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

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"Give Us This Day—"

Life brought her nothing men call good—
None of its brightest or its best—
But sorrow broke her solitude,
And anguish sought her patient breast,
Yet, through it all, her faith was strong,
And strongest when most dark her lot;
She knew that peace was hers ere long,
Where sorrow dies, and tears are not,
So with clasped hands and bended head,
Her lips could say,
"Give us this day.
Our daily bread."

She climbed the weary hill of life,
With feet unaided and unshod
(Save by God's grace), and constant strife
Attended every step she trod.
Yet, through the gloom these shadows made,
A light about her feet was cast,
And lifting up her voice she laid
Her load, where loads must come at last.
Hence, those poor lips so scantly fed
In faith could say,
"Give us this day
Our daily bread."

AN AMICABLE ARRANGEMENT.

Mr. Gimblet, the celebrated ex-detective, was foolish enough to transact his Stock Exchange business through an outside broker. With all his astuteness, he shared the idiosyncrasy of many clever people, of being somewhat careless about his private affairs, and the glowing advertisements of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had proved irresistible. He had not done badly by the firm, upon the whole, when one morning he learned to his great disgust that the junior partner had disappeared after committing extensive defalcations.

Mr. Gimblet, fortunately, had recently realized nearly all his securities and duly received payment. There remained a balance due to him, but it was not very much, and if the failure of Messrs. Vant & Slowbody had occurred in the ordinary way, he would have borne his loss with equanimity. But, according to the reports published in the newspapers, it appeared that the misfortune had been entirely brought about by the flagrant dishonesty of Mr. Slowbody, who had taken advantage of his senior's temporary absence to abscond with an enormous sum of money, and had apparently contrived to get clear away with his booty. The greatest sympathy was expressed for Mr. Vant, who had hastened home on hearing the startling news, only to find himself utterly ruined. It made Mr. Gimblet very angry indeed to think that he had been robbed, and he determined that Mr. Slowbody should not escape scott-free for want of any assistance he could render.

Accordingly Mr. Gimblet attended the preliminary meeting of the creditors of the firm, dressed in his best, with the inevitable flower in his buttonhole. Nobody paid the slightest attention to him, for he modestly kept in the background and took no part in the proceedings. He did not trouble his head by attempting to follow the figures and the dry business details which bore upon the important question of the dividend the estate would yield, but certain parts of Mr. Vant's pathetic and eloquent statement interested him so much, that when the meeting adjourned, he politely accosted that gentleman and requested a few minutes' conversation.

Mr. Vant seemed inclined to resent Mr. Gimblet's demand as an impertinence. He was a florid, elderly man, with a loud voice, and rather pompous manners. He probably considered that after the ample statement he had made, the questions he had satisfactorily answered, and the unanimous vote of sympathy by which his creditors had testified their appreciation of his straightforward conduct, he might be spared the importunities of individual creditors.

"I am afraid that just at this moment I have no time to give you, sir," he replied, glancing rather superciliously at Mr. Gimblet.

"Very well. Only I thought I might possibly be of some service to you," said Mr. Gimblet, quietly.

"In what way?" inquired Mr. Vant.

"My name is Gimblet," said the ex-detective, producing one of his business cards.

"Oh! ah! To be sure," said Mr. Vant, with sudden cordiality. "I believe you generally transacted your business through my late partner. That is why I did not recognize you. Come in here."

Mr. Gimblet followed Mr. Vant into a small private room, with a gratified smile upon his shrewd lips. Vanity was the ex-detective's weak point, and he could not help feeling flattered at Mr. Vant's change of manner.

"I believe you are one of the smaller creditors, Mr. Gimblet, fortunately for yourself," remarked Mr. Vant, when they were alone.

"Yes," said Mr. Gimblet, taking a mental note of the fact that for the first time during the day Mr. Vant showed signs of nervousness. "However, I did not wish to trouble you about that."

"Oh, don't consider me for a moment," said Mr. Vant, with a wave of his white hand. "I place myself entirely and unreservedly at the disposition of my creditors. Everything I possess in the world—my house, my plate, and my carriages, and even my wife's jewelry—will go toward increasing the dividend and repairing this terrible disaster as far as lies in my power."

"So I understand," said Mr. Gimblet, quite unmoved. "I wanted to ask about Mr. Slowbody."

"A warrant has been issued for his apprehension," said Mr. Vant, somewhat impatiently.

"Yes, sir, I know. But not until too late."

"What do you mean? I gave information to the police within an hour of my return home," said Mr. Vant, reddening slightly.

"I understand the facts are these," said Mr. Gimblet." You and your family were staying at Biarritz."

"We have been there two months," interposed Mr. Vant.

"Exactly. You had no suspicion of your partner's proceedings until—"

"Until I received his letter written from Queenstown, informing me of his flight," interrupted Mr. Vant quickly. "I immediately started home by the first train, and after spending half an hour here, I called in the police. You see I did not lose a moment."

