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B. F. SCHWEIER, THE CONSTITUTION—THE UNION—AND THE ENFORCEMENT OF THE LAWS. Editor and Proprietor.

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Spring.

As little children gather round their mother,
And beg her a familiar tale to tell;—
One that is dearer far than any other,
Because so often heard and known so well;

And as they watch her, prompting should she falter,
And any variation quickly see,
And cry, "Don't tell it so, don't change and alter,
We want it just the way it used to be,"—

So do we come to thee, O Nature—Mother,
And never tire of listening to thy tales.
Tell us thy spring-time story now,—no other.
That hath a wondrous charm, which never fails.

Tell it with all the old-time strength and glory,
Fill it with many a happy song and shout;
Don't miss one bird or blossom in the story,
Don't leave one daffodil or daisy out.

Tell us each shade in all the tree's soft greening,
Don't skip one blade of grass, one bee, one wren,—
Each little thing has grown so full of meaning,
In the dear story we would hear again.

O Mother Nature! thou art old and hoary,
And wonderful and strange things thou canst tell;
But we, like children, love the spring-time story,
And think it best, because we know it well.

OUR NEW HOUSE.

We spoke of it as our new house simply because we thought of it as such, and not from any claim to the title, for it was just about as old and as rickety as a house supposed to be habitable could well be. It was only new to us. Indeed, with the exception of the house, there was nothing new about us. Neither my wife nor myself were, in any sense of the word, old, and we were still, comparatively speaking, new to each other.

It had been my habit, for the few years I had been in Somerset house, to take my holidays at Littlehampton, partly because I like the place, and partly—and chiefly, because it was cheap. I used to have lodgings in the house of a widow, Mrs. Crompton, in a quiet street off the sea frontage. I had this year, on my summer holiday, met there my fate in the person of Mrs. Crompton's daughter Mary, just home from school. I returned to London engaged. There was no reason why we should wait, for I had few friends and no near relatives living, and Mary had the consent of her mother. I was told that her father, who was a merchant captain, had gone to sea shortly after her birth, but had never been heard of since, and had consequently been long ago reckoned as "with the majority." I never met any of my new relatives; indeed, there was not the family opportunity afforded by marriage under conventional social conditions. We were married in the early morning at the church at Littlehampton, and, without any formal wedding breakfast, came straight away in the train. As I had to attend to my duties at the Somerset house, the preliminaries were all arranged by Mrs. Crompton at Littlehampton, and Mary gave the required notice of residency. We were all in a hurry to be off, as we feared missing the train; indeed, whilst Mary was signing the registry I was settling the fees and tipping the verger.

When we began to look about for a house, we settled on one which was vacant in a small street near Sloane square. There was absolutely nothing to recommend the place except the smallness of the rent—but this was everything to us. The landlord, Mr Gradder, was the very hardest man I ever came across. He did not even go through the form of civility in his dealings.

"There is the house," he said, "and you can either take it or leave it. I have painted the outside, and you must paint the inside. Or, if you like it as it is, you can have it so; only you must paint and paper it before you give it up to me again—be it one year or more."

I was pretty much of a handy man, and felt equal to doing the work myself; so, having looked over the place carefully, we determined to take it. It was, however, in such a terribly neglected condition that I could not help asking my iron-clad lessor as to who had been the former tenant, and what kind of person he had been to have been content with such a dwelling.

His answer was vague. "Who he was I don't know. I never knew more than his name. He was a regular oddity. Had this house and another of mine near here, and used to live in them both, all by himself. Think he was afraid of being murdered or robbed. Never knew which he was in. Dead lately. Had to bury him—worse luck. Expenses swallowed up value of all he'd got."

We signed an agreement to take out a lease, and when, in a few days, I had put in order two rooms and a kitchen, my wife and I moved in. I worked hard every morning before I went to my office and every evening after I got home, so I got the place in a couple of weeks in a state of comparative order. We had in fact, arrived so far on our way to perfection that we had seriously begun to consider dispensing with the services of our char-woman and getting a regular servant.

One evening my landlord called on me. It was about 9 o'clock, and, as our temporary servant had gone home, I opened the door myself. I was somewhat astonished at recognizing my visitor, and not a little alarmed, for he was so brutally simple in dealing with me that I rather dreaded any kind of interview. To my astonishment he began to speak in what he evidently meant for a hearty manner.

"Well, how are you getting on with your touching up?"

"Pretty well," I answered, "but 'touching up' is rather a queer name for it. Why, the place was like an old ash heap. The very walls seemed pulled about."

"Indeed!" he said quickly.

I went on. "It is getting into something like order, however. There is only one more room to do, and then we shall be all right."

"Do you know," he said, "that I have been thinking it is hardly fair that you should have to do all this yourself."

I must say that I was astonished as well as pleased, and found myself forming a resolution not to condemn ever again any one for hardness until I had come to know something about his real nature. I felt somewhat guilty as I answered: "You are very kind Mr. Gradder. I shall let you know what it all costs me, and then you can repay me a part as you think fair."

