustling forward herself to receive the guest her daughter brought to the door, ushering him immediately into the smoke begrimed inn-parlor, just then without an occupant.

"Yes, *mutter*—tired and hungry too," he exclaimed in answer to her greeting, "but quite happy in the certainty of getting the very best dinner here that was ever cooked by the very best looking landlady in Holland!"

The buxom lanlady beamed.

"I shall do my best to prevent your regretting having come to my inn, sir. What shall I give you?"

"Nothing more nor less than one of your celebrated venison *ragouts mutter*, which are said to be unequalled by anything in the kitchen of the King himself."

Mutter van Tann's face fell.

"Perhaps you don't know, sir, that the *ragouts* are very expensive," she said slowly, eyeing furtively the rather shabby dusty coat and boots of her guest.

"No matter, *mutter*; my whole heart is set on one of your *ragouts*."

"They cost four guldens."

"If they cost four hundred, I must have one."

"Ah, young man, that is all very well; but I know the ways of students like yourself! More than one have I had in my house who ordered one of my very best *ragouts*, and then away they went with their purses as full as they came, leaving Mutter van Tann four guldens poorer."

"Come, come, now, *mutter!*" cried Fritz merrily, seizing both the landlady's hands and compelling her to look straight into his honest blue eyes. "Tell me—do I look like such an out-and-out rascal?"

"No, sir, that you don't!" said the landlady, melting and laughing in spite of herself. "Where do you come from?"

"From Berlin."

"Berlin, sir? *Ach*, that is where the old King lives, about whom people tell such queer stories! I am a Prussian too, and right glad I am to meet a countryman! Well, I suppose you must have your way; and I must be off to see to the *ragout*. Come along, Greta, and try for once to help your mother. Have you been wasting your time out there with the birds and fishes again all the morning?"

"There, *mutter*—scold me instead of Greta; for it was I who wasted her time this morning, and haven't finished yet, for I want her to stay and entertain me while you are off about the *ragout*. I must have something to console me for your absence, you know."

With a smile and a frown Mutter van Tann departed; and Fritz turned to Greta, who had been standing in the window, paying very little attention to her mother's remarks.

"Won't you come and sit here on the sofa, Greta; he said gently, with a sudden change of manner, "and talk to me a little about yourself while I am waiting?

The girl obeyed immediately, and a long conversation ensued, consisting chiefly of questions from Fritz in regard to his companion's life and occupations, which she answered unreservedly, being at last led on to talk freely of her thoughts and feelings, and revealing by degrees the secret depths of her pure, innocent, dreamy nature to the young man, who listened with reverent sympathy, his astonishment ever growing deeper at the strange dissimilarity between mother and child.

Soon Greta begged for more music, and Fritz, after gratifying her wish asked her if she could sing something for him. The girl assented readily, adding after a moment's thought—

"My favorite is an old song taught me by grandmother, which I can sing in German as well as Dutch. Perhaps you could accompany it with the flute?

The air was very simple and marvellously sweet and mournful. After Greta had hummed it over once or twice, Fritz's quick ear enabled him to accomplish the desired accompaniment; and softly the sad plaintive air floated through the shabby smoke-stained inn-parlor into the kitchen, where Mutter van Tann was absorbed heart and soul in the *ragout*.

"What a melancholy song you have chosen, Greta!" he exclaimed, when the girl had finished, trying to speak cheerfully. "Can't you give me something more lively as a remembrance to carry away with me?"

Tears rolled down the girl's cheeks as she stood silent for a moment; then, without a thought of harm, impulsively clasping both hands around her companion's arm, she leaned her head against his shoulder as she murmured, in a voice choking with sobs—

"You are going away! Ah, when we meet again, we shall be old and cold!" The words were an echo of her song.

"No, Greta, dear child," cried the young man, touched to the heart by her griet, and scarcely knowing what he said in his desire to soothe her, "we shall not be old and cold when we meet again, but young and happy, for I will come again next week—to-morrow! I will not leave you, Greta."

A lovely smile of joy and gratitude shone through Greta's tears as she looked up at the young man bending over her. Softly and reverently he pressed his lips on her fair hair and gently put her away, just as the door opened to admit a most appetizing odor and Mutter van Tann bearing in triumph the savoury *ragout*.

