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Down in The Strawberry Bed.

Jays in the orchards are screaming, and, hark!
Down in the pasture the blithe meadow lark
Floods all the air with melodious notes;
Robins and sparrows are straining their throats.
"Dorothy, Dorothy,"—out of the hall
Echoes the sound of the musical call;
Song-birds are silent a moment, then sweet
"Dorothy, all of them seem to repeat.
Where is the truant? No answer is heard,
Save the clear trills of each jubilant bird!
Dawn-flushed roses have naught to unfold,
Fresh with the dew and the morning's bright gold.
"Dorothy, Dorothy,"—still no reply,
None from the arbored hedgerow a sigh;
None from the orchard, where grasses are deep—
"Dorothy,"—surely she must be asleep!
Rover has seen her; his eyes never fail;
Watch how he sabers the air with his tail!
Follow him, follow him! where has he gone?
On toward the garden and over the lawn,
"Dorothy Dorothy,"—plaintive and low,
Up from the paths where the hollyhocks grows,
Come the soft voice with a tremor of dread,
"Dorothy's down in 'e strawbewy bed!"
Curls in a tangle and frock all awry,
Bonnet, a beam from the gold in the sky,
Eyes with the sparkle of mirth brimming over,
Lips filled with ruby fruit red to the core.
Dorothy, Dorothy! rogue that thou art,
Why, at thee, sweet one, to scold has a heart?
Arms and fingers and cheeks stained with dew,
Dorothy, down in the strawberry bed!

A MESSENGER.

On a great stretch of rough pasture land, beside a secluded lake stands the poorly little homestead where old Aaron Wilkinson lived nearly twenty years ago.

Far as the eye can travel not another human habitation can be seen, only a broad sweep of half reclaimed moorland, broken by huge gray bowlders, clumps of golden bracken, and withered furze.

To eastward, however, there is the gleaming water and the blue line of distant hills.

One autumn evening the old man sat alone by the kitchen fire, gazing sorrowfully into it.

His pipe lay neglected on the hob, and his beautiful collie that lay stretched at his feet looked up in vain for the kindly notice to which he was accustomed, and by and by Moss rose up and laid his head on his master's knee in deep dumb sympathy.

The little farm, poor though it was, and the small dark house were dear to the old man; and from time to time he glanced wistfully round the kitchen.

The fitful firelight fell on the dark beams of the uncelled roof, danced upon the shining tinware hanging on the wall, and the old fashioned plates and dishes ranged along the polished oaken dresser and lit up the brass face of the ancient clock ticking away the hours.

Ah, dear! How long would it all be his?

Things had been going against the farmer.

His sheep had died, and his hay had been badly won, and, for the first time in his honest, hard working life, the rent day was close at hand and he could not meet it.

So within that tiny homestead old age sat alone with care and grief, while outside were youth and love and hope and happiness.

The gold of sunset yet lingered in a few faint streaks amid the dark clouds to westward; but the shadow of approaching night lay on all the land.

Scarcely a sound was to be heard save the fresh, clear voice of a young girl calling home the cows.

"Hoty, Hoty, Hoty!" as is the sweet, half plaintive cry of the north country, and the answering low of the gentle creatures came nearer and nearer through the twilight.

Long ere the beasts have reached their home another ear had heard the maiden's call, and a tall handsome lad was by Maggie's side, and her warm young lips felt her lover's kiss.

Poor motherless Maggie! her life had been a lonely one, though the stern old father loved her almost to idolatry—loved her with an exacting intensity that made him long to keep her ever in his sight and jealous of all who looked upon his darling, and by its very passion raised a barrier between his child's heart and his own.

For Maggie, with all her youth throbbing within her, and all her beauty (which, womanlike, she had found out she possessed), fretted against the love which sought to cage her, and grew impatient against age which had lost its sympathy with youth.

The father had been well on in middle life when he married his young wife, and may be she too had missed something, if Maggie got her poetic temperament and joy loving nature from the mother that died so early.

Small blame to the girl that when love stole into her heart she guarded the secret carefully from the old man's knowledge.

A mother would have guessed it directly had she seen how the blue eyes deepened, how the red pouting lips lost their childish curves and gained a pensive tenderness; but the change was too subtle a one to be marked by the old farmer.

Full of care, too, as he was through that anxious summer, how could he guess that its gloomings found Maggie lingering by the well where the wild roses grew, or watching the water fowls build their nests in the sedges with one who knew the haunts and habits of every bird and beast and butterfly in the county around?

Such knowledge was at a discount in the district, and Ralph Urwin was thought little better than a fool by the neighbors when they came across him lying motionless as a log to watch a wild duck on its flight or a hawk sweeping down upon its prey.

It is odd that of all classes farmers as a rule have the least interest in nature and in the habits of untamed creatures, and the most supreme contempt for those who care to observe the ways of beasts that have not got a market value, or the growth of plants that serve neither for food nor for winter warmth.