"No; but the letter did not reach you till several days—more than a week, in fact—after date," remarked Mr. Gimblet.

"That is so. Unfortunately I had left Biarritz with my family the day before the letter arrived there. Consequently it had to be forwarded on to Paris, and that caused delay."

"Mr. Slowbody had plenty of time to reach America, if that was his destination, between the date of his letter and the time of your giving information to the police," observed Mr. Gimblet, musingly.

"That may be. I presume these questions have reference to a desire on your part to assist in apprehending my late partner," said Mr. Vant, drawing himself up.

"Most certainly. Considering that he has robbed and ruined you, no one in his senses would imagine you desired to assist his escape," said Mr. Gimblet with an innocent air.

"My dear sir, I—I am a Christian, a professing Christian certainly, and I hope a sincere one. At the same time, I cannot help feeling vindictive toward my late partner. As you say, he has robbed and ruined me. When I think of the misery and suffering he has wrought—"

"What do the police say, sir?" said Mr. Gimblet, interrupted Mr. Vant's remarks with scant courtesy.

"Well, they have no clue at present, but they are hopeful," answered Mr. Vant. "I am sure they would be grateful for any suggestion you could make to them."

"No they wouldn't, because I might tell them that they are on the wrong scent altogether," said Mr. Gimblet, looking his companion straight in the face. "However," feigning not to notice Mr. Vant's start and look of confusion, "I never interfere in what doesn't concern me. The police can go their way, and I will go mine."

"You are exceeding kind," returned Mr. Vant, evidently striving to appear cordial, "to interest yourself about the matter."

"Don't mention it, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, taking up his hat; "you see I've been robbed—that is the long and short of it. I've not lost much, it's the having been swindled that riles me. I should like to be even with Mr. Slowbody."

"You are not singular in that desire, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, extending his hand. "Anything you have to suggest shall receive the most careful attention."

Mr. Gimblet wended his way homeward in a very thoughtful frame of mind after this interview. The fact was that he felt completely mystified by Mr. Vant's behavior. While that gentleman was making his statement to his creditors, the ex-detective had been struck by a sudden suspicion that he was acting a part. The idea came to him with the force and suddenness which he had learned from experience to associate with a happy inspiration. The great secret of Mr. Gimblet's success in his peculiar line of business was a singular knack of forming a correct conclusion without the process of reasoning. He was by no means wanting in logical perception, but he was frequently aided in his investigations by a sort of intuition which put him on the right track when others were vainly groping in the dark. He had instinctively mistrusted Mr. Vant from the moment he commenced his speech, and when the proceedings terminated he felt impelled to engage him in conversation in order to gauge his character. He had no difficulty in this, for Mr. Vant's demeanor had not been calculated to inspire confidence. In fact, Mr. Gimblet had a very strong impression that, in spite of direct evidence to the contrary, the gentleman was no more entitled to sympathy than his defaulting partner.

When he came to consider the details, however, Mr. Gimblet was inclined to mistrust his opinion. It was quite clear that Mr. Slowbody had decamped, as alleged, and had involved his partner in ruin. The report of the accountants, a firm of high standing, proved indisputably not only that Mr. Slowbody had robbed his clients, but also that he had pledged property belonging to Mr. Vant, besides appropriating the whole of their joint capital. The statement of affairs disclosed the most shameful frauds on the part of Mr. Slowbody, in none of which was there the slightest evidence to show that Mr. Vant had been implicated. In fact, the surrounding circumstances all pointed to the innocence of the senior partner, and no shadow of suspicion appeared to rest upon him. But when Mr. Gimblet was seized with an idea, he did easily suffer himself to be disconcerted by adverse facts. Consequently, when he reached his dingy office, he said to one of his assistants:

"Grainger, you live at Clapham, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to make a few inquiries about a Mr. Vant," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully drawing crosses with his pen on his blotting-pad.

"Is that the gentleman who has been swindled by his partner?"

"Yes. The matter doesn't press at all; any time will do. Just find out when he left Biarritz, and what day he received in Paris the news of his partner's disappearance. You may be able to get it from one of the servants."

After this Mr. Gimblet dismissed the subject from his mind for several days, having more important business on hand. He learned from the newspapers that no clue had been obtained as to the whereabouts of the defaulting partner, and it seemed pretty certain that he had made good his escape. At length his subordinate reminded him of the mission he had intrusted to him.

"Well, what have you ascertained?"

"I made the acquaintance of the gentleman's valet, sir, who accompanied the family to Biarritz."

"Yes."

"Every one in Clapham sympathizes very much with Mr. Vant. The house and furniture are to be sold, and the servants have all received notice.

"Of course," said Mr. Gimblet, impatiently.

"The family stayed at Biarritz nearly two months, at the Hotel d'Angleterre. They left on the 20th of January and went to Paris. The letter followed him there, forwarded with other letters from Biarritz some days later."

"Yes?"

