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Grandpa's Pet.

When sunshine lifts the drowsy lids of morn
And earth awakes,
Sweet as the lark my little grandchild's voice
The silence breaks.

His gladsome face reflects the rosy tint
Of summer skies,
And ever from his prattling lips there comes
Some sweet surprise.

As flowers unfold their petals to the air
And scent the earth,
So buds and blossoms forth his baby life
In fragrant mirth.

He drains the nectar from life's chalice sweet
Of childhood's years,
And recks not of the vexing cares unborn,
Of griefs and tears.

Thus day by day he brightens all the hours
And romps and plays—
A petted idol throned in loving hearts
By winning ways.

With laughing eyes he shakes his golden curls
So charming cute
You fain condone the mischief that he does
By keeping mute.

And though the past with all its garnered years
Scarce counts him there,
In woven with my woof of life he grows
More dear to me.

God grant through all the heritage of time
To him ordained,
The sweet fruition of a life well spent
And honors gained.

JUST LIKE ARGENTINA.

"Heroines are always gliding and hiding," Nelly Fairfield thought, laying down the three volumes of "A Dead Mystery." She had read "Lady Dampstick's Doom," and "Lurrid Lightnings," and "Green-Grey Eyes," and "The One-Legged Witch," three volumes each, of the most blood-curdling description that the village library could supply.

Nelly's taste in romance was not of the highest. She liked to have her blood curdled. And as the four weeks of her country visit had been incessantly wet she had trotted her young friend and hostess, Mary Marsh, in the pony-trap every second day to the village library in search of the weird and mysterious. At the end of her month's visit to Darkleigh Court, Nelly's fair and curly little head was bewildered by three puzzling discoveries—that Hubert Marsh, Mary's obliging brother, and the heir of this grand old place, was desperately in love with her insignificant little self; that the country was a compound of gray sky, rain, and mud, whatever the poets said to the contrary; and that heroines—especially Argentina, the last heroine—could cry without spoiling her violet eyes and their pretty little noses, and that they had a habit of gliding and hiding. Argentina often did; and Nelly was beginning to feel just like Argentina since the heir of Darkleigh Court had begun to do her chivalrous service from morning till night to win a word or a smile.

"Hubert is like Lord Lockwood in "A Dead Mystery," she told Mary Marsh, as they went down arm-in-arm, ready to see a new guest at dinner—a great event in a weather-bound country house.

"He has black hair and eyebrows, and there the likeness ends," said demure Miss Mary, with a smile. "We don't want Hubert to be a forger, or a highwayman, or a corsair, or whatever it was—not like Lord Lockwood—thank you!"

"But I do like a man to have something mysterious—something grand—as if he were able to—"

"To slay somebody!" hinted Mary. "That would be romantic and out of the common."

"Oh, no," said Nelly helplessly; "but I can't explain. Hubert looks adventurous. He might have been a courtier in the old times, and helped in secret councils, and—"

"Planned the smothering of princes, and all that," laughed Mary. "Poor Hubert! I did not know what a bad opinion you had of him, Nelly."

Nelly drew away her arm, and tried desperately to explain, but they had reached the last step of the stairs, and the new guest was taking off his coat in the hall.

He was a big-eyed, big-mustached, burly man, with a sort of cousinly likeness to a bull-dog. He was afterwards introduced as "our friend Gobblecock, who has come from London to spend a day or two with Hubert."

There was also at dinner that day, a neighbor of Darkleigh Court—a handsome young fellow, Sir Harry Clive—who took the world easily. His chief pastime was twirling the ends of his mustache, and his only troubles in life were laying foundation-stones and gracing the platform at public meetings. His occupations ranged from lawn-tennis in summer to sleighing in winter, and driving a four-in-hand. He called Miss Marsh "Mary" and she called him "Harry;" they had known each other since he painted new complexions on her dolls in his Eton holidays, and since her baby hands stitched the calico that sailed his ship. Now, when boys and girls begin as playmates, they often only end as friends; new faces and new ways have some day a mysterious attraction that the too well known face had not. Sir Harry Clive stood by the window that night, curling his mustache on his finger, and enjoying Nelly's chatter with little Robin Marsh, on her theory of Bluebeard having possibly been the "wicked uncle" mentioned in the "Babes in the Wood."

"He couldn't have been their uncle," said the small boy, "because there were never any babes in reality; and it's all a story."

"Oh, yes, there were babes—there were; its a positive fact," said Nelly, truly enough. The little boy looked bewildered, and Sir Harry burst into a laugh, and watched the pretty girl as steadily as little Robin did.

Hubert Marsh disappeared from the group at the window. He was afterward seen in the garden, kicking the gravel and smoking a cigar. Poor fellow! There are big boys that sulk in this upside-down world of ours.

"You darling little mite! You don't believe in Bluebeard, either. Wait till you meet him some day!" said Mary demure and diligent, looking round from her lace-work.

Master Robin looked straight across the room at big Mr. Gobblecock. It was a look of inquiry; he had his doubts.