"Oh, I don't mean that at all." This was said very quickly.

"Then what do you mean?" I asked.

"That I should do some of it in my own way, at my own cost."

I did not feel at all inclined to have either Mr. Gradder or strange workmen in the house. Moreover, my pride rebelled at the thought that I should be seen by real workmen doing laborer's work—I suppose there is something of the spirit of snobbery in all of us. So I told him I could not think of such a thing; that all was going on very well, and more to the same effect. He seemed more irritated than the occasion warranted. Indeed, it struck me as odd that a man should be annoyed at his generous impulse being thwarted. He tried, with a struggle for calmness, to persuade me, but I did not like the controversy, and stood to my refusal of assistance. He went away in a perfect fury of suppressed rage.

The next evening he called in to see me. Mary had, after he had gone, asked me not to allow him to assist, as she did not like him. So, when he came, I refused again with what urbanity I could. Mary kept nudging me to be firm, and he could not help noticing it. He said: "Of course if your wife objects"—and stopped. He spoke the words very rudely, and Mary spoke out:

"She does object, Mr. Gradder. We are all right, thank you, and do not want help from any one."

For reply Mr. Gradder put on his hat, knocked it down on his head firmly and viciously, and walked out, banging the door behind him.

"There is a nice specimen of a philanthropist," said Mary, as we both laughed.

The next day, while I was in my office, Mr. Gradder called to see me. He was in a very amiable mood, and commenced apologizing for what he called "his unruly exit."

"I am afraid you must have thought me rude," he said.

As the nearest approach to mendacity I could not allow myself was the suppressio veri, I was silent.

"You see," he went on, "your wife dislikes me, and that annoys me; so I just called to see you alone and try if we could arrange this matter—we men alone."

"What matter?" I asked.

"You know about the doing up those rooms."

I began to get annoyed myself, for there was evidently some underlying motive of advantage to himself in his persistence. Any shadowy belief I had ever entertained as to a benevolent idea had long ago vanished and left not a wrack behind. I told him promptly and briefly that I would not do as he desired, and that I did not care to enter any further upon the matter. He again made an "unruly exit." This time he nearly swept away in his violence a young man who was entering through the swinging door to get some papers stamped. The youth remonstrated with that satirical force which is characteristic of the lawyer's clerk. Mr. Gradder was too enraged to stop and listen, and the young man entered the room grumbling and looking back at him.

"Old brute!" he said. "I know him. Next time I see him I'll advise him to buy some manners with his new fortune."

"His new fortune," I asked, naturally interested about him. "How do you mean, Wigley?"

"Lucky old brute. I wish I had a share of it. I heard all about it at Doctors Commons yesterday."

"Why, is it anything strange?"

"Strange! Why, it's no name for it. What do you think of an old flint like that having a miser for a tenant, who goes and dies and leaves him all he's got—£40,000 to £50,000—in a will, providing a child of his does not turn up to claim it."

"He died recently, then?"

"About three or four weeks ago. Old Gradder only found the will a few days ago. He had been finding pots of gold and bundles of notes all over the house, and it was like drawing a tooth from him to make an inventory, as he had to do under a clause of the will. The old thief would have pocketed all the coin without a word, only for the will, and he was afraid he'd risk everything if he did not do it legally."

"You know all about it," I remarked, wishing to hear more.

"I should think I did. I asked Cripps, of Bogg & Snagley's, about it this morning. They're working for him, and Cripps says that if they did not threaten him with the public prosecutor he would not have given even a list of the money he found."

I began now to understand the motive of Mr. Gradder's anxiety to aid in working at my house. I said to Wigley:

"This is very interesting. Do you know that he is my landlord?"

"Your landlord! Well, I wish you joy of him. I must be off now. I have to go down to Doctors Commons before 1 o'clock. Would you mind getting these stamped for me, and keeping them till I come back?"

"With pleasure," I said, "and look here! Would you mind looking out that will of Gradder's, and make a mem. of it for me, if it isn't too long? I'll go a shilling on it." And I handed him the coin.

Later in the day he came back and handed me a paper.

"It isn't long," he said. "We might put up the shutters if men made wills like that. That is an exact copy. It is duly witnessed, and all regular."

I took the paper and put it in my pocket, for I was very busy at the time.

After supper that evening I got a note from Gradder, saying that he had got an offer from another person who had been in treaty with him before I had taken the house, wanting to have it, and offering to pay a premium. "He is an old friend," wrote Gradder, "and I would like to oblige him; so if you chose I will take back the lease, and hand you over what he offers to pay." This was £25, altered from £20.

I then told Mary of his having called at the office, and of the subsequent revelations of the will. She was much impressed.

"Oh, Bob," she said, "it is a real romance."

With a woman's quickness of perception, she guessed at once our landlord's reason for wishing to help us.

"Why, he thinks the old miser has hidden money here, and wants to look for it, Bob," this excitedly, "this house may be full of money; the wall round us may hold a fortune. Let us begin to look at once!"