"The valet was in the room when the letter arrived. Of course, the valet did not know what had happened at the time, but he guessed there was something wrong by the way Mr. Vant abused him for picking up the envelope from the floor."

"Oh! How was that?" inquired Mr. Gimblet with sudden interest.

"The valet stopped to pick up the envelope which had fallen. Mr. Vant pounced upon him directly and snatched it away from him and destroyed it in a passion."

"I suppose he saw the man looking curiously at the postmark or something," said Mr. Gimblet, thoughtfully.

"I suppose he did, but the valet didn't notice anything except that the letter had a Spanish stamp."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Gimblet, quickly.

"That is what the man said, sir," said the clerk, a little startled by an abrupt movement of his master.

"Very well. What else?" inquired Mr. Gimblet.

It was evident, however, that his mind was preoccupied, and that he paid but little attention to the remaining details which his assistant related. The latter were quite unimportant, and when the man had finished, Mr. Gimblet dismissed him without asking anything further. But, the incident of the letter—or rather the envelope—afforded him food for reflection. The letter professed to have been written from Queenstown, and to have come from there. Mr. Gimblet had seen a copy of it, the original being in the hands of the police. Obviously the envelope containing it ought to have been franked by an English stamp. The fact of its having a Spanish stamp showed conclusively that it had not been posted in Ireland. Of course, it was just possible that the valet may have been mistaken at a hasty glance; but, on the other hand, why should Mr. Vant have seized it so anxiously, and why had he destroyed so important a piece of evidence? Upon the whole, Mr. Gimblet was inclined to believe the correctness of the valet's story; and this suggested the inference that Mr. Vant had deliberately been misleading the police and his creditors for the purpose of screening his partner.

The train of thought which followed this discovery kept Mr. Gimblet's mind fully occupied for half an hour, during which he sat at his desk whistling softly to himself, with a very knowing expression. At length he roused himself from his reverie and started off into the city, where he paid a visit to Mr. Vant.

"I've called sir," he said, quietly, upon being ushered into that gentleman's office, "with reference to our conversation the other day.

"Ah! Very glad to see you, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, who had been permitted, owing to the sympathy of his creditors, to continue his business under favorable auspices. "There is no news, I'm sorry to say. I suppose you have none?"

"Well, I think I've found out something, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, with edifying humility.

"Indeed! What is it?" inquired Mr. Vant, condescendingly.

"You said the letter announcing the flight of your partner came from Queenstown?"

"So it did. The police have it."

"It professed to come from Queenstown, but I can prove that it come from Spain, and that you knew it," said Mr. Gimblet, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Mr. Vant fell back in his chair as though he had been shot, and turned as pale as marble. The ex-detective's calm and penetrating gaze caused the denial he attempted to utter to die away on his lips. After a pause he said horsely:

"I did it for the best. He had wronged me, but he had been my friend. I had no other motive."

"You may tell that to the marines, sir," said Mr. Gimblet, with a wink. "Do you mind my telling you a little story?"

"What about?" murmured Mr. Vant.

"About two friends of mine—call 'em Smith and Jones," began Mr. Gimblet, quite cheerfully. "Smith and Jones were in business together, but things went from bad to worse, till nothing remained but to shut up shop. But Smith, who was an enterprising fellow, proposed to Jones to raise all the money they could, to collar everything they could lay their hands on, and to make a bolt."

"Nothing of the kind! nothing of the kind!" gasped Mr. Vant.

"But Jones had a better idea than that," resumed Mr. Gimblet. "He suggested instead that Smith should do as he proposed, and leave him behind This arrangement would suit both of them Smith would have more capital to make a fresh start in another country, while Jones would remain behind and pose as a martyr. You see, sir, a crash was inevitable; Jones was bound to have lost everything, and he preferred to do so under circumstances that would secure popular sympathy and induce his friends to come forward. Besides, of course, he was to have part of the swag on the quiet."

"No. I'll swear, not a farthing," cried Mr. Vant, vehemently. "It's—it's a lie, all of it," he added, evidently beside himself.

"There is a precious lot of money gone, Mr. Vant," said Mr. Gimblet, meaningly.

"Look here, Mr. Gimblet," said Mr. Vant, making a desperate effort to recover his composure, and dropping his voice to a tremulous whisper, "suppose everything had happened precisely as you say, what could you prove?"

"I should leave that to others," replied Mr. Gimblet, evasively.

"But nobody could prove anything. Do you doubt, if I had done as you suggest, I should not have taken every possible precaution? As regards your wonderful discovery about the letter having come from Spain—"

"Well?" inquired Mr. Gimblet, as his companion paused.

"I deny it, but still—name your price!"

The English as Skaters.