"Here, sir, is such a dish as you will not get every day, though, I suppose, I shouldn't say so!" she remarked, with complacent pride.

"I assure you I appreciate my good luck, *mutter*," said Fritz gaily; "and there is only one thing necessary to complete my happiness."

"Is it beer or schnapps, sir?"

"Neither. It is the company of yourself and your daughter at this best of dinners."

"Oh, sir, we shall be very pleased, I am sure, if you are not too proud to sit down with such simple folk as Greta and I!"

Quickly the *ragout* and a bottle of Mutter van Tann's best wine disappeared, the repast being enlivened by a running fire of jokes, compliments and stories between the landlady and her guest, in which Greta took very little part. At last there seemed no excuse for sitting longer over the table; and Fritz, who had for a moment relapsed into thoughtful silence, rose to his feet with a half sigh as he glanced at Greta. Then, turning to the landlady, he said quietly—

"It is growing late, Mutter van Tann, and I must leave you. Will you allow me to send to-morrow some remembrance of my pleasant visit and your kindness to me, as a *souvenir* of Frederic, Prince of Prussia?"

For an instant the landlady stared, then laughed scornfully

"*Ach*, sir, you young gentlemen will have your jokes! Wasn't there one here last week who told me he was King of the Cannibal Islands, and must have a baby's tender loin for his dinner? No, sir, Mutter van Tann hasn't lost her wits yet!"

"Oh, well, *mutter*, it's no matter, any way!" laughed the young man. "But it's high time I was showing you I don't intend making off without paying for the *ragout*.

The landlady looked relieved, while Fritz thrust his hand into one pocket after another, finishing his search at last with an exclamation of most comical consternation.

"Upon my word, could anything be more absurd? I haven't a penny anywhere about me!"

For an instant Mutter van Tann gazed speechless; then, seeing that this was not intended as a joke,

"Swindler, rascal!" she exclaimed.

"But, *mutter*," cried Fritz, almost choking with laughter.

"Oh, you smooth-tongued, impudent scoundrel, to deceive and rob a poor widow who was fool enough to trust you! You a Prince indeed, you shabby, lying, rascally musician with never a penny to bless yourself!"

"But, *mutter*," put in a tearful pleading voice, as a soft hand was laid on the angry woman's arm. "I am sure he has lost his purse. He would never—

"Greta, you are a perfect fool! Look at him! He hasn't even the decency to pretend to be ashamed of himself, but stands there laughing, as if it were the best joke in the world! Oh, the villain——"

Just then the landlady's attention was diverted by an unusual sight—the view from the window of a very handsome travelling-carriage and pair of coal-black horses drawing up before the inn, while an elegantly-dressed gentleman, before whom the footmen bowed respectfully, sprang from the carriage, and in an instant was in the inn-parlor.

"Thank Heaven!" he began, as he caught sight of Fritz; but the young man interrupted him hastily, speaking in French and requesting to be addressed in the same language.

"I knew you were in this neighborhood," the new-comer continued, "and have been looking anxiously for you since yesterday. There is bad news from Berlin. Your father is very ill; you are summoned to return immediately. There is not a moment to be lost!"

With a hurried cry of dismay, the young man started to his feet, and followed closely by his friend, hastened towards the door. On the threshold he turned for an instant, with a farewell glance at Greta, who was gazing at him with a grief-stricken expression which he never forgot.

"Adieu, Greta," he said gently, "until we meet again!"

The next moment the cloud of dust in the wake of the swiftly-departing carriage was all that remained of Mutter van Tann's guest.

* * * *

Forty years had passed. All Europe was ringing with the glory and renown of the warrior-King of Prussia. The years which had sprinkled his hair with silver had, in return, crowned him with undying laurels, and the proud acclamations of a grateful people had bestowed upon him the surname of "Great."

It was one of the King's few hours of repose, when the ambitious visions of the soldier and statesman were held in check by the magic of music, which up to the day of Frederic's death was his keenest delight. Silently the great monarch was lying on a sofa in the music-room at Sans Souci, listening dreamily to the strains which his old music-master and friend Quanz was drawing from the piano, where, at the King's desire, he was trying for the first time a collection of Scandinavian *Volkslieder*.

Motionless the King listened for some time, then arose, and began slowly pacing up and down the room as he spoke.