So poor Ralph, with all his instinctive craving to know about everything that lives, his treasures of dead and living birds, eggs of all sizes and colors, his carefully collected, if ill set, moths and butterflies, and his dried flowers, leaves and ferns, were considered quite in the light of a ne'er-do-well.

His father, too, had possessed the same tastes and more vagrant habits, and had once got into a serious scrape against a poaching frolic; and the shadow of that disgrace was still remembered against him the son, though many a year had passed since the older Urwin had left the boy alone in the world with no heritage save his tarnished name.

To Maggie, however, such knowledge as the lad had managed to acquire seemed perfectly marvelous, and growing intimate with him opened quite a new world to the girl who had been brought up to think that this beautiful earth was principally good for fattening bullocks and growing turnips.

From the day when she met him first by the lake, the young creature's lonely heart had opened to him like a flower taken from a darkened prison to the light of the summer sunshine.

There was in Maggie, as in many border maidens, a strange germ of romance and poetry; and hitherto her hard prosaic life had given it no chance of development.

Now at the touch of love it burst at once into maturity.

Her ardent, impulsive nature had been held down by restraint, and stunted by her father's outward coldness; but happiness and love's rapture transformed the girl into a creature throbbing with passion and demonstrative with a gracious abandon, sweet and subtle in its charms as that which ever gladdened the heart of lover in olden story.

She stood with one soft, warm hand resting on Ralph's tall shoulder, the other stroking his cheek with tender coquetry, and she nestled to him as his strong arm clasped her closely.

"Oh, my love, my love, how did I ever live without you?" she said. "Life was dreary, dreary as the cheerless winter time before the spring wakens the flowers and brings the song of birds. Oh, Ralph, Ralph, I feel as though I had never been alive till now!"

The young fellow's only answer was to draw her closer and press kiss after kiss on the responsive lips, for the words were sweet to his ear.

Alas, though, they were heard by another, and stung him into frenzy.

The old farmer, who had come quietly up the other side of the garden hedge, wondering "what had happened the kie that Maggie was so long with the milk," just heard the last words and stood transfixed looking on the little scene, assuredly never meant for such unsympathetic eyes to witness.

He himself had taken love's fever slightly, even in youth, and never had maiden throbbed with such delirious ecstasy for the self repressed, Puritanical man as thrilled his daughter now, and snowed in every line of the yielding figure clasped in Ralph's young arms.

The sight shocked the old farmer terribly. Not so should modest maiden be wooed by even the worthiest; and this lad, truly, is none of the best, and like as not means no good by the lass. That thought maddens the old man. He knows so little of his own girl, with all his love for her, that he can couple so coarse a thought with one whose nature is pure as the sunlight though as warm.

He knows himself quite as little probably, for he mistakes the passionate resentment he feels entirely for virtuous indignation, though it is more a great deal mere jealous fury.

The worst sting of all to him at the moment is that the girl is so happy. She has forgotten him—forgotten all his troubles, his loneliness, and his years of love and care at the bidding of this stranger lad!

His voice shakes with emotion, and he stamps his foot as his words reach Maggie's startled ear.

"Get thee into the house, ye shameless hussy! To think I should have seen my lass take up with one no better nor a lazy loon.

"Nay, nay; not a word! I can never trust ye mair, ye deceitful bairn! Get ye gone, Ralph Urwin, and never dare to darken an honest man's door again, ye son of a jail bird. Never so long as I live shall ye take my lass in your arms again."

Ralph tried to speak; but the farmer, taking Maggie roughly by the shoulder, pushed her into the house and slammed the door in the poor lad's face.

Ralph turned away with a heavy heart. Aaron Wilkinson had stabbed him cruelly. His father's brief imprisonment was ever a rankling wound in the memory of one honorable, brave, and fearless as could be the inheritor of even the most unsullied name.

The next week or two passed very wearily to Maggie.

Her father was sterner and more unapproachable than ever, for his heart ached with love and care and anxious thought.

He had nothing left but his child, and now another had come between them.

Youth craves for youth to love again; and age thirsts for the devotion it cannot win; and Nature must have her way; be the pain ne'er so great; while at the end of all the great dark shadow waits to lay its cold fingers on every murmuring lip and whisper silence.

The weather was wet and the girl could get no excuse to meet her lover, and escape her father's watchful eyes, and the light faded from her wistful face.

The old man sighed when he saw it. He wanted her to be happy, only he wanted her to find her happiness in living for him alone; and the exacting love he bore her could be satisfied with nothing else.

The rent day came at last, and the farmer set off alone to the place appointed.

He had to walk, for the old gray mare had been sold to meet that day's need; and even his faithful dog was left behind at home.

Maggie stood gazing after the thin worn figure regretfully.

A great dumb pity was in her heart. She knew all his care, all the bitter humiliation he felt in prospect of the ordeal he had to go through.

She loved him, poor child; would fain have taken the poor gray head in her hands, and kissed the thin stern lips before he left, had she dared; but the barrier that had been raised between them kept her at a distance.