Luckily the friend from London was not turned that way. He had made a thousand apologies, saying he would not ask a favor except in an old friend's house, and they had all clamored excuse and assent; and he had begged for a little table to himself in an out-of-the-way corner of the drawing-room, and spreading newspapers there and a large book-all out of his black leather bag—he set to work studiously, firing remarks all the while like stray shots into the conversation, and paying attention to what everyone was saying.

"I would do it in another room if you would let me go," he said; "but as you will not exile me—you are too good—I shall be free and at your service in one half hour."

Mr. Marsh carried on the talk about stories from the point where his daughter had left it.

"Ah!" said that merry little man, the kindly host, "my Robin is not what I was long ago. I set beans to grow a stalk like the famous Jack; and even now, if I will read a story I like to believe it. Once in the six months, may be, I get hold of one worth reading, and then all the men and women I have met in it live for evermore. What's the good of a story that a fellow feels is a hoax and a yarn? Now, there's that book that every one is talking of, 'Brightley Court;' that girl Ruth Moss is somewhere in the world; she is living like a violet in a wood, and the air is better for her presence—happier—and that's all one knows. 'Let us love much because life is short; let us do much because we love much!' That girl is alive for me now almost as much as Nelly there and my Mary. She marries no one in the novel; why, there isn't a fellow I ever met fit to put his hand under her foot to send her up to the saddle. I beg your pardon, Harry, but you won't mind. I don't think you are good enough for Ruth either."

"All right, sir! Shan't break my heart for that," said Sir Harry. "I'd rather have a real live girl than a dream, though that is a very true character—very real—very! In fact Ruth Moss reminded me of somebody I have met. Have you read 'Brightley Court,' mantic.

"Ah! you should read that!" cried both the men in duet—Mary's father and Sir Harry Clive.

"Who is it by?" said the voice of Mr. Gobblecock.

"Hyacinth Grey."

Mr. Gobblecock with a grunt, returned to his papers.

"A lady, I should think," said the young baronet.

"Ah! I'm sure of it. Who else could have told us about Ruth's dresses and the color of her hair? Yet there's an amazing amount of knowledge of horses in that book, and of barrack life," said Mr. Marsh, "and Hyacinth Grey had one novel about London city life, and another about yachting."

The voice of Gobblecock interrupted. "In my time at school Hyacinthus was a Greek boy, but these ladies that write novels don't trouble their heads about classical accuracy."

Soon he wrote a long letter, sent it to the post, folded his newspapers into the black bag, and came with a thousand more apologies, and made up for his absence by talking with the volubility of a dozen. His stories made everybody laugh; his gentleness with the girls made up for his good looks; his talk of foreign cities made them wonder how (as our friends beyond the channel would say) he was most at home when he was abroad. In a word Gobblecock was a pleasant man, good company,—a success. Even Hubert came back, heart-aches and all, and joined the circle. And then the candles gleamed round the drawing-room, and Nelly looked her prettiest, and Mary Marsh was her sweetest, and Robin was his noisiest. Harry Clive was pleased with himself and all the world; Hubert was only heard once (overheard by Nelly) to murmur to his sister that he wished Harry was "far enough;" Mr. Marsh made a happy paterfamilias, and felt like a boy again when he detected Harry Clive waiting on Nelly, and poor Hubert getting angry. In short it was a pleasant family circle, and Gobblecock had become a favorite with everybody, except little Robin, whose mind had been disturbed about Bluebeard.

At Darkleigh Court the ladies had always an hour to themselves, while the men finished the late evening in the smoking-room or at the billiard-table. To-night Nelly took up the book that was the talk of the season, and read a few chapters while Mary worked.

Presently Mr. Marsh came in. "So glad you are reading that, Nelly! It is beauty and poetry from cover to cover, no matter what it talks about—the hunting field, or the camp, or the barrack-yard, or anything."

Mary did not look up from her work, but she said gently," Hyacinth Grey's books are all delightful. He must be a man with a noble mind."

Mr. Marsh paced up and down the room thinking; his thoughts had darted off to a subject nearer his heart.

"I wonder what that boy of mine has on his mind?" he said. "He stumps about over my head, up and down, up and down, till 2 and 3 in the morning. I wish you would find out what is troubling him, Mary. Poor Hubert! It worries me to think he has some trouble and won't tell me. Find out, if you can."

"He has a little sitting-room too in the west tower, has not he?" Nelly asked, when Mr. Marsh was gone. "The light is burning there till 1 every night. I have looked out and seen the bright window, and wondered."

The light burned in the upper window of the west tower that night till the clock struck 1. Afterwards Hubert walked up and down in the room over his father's till half-past.

"He must have some great trouble on his mind," thought Nelly, peeping from under the corner of her window-blind and seeing the lonely light.

"He is like the Polar bear in the zoological gardens!" thought his sleepless father, listening to the footsteps for half the night.