I was as much excited as she was, but I felt that some one must keep cool, so I said:

"Mary, dear, there may be nothing; but even if there is, it does not belong to us."

"Why not?" she asked.

"Because it is all arranged in the will," I answered; "and, by the way, I have a mem. of it here," and I took from my pocket the paper which Wigley had given me.

With intense interest we read it together. Mary holding me tightly by the arm. It certainly was short. It ran as follows:

"7, Little Butler street, S. W., London—I hereby leave to my child or children, if I have any living, all I own, and in default of such, everything is to go to John Gradder, my landlord, who is to make an inventory of all he can find in the two houses occupied by me, this house and 2 Lampeter street, S. W., London, and to lodge all money and securities in Coutt's bank. If my children or any of them do not claim in writing by an application before a justice of the peace within one calendar month from my decease, they are to forfeit all rights. Ignorance of my death or their relationship to be no reason for non-compliance. Lest there be any doubt of my intentions, I hereby declare that I wish in such default of my natural heirs, John Gradder aforesaid to have my property, because he is the hardest-hearted man I ever knew, and will not fool it away in charities or otherwise, but keep it together. If any fooling is to be done, it is to be by my own.

"(Signed) GILES ARMER, Master Mariner. Formerly of Whitby."

When I came near the end Mary, who had been looking down the paper in advance of my reading, cried out: "Giles Armer! Why, that was my father."

"Good God!" I cried out, as I jumped to my feet.

"Yes," she said excitedly; "didn't you see me sign Mary Armer at the registry? We never spoke of the name because he had a quarrel with mother and deserted her, and after seven years she married my stepfather, and I was always called by his name."

"And was he from Whitby?" I asked. I was nearly wild with excitement.

"Yes," said Mary. "Mother was married there and I was born there."

I was reading over the will again. My hands were trembling so that I could hardly read. An awful thought struck me. What day did he die? Perhaps it was too late—it was now the 30th of October. However, we were determined to be on the safe side, and then and there Mary and I put on our hats and wraps and went to the nearest police station.

There we learned the address of a magistrate, after we had explained to the inspector the urgency of the case.

We went to the address given and after some delay were admitted to an interview.

The magistrate was at first somewhat crusty at being disturbed at such an hour, for by this time it was pretty late in the evening. However, when we had explained matters to him he was greatly interested, and we went through the necessary formalities. When it was done he ordered in cake and wine, and wished us good luck. "But remember," he said to Mary, "that as yet your possible fortune is a long way off. There may be more Giles Armers than one, and moreover there may be some difficulty in proving legally that the dead man was the same person as your father. Then you will also have to prove, in a formal way, your mother's marriage and your own birth. This will probably involve heavy expenses, for lawyers fight hard when they are well paid. However, I do not wish to discourage you, but only to prevent false hopes; at any rate, you have done well in making your declaration at once. So far you are on the high road to success." So he sent us away filled with hopes as well as fears

When we got home we set to work to look for hidden treasures in the unfinished room. I knew too well that there was nothing hidden in the rooms which were finished, for I had done the work myself, and had even stripped the walls and uncovered the floors.

It took us a couple of hours to make an accurate search, but there was absolutely no result. The late master mariner had made his treasury in the other house.

Next morning I went to find out from the parish register the date of the death of Giles Armer, and, to my intense relief and joy, learned that it had occurred on September 30, so that, by our prompt action in going at once to the magistrate's, we had, if not secured a fortune, at least not forfeited our rights nor allowed them to lapse.

The incident was a sort of good omen, and cheered us up; and we needed a little cheering, for, despite the possible good fortune, we feared we might have to contest a lawsuit, a luxury which we could not afford.

We determined to keep our own counsel for a little, and did not mention the matter to a soul.

That evening Mr. Gradder called again and renewed his offer of taking the house off my hands. I still refused, for I did not wish him to see any difference in my demeanor. He evidently came determined to effect a surrender of the lease, and kept bidding higher and higher, till at last I thought it best to let him have his way; and so we agreed for no less a sum than £100 that I should give him immediate possession and cancel the agreement. I told him we would clear out within one hour after the money was handed to me.

Next morning at 9.30 o'clock he came with the money. I had all our effects—they were not many—packed up and taken to a new lodging, and before 10 o'clock Mr. Gradder was in possession of the premises.

Whilst he was tearing down my new wall-papers, and pulling out the grates, and sticking his head up the chimneys and down the water tanks in the search of more treasures, Mary and I were consulting the eminent solicitor, Mr. George, as to our method of procedure. He said he would not lose an hour, but go by the first train to Littlehampton himself to examine Mrs. Crompton as to dates and places.

Mary and I went with him. In the course of the next 24 hours he had, by various documents and the recollections of my mother-in-law, made out a clear case, the details of which only wanted formal verification.

We all came back to London jubilant, and were engaged on a high tea when there came a loud knocking at the door. There was a noise and scuffle in the passage, and into the room rushed Mr. Gradder, covered with soot and lime dust, with hair dishevelled and eyes wild with anger, and haggard with want of sleep. He burst out at me with a torrent of invective.