"Ah, Quanz, they are all very well! But I have never heard one of these songs which touched me so deeply as one I heard years ago in Holland, but which, to my regret, has completely passed from my memory. I think you have heard me speak of it before?"

"Yes, sire; and, if you remember, careful inquiries were made in Holland for the inn and the family who lived there at the time of your trip in that country, with the hope of finding the lost melody you so regret. But the inn had been burnt down years before, and no one could give any tidings of the family."

"Yes, yes, Quanz—I know. It is strange how the remembrance of such a simple song clings to me, though the melody has long since so tantalizingly escaped my memory. I suppose I am getting old and childish, old friend. Thank you; we will have no more music to day."

The old musician took his leave, and Frederic stepped through the low window out into the June sunshine, into the luxuriant leafy beauty of the gardens of Sans Souci. Old Quanz's *Volkslieder* had certainly had a depressing effect upon the King, for an absent, half melancholy expression had replaced the usual sternness of his face, and the eagle eyes before whose terrible glance thousands quailed were dreamy and soft as he strolled away from the Palace, sunk in that saddest and vainest of regrets—regret for a vanished youth!

Half unconsciously, lost in retrospection, he directed his steps down one of the side-alleys at some distance from the Palace, and, turning an abrupt corner, came suddenly and unobserved upon a soldier who had thrown himself upon a bench, where he was reading a letter upon which Frederic saw tears slowly falling.

At this sight the King's face grew hard and stern again; and, with lowering brows, he stopped before the unconscious soldier, exclaiming scornfully—

"What, a soldier in the Army of Frederic crying like a schoolgirl! Has your sweetheart frowned upon you then?"

"Sire," stammered the soldier, springing to his feet, almost speechless with consternation, "the letter is from my mother."

The King's brow cleared a little.

"Is she in trouble?"

"Yes, sire. She is growing old, and is too weak to work. She can earn nothing, since she has lost her health, and is to be sent from her home for want of money to pay the rent. All her sons are dead but myself, the youngest, and I—I can do nothing to help her. Sire, I think that for such a cause even a soldier of the Great Frederic need not blush to shed a few tears."

"You are right. What is your name, and where do you come from?"

"Piter Gelder, sire, and I come from Holland."

"Very well. Piter Gelder; I will look over the conduct record, and, if I find nothing against you, I will see what can be done for your mother."

"Sire, sire," began the man, fairly trembling with joy and gratitude; but Frederic waved his hand impatiently.

"Enough! Words of thanks give me no pleasure."

The King had already turned to retrace his steps, when suddenly he again faced the happy soldier.

"Piter Gelder, can you sing any Dutch *Volkslieder?*"—"Yes, sire."

"Do you know one ending with the words 'When we meet again, we shall be old and and cold'?"

"Yes, sire."

"Sing it."—"Sire, my voice is rough and untrained."

"No matter—sing!"

With a trembling but by no means unmusical voice the soldier obeyed the royal command; and the King, with bent head and half-averted face, listened again to the melody of the song which had so deeply moved him forty years before. With the last notes Piter looked up deprecatingly and half fearfully, and was amazed to see the change which had come over the features usually so haughty and stern; they were now soft, tender, and dreamy as those of the youth who had first listened to the plaintive words nearly half a century before in Holland.

"Where did you learn the song, Piter?"

"From my mother, sire. It was taught her by her grandmother, who composed it."

"Tell me your mother's history."

"Sire, she was born in Holland, where her mother kept an inn——"

"Was her name Van Tann?"

"Yes, sire—Greta van Tann. She lived at the inn until she married my father, with whom she was afterwards very unhappy."

"Why did she marry him?"

"Sire, it was to please her mother. My father was supposed to be very rich, and my grandmother had been very unfortunate and lost nearly all she possessed. For several years my mother refused all offers of marriage; she could not forget a travelling musician who came once to the inn, and never cared for any one else. At last she sacrificed herself for her mother's sake; but it was afterwards discovered that my father was not rich, as he had represented, besides which he drank immoderately, and ill-treated my poor mother shamefully. Finally he died, and was followed in the same year by my three brothers. My mother has worked hard ever since for her support, and, until she lost her health, was very comfortable. That, sire, is all there is to tell."

"Very well. To-morrow you shall hear from me, Piter Gelder."