As a nation they are not great skaters. Some good performers there are; yet men who skate—taking the term to mean something more than merely floundering along in the most ungraceful attitudes—are comparatively small in number. As the newspapers tell us, crowds of people flocked to the nearest pond long before the ice bears. To the masses the existence of an acre or two of ice means the extension of available play grounds, and upon the principle of anything for a change, great numbers resort to every frozen puddle. And what do they do when they get there? sliders are numerous; more than half the skaters find it necessary to brandish a stick as a means of retaining their balance; a man doing the outside edge is almost sure of a gallery, while anything outside of this raises the skater to the position of an expert. Yet skating in England has, in point of proficiency, made rapid strides within the last fifty years; and a few—but very few—of our best skaters can hold their own with the representatives of any nation.

The widespread belief that ivy trained against the walls of a dwelling-house is productive of dampness is a fallacy.

WOOED, BUT NOT WEDDED.

A Sweetheart Perjures Herself and Seeks Repentance in a Convent.

In the Fall of 1848 I was sent out as super-cargo of a vessel laden with flour and other provisions for the relief of the starving people of Ireland. The ship was freighted for the city of Limerick, but, after my duty was discharged, I still lingered in the vicinity.

In my travels through the country I became acquainted with a family who had been comparatively well off until the total failure of successive crops had reduced them to the same abject poverty as their neighbors. There were an older brother and sister and several smaller children. They were orphans, but Timothy Delaney had supplied his father's place as well as he could, and had kept the family together. He was a genial, open-hearted fellow; fond of fun and frolic, like most of his countrymen, and carrying their proverbial honesty almost to an excess.

Ailen, or Elly Delaney was one of the most beautiful girls I ever beheld; and it was not long before I discovered that her beauty had gained for her the best match in the parish—a young farmer, well-to-do in the world, and a handsome fellow to boot. Nevertheless, her engagement did not meet the approval of her brother, of which I was apprised one evening when I called at the cottage.

"He's wake as runnin' wather," said Timothy. "Sure it's to shame an' heart-break he'll bring ye, Elly, yit"

Elly's beautiful dark blue eyes filled with tears and her lips trembled.

"Oh, vo, vo, Tim, asthore, it's the hard word ye put on the poor boy that's promised me, an' before his honor, too. An' sure, it's for nothin' at all but the bad name he's got from the agint."

"The agint's nothin' to do wid it, Elly. Sure, now, his honor's honor knows it's not the word uv a Sassenach land agint I'd be afther takin' agin my own sister's husband that's to be. But ye know yerself, Elly, machree, that he's turned his back on the priest and his duty, an' he's got in wid thim that'll lade him to the rope's end, an' our honest name that nivir had the laste taste o' dirt thrown on it ull be dhragged through the mud by him."

"That it'll niver, niver be! It's little ye know Michael O'Connor, when ye spake that word."

"An' how well do yez know him? Do yez know where he was yestreen? Or where he'll be at Shrovetide?"

Elly was silent.

"Thin it's mesilf will tell yez, Elly, alanna, though it hurts me to the middle o' my heart to give ye the hard word. 'Stead o' bein' an his knees forninst the priest like a good Christian, it's out wid the boys he'll be that night, an' inside the doors o' the county jail mayhap 'fore mornin'."

"He will not, he will not!" cried the girl passionately. "He's promised to meet me at the blackthorn tree nigh hand the chapel, an' go wid me to confession an' to the holy communion Ash Wednesday mornin', an' sure it isn't wid the black dhrop in his heart he'd be goin' to his duty."

"Thin hould him to that promise, Eily, asthore, and maybe yez may save him yit: but I'll tell ye agin it's into bad han's he's got, an' he's wake as wather."

On the evening of Shrove Tuesday, as I was riding along the road that led by the little Catholic chapel, I saw a lonely figure, dressed in the short scarlet petticoat and mantle commonly worn by the women of the west coast, crouching under a huge old blackthorn tree by the roadside.

"There is Elly waiting for her lover," I thought. "I hope he will prove true to his tryst."

Next morning I was roused by the gossoon belonging to the inn entering my room and telling me "there was one beyant waitin' to have spache wid me av I plased." Upon going out I found Tim Delaney, who told me the obnoxious agent had been murdered in his bed the night before; that several of the "boys" in the neighborhood had been "reshtet" on suspicion, and that Michael O'Connor was among them.

"Poor Elly! how does she bear it?" was my first question.

"Indade, an' that's jist what I can't tell, yer honor. May I niver slape in glory av I know what to make uv the colleen. Sure, it's loike a stock or a stone she's sittin' iver since widout a word to fling at a dog."

"But," said I, "O'Connor was to meet Elly last evening and go with her to chapel. Did he do so? and how long were they together?"

"Sorra one o' me knows. I kem home airly from chapel meself, an' went straight to bed. Pehone! It's black, black me heart is an' scalded wid the hot tears for me poor Elly!"

"Don't give up, Tim, my man. If your sister can prove O'Connor was with her, he's all right. What time was the murder discovered?"

"About tin, as I'm towld, yer honor. The agint's wife wint to his room an' there she found him stritched stiff."