On the next evening Hubert had carried off "Brightley Court" to that snug little sitting-room of his in the tower, Mary Marsh asked Nelly to run up for it, as her brother, and her father, and the great Mr. Gobblecock were all far away at billiards.

Nelly, in Hubert's own dominions, delayed to look around her before she took the open volume from the table. All at once footsteps, and Hubert's voice, and the voice of the dread Gobblecock were close outside the door. Seized by a silly fear of being found, she thought of Argentina in the last romance; and, resolved to be a heroine for once in her life, she did just what she should not have done, she stepped behind a screen. True, she might have stepped out at once bravely and made a joke of it; but by hesitation it was lost. Should she faint, or should she cough, for the smoke was choking her? She stopped her ears with a pair of fingers, and stood there in an agony of fear.

When she took her fingers out of her ears to hear if they were going away, Hubert was saying:

"It is absolutely necessary to put the baronet out of the way. My idea was poison."

Nelly shudered and turned cold.

"No, not a murder—not a murder, if it can possibly be avoided. I have shrunk from that for years—always," said Gobblecock.

Nellie could not put her fingers into her ears again. Should she scream out loud? Should she fall down with a bang on the floor?

"It is rather a horrid idea," said Hubert, reflecting "But I shall have no horrors! It shall be poisoning—or drowning, if I could manage taking him abroad and doing some boating; perhaps he might be lured into a Mediteranean falucco."

"Very good," said the other.

"That man is a monster!" thought Nelly. "Hubert is excited, but he is cold. He is goading Hubert on, and pretending to think ill of it."

"I mean to put some money in my pocket, I can tell you!" said Hubert "I want you to put me up to the legal formalities of arranging the will. Forgery is rather worked out, but I don't see anything else."

"If I were you," said Gobblecock, "I should send the old man to a lunatic asylum, and—"

More and more Nelly was like Argentina, she had tried gliding and hiding and had stepped into the middle of an entanglement of crime and mystery She knelt down wringing her hands.

"I shall make him a lunatic at large," said Hubert.

"Very well; then stop at that. Over excitement—piling on the agony—is altogether a mistake. I don't like the idea of murder, but I shall gladly provide you with all the information about the will. To avoid horrors, I should get rid of the old man into a lunatic asylum, I am not sanguine, but I wish you luck, my lad; and plots of this kind have succeeded before now, though I tell you it is not to my taste."

There was a pause of smoking and of choking for Nelly, who had sunk on the floor. Then that horrible monster Gobblecock said, "And the girl—is it to be Nelly?" She could hear the laugh in his voice, as if he had made a shrewd guess "What is to become of her?"

Hubert hesitated. "Ought she ever to know who the murderer is?" Miss Fairfield?"

Nelly had not; Mary had suggested it, and she had rejected it as too unromantic.

By this time the poor heroine, who was just like Argentina, felt as if the human heart—that Argentina had not—were being smashed by a blow and torn in two. Hubert, the man whom she had begun to love and trust, was loaded with guilty secrets—a villain of the deepest dye. It was Gobblecock that had ruined him—of course, it was Gobblecock who had done all the mischief Gobblecock was an unmitigated monster. Nelly screamed out loud—a shrill piercing scream, that rang through every lamp and glass, and echoed as if the ground itself had shrieked, till walls and ceilings thrilled with it.

Nelly came to her senses lying on a couch in the drawing-room, surrounded by the whole household. She was afraid of Gobblecock, who was gently fanning her—the monster! And she shrank from Hubert, who was so glad to see one conscious look in her eyes, Poor Hubert! She burst into tears at the sight of him. That villain of the deepest dye! Had he not brought "our friend from London" to be a conspirator, a plotter of dark deeds?

Nelly wanted to speak to Mary. The others were all sent away; and to Mary she told all the escapade: how she had slipped into a thrilling situation just like Argentina in "A Dead Mystery," and— Mary interrupted her by saying quietly, "Hubert is writing a story. His friend is a writer from London. You dear little goose they were only planning the book. Hubert's friend is correspondent for a foreign paper. You saw him at his letter last night. And he has written stories, 'Brightley Court' is his. He put our home in that—and even poor little me. You need not make your eyes bigger, Nelly."

"Oh, Mary! will Hubert ever forgive me?"

"Poor 'villain of the deepest dye.' He will never ask you to be the heroine of a dead mystery again."

"But, Mary, did you say that—that—that big man—wrote 'Brightley Court?' You are Ruth!—I know it—you are Ruth?"

"He imagines so. He is Hyacinth Grey. But you look frightened."

"Ruth will marry Hyacinth Grey!" Nelly gasped.

"I do admire him from my heart," said this calculating heroine; "but I must show my little pearl ring. Harry gave it to me to-night."

Alas! let Shakespeare say what he will, there is something in a name. Not even Juliet's love would have sufficed if she had lived in these days, and if Romeo's name had been Gobblecock.

Superstitions Concerning Bells.