The soldier was left in a half-stupefied state, wondering how soon he should awake from what could be nothing but a fantastic dream. With wide-opened eyes he gazed after the departing monarch slowly disappearing in the direction of the palace, who walked with his head bent low and his hands clasped behind his back, while upon his softened melancholy face was still visible the strange transformation which the memories awakened by a simple strain of music had wrought. Piter could not see that his lips were moving, and the mournful words they formed were merely a breath floating away and lost on the pertumed air, "When we meet again, we shall be old and cold—old and cold."

The next day Piter Gelder was handed two papers sealed with the royal seal. The first contained his leave of absence for a month, the second was the deed of a fine farm on the borders of Holland, with the words written beneath—"To the heirs of Mutter van Tann, in payment for a venison *ragout*.—FREDERIC."

Drinking Old Shoes.

"Talking of old shoes," said the doctor, as he bit off the end of one of the reporter's cigars, "they come handy in various ways. Old boots and shoes are made into Jamaica rum, also into the richest of jellies. Not only are old shoes utilized, but cast-off linen is used to make coffee and sugar!"

"Oh, come, now!" exclaimed the reporter, "you are trying to stuff me."

"No, I am not. All these years, while you have imagined that you were sipping coffee from Brazil and rum from the West Indies, you have simply been drinking cast-off shoes and worn-out linen."

"Fact! The jelly spoken of is made by boiling an old boot and shoe in soda, under a pressure of about two atmospheres. The tannic acid in the leather, combined with salt, makes tannate of soda, the gelatine rising to the top. From this, with suitable flavoring material, the jelly is readily made.

"The shirt coffee is made from old shirt linen and sweetened with cuffs and collar sugar, both coffee and sugar being made in the same way. The linen, after being washed, is treated with nitric acid, which, acting on the lignite contained in the fiber, produces glucose, or grape sugar. This, when roasted, makes an excellent coffee, and is sweetened with unroasted glucose."

"Then you would have one believe that he may have been drinking coffee made from the shirt from a hated rival; may have spread his despised mother-in-law's old shoes on his breakfast toast, and quaffed rum made from the brogans of a tramp?"

"Exactly so. You may be invited to dine with me some day, when my wife will doubtless say: 'Wouldn't you like a little of Bridget's old shoe for your hot biscuit, or will you have a drink of the doctor's old shirt?'"

"Doctor," said the reporter, solemnly, "is all this true?"

"Certainly," said he, "you don't think I'd tell a lie; and, by-the-way, wouldn't you like a Santa Couz sour?"

"No-no," said the reporter, and he hurried home, looking in the glass, and saw that he was looking very pale and haggard.

—Dancing was invented by Curetes, 1534 B. C.

Ticket Scalping.

The developments in the recent trials of railway conductors in Philadelphia and elsewhere for embezzlement bring to light a new feature in the so-called business of ticket scalping, and explain very clearly one of the principal reasons for the crusade which is being waged by the railroad companies against the gentry whose boast it is that they can discount the standard rates of the companies. There was for a long time an element of mystery in this peculiar traffic, which was partially dispelled when the methods of the scalpers were ventilated in the courts and by the clear expositions of railway officers on the subject.

It is apparent that the scalper derives some of his support from some of the various links, large and small, of the longer lines between distant points. As a matter of course, rates by the various lines between important centres must be uniform, and the longer lines, by reason of their greater length and time of transit, could not, and very properly so, hope to obtain any considerable proportion of the through traffic save by the operations of the scalper, who buys for the intending traveler who falls into his hands a regular ticket by one of the longer routes, sells it to him for a dollar or so less than it cost, collecting a bonus from several of the short lines composing this route as a reward for diverting the traveler from more direct lines, and pocketing a fair profit on the transaction, although the passenger may not be so fortunate, as the greater length of time consumed on the trip, and consequent increase in cost of meals and sleeping accommodations, may more than cover the saving in the cost of the ticket, and the traveler has no compensation for his lost time.

But this and other operations which the scalper is wont to consider "legitimate," would scarcely explain the magnitude which his profits must assume to maintain him in the traffic, and these late trials furnish the information necessary to complete a solution of the mystery. The testimony showed that the railway employes retained the tickets collected from passengers and sold them at nominal rates to the scalpers, who resold them to travelers at a discount from standard rates, the company thus carrying two or more passengers on the same ticket.