She could not, would not, give up her love to please him, and, alas! no smaller sacrifice would content his exacting nature. The day wore on wearily. She would not take advantage of his absence to meet with Ralph.

To her high intuitive sense of honor it would have seemed mean to do so, when her father was suffering so deeply and had so much to bear.

She wandered restlessly from kitchen to parlor as the lonely hours passed.

The morning had been sunshiny and warm; but toward noon heavy, ominous looking black clouds rolled up from the west, and ere long all was dark overhead.

The blackness deepened, and a strange oppression was on all things, and an appalling stillness in the air.

The animals drew near the homestead, as if from fear; and the desolate girl felt awed and nervous.

Ere the afternoon was over the darkness was deep as night; then the storm burst.

Great flashes of fire illuminated at intervals all the plain. Purple and blue and crimson, they flooded the earth with awful radiance, then suddenly in blazing hieroglyphics darted across the darkened sky as though some Titanic finger wrote some word of doom upon the blackened scroll, and the wild fierce thunder caught the meaning and echoed the mystic language from side to side of the resounding valley.

Then the clouds broke, and the rain fell in tremendous torrents, washing past the door-way in a flood, and blinding the girl when she tried to pierce the darkness for a sign of her father's approach.

Again and again she looked in vain, and, coming back, built up the fire and drew his chair nearer the kindly blaze.

Yet he came not.

As the hours passed Maggie became strangely anxious.

The fury of the storm was over, but the rain continued to fall heavily.

She could hear the roar of the brawling stream that fed the lake, and the moan of the wind across the plain; but no sound of footstep nor human voice cheered her anxious ear.

Her father was not wont to linger.

She glanced at the clock uneasily, and a great terror seized her and a great remorse.

Why, oh why, had she let him go unreconciled? She might never see him more.

Once again she opened the door and listened intently.

It was night now, and the darkness of hade succeeded that of the storm.

The rain still fell, and she could hear even yet no sound but the rush of the rivulets it had made, and ever, ever the roar of the stream her father had to cross, the noise of it beat upon her brain with a sense of absolute physical pain.

As she stood looking out into the night, the light from the brightly illumined kitchen shining behind her, suddenly she started back, for there was a strange, weird sound in the air above her, and a rush of some winged creature.

Another second and a poor belated dove of snowy plumage flew against her breast and rested there for a moment, then settled on the old man's chair.

Moss gave a long, despairing howl, and, coming to the doorway, whined piteously as he looked out into the darkness, then up in Maggie's face.

Then the girl threw herself into a chair, and her head on the table and sobbed as though her heart would break.

The day had been a weary one for Ralph Urwin also. He knew of Maggie's loneliness, yet he could not bring himself to break it. The words of her father had hurt him to the quick, and he did not seem possible to forget the farmer's house in his absence, or even approach the girl he loved, in face of that cruel taunt.

Perhaps he had no right to so pure a love; perhaps it had been wrong of him to lift his eyes to one who bore an honest name.

That was the worst of it. In the humility born of his reverent tender love for Maggie, he hardly felt worthy of her at all, even without the blot on his father's name; yet his arms ached to hold her once again to his heart and tell her how he loved her.

He had loved his outlaw father too, and the tears came to his brave young eyes at the memory of the man who had been noble and true hearted even in his lawlessness; and pity for that ruined life mingled with the pain caused by the wreck of his own happiness and hope.

It all made him restless, and the confinement of the narrow house where he dwelt grew unbearable.

Ralph loved Nature in every mood, but perhaps best in her more turbulent ones; they suited the impatient longing in his mind for a fuller life and more intensity of action. He wearied at all times of the stagnation and monotony round him, wearied of minds that could give him no stimulus, and found well nigh intolerable a round of daily life that seemed to have no result save the bare fulfilling of the fact of living; and now that he was severed from the one creature that had sympathized with his wants and understood his nature, he was more and more restless and dissatisfied.

Spite of the coming storm, he had wandered out on to the moor, had seen the great clouds gather and break, and watched the startled creatures of the field huddle together for shelter, or seek hastily their coverts for safety.

He had himself taken refuge from the pouring rain under an overhanging hedge of rock, from whence he could watch the rushing stream, the play of the dazzling fire amid the sombre clouds and the sudden lighting up by the fitful vivid flashes of the great desolate moor.

The lad was not cultured enough to analyze his own feelings nor, indeed, did he care about them, and certainly would have found it impossible to paint in words the scene before him. Yet not less was he awed by its sublimity.

Its terrific magnificence excited him, and its beauty and wild grandeur made him forget his own small troubles. Unconsciously there fell on him a great deep calm.

Nature was so great, and the something behind nature so infinitely grand, that his soul grew subdued.

God was in the thunder to this peasant lad; yet he felt only worship—not a touch of fear.

His love for Maggie was too much a part of himself to be forgotten; but for that hour he was patient, and his resentment against her father, and against the verdict of the country side, sublimated itself into a heroic endurance and resignation.