The effort of an Indiana family to have certain church bells of their city silenced as a nuisance has been paralleled in other places. But the war on church bells has not always been waged on such grounds. In some cases it has been the outgrowth of an iconoclastic temper on the part of persons who wished to break the force of the religious associations which cluster around the music of the spirits. In olden times bells were supposed to have certain supernatural powers. They were used to disarm Satan when he visited pious communities on earth. On their holy sounds the souls of the dead were wafted to heaven.

When the French took Zweibruecken in 1677, we read that they tried to melt one of the local church bells, when it sweated drops of blood, which one of the officers wiped off with a handkerchief so that he could show the stains to King Louis in proof of his assertions.

In Sweden, long, long ago, there lived a race of giants who were so wicked as to hurl rocks at the churches to try to destroy them. One day a peasant, going to the cave of one of these monsters, heard himself called: "Jacob, Jacob, come in and eat of my stew." "Nay," answered Jacob, who would not for worlds have broken fast with a sacrilegious creature like that, "if you have more stew than you can eat, you better lay the rest aside for the morrow." "But I cannot wait till the morrow," pleaded the giant; "they have brought those horrid church bells into Sweden, and I cannnot withstand their power. I must flee" "And when come you back ?" asked Jacob, "Not till the hills have become the bottom of the sea, and the sea turned into farming land," quoth the giant. And he was as good as his word; for from that day forth, the rock hurling monsters were not known in Sweden, and the churches have enjoyed a peace like that of heaven.

If you are too lazy to think, thou will be too poor to know.

FOX-HUNTING.

Description of a Winter "Meet" in England.

Fox-hunting has made a secure place for itself in English literature, as every reader of novels to say nothing of descriptions of out-door sports, knows, for it is a British institution. The chase of the fox is the ideal chase. It must be enjoyed in the early morning of the winter, when the love of out-door life, which is the basis of the sportsman's healthful enjoyment, can be gratified under the best conditions. The larger the company the better, so that companionship adds to the pleasure. There is no necessity for silence or strategy. No unfair advantage, according to the sportsman's code is taken of the victim. The unskilful can participate in it with as keen enjoyment if without an equal chance for the honors of the brush, as veterans. Ladies can ride to the hounds, and men that lack horses are not thereby denied participation, while those who are mounted have need for all their skill and endurance as equestrians. It is a sport in which all classes can and do take pride.

The ladies and gentlemen assemble at the meet, at an early hour in the morning, mounted for the chase. The farmers come on foot. The master huntsman withholds the hounds, eager for the race, until the morning greetings are cheerily exchanged, and expectancy and the bracing air have produced the true sporting spirit. And then the hunt begins. The hounds make excursions in every direction, keeping, however, within hearing of one another, and riders and footmen follow slowly. When a fresh track is scented, the successful dog gives expression to his own delight, the others "open" and follow him, at first slowly, now and then losing the trail and going back to find it again. A little later it becomes warmer. The hounds follow it with greater ease, at a swifter pace, and in louder chorus. Now the excitement of the race begins. The riders spur their horses to keep pace with the dogs. The footmen abandon the race behind the hounds, and take shorter routes to what each considers the course the fox is likely to take. Some go in the wrong direction, and lag further and further behind. Others anticipate dogs and riders, and meet them at the crowning moment. It not infrequently happens that the whole forest for miles around is alive with the army and its stragglers which are following one good runner.

The fox is not a rapid runner until he becomes fully aware of the danger, and then he is likely soon to run himself down, so that when the hounds come within sight of him his strength is almost exhausted. And it is only where the track is fresh that the hounds go at great speed. But the most exciting period of the race is likely to be long enough to give horses and riders, and pedestrians as vigorous exercise as any but cavalry desire. Yet it is invigorating and exciting, without being violent or dangerous. The excitement is just great enough to supply a motive for a ride across fields and over fences, and through the forest, wherever the sly victim leads, and the baying of the hounds acts on the sportsmen as music on the soldiers making a charge. There are just falls and bruises, and other accidents enough to bear witness to the engaging nature of the sport—to hint of recklessness without causing serious fright.

The sportsman carries off the honors who is the first to seize the fox after the hounds have captured him, and the trophy is the brush. There is sure to be a spirited struggle for this, and the gallant fashion still holds in England of rewarding the most daring lady in the chase with the fox's tail. Nor is it any wonder that fox-hunting has from time immemorial been one of the favorite diversions of the country gentlemen. In Northern England it is an unwritten law that miners and farmers and all the country folk shall spend New Year's day on the chase, and there are always parties of ladies and gentlemen who join them in this combination of merry-making and healthful sport. And it is a matter of honor that a fox shall not be entrapped or shot. The country gentleman would judge any person fit for treason and unworthy of respect who should wantonly kill Reynard, and thereby take away the chance for him to sacrifice his life nobly to the cause of healthful and merry sport for a whole community of hunters. There are as many days of genuine pleasure in store for English men and women as there are foxes in the kingdom, and nothing but the extension of the British Empire gives greater glory than the capture of many brushes.