These disclosures emphasize with painful clearness the moral character of the scalping enterprise. For years past it has been the aim of railroad companies so to adjust their rules and regulations as to relieve conductors from even the slightest imputation of dishonesty. Whether this has been from motives of self-interest or not, is immaterial to the point of issue. The result has been apparent in the *esprit du corps* and the *morale* of their employes. The feeling that, in view of the safeguards thrown around them, they were above suspicion, has wrought a remarkable change in this class of employes, and has made the position of railway conductor a highly honorable, as it is a responsible and exacting calling. But just as this condition of things has been so happily consummated, a new element of evil arises, and it is not strange that amongst such a host of employes some should be found willing to listen to the temptings of the scalper, and become eventually his willing but guilty tools.

In the cause of morality, and in behalf of an important and deserving class of railway employes, we can cordially endorse the efforts of the transportation lines to utterly abolish this traffic, which has long been a misdemeanor in Pennsylvania, and we earnestly hope that the various States will speedily take cognizance of the growing evil and, by statute similar to Pennsylvania, put the scalper under the ban of the law and compel railroad companies to redeem for cash, from passengers, their unused or partially used tickets. In the meantime the traveler will do well to consider whether he can conscientiously aid the scalper or incur the risk of riding on a stolen ticket.

Taste in Household Art.

During the last few years the general standard of taste in our homes has changed materially for the better. Before South Kensington and kindred influences began to make themselves felt, taste was at a low ebb indeed. Textile fabrics were poor and *bizarre* in design; interior decoration, upholstery, cabinet-work, glass and china, jewelry—all were to the last degree wanting in taste. Common sense seemed to be disregarded in almost every department of furnishing.

Our condition in regard to these matters is slowly improving. The last ten years have been unusually active ones in the matter of reform. People are beginning to be independent of the caprices of fashion in the furnishing of their homes, and are finding out that a piece of furniture once good is always good; that rich simplicity is preferable to gaudy display; that honesty of construction and design is the best policy in the long run; in a word, that there is something in household art after all.

Still there are some people who cling to the erroneous idea that large expenditure is necessary to secure artistic effect, or supposing that a house to be artistic must needs be luxurious. "Oh, I should like so much to adorn my home, but I cannot afford the expense," said one of these persons in my hearing. Now, of course, she had a quantity of furniture and upholstery in the house, and every year she went on buying the same miserable shapes and flimsy stuffs and crude colors, because she was too careless to look around her and buy for the same amount of money articles that would commend themselves at once.

More money is spent injudiciously in house-furnishing, than in any other department of domestic expenditure. There are hundreds of humble, unpretending homes scattered up and down the land, plain farm-houses among the New England hills and the cottages of artisans in the great cities, that are, in point of fact, adorned in far better taste than those of millionaire aristocrats.

We wish people who live in our houses to be comfortable and *refined*, consequently when you enter the parlor you will not find the chandelier of brightest brass and cut-glass, the paper covered with sunflowers, the centre-piece of the rug an elephant recruiting in the jungle, or a Royal Bengal tiger in the act of springing upon his prey, and the pictures of the kind that bring forth the exclamation: "Oh! what a handsome frame!"

—London has 3,000,000 working people.

—London has 9,500 cabs and Paris 3,500.

"The Hyena."

An example is recorded in the annals of the French navy of a crew who voluntarily sacrificed themselves for the purpose of avenging their cruel treatment by the captain. The case was that of a twenty-gun brig, the captain of which, nicknamed the Hyena, had been sent to the Antilles on a special mission, where he remained nearly three years, living himself on shore, but never suffering neither officer or man to quit the vessel, except a select few who brought him reports of what took place on board, and what was said concerning him, and who took back his orders to the lieutenant who commanded in his absence, who, however cruel and harsh these orders were, had no choice but to execute them. His mission terminated, he came on board, apparently gay and happy in the thought that his success would be well rewarded on his arrival in France. He could not have failed to see the gloomy looks that were cast upon him when he stepped on deck, but he did not appear to mind them, and went straight below to his cabin. They were in the channel of the Bahamas when a sudden squall of wind began to blow. The captain was summoned on deck and gave orders for the instant reduction of sail. The lieutenant gave the order "all hands on deck," and then repeated the captain's order. the quartermaster threw his whistle into the sea, tore off the badges of his grade from his cuffs and walked sadly back to the forecastle. The breeze kept increasing in violence.