And even through his thoughts he heard the roar of the stream, the cry of the night bird in the distance, and the thunder, growing fainter when the storm at length began to pass.

Once or twice, as the lightning flashed and lit for a second the whole horizon, he fancied he saw a dark object on the moor, as though some figure advanced towards him; but the darkness fell again so quickly his mind had barely time to register the impression his eye conveyed.

Suddenly a cry of dismay! A shrill yet feeble shriek for help; then another, as of despair, rise above the roar of the torrent; and Ralph jumps to his feet.

Merciful heaven! There, within his very reach, is some lost creature being borne away by the fury of the stream.

Death so close, so close and cruel; the lad's heart beat wildly with longing to rescue the hapless one from that strong icy grasp. But, alas! the darkness is so deep he knows not where to fight the foe, and the seconds seem eternities as he waits, every nerve at strain.

Again the cry. It is nearer now.

Ralph waits no longer. His senses are trained with the outdoor life he has led, and with an unerring instinct he measures the distance from the spot whence comes that awful call.

Wild though the spate may be, it has no power to check his daring. Into the whitening foam he dashes.

The plunge makes him giddy and the noise confuses; yet he manages to keep his footing though the course of the current makes it difficult.

The clouds break a little, and there is a faint light behind them, and he sees a human figure borne on the stream above him and dashed against an outjutting mass of rock.

It is but a second that the downsweep is stayed by the obstacle; yet it is sufficient for the young fellow to reach the point and grasp in his strong arm the stunned and helpless man.

Thus far he is successful, but not so quickly can the landing be effected. Hampered as he is by the unconscious weight he holds, the lad has little power to struggle against the stream, and is borne on and on, though he clutches vainly with the one hand that is free at every branch of tree, or twig, or jutting stone that overhangs the banks.

He grows very weary and faint, yet bravely will not yield.

Fortunately for him, the man he holds is not conscious enough to impede him by struggling, and as yet he is able to keep his own head and that of his helpless burden above water.

A terrible fear is on him, for he knows they are nearing the lake, and once within it he will be out of his depth and effort will be useless, for the inland lad has never learnt to swim.

The terror gives him strength and nerves him for one more struggle as he sees a fallen tree athwart the stream.

With a strain that ties every well knit muscle he gains the bank, and sinks exhausted on the soaking sward, his comrade in his arms.

A brief moment of cessation from struggle revives him, and, bending over the man he has tried to save, he feels his heart.

Thank heaven, it still beats. Yet how feebly, and out there on the bare hill side what chance has he to revive its exhausted powers?

As he so bends the night grows clearer and a star or two shine forth. By their light he can see the white set face of the man for whom he has risked his very life.

Now he knows it!

It is that of one who has treated him cruelly—one who had vowed never so long as life should last to look on him save as an enemy and a traitor—that of old farmer Wilkinson, the father of his darling.

Good God, if the man should die with these bitter words unsaid!

Ralph moves the prostrate figure into the shelter of a neighboring fence, raises the gray head reverently and chafes the cold, thin hands.

It is all he can do, but he is painfully conscious how little it is, and the tears fill his kindly honest eyes as he thinks of the lonely girl watching for the stern old man whom he knows she loves.

By and by the closed eyes open and look into Ralph's face, and the farmer tries to speak.

"Where is I? and where's Marjory. I seed her plain as the day we were wed, and she's been gone this sixteen years."

"You fainted, that is all," answers the lad, gently. "Now you are better I'll run and fetch help to carry you home. I'll not be long, I promise you."

But old Aaron had sunk back into semi-consciousness, and for a while Ralph fails to rouse him.

Apparently, however, his voice reaches the old man's ears and sounds familiar, for by and by brokenly he begins again to speak, so low that only by stooping close can the anxious listener hear his words and catch their meaning.

"Ay, ay, it's Ralph—him as the lassie said she loved—and I'll never see her bonny face again, and we parted with never a word o' kindness. Tell her I forgive her, and—ye—and oh, lad, make her happy if ye can."

Then the old man's head falls back on the strong young arm that raises it, and all is still.

Too well does Ralph know the meaning of that terrible silence.

Death has won another victory.

Yet another task lies before the young and worsted combatant, and with white and trembling lips and aching heart he sets out to bear to her he loves the knowledge of her loss.

Youth grieves and youth despairs, but youth loves; and where love lingers life's greatest sorrows can be borne, and the deepest, sorest wounds will heal.

Winter past, and Maggie learnt again to wear her winsome smile, though the old father lay in the churchyard on the hill.

She still stayed at the lonely farm, with only a hind to help her in its management; but the house was to have a new master ere the summer came again.

It was early springtime now, and the grass was growing green, and the tiny garden was sweet with primroses and wallflowers, while about the porch crept the sweet scented samine and budding brier.

There Maggie loitered with her lover in the golden twilight, and a snow white dove flew circling round their heads, or perched amid the opening leaves in the porch.