"Give me back my money, you thief! You ransacked the house yourself, and have taken it all away! My money, do you hear? my money!" He grew positively speechless with anger, and almost foamed at the mouth.

I took Mary by the hand and led her up to him.

"Mr. Gradder," I said, "let us both thank you. Only for your hurry and persistency we might have let the time lapse, and have omitted the declaration which, on the evening before last, we, or rather she made."

He started as though struck.

"What declaration? What do you mean?"

"The declaration made by my wife, only daughter of Giles Armer, master mariner, late of Whitby."

Old Country Suspicions.

The country people of England are suspicious of what they do not fully understand. An amusing illustration of this habit was given to the rector of a parish in Sussex, on the occasion of his marriage.

His parishioners were kind enough to make him a handsome present, the sum being made up by subscription. Some time afterwards, he was surprised and amused to learn that a current criticism said it was "a curious thing that our parson couldn't get married without sending the hat round for money to pay his wedding expenses."

The parson, being a wise man, deduced from the criticism an additional argument for the utmost publicity in all money matters, in which he and the parish were both interested.

"Ah, ma'am," said an incredulous cottager to a lady, a district visitor, "my son has been up to the North Pole; he tells me some things that I really can't believe, though he is my son. He tells me, ma'am, that he has seen with his own eyes 'ice bugs' as big as a church."

The story may recall one which went through the papers some years ago. An old woman, who united credulity and incredulity in her habits of thought, had a sailor son. Once, when home from a voyage, he told his mother of the flying fish he had seen. "Tom," she replied, severely, "your mother never brought you up to tell lies."

"Well, mother," said the graceless rogue, knowing the old lady's habit of mind, "we once anchored in the Red Sea. The next day, on hauling up the anchor, we found it unusually heavy. Judge of our surprise, when we got it above water, to see hanging from one of the flukes, one of Pharaoh's chariot wheels."

"There, I can believe that, my son, for the Bible tells us all about that wicked king being drowned in the Red Sea; but don't tell your mother any lies about flying fish, for she won't believe such stuff."

A more singular instance of perversity in belief was that related of Dr. Johnson, who, when informed of the awful Lisbon earthquake, pooh-poohed at it as absurd, but he firmly believed in the Cock-lane ghost story.

But Dr. Johnson, for a man of learning, was remarkably superstitious; and it is a peculiarity of such people to disbelieve the causes of ordinary natural phenomena, while they have no hesitation in giving credence to the wildest stories of a supernatural character. It is for this reason, in a great measure, that what is called "Spiritualism" has developed so largely in modern times. Its believers are mostly among people of limited education.

The Next Orange Crop.

Three months ago the calamity liar was spreading broadcast throughout the country the statement that Florida had been ruined, that the orange trees were all dead, and that the then recent freeze had practically wiped out one of the States of the Union. By the efforts of the press and prominent citizens of the State the evil effects of these false and injurious stories were to a great extent averted. Within the State itself deep depression gave place to buoyant confidence, and assertions began to be made to the effect that the orange trees were not injured at all, and that next season's crop had not been disastrously affected in the least. Another reaction from this feeling of buoyant confidence is making itself felt. A number of papers of the State are calling attention to the fact that some of the blooms which promised fruit, are falling from the trees in several localities, and that this means the loss of the next season's crop.

Before these stories are given a more extensive circulation than they have already had, we ask our esteemed cotemporaries of the State press to consider for a moment a few points to which we invite their attention.

In the first place next season's crop of oranges cannot now be estimated with any degree of accuracy. It is probably true that in some localities the premature blooms upon which prophecies of a large crop were based a few weeks ago have fallen and thus disappointed expectation. It is also true that this is not an exceptional occurrence; that more or less of the blooms, from one cause or another, fall from the trees almost every year, and especially after every winter season in which there has been exceptional cold. It is also true that in many portions of the orange belt where the product of oranges is the greatest the promise of blooms is being amply fulfilled in fruit, and this fruit is now upon the trees, subject to no more chances and vicissitudes than the orange crop is subject to every year What proportion this actual fruit bears to the fallen blooms, or to the average crop of the past few years, it is not possible at this time to form an exact estimate of; and certainly it is not desirable, in the absence of well ascertained facts, to make prognostications, the effect of which can only be injurious to the orange growers and to the business interests of the State.

A Pre Edison Phonograph.—A writer in China claims to have discovered a record of the existence of a speaking phonograph in that country as far back as the seventeenth century. The instrument is mentioned as "the thousand-li speaker," and the description is as follows: "It was a bamboo tube covered with a disk of glass and opened by a key. After speaking into it several thousand words, it was closed and carried to a distance not exceeding a thousand li. On opening it and applying the ear, a voice was still distinctly heard. If carried a greater distance the voice became indistinct." Dr. Macgowan suggests that indistinctness might result from injury sustained by the apparatus in a long trip over the rough roads.

The New California Senator.