"Lower the topsails," screamed the captain.

"We will not," was the reply of a hundred voices.

The captain turned to his officers:

"To arms, gentlemen; there is mutiny on board."

Not a word did they answer, but with the exception of the officer of the watch, they retired in a body to another part of the deck. The breeze freshened to a hurricane, the vessel lay with her broadside to the waves, which poured over the deck incessantly; still no man stirred, until a few of the worst men in the ship went aft to the captain and said:

"We shall all be lost. What is to be done?"

"Down with the spies," yelled the crew; "we will die together."

The pale and trembling captain snatched the speaking trumpet from the hands of the officer whose duty it was to transmit his orders to the crew, and gave them direct; but they only elicited a mocking laugh in reply. The brig had now fallen into the trough of the sea and was lying almost on her beam ends,

"Pardon! Pardon!" shrieked the captain. "For God's sake cut away the masts."

Still nobody stirred. All at once the masts broke away and the vessel righted; but the whole masts, yards and spars being held beside the brig by means of the cordage, beat against its side like battering-rams.

"I will pardon you all," cried the terrified captain in his agony, "if you will cut away the rigging."

The excitement of the crew had now become so great that in their delirious thirst for vengeance they rushed over all intervening obstacles and surrounded the captain.

"Thou shalt die, thou and thy spies after thee," they yelled in reply.

"Help gentlemen, help," he screamed to his officers, "I promise you promotion, crosses, what you will!"

Not an officer moved; and soon amidst the roar of the wind, the dashing of the waves and the blows of the masts against the brig's side, threatening every instant to beat it in, there arose piercing shrieks from five men whose clothes had been torn from their bodies, and who were being tortured by men laboring under the frenzy caused by the anticipation of death, and the officers looked with indifference on the bloody spectacle—one alone quit them, and he went below, opened the powder magazine, and an instant afterward the shattered bodies of the tyrant and his victims were tossing in the foaming water among the fragments of the vessel. Of all on board, one alone survived, and that was a little cabin boy, who was picked up directly afterwards by an American vessel.

McGuthen's Chicken Fight.

They are not very rigid in court formalities in Colorado, so to speak.

"I don't see the prisoner anywhere," said the Judge at the Bone Valley session, as he braced up from a little judicial nap preparatory to sentencing a horse thief to death. "Where is he, Mr. Sheriff?"

"I'm blessed if I know," said that functionary, who had been absorbed in collecting a horse race bet from the clerk.

"Was he a big, red-headed man, with a scar on his cheek?" asked the foreman of the jury, who was shuffling cards for another deal.

"That's him," said the Sheriff, who had been looking around under the benches without success.

"Why, then," continued the foreman, "about half an hour ago he—cards, gentlemen—he asked me to step out and take a drink, and—I see your raise—and when I told him I held a flush he said, 'S'mother time, then,' and walked out."

"The deuce you say!" thundered his Honor. "However, he'll probably be in town again next week to see the circus, and some of you fellows must remind the Sheriff to shoot him off hand—save lots of trouble. This court will now adjourn for McGuthen's chicken fight."

"A Land-Lubber's Gait."

"Say, boss, will you give an old sailor something to get a bit of grub?" said a weather-beaten fellow who locked as if a ragman had a mortgage on him.

"So you are a sailor, eh?" kindly inquired the philanthropist.

"I used to be, your honor."

"What was the name of the craft on which you chewed hard-tack and tarred ropes?"

"I—I forget now."

"How many masts did it have?"

"Didn't have none," uneasily replied the old salt, as he shifted his position.

"Was it square-rigged or schooner-rigged?" persisted the philanthropist, fixing his glittering eye upon the tramp.

"Didn't have no sails," growled the vagrant.

"Then what in the name of all that floats was it?"

"It was a mud-scow on the Mississippi, blast your eyes!" yelled the discouraged wretch, as he hitched up his trousers and sloped away with a land-lubber's gait.

The Start North.