The strange fair visitant of that stormy night still lingered, and Maggie had grown to love the creature with a rare deep tenderness.

Perhaps the loneliness made her more imaginative, more dreamy, for a sweet poetic fancy had taken possession of the girl's fancy.

The bird had flown to her breast at the very hour her father's soul had taken flight, and to her loving, half-remorseful heart it seemed as though his spirit had come in this gentle guise to tell her of his forgiveness and his love.

The long rays of the setting sun slanted across the valley and touched with light here and there the distant hills, and glinted upon the churchyard where slept the last of her kindred, and the girl's eyes followed them and filled with tears.

"Tell me once more what he said at the very, very end, Ralph, dear," she whispered, and the lad repeated the old man's dying words very softly as he drew his sweetheart closer and kissed her tenderly.

She smiled, though the tears still trickled down her cheeks. "And you risked your life for his, my darling, and he has sent his blessing. To think it should have come just in the very hour he died!" she said, and she held out her finger for the gentle dove to come to, and it nestled to her heart.

Ralph watched her reverently. It was a pretty fancy, but he did not credit it himself; only, it pleased her, and he was not going to be the one to say a word against what she found comfort in—and folks did not say there was something queer about pigeons. It was well known a white one flying about a strange house meant death, and maybe after all this one was a kind of godsend to the lassie's sore and lonely heart.

Whether there was anything in Maggie's fancy or not, one more strange thing happened.

As she came out of the old church on her happy bridal morn she passed the place where her father lay.

The sunlight fell on the newly set up grave-stone that marked the place, and tinged with gold the feathers of a snowy dove that rested there. It vanished even as she gazed, and never more in answer to her loving call came Maggy's dear and snow white bird.

When it came and whither it went she never knew, but to her happy faith there was no trouble in the problem. It was a heaven sent messenger, she held, and why should it have lingered when its work was done?

Foolish her trust might be, but wiser ones may envy it when their loved ones go into the silent land, and when to them no messenger of peace brings tidings of forgiveness and of hope, and envying Maggie may dream that in the girlish fancy was perchance a germ of truth.

PROFESSIONAL PALLBEARING

A Gloomy Trade, but Very Easy and Eminently Respectable.

He was a gloomy looking sort of person and his face wore an expression of woe that made one think he had it stamped there as a sort of trade mark. He was clad in garments of the somberest hue, and from the wide weed on his high hat to the dead polish on his broad soled shoes he looked for all the world like a man in whose family there was a death at least once a year. When he came into the street car a sort of hush fell upon the passengers out of respect for his placarded sorrow. By and by the gloomy man was asked if he had met with bereavement lately.

"No, indeed," he replied, "there has not been a death in my family for years."

"Why, then," asked his neighbor, with more curiosity than politeness, "do you dress in such deep morning?"

"Oh, that's on account of my business."

"You are an undertaker, then?"

"No, I am a pall bearer," and noting the look of surprise in his interlocutor's face he went on: "Some years ago there was a strike in my trade. I am a carpenter, and during one of my idle days I passed a house where there was a funeral. Stopping to watch it I was approached by the undertaker, who asked me if I was going to the funeral. I said no, I knew no one there. He then asked me if I had any objection to being a pall bearer. I said I had none, provided I was paid for it, and we finally struck a bargain. I made as much that afternoon as I would had I worked all day at my trade, and since then I have adopted pall bearing as a means of livelihood. I dress in black, as you see, and each morning look over the death notices. I have found that my services are very seldom required when the funeral is that of a living man or woman, or where the deceased has belonged to any secret societies, and that my most profitable customers are those who have outlived most of their companions. If the dead person happened to be an unmarried lady past the meridian of life I am nearly always certain of the job. I find that at funerals the proportion of female attendants outnumbers the male about four to one, and that most of the latter are close relatives. As it is generally the rule to select the pall bearers from among those not connected with the family you can see that my services are very frequently in demand. I generally seek out the undertaker and make my bargain with him, and I average about two funerals a day. It is a nice, easy sort of life and eminently respectable. You will have to excuse me now, as I have a funeral in this street and must get off here."

The Dentist and the Colored Maid

"A colored girl," continued the dentist, "who came into my office the other day, had strength that, if properly applied, might have done good service. She had a very strong tooth, too, and, when I had it about half way out, she dragged the forceps out of my hand, whacked me over the head with it in a way that made me see stars, kicked my wife, who came to the rescue, in the stomach, and rushed shrieking into the street, carrying the instrument with her. I had taken off my coat when I saw the size and stability of the tooth that I had to deal with, but I pursued her in my shirt sleeves. A policeman stopped her and we all went into a drug store, for the girl was half mad with pain and terror. The clerks gave her a dose that relieved her, and when I had recovered my forceps I asked her to come back, take the gas and allow me to complete the operation, as her tooth was half extracted, but she declined, saying that she thought she could 'chew' it back to its old position. I have not seen her since."