The new Senator from California may be a brilliant man, but if he is he is certainly a very rough diamond. With millions to command he does not appear to care for fine clothes, and his tall, lank figure, thin face, and tangled head of gray suggest the unkemptness of the miner in camp rather than the tidiness of the capitalist. He is plain in his taste, too, apparently caring little for the delicacies of the table. A night or two ago, at Chamberlain's, "Larry" Jerome and the Senator strolled in. Mr. Jerome called a waiter. Hearst stood, with an indifferent, fatigued look, studying the black boy from head to foot, evidently wondering why he should wear a dress coat.

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Jerome, "we want some dinner. This is Senator Hearst from California—new Senator—going to dine with us. Don't you forget now. We'll have—how would you like a nice thick steak Senator?" holding his hands about two inches apart.

The Senator, not taking his eyes off the boy, and speaking for the first time, asked, "Got any fried chicken?"

Yes; he could have fried chicken.

"Don't forget the steak," put in Mr. Jerome, anxiously. The Senator still gazed wistfully at the boy.

"Got any fried hominy?"

The boy hesitated, but soon assured the Senator he could have fried hominy.

"What do you say to a nice salad or some sliced tomatoes?" suggested Mr. Jerome. "Give us some sliced tomatoes," added he to the boy, as the Senator gave no response.

"Got any corn bread?" went on the new Senator.

Of course Chamberlain could furnish corn bread or anything else.

"Well," concluded the Senator, "give us everything Southern you can scare up, and don't forget, d'ye mind, to put in some slices of bacon, fried brown. And let's have a pack of seven-up-cards with that dinner."

Popular Superstitions.

It is very wise to set our faces against superstitions, but who in his secret heart does not encourage a favorite one. I never met the person that did not.

There are many people who hate to see the new moon over the left shoulder; if they do, "somehow something always goes wrong they declare. They do not believe such things, of course; but so it is.

Another cannot endure a stranger who parts him from a companion with whom he is walking in the street; others will not raise umbrellas over their heads in the house, and there are men who turn pale if they spill salt.

A dry goods merchant of great wealth believed that his fortune would depart when he ceased to patronize an old apple woman on a certain corner, and there are many who would fear for their lives if they lost a certain trinket or jewel.

It is said that the mother of the Rothschilds always lived in their queer little house, in a crooked street, "to keep her sons their luck." Every morning servants took her to their splendid houses in a sedan chair, but she always slept in the house where they were born.

Most people have a special dream that forebodes evil; and I know many who declare that it is a fact that one who boasts of being "so very well" to-day, finds himself ill on the morrow. There may be some good reason for this; it actually happens so often.

To tumble up stairs is supposed to postpone a wedding. "You'll not be married this year," cries some one. And to turn back three times is regarded by many as a warning to remain at home.

Terror seizes a bride's heart if it rains on her wedding morn, and to wear the marriage ring for a moment before it is put on for good is believed to be very ill luck indeed.

As for an opal—the prettiest stone possible, though a very minor jewel—I confess to being superstitious about that. It is the silliest fancy in the world, but I would not put one on my finger for anything. Its baleful way of changing from red or blue to stone color is fiendish, and its fire, that glows and grows dim by turns, is uncanny.

I believe a superstition or two to be as natural to every human being as are those little sparks of vanity which we refuse to acknowledge, but which, after all, help to keep us alive.

The Caricature Plant.

One of the most remarkable plants in the vegetable kingdom is that known to botanists as the *Justicia Picta*, which has also been well named "The Caricature Plant."

At first sight, it appears to be a heavy, large-leafed plant, with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light-yellow centers of its dark-green leaves. When I first saw this odd plant and was thinking what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer, yellow stains gave it, I was suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant was "making faces" at me. And my first impression was correct. This curious shrub had indeed occupied itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," until it now stood covered from the topmost leaf down, with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature had taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stood out in strong relief against the dark-green of the leaves.

A discovery of one of these vegetable marks led to an examination of a second and a third leaf, until all were scanned as closely and curiously as the leaves of the comic papers that form the caricature plants of the literary kingdom.

What a valuable plant this would be for one of our professional caricaturists to have growing in his conservatory! When an order was sent to him for a "speaking likeness" of some unhappy politician, he could simply visit his *Justicia Picta* with pencil and paper in hand, and look over the leaves for a suitable squint, grin, or distorted nose to sketch from. He could, moreover, affirm with truth that the portrait was "taken from nature." Cuthbert Collingwood, the celebrated naturalist, says of the *Justicia Picta*: "One of these plants in the garden of Gustave Dore would be worth a fortune to him, supplying him with a never-failing fund of grotesque physiognomies, from which he might illustrate every serio-comic romance ever written. I have never heard of the cultivation of the Caricature Plant in this country; but botanists tell us that it is a hardy shrub. I think we should be glad to see the funny faces on its leaves. After all the lovely flowers we are called upon to admire, I am sure that a plant evidently intended to make us laugh would receive a warm welcome.

—Hannibal Hamlin is a great fisherman.