Speaking of the sailing of the first of the three vessels which are to rendezvous at Upernavik, and from that semi-arctic port proceed to rescue or relieve, or discover the fate of Lieutenant Greely and his hyperborean colony, it may be said that for nearly four hundred years the mystery of the north has fascinated the explorer and the savant. The Cabots in 1497, and the Cortreal, Willoughby and Gilbert after them, had penetrated the "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed and eternal ice" long before the Pilgrim Fathers had hewed the first timber on the coast of Massachusetts, and until 1818, in which year Ross and Parry set out on their expedition, every great country of Europe was contributing its stanchest ships and its best mariners for that evolution of a dream—the discovery of a short northwest passage to the gold and spice-bearing regions of the Indian tropics.

But Ross and Parry were the last Arctic explorers of what may be termed the mercantile era; the vision of rapid communication with India by way of the north pole had faded in the fierce light of experience. But experience had taught that though the frozen deeps would never open a path for freighted argosies, they yet surround the mystery of the north pole, in whose wintry shadow the most hidden secrets of the currents of the oceans and of electric disturbances of earth and air were kept in silence.

With the expedition of Sir John Franklin, in 1818, the history of purely scientific polar expeditions commences. In every case they have been attended with hunger cold and death, and in many cases with the total destruction of ship and crew. But the problems to be solved are, in their ultimate result, so far more important to commerce than the once sought northwest passage, that nations contribute of their revenues, and the most gallant sailors and enthusiastic scientists risk their lives with pleasure in continued explorations.

The first attempt to reduce the scientific results of polar investigations to conformity with systematic inquiry was made in 1880, when Lieutenant Weyprecht, of the Austrian polar expedition proposed the establishment of circumpolar stations; that is to say, that colonies of naval, military and scientific men, supplied with provisions for two years, should be placed in the highest latitudes, and their records should be compared and the facts discovered be made the basis of future investigations, and it was desired that year by year these outposts of civilization should advance their march still farther towards the pole. After many miscarriages eight of the maritime powers, to wit, Russia, England, Germany, Austria, Denmark, Sweden, France and America sent out colonies. This was in 1881.

America sent two expeditions, one to Point Barrow, and one under Lieutenant Greely to Lady Franklin's Bay. This expedition, with a total of twenty-five members, was conveyed by the Proteus to its destination, and after landing stores and provisions for two years' maintenance of the adventurers, the vessel left them in their icy homes on the 13th of August, 1881. From then to now no authentic news of them has been heard.

Webster Refuting Webster.

The present tariff agitation calls to mind a curious incident in the life of Daniel Webster, who began his career by advocating free trade, but became afterwards the leading champion of the protective system.

About the year 1846, he was invited to a great tariff dinner at Philadelphia, which proved to be one of the most magnificent banquets ever given in the United States. The immense hall of the old Chinese Museum was engaged for the occasion, and profusely decorated with flags and banners.

The splendor of the scene was greatly enhanced by the circumstances that the hall had wide galleries extending its whole length, which were filled with ladies, all in their brightest attire.

Of course the interest of the evening centered in the speech of the great orator, who was then at the height of his renown, and in the full maturity of his powers.

Young persons of the present day can form no idea of the breathless interest with which the vast audience listened to the words of Mr. Webster on this occasion. No individuals of to-day tower aloft above the community as the great men of that day did, such as Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Preston and others. Nor can present readers imagine the intense curiosity of the public next morning to read the speech in the newspapers.

The writer of these lines remembers that morning as though it were yesterday. It seemed as if the sun stood still till we could get the newspapers. At that time no Philadelphia paper had a corps of reporters at all competent to make quick work of a two hours' speech, which requires eight men to report verbatim with the requisite dispatch for an early issue. The consequence was that it was 10 o'clock the next morning before the Whig paper appeared.

There wes a saucy little Democratic sheet published then, called the *Pennsylvanian*, edited by the late Colonel Forney, which played a nice trick upon an expectant public. The editor hunted up Mr. Webster's great speech on the tariff delivered in 1824, which was a thorough-going argument for free trade, in direct opposition to the oration of the evening before. Colonel Forney struck off a large edition of this speech as a supplement to his paper, heading it, in his largest type:

"*Webster's Great Speech on the Tariff.*"

The newsboys made the town ring with this cry soon after sunrise. Horace Greely, who had come over from New York on purpose to hear the speech, and was anxious to get an early copy for publication in the New York *Tribune*, rushed out of his hotel and bought several of them. Many thousands of copies were sold before the joke was discovered.