The Manners of Vienna.

I pity the Austrians among whom Zola is now roaming in search of "human documents." He has been to Vienna, the ladies of which city have a well-earned reputation for amiability to strangers. Their manners are so easy and their hospitality so great that the foreign wanderer, if he has a gentlemanlike air, never need descend low in search of fair and temporary companions. The manners of the place admit of *petits soupers* in restaurants which are not a heavy drain on the purse. I remember seeing at a table in the Ring Boulevard an archduke, a foreign lady of high degree, a painter and two great actresses supping on pickled ox nose, cold potatoes, sausage and cheese washed down with beer.

—All the locomotives of the world are said to number 105,000, representing a total of 3,000,000 horse power.

THE WOMEN IN HOLLAND.

Curious Customs from the Days of Spanish Dominion.

In this city three days in the week are set apart for wedding days—Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday. Wednesday the lower classes marry, as no expense is attached to the ceremony. Thursday's marriage costs 25 guldens, and on Saturday double that amount, or $20. At last the wedding day arrives; flowers and evergreen are strewn in front of the house; the young couple, attended by relatives and friends, proceed to the stad huts, where the marriage knot is tied by the Mayor, he being the only one allowed to perform the civil ceremony. Immediately after a religious ceremony takes place. The necessary ceremonies being conducted, the party proceed to a cafe or hall; those musically inclined singing lively songs on the way, and the others gayly responding to the facetiæ and congratulations of the passers by. When all are indoors a large silver bowl, used only at births and marriage feasts (and loaned if not owned,) filled with brandewyn and raisins, is brought forth and circulated among the guests, who drink the liquid with an iron spoon. Afterward a substantial wedding dinner is given, la-ting, interspersed with singing, dancing and amateur theatricals, etc., until the following pay, and to leave the festive board before the dawn is considered indecorous.

To marry by proxy, or, as it is called, "marriage by the glove," is prevalent in Holland, and is caused by the fact that many of the eligable young men, after having finished their education in the schools of the Fatherland, depart for Dutch India to engage in some lucrative commercial enterprise or to accept a position in the colonal service. The scarcity of marriageable white ladies in that clime induces the would-be-husband to write to a friend in Holland, inclosing a wish for a wife. The friend selects a willing young lady, generally with a substantial dot and otherwise conforming closely to the specifications of the letter. A photograph of the favored one is inclosed in the return epistle. After the lapse of a few months, a soiled left-hand glove, with a power-of-attorney is received from the far away bachelor. The friend in Holland marries the selected bride in precisely the same manner as if he were the actual groom, and the young wife departs in the next India mail steamer to bring happiness and prosperity to the lonely one in the far East. A marriage of this description is as binding as if the bridegroom were present, and never repudiated. If either party to the glove marriage should die before meeting in India, the survivor would share the property of the deceased in accordance with the laws.

The laws in Holland in regard to the legal position of the wife are very much behind the age, and the husband can do about as he likes with the person and property of his helpmate. The laws are silent as to the wife's claim on the husband, but legal gentlemen assure me that this apparent void in the law book is caused by the invariable devotion of the Hollander to his home and inmates. Love for home, wife and children is nowhere more thoroughly illustrated than in the Netherlands, and cases of neglect to provide every possible way are rare in the land of the dykes.

The wives of the lower classes and their daughters try in every imaginable way to aid the husband in procuring a living. In summer you will observe hundreds of them on their knees in the public square armed with a three-inch spoke weeding the grass blades from between the stones, they receive twelve cents per day; others are engaged in wheeling sand into outward-bound merchant ships to be used as ballast. You will see a woman pushing a wheelbarrow containing about 200 pounds of sand up a broad gangway inclined about thirty degrees, at a gait simply wonderful considering that the wheeler is of the weaker sex.

Passing a little farther on you will meet a small procession on the towpath of the river Amstel, consisting of the mether and two or three daughters, harnessed to the towline of a canal boat, very much in the manner of American mules. They hang, as it were in the harness, and the swinging, regular walk used by them proves that a great part of their lives has passed in that way. When the boat comes abreast you feel like using a rope's end on the father of the family, who, placidly smoking a pipe, sits in the stern steering the vessel; but your anger will cool when investigation shows that if he took to the towpath and allowed his wife the helm all damages for collision, etc., would have to be paid by him.

You cross a railroad track, and casting a glance along the iron path, a female, dressed in a tunic and glistening helmet, waving a white signal flag, catches your eye. She is the "watchman" at the crossing. At every railroad in Holland this position is filled by a woman, and railroad officials assure me that no accident has ever been caused by a watchwoman's carelessness. They receive 20 guilden ($8 per month); a male would receive double that salary, and might get intoxicated once in awhile, hence the railroad is benefitted both ways.

The Hair and Beard After Death.

Sitting in the office of the Comptroller of the Treasury the other day were two gentlemen waiting for the preparation of some document which the bureau was just about completing. On the wall opposite hung a fine oil portrait of Salmon P. Chase, the first comptroller, showing him as a handsome, florid-face man, without beard and with head partially bald.