HERRNCHIEMSEE.

The Fountains and Gardens of King Ludwig's Bavarian Versailles.

The palace, which was intended to be an exact imitation of Versailles, stands on a highland near one end of an island, looking toward Prien. As the land was low in front it was necessary to fill it in with soil to the height desired for the parterres and terraces. The trees were all cut away to the shore of the lake, giving a vista through the mainland, and the hills in the distance on that side are visible. This was intended as the royal approach to the palace. Whatever the visitor may have heard in regard to its extent or magnificence, he is not likely to be disappointed. The palace consists of a facade, to which access is gained by a series of immense steps. Back of the facade extend two large, long ells inclosing a marble court. At the right and left are wings, only one of which is finished, the other remaining an architectural skeleton. The facade and two wings present a front not far from a quarter of a mile in length. In front are the terraces, with immense fountains and brilliant flower beds, falling gradually down to the general level of the island. It was the idea of King Louis during the latter part of his life to cover every thing with gold. This plan has been but partially carried out as regards the fountains, but they present in their unfinished state a splendid area of gilded surface. The two principal, which occupy the right and left of the first terrace, are large marble basins. That at the right is occupied by an immense pile of natural rocks surmounted at the height of thirty feet by a colossal figure of a genius mounted on a Pegasus. At the base, Cäo, mounted on a sphinx, proclaims the defeat of the monsters, against which a battle had been waged. The south Baseno represents Fortuna seated on a throne surrounded by cherubs. Further off in angles of the terrace are two fountains copied from Versailles, that of Soana and of the Dawn. Beyond the terrace and its immediate belongings there is little to recall the park of Versailles. Time was wanting to develop the King's plans, therefore beyond these fine fountains, these masses of marbles and the handsome statues that decorate the esplanade in front of the palace one hardly cares to look. To the lower terrace one descends by a series of twenty-two steps nearly three hundred feet in length. Here are other fountains of marble, adorned with classical groups and grotesque figures. The gardens, alleys, walls and rustic paths beyond are barely sketched.

THE BAZAARS OF CAIRO.

Quaint and Dingy Shops and Their Rich Treasuries.

The Cairene bazaars are as marvellous in their way as anything one sees in this "crazy quilt" city. You can go to them in a carriage but not through them. You can go through them partially on donkeys: but to see them thoroughly, you should go to them often and on foot. Narrow alleys between the low booths, where solemn gowned-and-turbaned creatures sit cross-legged, smoking, drinking coffee, counting their beads, or in silent meditation. From any of which they will rouse themselves to say: "Very sheep." "How much?" "Ten piastre." "Too much" "No, very sheep." "Eight piastres?" "Ten." "Six piastres?" "Ten; very sheep." "Four piastres?" "No, no, no!" Then you turn away laughing. Sometimes you are allowed to go; but usually you are soon stopped, and the dialogue begins again, when you should stand manfully by your lowest offer. "Ten piastre?" "Four." "Eight piastre?" "Four," "Six piastre?" "Four." "Oh, I ruined, ruined!" "Four." "Take, take!" with an accent of despair that seems to portend instant bankruptcy. You feel a little mean, but recover rapidly when the merchant having put away your piastres, eagerly offers you the rest of his stock at the same price. Then you feel "done," and inclined to demand the return of a part of your money. There are certain expensive things, like silk, where you have to sit down and spend the morning. It is very amusing to see the Anglo-Saxons, fresh and fair and clean, and striving to be patient, sitting among the grave and shadowy Orientals, and waiting until a decent offer is made. Sometimes the alleys are shaded from the sun by mattings or boards or rugs stretched from roof to roof of the high overhanging houses, and the sunlight strikes through rifts and cracks in rays and spears of solid gold. Silk from Damascus, and soft stuffs of mixed cotton and silk; gold and siver ornaments, bracelets and anklets and rings and collars, rough work from the Soudan and fine work from smiths here in Cairo; pottery and brasswork, rags and mattings, fruit and tobacco and grain, coffee and drugs and china and carved wood, scarfs and handkerchiefs, firearms and swords and strange knives. In the Tunis bazaar are the Moors, who are neither black, umbra, nor red nor white, but are of a strange bleached or livid hue. Here are woolen stuffs and cotton stuffs and slippers of curious shapes and of all sizes and colors. The wood bazaar where one can see and smell the pine, dear to all southern hearts, and logs that might have come from the mesquite trees of Texas. The spice bazaar darker and more picturesque than any other, where the air is heavy with rich odors and perfumes, some familiar some strange, and where one goes back involuntarily to the familiar old story of how the jealous brethren, wishing to get rid of the young "dreamer," lifted up their eyes and looked, and behold a company of Ishmaelites came from Gilead with their camels, bearing spices and balm and myrrh, going to carry it down to Egypt." And so the young Joseph was sold. And to this day the caravans come, bringing their spices down into Egypt. Following the tortuous lane to what seems an indefinite distance, refusing bargains and beggars on all sides, making your way with difficulty in some places because of the throng of people, you come at last to the old town gate, the Bab ez Zuweleh, or, as it is often called, the Babel Mutawelli, from a tradition that the most revered of all the Mahammedan saints lives behind one of the doors. The two huge towers on either side are built of solid blocks of stone. The gates have bars of iron on them, and between the iron and the wood are rows upon rows of old nails, and on the nails are bits of rags, of string, of leather; bunches of hair and wool. This extraordinary decoration is made by people who enter into contracts, or who make vows—a nail is put in as a witness, or a piece of string is tied to a nail already there. Once having done this, the Moslem feels he has sworn by the holy saint, and will on no account break his oath. Outside the gate hang bales of wood and stone, thrown into the city during the siege of Mohammed Ali.