The Democrats were naturally in great good humor to see that Mr. Webster thus arrayed against himself. The Whigs could not be expected to relish the jest, least of all of Mr. Greely, who vented his anger in unmeasured language.

Mr. Webster himself, who loved a joke, took it in good part, laughed heartily, and said to the friend who handed him the paper:

"I think Forney has printed a much better speech than I made last night."

—Governor Hoadly of Ohio is a good talker.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There is a strike in the Royersford Pa., foundries

—Faith cures continue to be reported in Stratford, Conn.

—Kerosene oil is solidified in Russia and made into candles.

—It is claimed that the population of the Black Hills is 40,000.

—Ireland's population is 51,000—3,000,000 less than in 1841.

—Richly-carved dining chairs are upholstered in alligator skin.

—Thus far Uncle Sam has received $200,000,000 for public lands.

—Natural gas is to be used for fuel at the Pittsburg water works.

—Fire destroys an average of ninety churches a year in this country.

—The costs of the Belt-Lawes case amount to a little over £25,000.

—There are now 160 miles of shelves of books in the British Museum.

—Within five years Denver has grown from 25,000 to 75,000 inhabitants.

—The oldest peer in Great Britain is the Earl of Buckinghamshire.

—A ten-foot alligator was captured recently near Waxahatchie, Texas.

—The Latin languages ceased to be used in the English courts in 1731.

—Six sawmills in Minnesota hope to cut 100,000,000 feet of timber this year.

—Six thousand slaves were liberated in a single province in Brazil last year.

—A catering company in New York is a success; its customers are families.

—There are stored in the vaults in Wall street not far from $1,000,000,000.

—Von Moltke is called "the man who can be silent in seven languages."

—In nineteen private galleries of New York, are pictures worth $6,000,000.

—The marble quarries around Ellijay, Ga., are among the finest in the world.

—Tennessee has 33 cotton mills in operation, with 1,161 looms and 78,877 spindles.

—Hundreds of young women work for 45 cents a day making shirts in New York city.

—The American turquoise is usually blue when found, but turns green from exposure.

—Rumors are again afloat to the effect that the Pope will seek an asylum in France.

—Cuba, it is reported, produces at present one-third of the cane sugar used in the world.

—Brutality to mothers, says a leading Massachusetts Judge, is more common than wife-beating.

—Henry Guy Carleton has resigned the editorship of *Life*, but is still a contributor to the paper.

—About 2,000 pictures have been admitted to the Paris Salon. More than 3,000 have been refused.

—Terrapin is said to have increased about 500 per cent. in price during the past twenty or thirty years.

—It is said that Prince Victor of Wales will be raised to the peerage with the title of Duke of Dublin.

—The calico and print goods made in Lowell in 1883 would twice encircle the earth and some would still be left.

—Among the wives of Utah there may be found, it is said, women from nearly every nation except France.

—Men from 21 to 65 years of age may frequently be seen playing marbles in the street of Angel's Camp, Cal.

—In twenty years the sales of single packages of patent medicines in Great Britain have increased from 6,661,647 to 18,457,990.

—Carlos Aguero, the Cuban revolutionary leader, is a man below the medium height, and weighs only about 115 pounds.

—Nearly 40,000,000 pounds of maple sugar were produced in this country last year. Pennsylvania supplied the largest amount.

—During 1883 the importation of coffee reached 525,763,479 pounds, or about 10½ pounds for each inhabitant of the United States.

—The Dshebel Naibs, an isolated mountain in Algeria, 800 feet high, is slowly sinking into the earth. Already there is a deep hollow around its foot.

—The announcement is made by foreign papers that cigarettes are rapidly going out of favor—fourteen million less having been consumed last year than during 1882.

—A famous Irish piper, Patrick Bohan, who played before the Queen and the Prince Consort in 1861, and afterwards before the Prince of Wales, died recently in Dublin.

—Mme. De Cuzien, long known as the most eccentric inhabitant of Lyons, France, died recently, and left her fortune of 15,000,000 francs to benefit, in various ways, the women of that city.

—Cable Dickinson, an eccentric of Hartfield, Mass., who died recently, left a will giving $100,000 to founding a hospital for the