THE FAMILY HONOR.

A Father's Desperate Deed.

Seven o'clock on a September morning. Dressed in white, with a broad-brimmed Panama hat and wearing slippers, M. Roumegas went down into his garden to watch his jacinths. This was his daily custom. M. Roumegas watered his precious jacinths with infinite care. He evidently considered it a grave operation, and gave it the earnest attention of a man who has little else to do, and of an old man who has done a great deal. He had retired from business with a large fortune, made by his activity, his intelligence, and especially his probity.

Probity! Behold the great strength of Roumegas, the cause of his success! What a fine reputation was his! Pure as crystal and brilliant as the sun. On the street hats were lifted before him like the wings of swallows. One felt near him an atmosphere of calm and well-earned repose. It was an honest, a great man who passed when M. Roumegas walked by. Such a life merits recompense, but Heaven had been unjust towards the just, and had not spared trouble. His wife was dead. His only child, Antoine, was thirty years old—dissipated and completely worthless. In the town he was named only with a smile and a shrug. When the tall, blonde, handsome fellow, elegantly dressed, but dull-eyed and stupid, was met in the street, people hesitated about speaking to him, but they thought of his father and bowed. The poor old father suffered deeply. All his ambitious dreams for his son had proved vain.

"What was the good of working? Papa was rich and not eternal. Let us amuse ourselves," said the young man. Neither reasoning nor threats availed. Wounded in his hope, his pride, his love, how quickly poor Roumegas aged! At seventy any one would have called him eighty; under his great straw hat his face looked wrinkled as a baked apple; his scanty hair resembled threads of silver; his figure was shrunken, and out in the garden, now and then setting down the watering-pot, too heavy for his feeble hand, he had the air of an old white doll amid the sunshine and flowers.

A hesitating step on the gravel-path made M. Roumegas turn. Antoine was before him—very pale, with soiled linen, disordered hair and red eyes.

The old man shrugged his shoulders: "Ah, here you are—at this hour! Are you not ashamed? Come to bed! and try to be down by noon."

With a shrug, full of lassitude and resignation, he continued watering his cherished jacinths. Antoine did not stir.

"Don't you hear me?" asked M. Roumegas without turning.

"Father," said the young man, advancing a step.

This time M. Roumegas put down the watering-pot, adjusted his glasses, and in a tone half vexed and half indulgent, asked: "What is it?"

Antoine appeared to try to gather courage, and stammered, in a low voice: "Last night—at play——"

"You lost—lost again! Ah, misery of my life! He will kill me, that boy! You had sworn to me. By Heaven! there is only one thing to do: Pay, pay again, and always, to the last coin! There is the Roumegas honor! Come, how much?" Antoine remained silent.

"It is not that?" "What is it, then? A quarrel? You have been insulted? You fought? Ah, those gambling-rooms! What was done? They drank, they smoked, they disputed, they played, they"——. A terrible thought crossed the old man's mind; he anxiously reached both hands toward his son in a beseeching gesture; "Oh, not that; it was not?" Antoine hung his head. Great Heavens! it was true! His son—his son a cheat, a thief! The poor man tottered as if about to fall.

"Papa!" said Antoine, advancing to support him.

"Don't touch me—don't touch me!" cried the old man, recovering himself with wonderful energy. Pointing toward the house he said: "Go to your room."

"Father!" cried the young man, "let me explain. I am not as bad as you think. I have been led away."

"Go to your room," repeated the inflexible Roumegas.

Hanging his head, and drooping like a criminal, the son entered the house and went upstairs. Behind, head erect, eyes brilliant, with jerky gait, the father followed. They reached the chamber, a large room, with two windows on the street, disordered, odd books thrown here and there, guns, swords and pistols on the walls, and pipes, pot of tobacco and cigarettes everywhere. M. Roumegas closed the door behind him, and turning to Antoine, said: "Tell me."

The young man sat down heavily on his untouched bed, and with down-cast eyes, crumpled with feverish fingers a hanging corner of the spread, as he answered in a broken voice: "The last time, when I asked you for money, I promised you I would not play any more. I did not have the strength. I began. I lost again. I did not dare to come to you a second time. I kept losing all the time—lost everything. Then some one proposed to me that I should associate with him—to play together. We lost again—always. This person advised me. I was weak. A madness, father a madness! Pardon me!" He half rose and extended his arms toward his father.

"Go on," said Roumegas, erect before him with folded arms.

Antoine continued: "Last night they suspected—and we were arrested—excepting me! I have not been taken yet. They don't know about me, you understand? And if Baptistin does not tell——

"Baptistin?—that Jewish boy—your accomplice—a servant! Great God! but you have fallen!"

"They don't know anything yet, I tell you. Many gamblers of the party are suspected with me. Baptistin is the only one arrested—if he keeps still!"

"And you will let them suspect innocent men? To preserve the little honor that remains to you you would brand the honor of others? Do you know that is infamous—simply infamous?"

"Father! pardon! pardon! I promise you—I swear to you that in the future"——

"In future! Is there any future for you?"