Free Access to Windsor.

I happened to visit Windsor the other day when the Queen was holding an "investiture." Several matters struck me with surprise. For one thing the remarkable freedom accorded to the public of entry to the Castle and its appurtenances. All the open spaces within the precincts, except the quadrangle itself and the private garden, seemed to be free to everybody. The Windsor children use as a play-ground the grassy slope in front of St. George's Chapel and the region about the Windsor end of the Long Walk. There is not a gentleman's seat in the kingdom where very much greater seclusion is not maintained. There are plenty of sentries, but they do not interest themselves about the people who lounge about their beats. Here and there, at intervals is a benevolent-looking policeman in uniform, whose leading function seems to be to gossip with any one who will gossip with him. With some practice in that sort of introspection I could not see a single detective in plain clothes. That the queen is in the residence is proclaimed by what I suppose we should call a white flag flying from the top of the Round Tower. But such a flag! No meaner piece of bunting can well be conceived than "the banner of Britain" which, it seems, is thought good enough to mark the personal presence of the sovereign. It is much larger than a good-sized bandana. The most economical Lord Lieutenant in the Kingdom would be ashamed to display so paltry and shabby a rag.

Our hope for self is strongest and less selfish when it is blended with hope for the world.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the common kind that we bestow upon ourselves.

Life is a duty, and one ought to desire its preservation. Wilfully to let it decay would be a sin.

THE BELIEF IN MONSTERS.

How Remarkable Giants and Startling Beasts Have Been Displayed.

The great lesson which Cuvier taught the world was that many races of animals were entirely extinct, and that nature's chain of existence had not one, but many missing links. From his recognition of that fact the science of palæontology may be said to date, remarks Professor W. B. Scott. But the carnivorous nature of the mastodon was too fascinating an absurdity to be so easily killed, and it continued to appear at intervals. As late as 1833 we find a New England medical professor writing as if it were an unquestionable fact. The great theory lingered still longer, and even yet cannot be considered entirely extinct among the unlearned.

The dictum that the superstitions of the age are but the science of preceding ages receives ample confirmation in the history of this subject. Not longer ago than 1846 a mastodon skeleton was exhibited in New Orleans as that of a giant. The cranium was made of rawhide, fantastic wooden teeth were fitted in the jaws, all missing parts were restored after the human model, and the whole raised upon the hind legs. It certainly conveyed the notion of a "hideous, diabolical giant," and was no doubt responsible for many nightmares. As a sad commentary on the state of the medical profession in the southwest at that time, it may be added that the exhibitor was perfectly honest, in his belief, and to support his faith he had a trunk full of physician's certificates that these were human bones.

In 1840 "Dr. Koch, a German charlatan, created a great sensation by announcing the discovery of the leviathan of Job, which he called the Missourium, from the State where it was found. It turned out, however, to be nothing but a mastodon preposterously mounted. Koch had added an extra dozen or more joints to the backbone and ribs to the chest, turned the tusks outward into a semicircle, and converted the animal into an aquatic monster which anchored itself to trees by means of its sickle-shaped tusks and then peacefully slumbered on the bosom of the waves. Like the Siberians, he found interesting confirmation of his views in the Book of Job, that refuge of perplexed monster-makers. Koch took his leviathan in London, where it was purchased by the British Museum and reconverted into a mastodon by Professor Owen, who at once recognized its true nature.

She Becomes a Public Benefactor by Raising the Standard of Egg-Laying.

Mr. French, of Otisco Valley, is the proud owner of a hen of marked ability. She is a hen which evidently has no taste for the beaten path. She declines to be a mere imitator and echo of the routine hens that have preceded her. She is a hen which prefers to do her own work in her own way, uninfluenced by the prevailing fashion. Were Dr. Emerson living he would probably speak of her as having original relations to the universe. At all events she is that sort of a hen. The ordinary hen lays an egg with a single yelk, the exceptional hen contributes to an era of prosperity eggs with a double yolk; but the able Otisco Valley hen conforms herself to neither of these system of egg-laying. The outside shell of the egg which she places upon the market is ample enough to accommodate two eggs, and does actually contain the white and yelk such as are found in the familiar grocery-store egg. "And in addition,"—we quote from the Syracuse *Journal*—"within the yelk of the outer one is a second perfect egg with a hard shell."