Could Ely prove O'Connor's innocence? No one knew nor could any one gain the least intelligence from her. Upon everything connected with her lover she remained obstinately silent, and no questioning would induce her to admit or deny any knowledge of his actions on that night.

The day of the trial came and the court-room and yard around it were crowded to suffocation. Two of the men were convicted without any difficulty and sentenced to be hanged in three days. Michael O'Connor was tried on a separate indictment as not having been actively engaged in the murder, but aiding and abetting by keeping guard for the others.

After the opening speeches of the counsel, and the witnesses for the prosecution had been heard, "Call Elly Delaney," said the lawyer engaged for the defense.

Pale as the sheeted dead, with every feature of her lovely face so set in iron resolution that it looked as if carved from Parian marble, Elly Delaney, with unfaltering voice and hand, called on God to witness that she spoke the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, when she swore that Michael O'Conuor had met her at the blackthorn tree on Shrove Tuesday evening, that he had gone with her to the chapel, and afterward accompanied her home, where he remained talking before the kitchen fire until 12 o'clock that night. As her evidence concluded and she turned to leave the stand her eyes met mine, and I knew in that instant that she had sworn falsely. Her brother knew it, too. As the jury returned a verdict of "Not guilty," Delaney raised his head and looked at his sister. But on her beautiful face there fell a shadow more solemn than despair; a life-long remorse, a life-long renunciation spoke in her answering look.

Next day I left Limerick for the north of Ireland and it was some months before I again stood on the busy quay of the famous old city. An emigrant ship was to sail that day and crowds were pushing and shoving their way on board. Among them I caught sight of familiar faces and was presently shaking hands with Tim Delaney and his family. There they all were, including Mick O'Connor. A little apart from the others stood Elly, her hands hung listlessly by her side, and her sad eyes gazed vacantly over the rolling waves. There was something inexpressibly forlorn and desolate in her look as I approached her and said:

"Well, Ely, I hope you will find more happiness in the new world than you leave behind you in the old."

She turned a heartbroken look on me, but remained silent. Her brother spoke: "But she's not goin' wid us, the crathur? Heard ye iver the loike o' that, yer honor? Sure, it does be breakin' me heart to lave her, but I can't kape the childher here to starve."

"And you, too, O'Connor," said I, in wondering reproach, "do you, too, abandon her?"

"She would have it so," said he, looking down sheepishly.

"Yes," said Elly, in a clear, resolute tone, "I will have it so. Let thim go an' find happier homes an' fairer fortunes beyant the say. Such are not for me. I don't deserve thim. To-morrow I join the Sisterhood of St. Bridget and spind the balance o' my sad life in pinance for my sin."

So she did, and in works of charity and mercy and in daily prayer and penance strove to wash out the guilt of that false oath by which she had pledged her soul to save her lover's life.

The Voices of Birds.

That starlings and ravens can talk is a well-known fact.

The mocking-bird is a perfect plagiarist in the feathered world; he imitates almost all songsters, even the nightingale.

Parrots are able to make a noise like that produced by a saw, the sound of a cork drawn from a bottle, and other noises still more peculiar.

The kingfisher can reproduce most accurately the crackling of hens, the barking of dogs, the quacking of ducks and the bleating of sheep.

Birds as well as mankind are apt to be vain of their voices and seek to excel one another. Especially is this the case with nightingales. In a hedge inhabited by them one may often observe that their voices increase two, ay, threefold in strength, and sometimes some of these birds are found with their throats torn—they have simply sung themselves to death.

The stork in Africa, it is said, is dumb and his clappering is but an imitation of the sharpening of scythes. This sound is supposed to be specially pleasing to the stork, because on freshly cut meadows he always finds food in plenty, and therefore it is suggestive of a rich dinner. All of these birds show great fondness for, and are said to be capable of, imitating the human voice, if one were only to take sufficient pains in training them. And, more than this, they can repeat entire words like the parrot.

Not only in music have birds been the model followed by man, but also that peculiar and entertaining art, ventriloquism, has been copied from them. Just as many of them sing out boldly and fill the air with their melodies, others form their sounds without opening their bills. The pigeon is a well-known instance of this; its cooing can be distinctly heard, although it does not open its bill, the call is formed internally in the throat and chest, and is only rendered audible by resonance. Similar ways may be observed in many birds and other animals. The clear, loud call of the cuckoo, according to Nicolardot, is only the resonance of a note formed in the bird. The whirring of the snipe, which betrays the approach of the bird to the hunter, is an act of ventriloquism. The frog also is said not to open his mouth in croaking, but to create his far-reaching sounds by the rolling of air in his intestines.

Effective Rebukes.

A piece of quiet irony, which suggests more than it says, is one of the most effective methods of administering reproof. But it must be delicately put, for the least bungling will make it a failure.

One day, while Gen. Robert E. Lee was visiting the lines at Petersburg, he asked an officer riding with him, if a certain work he (Lee) had ordered done was finished. The officer replied, after a little hesitation, that it was.