"That doesn't look much as he did a year ago," said one of them, noting the handsome portrait.

"A year ago; why, he has been dead these ten years or more, hasn't he?"

"Yes, eighteen of them. Yet I saw him only a year ago with full beard and a full head of hair, very different from the picture you see before us."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply this. I was present when his remains were taken from Oak View Cemetery for transmission to Cincinnati a year ago. Although seventeen years had elapsed the remains were still in an almost perfect state. The features were entirely distinguishable to those who knew him in life. The clothing was in a perfect state of preservation. The principal changes were that the face was dark, and instead of being smooth, as was his custom in life, it was covered with a full growth of beard, two inches or so in length and mixed with gray. The head, which you see was bald in life, was covered with a full suit of hair, partly gray."

LITTLE SAVINGS.

Economy in Seemingly Trifling Things the Road to Wealth.

The Scotch are frugal. They act upon their proverb: "Many a mickle makes a muckle." Their economical habit has its disagreeable side, and it was once turned toward an English clergyman. He was asked to officiate at a wedding in a chapel, though he knew none of the parties. They came in carriages, were married, and never mentioned a fee, or said "Thank you!" He wrote in his journal: "Shabby! but they were Scotch."

Not long after the clergy had cause to pronounce his former generalization hasty and imperfect. He met in the streets a Scotchman, who, without, solicitation, said he would give five pounds toward the expense of a city mission of which the clergyman was a patron. They parted; but in a few minutes the clergyman was overtaken by the Scotchman.

"I have the five pounds about me," said he, "and I might as well give it now as send it; it will save me a stamp."

The clergyman saw that there was also an agreeable side to Scotch economy.

We have known merchants who gave away yearly thousands of dollars, who did not permit a scrap of blank paper, or a bit of twine, or an old nail to be thrown aside. They begun with obedience to the proverb: "Waste not, want not," and their little economies had made them rich.

A clergyman called upon a wealthy merchant to explain the needs of a charitable society. He was patiently listened to, and then a check for a large sum was handed to him. Immediately afterward the merchant had occasion to reprove a clerk for throwing a piece of blank paper into the waste-basket. Seeing the minister's surprised look, the merchant rightly interpreted it, and answered: "If I had not been mindful of little savings, I should not have been able to give you that check.

A Young Old-Timer.

He was a big, strapping fellow, probably twenty years old, and weighing 180 pounds. He walked into the police station recently his shoeless feet made no noise.

"I'm from Ducktown, Tennessee," he said, in response to Captain Couch's questions. "My name is William Ward, an' I come to 'ten' United States Court."

He was a typical mountaineer, strong and not bad looking. He was not much of a dude in his cotton shirt and homespun breeches. This was his first sight of a city. His mountain home is fifty miles from a railroad and in order to reach Atlanta he walked those fifty miles. He had never seen a railroad or a train of cars before, he had never owned a book, could neither read nor write, knew nothing of what are termed the comforts of life—yet was happy.

The officers about the station house took an interest in him and began plying him with questions. He had been subpoenaed to appear in the United States Court as a witness in an illicit distillery case. He had come 150 miles, and is entitled to ten cents per mile as mileage.

"Did you ever have that much before?" asked Captain Couch.

"Now, I reckon not. Never saw that much before."

"What do you do?"

"Oh, I work for a fellow. I don't get any pay. He told me he'd do the right thing by me. I ain't going to work for that any more. Would stay here if I could get something to do."

He was asked to sit down. He looked suspiciously on the chair pointed out to him, shook it gently and sat—on the doorstep. Of course he didn't know anything about making corn whisky, but he had hunted and had brought down many a deer and turkey.

"Do you use caps on guns up there?"

"A few of the fellows have them new guns, but flint and steel is good enough for most of us."

He looked it.

Later in the evening he was offered some supper, but he had his hunk of venison and corn bread with him. Then he curled upon the floor, and in a few minutes was sound asleep, free from care and happy.

A Woman's Dispatch.

"I want to send a message in a great hurry."

The Western Union operator braced himself for a "rush" message.

"It's to Chicago."

"Well, we have an open wire to Chicago."

"Can you send it right away?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you see, Emma's baby's sick and Charlie is away on a trip."

"Well, what shall I say, madam?"

"You see, I can't think just where he is. Do you know?"

The operator had to admit that he did not.

"Well suppose you send it to Chicago."

"Well, suppose you do. Who is he?"

"Have you got a Chicago directory here?"

"Yes ma'am, handing it to her.

"I am afraid I have forgotten the address."

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know; he makes a good living, though. Don't you think a telegram addressed to Chicago would reach him?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Well, then, I'll go home and find out his address. Can you tell me the nearest car that will take me home?"

"No, ma'am, I cannot."

"Well, it seems queer to me that you telegraph operators don't know anything."