The brilliant achievement of this Onondago County hen is not only notable in itself but is clothed with signal interest regarded as a protest against the ultra-conservatism which characterizes hens as a race. Your average hen, not only in Onondaga but in the rest of the counties of the State, holding fast to the maxim "It is good to let well enough alone, never attempts to lay what might be called advanced eggs—eggs with modern improvements. Year after year from the beginning to the end of her career she goes on laying the same style of egg that her mother and her grandmother laid before her. She is without ambition; the spirit of progress which is the spirit of the age is not in her. But the hen of Otisco Valley is no such bird. Such is her conception of her duty to her day and generation and such her confidence in her own capacity that she lays two eggs where her fellow-worker lays one—an egg within an egg. In thus raising the standard of egg-laying she is a public benefactor. May her tribe—but not the price of eggs—increase.

Music as a Sanitary Measure.

A correct education of the voice, involving as it does, the proper exercise of the organs of the throat and lungs, is a most important part of what we call physical education. No organs will do more and better work under proper training and care than those of the voice, and none break down earlier under bad treatment. Trained voices last longer in healthy conditions than any others, and the reflex of clear tones and healthy lungs on the vigor of the whole system is worthy of consideration. Dr. Rush declares his conviction that the German people are largely indebted for their exemption from pulmonary diseases to the strength and volume which their lungs acquire in the practice of vocal music, which is well nigh universal among that people, extending from childhood to old age. When American life is so subject to the ravages of the diseases of the throat and lungs that 25,000 persons die annually in New England alone from these causes, it is well worthy of consideration that music be practised as a sanitary measure.

A Queen's Ball Dress.

At the last court ball before Lent Queen Marguirite of Italy wore a skirt of very palegreen faille, embroidered with gold, the train of a somewhat darker shade, being trimmed with a raised brocade of leaves in varied shades. Her Majesty was a perfect blaze of emerald, which harmonized perfectly with the dress, and on her head she wore a diadem of diamonds and emerals. Her long gloves were of pale cafe-au-lait shade.

AGED WONDER-WORKERS.

Old Dutch Women in Pennsylvania Who Profess to Practice Witchcraft.

In the old Dutch villages of Pennsylvania, are many old women whom the people believe to possess supernatural powers. I visited two of these witch women, as they are called—Barbara Fisher and Mother Roske. Barbara lived in the Dunkard settlement, in a rude cabin in the mountains, six or seven miles from Reinholdsville. She must be now eighty-five years old. She was active and apparently physically strong when I saw her, but much bent and wrinkled, with hair as white as snow. Cunning and shrewdness were plainly pictured on her face, and her eyes were as keen as a hawk's, and not much larger. She, like all of the "wonder-working" women of the region, has an ancient volume printed in the German language, containing many fantastic signs and symbols, and known as a "mystery book." Some of these curious volumes are said to be over two hundred years old, and were brought from Germany by ancestors of the present wonder-workers, who were themselves adepts in witch-doctoring. No alien hand is allowed to touch these sacred books, and but few persons have ever seen inside their heavy covers. Barbara Fisher confines her ministrations to her neighbors, and they go to her from miles around. Husbands take their wives, fathers their children and young men their sweethearts to Mother Fisher for treatment for all ills and the removal of evil spells, and to obtain charms that will be potent in love and business.

She will, for a fee, give an applicant a charm to ward off lightning from his buildings, confound his enemies by bewitching them, making their wells run dry, forcing their cows to give bloody milk, prostrating their families with sickness, or bringing any dire punishment upon them that the applicant will pay for. She will undertake the job of stunting the growth of a baby, destroying a rival's beauty, separating man and wife, settling lover's quarrels, laying at rest a lover's doubts as to the faithfulness of his sweetheart or convincing him that she is false, procuring desired marriages, or doing anything equally absurd either in the way of scattering blessings or calling down evils, according to the desires of her customers and the size of the fee. Old Mother Roske is said to be ninety years old, and she looks it. She lives alone and her most ambitious feat in wonder-working was the seeing of a gold mine in the vicinity, and collecting a fee from every farmer in the neighborhood for the privilege of digging nightly for the precious deposit. After pretty much the whole of the ground in the community had been turned up, and no gold was found, Mother Roske announced that the work might as well cease, as it was evident that some one among the diggers had a cow with blood in her horns, and utill the cow could be found and killed, and the blood drawn from the horns and spilled on the ground at mid-night when the moon was in its first quarter, it would be useless to look farther for the treasure. The farmers spent much time trying to find such a cow among their stock, and, although that was several years ago, whenever a cow is killed to this day in that vicinity her horns are sawed off in hopes that the blood may be found and used as Mother Roske directed, in order that the gold mine may be discovered.