"Then let us ride to the spot and inspect it," said Lee.

On arriving there, he found that little progress had been made in the work, and the confused officer tried to excuse himself by saying: "I ordered it to be done at once, and I was told that it had been completed, but I did not think it necessary to verify the fact by a personal inspection."

"We must give our personal attention to the lines," said Gen. Lee, riding on. In a few minutes he began complimenting the officer's horse.

"Yes, sir," answered the officer, "he is a splendid animal and I prize him more highly because he is my wife's favorite riding-horse."

"A magnificent horse, but I should not think him safe for Mrs.——to ride," said Gen. Lee. "He's too spirited for a lady, and I would urge you by all means to take some of the mettle out of him before you permit your wife to ride him again. And, by the way, general, I would suggest to you that the rough paths along these trenches would be admirable ground over which to train him."

While Gen. Lee was President of Washington College, a visitor asked how a certain student was getting on.

"He is a quiet, orderly young man," answered the President, "but he seems very careful not to injure the health of his father's son. He got last month only forty on his Greek, thirty-five on his English, which is a very low standing, as one hundred is our maximum. Now, I do not want our young men to injure their health, but I wish them to come as near it as possible."

HE (of Boston)—"In this world, Miss Penn, we cannot have all things to please us. Even the rose, you know, has thorns."

SHE (of Philadelphia)—"Yes, Mr. Waldo, and planked shad its bones. Ah me!"

OMENS OF GOOD AND EVIL.

Popular Superstitions That Have Outlived Many Generations.

The superstitions handed down from Mother Eve are observed by many of her daughters. If you are to be married in church you must leave the house hand in hand, and, be the steps ever so narrow, you must descend together. If you let go of each other it will bring separation either in life or death. He who looks around on the way to a wedding is looking for another, and if the wedding ring is lost it forbodes that the couple will not live long together. That the particular day of the week on which birth takes place determines the character and fortune of the child is an assumption hoary with age. Children born on Sunday are said to have the power of second sight or clairvoyancy. If a new born babe has a particularly old look you can conclude that it will not live to grow up. If you have its picture taken before it is a year old it will meet with the same sad fate. The same is said of children who are allowed to play with flowers or who are taken inside a cemetery at this early period of life. If you would sleep soundly and peacefully the head of the bed must face the east, but on no account must the foot be opposite the door, for the person in it will certainly be carried from the house a corpse. If you wish to sleep without dreaming you must put one shoe or boot under the bed and let the other lie in the room where it can be seen. If you wish to awake at a certain hour strike your big toe against the footboard five or six times, whatever the number of the hour may be, and your wish will be fulfilled—you will awake at the precise moment. For lazy pupils it is recommended to put the book containing the lesson to be learned under the pillow at night and they will be sure to know it in the morning. In the Highlands of Scotlond it is said that, if a servant while making the bed happens to sneeze, the sleep of the person who is to lie in it will be disturbed unless a little of the straw (or other substance) with which it is stuffed is taken out and thrown into the fire. If strangers of opposite sexes resemble each other you can wager a thousand to one that they will be married if they meet, provided they carefully avoid using the words "if" or "but," or give them a proper turn when used. You must never give shoe or stockings to any one whom you wish to retain near you; if you do he will be certain to run away. If a lover presents a knife or any sharp instrument to his betrothed their love will be cut asunder unless he takes a pin or something similar in exchange. Our meals are seasoned with the same nonsense. If one upsets the salt he will shed many tears; so if he lays knife and fork across each other. If you are single and are the first to cut into the butter you must wait seven years to be married. If you sit at the sharp corner of the table you will have a humped-back wife. At the change of the year dishes made of grainy substances are preferred; it is a sign of money. So the first meal of a newly married couple should consist of granulous food. It is considered a great wrong to give away the end of a loaf of bread, as it is to lay a loaf which has been cut with the cut side upon the table. If a young man wishes to succeed in business he will not make his beginning Monday, though in Ireland, it must be added, this is considered an auspicious day, while in the North of Scotland the mere mention of Monday the first time in company may bring bad luck. Friday, of course, is a day of ill omen, on which no new work must be commenced. Even among the Brahmins this feeling prevailed, and it has probably come down to us a part of our Aryan inheritance. If your left hand itches, you will take in money; if your right, you will pay it out. A ringing in the right ear means that some one is speaking well of you; in the left, you may be sure that evil tongues are busy with you. If your right eye itches you will see some beautiful sight; if the left you will have cause to shed tears. If your nose itches you will hear some news, or—will fall into the mire. If in dressing you put on your stockings wrong side out it is a sign of good luck; but you must leave it so or the luck will change before night. On the other hand, if a stocking is put on the wrong side out on the wedding day it portends a disastrous union. If you put a stitch into any article of clothing that is on your body you will sow your luck fast, and if there are any strings to be tied or loosened while dressing you must be careful not to get them into a knot. Furthermore, a child under 12 months must not be allowed to see its image in the looking glass for fear of its becoming vain later in life. If you look over a child's head it will not grow any more. If little children kiss each other before they can speak they will never learn anything. If a little daughter resembles her mother she will never have a particle of good luck in all her life. If a girl baby is given its mother's name it will not live. The same is said of a son who is named after his father. If, in spite of all the threatening perils of infancy and youth, in spite of all bad omens and evil spirits, the child has grown to maturity, a whole world of danger will open before him, and he must learn to read many signs and portents if he wishes to keep the good luck that has thus far attended him. If, on going out of the house, you forget something, you must under no circumstances turn back if you can possibly avoid it; if you do you must at any rate sit down before going out again. If the first person you meet is an old woman it is a sign of coming misfortune, while on the contrary, a funeral procession denotes good fortune.