An Artful Shopper.

A woman entered a dry goods store and approached one of the clerks. "Please do these up," she said, handing him two old newspapers.

He looked surprised, and she explained.

"I ain't out on a reg'lar shopping tower, and ain't agoin' to buy anything, but there's that Mrs. Simpson, that has half of our pew at church, just loaded down with bundles. She'll never know the difference."

As the clerk was tying up the newspapers she said in a low voice.

"Make it look as much like a silk dress pattern as you can, mister; it'll worry her more."

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Europe's population is 337,000,000, according to reports prepared for the International statistical congress.

—Rice-throwing at weddings had its origin with the Chinese. It is symbolical of the act of luring the bird of ill-omen from the path of the bride, to enable her to safely pursue her matrimonial career.

—A Buffalo canary has a miniature well in its cage, with a bucket, the chain of which reaches to its perch. When it wants a drink it draws up the bucket, much to the delight of the children in the neighborhood.

—A French horticulturist, Count du Boysson, induces the growth of seeds so old as to have a doubtful germinating power by soaking them for thirty-six hours in water containing a little guano or other source of nitrogen.

—The gold mines of Australia continue to be very productive. Some of them are more than 2,000 feet in depth, and many will be sunk even lower than that in the near future. This is contrary to the predictions of old mining experts, who said many years ago that no gold would ever be found in Australia at a depth greater than a hundred feet.

—An accumulated set of [illegible] mains in East Liverpool, Ohio, is causing considerable worry to the residents of that city. The pipes are leaky, in many places broken in two, and as gas is flowing through them the danger of an explosion has become alarmingly apparent. And the situation is rendered all the more dangerous by the fact that the source of the gas supply is a mystery.

—The saying, "You got out of bed the wrong foot foremost," or with the left leg foremost, can be traced back 3,000 years, and originated precisely where the picture given by Cartist of the judgment day came from. The right foot was associated in all antiquity with good luck, and the left with bad fortune. Hence to get out the left foot out of bed first was a bad sign.

—It was Cardinal Wolsey, "as he lay dying, and perhaps looked back over his strange life, beginning at the time when he was a little school boy, and a poor man's son, through all his ambition and his industry, and power and splendor, who said: "If I had served God as diligently as I have served the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

—Eighteen years ago, when the air-brake was tried, it required eighteen seconds to apply it to a train 2,000 feet long. Four years later the time was reduced four seconds. Recent experiments with the air brake on freight trains show that it can be applied to every car in a train of that length running at the rate of forty miles an hour, and that this train can be stopped within 590 feet, or one-fourth of its own length, and all this without any serious jolting.

—The fifteen great American inventions of world-wide adoption are: 1, the cotton gin; 2, the planing machine; 3, the grass mower and reaper; 4, the rotary printing press; 5, navigation by steam; 6, the hot-air engine; 7, the sewing machine; 8, the India-rubber industry; 9, the machine manufacture of horseshoes; 10, the sand-blast for carving; 11 the gauge lathe; 12, the grain elevator; 13, artificial ice-making on a large scale; 14, the electric magnet and its practical application; 15, the telephone.

—A farmer living near Lewiston, Me., who used a horse to run his fodder cutting machine, was much annoyed at frequent stoppings of the horse power, particularly as soon as the horse was left alone. He accordingly watched the animal, which, as soon as it thought its master was away, crawled over the side of the machine, grabbed the brake with its teeth, pulled it over and stopped the machine. The old horse is said to have actually looked sad when the farmer tied the brake down and started him on the treadmill again.

—Macacus monkeys on the island of South Burmah open oysters with a stone. They bring the stone from high water mark down to low water, selecting such stones as they can easily grasp. They effect the opening by striking the base of the upper valve until it dislocates and breaks up. They then extract the oyster with the finger and thumb, occasionally putting the mouth straight to the broken shell. The way they have chosen is the easiest way to open the shell.

—The use of kangaroo skins for leather has come rapidly into fashion within a year or two, and those animals, which were once regarded as a nuisance in Australia, are now prized and sought for. Porpoise leather is also a commodity largely in demand, and a man or woman wearing a costly pair of shoes cannot well be sure, nowadays, whether the material came from the Australian bush, the South seas, or the back of a Texas steer.

—A report based upon an inspection of 1,214 factories in 125 different branches of work in Russia states that the hours of labor there vary from six to twenty, and that in or two special instances workmen were compelled to labor twenty-four hours uninterruptedly. These differences are purely arbitrary and not controlled by the kind of the work. In the same district in the same sort of work there is sometimes a difference of eleven hours in the amount of work required in a day in the different factories.

—The Sultan of Morocco is (or was) much married; to the extent of some 1,500 wives. His chief instrument for maintaining domestic discipline is (or was) a bicycle. This machine was presented to him by a French manufacturer. Of course his majesty never would learn to ride it himself. But he had a circular track laid out in his courtyard, and whenever any of his wives were guilty of misdemeanors he