Some of the charms prescribed by these witch women, and faithfully used and believed in by the credulous people among whom they operate, it is mild to call ridiculous. In the potency of witch-hazel, the wonder-makers rely greatly. Young women are instructed to carry its leaves in their bosoms as a love-charm; so long as they are there worn no rival can win their sweethearts from them. If they would dream of their lovers, they must sleep with witch-hazel leaves under their pillows: but, in all cases, the charm must be prepared by the wonder-maker. To make an enemy's well run dry, ashes of witch-hazel must be forced into the mouth of a toad over which the witch woman has held an incantation. By dropping the toad thus prepared into the enemy's well the water will leave it. One of the worst things that can befall these superstitious farmers is to have a cow give bloody milk. That is regarded as the genuine work of the devil himself. Consequently, if one man is pining for vengeance on another he wreaks it to his satisfaction by obtaining a toad which has been fed on witch-hazel by a wonder-worker, and placing it where the enemy will step on it. That will turn his cow's milk into blood with neatness and dispatch.

One of the jobs that requires nice work on the part of the wonder-worker is the separation of a man and wife, which seems to be another favorite way these farmers have of seeking vengeance for wrong done them. The designing and heartless person who would tear man and wife as under must first get a hair from the head of a woman whose hair is the opposite in color to that of the wife of the man in whose family the separation is desired. The hair, however, must under no circumstances be red. Then the simple fact must be ascertained as to which was born the nearest to running water, the husband or the wife. Whichever one it may be, that is the one who must be operated upon. Something that the husband and wife have both worn at the same time in their lives must be secured and burned, and the hair held in the smoke that arises. The smoked hair's mission is then to be buried at the side of the house where the doomed couple live, so that water from the eaves may drop on the spot. The name of the person who is being operated upon is then written on a piece of paper and buried where the shadow of something cast by the light of the moon will fall upon it. If the man and wife do not immediately quarrel, and the quarrel is not followed by the wife packing up and returning to her father's after that, it is prima facie evidence that the operator was a little short of faith in the infallibility of the spell, and he can not hope to succeed in his fell designs until he stands in an east wind for three successive days and prays fervently for abiding faith in the power of the witchwomen.

Envy is fixed on merit; and, like a sore eye, is offended with everything that is bright.

Little troubles wear the heart out. It is easier to throw a bombshell a mile than a feather.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—In Gerard, Kansas, the druggists have refused to sell liquor.

—Fresh water is sold in Hurley, Wisconsin, at 25 cents a barrel.

—The Penobscot ice crop is estimated at 192,000 tons this season.

—People in Barber County, Kansas, will cultivate Russian sunflowers for fuel.

—Chicago has 11 of the 37 oleomargarine factories found by the revenue officers.

—Seattle, Wyoming Territory, has already six volunteer fire companies organized.

—The prevalence of glanders out that way has lately been exciting Montana horse owners.

—Henry Botel, a "phenomenal" tenor, contemplates spending next season in America.

—Mme. Sembrich has been appointed a Prussian Court vocalist by the Emperor of Germany.

—A bull fight, a Texas authority states, is now taken to include a tussle with a tough steak.

—About one hundred boys are in the plumbing class of the New York Trade School engaged in studying the art.

—In an area of 106,103 square miles in the northwest province of India there are said to be 44,000,000 Hindoos.

—A pipe of beaten gold has been found in an orange grove at Apopka, Florida, by the owner of the property.

—A Mexican has been selling to the unwary at San Jose (Cal.), nuggets of tinfoil, representing them to be of silver.

—"Eyesology" is now chronicled as fashion's latest fad, and it means the telling of character from the color of the eyes.

—Exclusive of Bostonese, there are spoken in Boston, a local authority tells us, some thirty different languages.

—Out of 356 women registered as entitled to vote in Burlington, Vermont, only one availed herself of the privilege.

—The use of coal grows more and more common "down East," even among farmers who have ample supplies of wood.

—Vito Cercelone, who died recently at Milan, has left by will his entire fortune, amounting to $160,000, to King Humbert.

—Wild honey, to the amount of over 300 pounds, was found by two men in a hollow tree, near Utica, Pennsylvania, recently.

—Walt Whitman is said to have received a letter from Lord Tennyson lately, in which the laureate addresses him as "Dear old man."

—A new license schedule adopted for Lawrence, Massachusetts, sets $460 as the figure innkeepers are to pay, and $1 for druggists.

—It is believed that thousands will be added this year to Alaska's population, as mining and exploring are to be energetically prosecuted.

—A steam tug of 700 tons burthen is under construction at Bangor, Me. It is claimed that she will be the largest boat of her kind in this country.

—A syndicate of Amsterdam bankers has purchased 900 square miles of timber land in western Florida on which to found a colony of Hollanders.

—N. O. Shelnutt, who was hanged until he was almost lifeless, recently, in Jackson county, Georgia, says he suffered very little pain by the operation.

—The Spanish iron ore trade is reported to be depressed by the serious delays to which steamers are subjected at the port of Bilbao. The ore is much