What Napoleon III. Might Have Done

The Prince remarked that "if there were barricades in the streets of Paris such as those by which his way to the throne was won in 1830, the King would not give orders to disperse the mob by force of arms." "Why do you think so?" asked Mr. Rogers. "The King is a weak man—a merciful man. He does not like bloodshed. I often think he was a fool not to have had me shot after the affair of Strasburg. Had our cases been reversed I know that I would have had him shot without mercy."

Real difference of opinion, honestly expressed, whenever the subject is serious enough to demand it, always deserves respectful attention and consideration.

'NEATH THE CRESCENT.

Customs of Religion, Marriage, Social Intercourse and Behavior.

The Koran has fixed the hours that must be consecrated to prayers. These prayers, namaz, are five in number. The most solemn is the morning prayer; it is the sabah namizi; it is uttered after the dawn, just before the rising of the sun. The second is the midday prayer, eulle namazi. The third, jkindy namazi, must be offered just before the setting of the sun. The evening prayer, aacham namazi, is uttered just before the shadows conceal the horizon. Finally the last and fifth prayer, yatcy namazi, is uttered in the interval after sundown and just before dawn.

The hour of prayers is regularly proclaimed to the faithful by the imams, called muezzins, who walk around the balcony of the minarets singing in a melancholy voice this unvarying litany: "God, the most high. I here proclaim that there is no God but God. I proclaim that Mohammed is the prophet of God. Come to the temple of salvation. Great God! God the most high! There is no God but God!" Blind men are usually selected for muezzins, or at least imams that suffer from confirmed myopia, so that they cannot throw inquisitive glances toward the women that may be promenading on the terraces of the houses. Christians surround their observance of prayer with a kind of mystery or of reserve that the Musselmans know absolutely nothing of.

In whatever place a devout Osmanli may find himself, whether in his house, in the streets, in a public square, doing business or on a visit, as soon as the hour of the namaz is announced he makes his religious preparations, places under his knees a small rug, or, in default of which a handkerchief, turns his face toward Mecca, places his arms in the shape of a cross upon his breast or places them to his forehead, prostrates himself, then rises—all this slowly and with strict observance of rules. If he is in the street he does not permit himself to be distracted and disconcerted by anything, not even by the indiscreet curiosity of the European, who looks at him astonished by this novel sight, but who generally has no desire to ridicule it; for this worship under the open sky, disregarding social conventionalities, indifferent to whatever may be said, has something grand and sacred about it that banishes all raillery and inspires respect.

Marriages receives scarcely more attention among the Turks than birth and death, and there is but little embarrassment from the administrative formalities that precede and accompany this solemn act in the West. There are no bans, no announcements, no registrations. A man obtains a wife just as he would buy a bouquet; but neither the buyer nor the seller, nor the intermediary asks for a receipt. As it is forbidden a man to enter the harem of another (even if he were a near relative of the latter) to see a young woman and talk with her, there are no marriages for love and no engagements One father meets another father and says to him: "You have a son and I have daughter, If the mother of your son knows my daughter, let us strike a bargain; if she does not know her, let them see each other and let us close up the business." The conditions are discussed, the dowry haggled over, and then all the arrangements between the parents are made and the young people introduced to each other.

Let us add in passing that among us marriages that are contracted in the great capitols of Europe, especially in Paris, do not depart far from this program. In France, however, a man is still allowed to behold the object for the acquisition of which negotiations are in progress. In Turkey this is forbidden, there marriage is a lottery indeed. Turkish girls are promised usually when they are very young, even at a tender age, when they are only 3 or 4 years old. If the young bride should happen to die before her marriage, or, be required for the Sultan's harem—for it may be promised that this is a case that breaks all engagements, and is esteemed as a great honor by parents—the intended husband is not expected to weep over what he loses, for he has never seen it.