There was a sound of steps along the quiet street. They stopped at the door of the house. Antoine sprang up and listened breathlessly. The bell rang. The young man rushed to the window.

"Baptistin has told!" he said, faintly turning frightfully pale.

M. Roumegas looked out. The police were at the door. He let the curtain fall, walked the length of the large room, took a revolver from the wall, assured himself that it was loaded, and held it out to his son, who watched him as if stupefied.

"Come," said he.

Antoine did not take the pistol. He fixed upon his father wide-open eyes, with no comprehension in them. Below the street door had been opened. The servants and the police were talking. The sound of their voices came up to the room.

"You have lost your honor. At least save ours!" said M. Roumegas. "Come, come!"

The talking below had ceased. Steps resounded on the old stone stairs, large and sonorous like a chapel. They reached the chamber.

"Coward!" murmured Roumegas, "Coward to the very end."

He quickly turned the pistol, aimed at his son, fired. Antoine fell across his bed with the top of his head blown off. There was a knocking at the door. M. Roumegas put the still smoking pistol in his son's right hand, opened the door, and, pointing to the bleeding corpse, said: "Too late, gentlemen! He has taken the law into his own hands!"

Fair Young Vivisectionists.

Here were five young ladies, two of them rarely pretty, with their sleeves tucked up to their elbows, dissecting. But not the human, though I felt an unpleasant twinge when I first crossed the threshold and saw the keen knives, and caught a scent of warm blood. The students looked inquiringly at their instructor as I entered, but she nodded to them reassuringly, and they went on with their work. It was vivisection, that path to physical knowledge about which so much has been said pro and con, and on which I have been on the con side. A tall, chestnut-haired girl, whose arms were white as milk, except where stained with blood clots, was carving the arm of a dog, procured, I suppose, from the pound. One of her companions was operating on a cat, another had a rabbit, and I looked nervously about for a baby.

"There is no cruelty in this, sir," said my cicerone, perceiving my look of aversion. "In the first place, the animals are stupified by chloroform before the knife touches them, and killed almost immediately. They can feel no pain. Neither would you if subjected to the same treatment." At this the tall girl glanced at me and smiled. It sent a cold shiver all down my back. I felt that in her inmost soul she was wishing that I was in the dog's place on that table and she had the carving of me.

"There are matters we never can learn from dead subjects," pursued the Professor, "when the blood is clogged in the veins and the nervous system is paralyzed. Zip, zip went the knives, and my beauty lugged out the dog's liver with the smile of a euchre player who has made a march and secured the first prize at a progressive party.

"But do not the young ladies find it difficult to attempt this branch of their profession?"

"Sometimes," said the Professor, "it is trying to the nerves at the beginning, but that soon wears off. Now, you observe," she added in a lower tone, "that tall young lady dissecting the dog?"

I should think I had. I had hardly taken my eyes off her for a moment since I entered the room.

"Well, when she began she found the greatest difficulty to keep up. She fainted several times, and it was only by the utmost discipline and self-control that she succeeded in overcoming this natural and embarrassing weakness."

("She has got bravely over it," I muttered, for the lady in question was then delicately and scientifically separating the dog's head from its body.)

"But she persisted, and to-day I would trust her to make an amputation without suffering the least self-consciousness, or displaying the slightest trace of nervousness."

How Ladies Should Drive.

Ladies have much more need of a driving tutor than gentlemen. They must bear in mind that many family coachmen—safe, steady men—are ignorant of the first principles of their business, says the *Outing*.

In going down hill with a pair of horses, the pace should be regulated by the steepness. The drag should not be put on unnecessarily; that is to say, only where the carriage would without it be likely to run onto the horses' hind quarters.

If it is necessary to go fast, the horses should, as it were, run alongside the pole with slack traces. If the carriage is to be held back by the pole chains, a slow pace is essential. A bad coachman either wears his horses out with holding back, or by going too fast down hill loses all command.

The whip is a part of driving apparatus that can rarely be dispensed with, yet which should be used as little as possible. Good horses who know their driver rarely require more than a slight indication. But if a horse declines to go into the collar and up to a bit that fits, and is not too sharp for him, the whip must be used freely, but without temper, until he gives way. But before resort is had to this *ultima ratio* of charioteers, the driver should be quite sure that all the harness fits, and that the bridle suits the mouth and temper of the animal.

A lady's whip should be very long, and as she generally sits low, she should be carefully taught never to hit horses behind the pad, and, if possible, on the forearm or shoulder.

Involuntary Heroes.

Many of the brave men you read about are involuntary heroes. To illustrate, out on the Rio Grande a short time ago, the engine pulling an official's special, going about fifty miles an hour, "stripped herself," that is tore her side rods off and jumped the rail, running along on the ties. The son of one of the officials was riding on the fireman's seat at the time and both made a frantic rush to get back over the tender, climbing over each other as they scrambled through the coal, reached the coach about the same time, the fireman a little ahead, because he was the stronger of the two and more badly scared, never stopping until he had run through every car on the train and taken a position of safety on the rear platform. What was his surprise to receive a check the other day for $50 from the official and a letter commending him very highly for his bravery in bringing his son back out of danger. He don't show the letter to the boys on that division much. Probably he is afraid they will get it soiled.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Sparrows are overrunning northern Alabama.