When the young girl reaches her twelfth or thirteenth year, she receives the nuptial blessing, and the husband cannot see the face of his wife until after that ceremony. No woman, not even the wife, takes part in the solemnity of marriage, which is effected by proxy, delegated to an uncle or to an elder brother, often with a full beard, who plays the roll of the bride. The parents of the couple sign the contract before the imam of their quarter, in the presence of a few friends, who act as witnesses. The nuptials are then celebrated by the families with a calmness and gravity that would be as suitable for a funeral as for a wedding. The sexes never mingle at these festivities. The men take their pleasure in silence in their selamlik; the women a little more noisily—it is but natural—in the haremlik.

A Group of Queens.

The Queens in southern Europe are a remarkably interesting group of women. The Queen of Roumania, or Carmen Sylva, is not only a poetess, and full of picturesque romance, but she lately underwent examination for a diploma that might give her a right to do certain teaching in the public schools. Everybody knows of the skillful manner in which Christiana, the Queen of Spain, performs her unwonted duties. And now Margaret, of Savoy, the Queen of Italy, is to appear as an author, with her stories founded on the legends of the Middle Ages. Among the various languages spoken fluently by this Queen is English, in which she reads every new book of importance, keeping herself posted on English politics and gossip. In religious matters she is neither too liberal nor too devote, and she is a passionate patriot. In person she is lovely, fair and bright, more graceful than majestic, with a feminine sweetness very attractive in a royal personage. Her family relations are perfect; she is the intimate friend of her young son, the Prince of Naples; and, often seen on the streets and among the shops, she is idolized by the people.

A Warning.

Alfred Stinit, of Corvallis, Or., loves good whisky and bad whisky, for that matter, and also knows the danger that he is in. Hence this card in his local newspaper: "I hereby notify all persons within this State that they must not give or sell me any intoxicating drink under any consideration. If they do I will prosecute them to the full extent of the law."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An ocean steamship is said to have used $20,000 worth of coal on a recent voyage.

—For the theft of a shilling shirt a poor devil in England was sent to a cell for five years.

—A manufactory of bogus rare old coins is said to have been found by detectives in Pittsburgh.

—Brick is being imported from Chicago to be used in a new city building in San Diego, California.

—A new absurdity is to put a crape bow on the collar of a pet dog whose owner is in mourning.

—A season of German opera costs every owner of a box in the New York Metropolitan fully $5,000.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who has been quite ill, is reported out of danger by the South American papers.

—A "war" between sugar refiners in California is reported to be making sugar "dirt cheap" out that way.

—A petrified human being is said to have been discovered in a cave on Sand mountain, Tennessee, a few days ago.

—At the door of a Parisian tobacco shop is the legend "Gentlemen are requested not to smoke inside the shop."

—The Granite Mountain Mine in Montana has paid twenty-two dividends in fifteen months amounting to $1,300,000.

—In Hawthorne, Nebraska, sand is often used to extinguish fires in the absence of water, and it is said to be quite effectual.

—English is said to be the favorite of the new Turkish Minister to this country, Malviri Bey, who speaks six languages.

—The yield of one Dakota farm is given as 60,000 bushels of wheat, 8,000 bushels of barley and 12,000 bushels of oats.

—The Chief Burgomaster of Berlin gets a salary equivalent to about $7500 per annum of our money, exclusive of an allowance for rent.

—A recent temperance lecturer propounded the theory that the bicycle is a means of grace, since none but a perfectly sober man can ride one successfully.

—London had, on March 19th, exclusive of lunatics in asylums, patients in small-pox and fever hospitals, 72,000 paupers officially reported in her care.

—The first mass in the present limits of the United States was said on the spot recently occupied by the old Cathedral at St. Augustine, Florida, which was destroyed recently.

—Measles broke out March 25 in the Brooklyn Nursery, and of the 69 children in the institution only five escaped. Seventeen little ones died and 38 remained on the sick list.

—A party of over 50 school girls attacked the Governor of California at Red Bluff, in that State, recently, and succeeded in obtaining a kiss apiece before he could be rescued.

—Edward Gould, of Portland, at more than four score, is still cashier of the National Traders' Bank of that city, a position which he has held continuously for fifty-three years.

—The next Legislature of Rhode Island will contain a Frenchman, who was elected lately, an element of membership not heretofore known in the Assembly of that State it is said.

—A sort of Free Masonry, it is said, exists among the Chinese that finds expression on goods sent to their laundry. Certain signs mean "bad pay," "no good," "heap slippery," etc.

—A postmaster at Cope, Indiana, has resigned, but the rush for the succession is not likely to be great. His salary amounted to 5 cents less than half a dollar for the month of March.

—A party of sportsmen from Ogdensburg, New Jersey, had great success in duck hunting recently, but it has since turned out that most of what they bagged were the tame ducks of a gentleman.

—A thief stole the coat of Rev. D. B. Perry, of Brooklyn, while the latter was preaching, succeeding also in carrying off the manuscript of his sermon on "The Wages of Sin," which was in a pocket of the garment.

—A woman of Spartanburg, South Carolina, while carrying an armload of wood, was attacked recently by a rabid dog, but, dropping a portion of her load, she turned the tables by beating out the