—The Yuma Indians dispose of their dead by cremation.

—General Moltke is the most taciturn man in Europe.

—Over 300,000 people are engaged in lace making in France.

—South Africa has 1,562 miles of railroad in working order.

—In the Connecticut valley tobacco yields 1,400 pounds to the acre.

—Grenoble, France, is the greatest glove making city in the world.

—Kansas ladies put side-saddles on cows and ride them for exercise.

—Heliotropes and geraniums in California grow as large as lilac trees.

—Jerome Napoleon's younger son, Prince Louis, is said to be very shrewd.

—The Great Eastern brought £26,200 when recently sold at Lloyd's, in London.

—The Rev. Phillips Brooks' Boston church, Trinity, has cost $750,000 so far.

—New Orleans exports 38 per cent. of all the cotton that leaves this country.

—Professor J. G. Wood, the English naturalist, is Boston's greatest social lion.

—The Panama canal construction is costing at the rate of thirty millions a year.

—A building in Atlanta only six feet wide commands a rent of $100 per month.

—Miss Susan B. Anthony is still in Washington working for woman suffrage.

—There are more colleges in Ohio than in France and Germany combined.

—The Duke of Sutherland is a great inventor and passionately fond of engineering.

—The refining of wines by electricity is an experiment that is being tried in Los Angelos.

—The army of artificial flower makers in Paris is said to number not less than 30,000 souls.

—Absolute stagnation does not exist anywhere in the ocean, not even at the greatest depths.

—The pistol was invented in Pistola, in Tuscany, by Camillo Vitelli, in the sixteenth century.

—The Sultan of Turkey keeps around his palace 18,000 of the best troops in the Ottoman Empire.

—The common thistle plant is found to contain an average of 65,000 seeds, and the burdock 38,000.

—The names of fifty-six women are on the registration list for the coming election in New Bedford.

—Baked apples are said to be Queen Victoria's special weakness in fruits, with walnuts as a good second.

—A California man blew up a large bowlder a short time ago and recovered $8,000 in gold from the debris.

—The estimated population of China is 405,213,152 or 263 souls per square mile throughout China proper.

—At Teheran the public dances are a popular feature, but by law the dancers must always be of the male sex.

—Lord Adelbert Percy Cecil brother of the Earl of Exeter, is holding, "Gospel services" in New York.

—The total number of troops furnished by all the States for the Union army during the late war was 2,859,132.

—Johann Strauss, the composer, suffers from fainting spells that are ascribed to an excessive use of strong cigars.

—The police at Laramie, W. T., are furnished blacksnake whips to use on all boys found on the streets after 9 P. M.

—Dechinite, or vanadate of lead and zinc, has been discovered in Montana. Ore of this nature is worth $10,000 a pound.

—There is a man in Georgia who can write without knowing the alphabet, or being able to read anything except his own letters.

—The new Prince's Theatre in London has an iron drop curtain. This is the second of the kind constructed in England.

—Ernest Gye, it now seems definitely settled, will succeed Mr. Abbey in the management of the Metropolitan Opera House, N. Y.

—In 1689 the only printer in Pennsylvania was warned that he must not print anything but what the governor approved.

—Key West fishermen enclose pieces of dogwood root bark in small fish and throw them to sharks, which are killed by the poison.

—In Los Angelos, Cal., ostrich eggs as a window ornament seem extremely popular. Fifteen or twenty stores now exhibit them.

—The sum of $4,300,000 is asked for the public schools of New York City for next year. $2,900,000 being required for salaries alone.

—A cloth with cork threads through it has been invented. It looks like ordinary wear, yet prevents the body from sinking in water.

—The Postoffice department discourages sub-offices in large cities as delaying rapid delivery, and favors an increase in the carrier system.

—The potato was introduced into France one hundred years ago, and the Agricultural Society proposes soon to celebrate the anniversary.

—New York has within her corporate limits nearly twice as many dogs as London, although the latter has three times the human population.

—Rice liquor is a favorite beverage that the New York Chinese sell and drink. As it is alcoholic, the authorities have prohibited its sale without a license.

—Maryland has furnished 5,750,000 bushels of seed oysters per annum, which in the Delaware and Long Island Sound increase in size so as to make 17,000,000.

Apathy is one of the worst moral diseases, as it not only incapacitates us from combatting the encroachments of vice, but closes every avenue of our souls to the approach of virtue.

The man who is curious to see how the world could get along without him, can find out by sticking a cambric needle into a mill-pond, and then withdrawing it and looking at the hole.

Single-minded men always succeed. The wedge, says Carlyle, will rend rocks, but its edge must be sharp and single, if it be double, the wedge is bruised in pieces, and will render nothing.