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An Old-Fashioned Girl.

My grandma was a modest girl,
My mother says to me;
Of modesty the pink and pearl,
Whose like we never see.
Her bustle was a mighty thing
That weighed about four pounds,
Her hoops a vast encircling ring,
Full fifteen feet around.

Her powdered hair was curled so tight,
And built up steeple high,
She could not take it down at night,
Nor could she wink her eye;
For days together, I have read,
Her hair would thus remain;
I fear me much, dear Grandma's head
A shampoo would disdain.

She used to drink a power of wine,
And gamble with the men;
And dance! This slender waist of mine,
Belonged to fish-wives then.
Her lovers did not woo like men,
But used to sneak and creep
Beneath Miss Grandma's window, when
The family was asleep.

And then—I've heard Grandfather say—
When she was seventeen,
One pitch dark night she ran away
With him to Gretna Green;
All this, my business qualifies
At times, when Ma unfurls
Her family history, and sighs
For more "old-fashioned girls."

A JAPANESE LOVE-STORY.

At one end of the long street forming the village of Morioka, in Japan, stood the low thatched cottage in which the sisters O-Suba and Niya lived with a widowed aunt. Their father had fallen in battle, and his wife soon followed him to the grave, committing her children to the care of their only remaining relative, O-Suba, the eldest, was a brunette, with sparkling black eyes and white teeth that shone between full, ruby lips. She was taller than Niya, who was fair and slight, with mild blue eyes and a soft voice.

For over a year O'Suba had been betrothed to Kampei, the son of a neighboring farmer. Their parents had arranged the matter. Though it was not made formal by an exchange of presents, the young people regarded it as settled; and the marriage was deferred only until Kampei returned from a campaign against a rebel prince, in which he was follow his lord, his father being too old to take the field.

When the young man called on the sisters in order to say adieu, he was mortified by O-Suba's manner, which seemed to show that she regarded his absence as a reprieve; and his face betrayed his feelings.

"Do not look thus, good Kampei, before your commander!" she said laughingly. "He will think you a coward. Go and win booty and come back covered with glory. Who would not be a soldier rather than a mean farmer?" she cried with animation. "A warrior is a gentleman, has his pocket full of bright silver and is esteemed by his lord. Go, Kampei; I shall despise you if you hesitate!"

Kampei stung by her tones and rose hastily. A deep sigh reached him, and on turning around he saw Niya sitting in a corner of the room, her face buried in the loose sleeves of her robe.

"Farewell, Niya," he said.

A sob rose in the girl's throat as she replied, "Farewell, Kampei. And remember," she faltered, "that if anything occurs to you, I—we shall be broken-hearted."

"You will not forget me, O-Suba? It will cheer me to know that."

"I shall not forget you," she said impatiently; and the young man left, catching a glance as he closed the gardens gate of O-Suba waiving a gay adieu, and of Niya with her face hidden in her hands.

One day, a few months after Kampei's departure, his mother called at the cottage, and after relating a pitiful tale of bad harvests, poverty and debt, said that her husband, who was in feeble health, would be sent to prison if she could not obtain eighty riyos, and she begged O-Suba, as her son's betrothed, to at least lend that sum to her. O-Suba treated the poor woman harshly, refused the money and reminded her visitor that as presents are not yet exchanged their marriage must not be regarded as certain.

Niya in vain urged her aunt to apply a portion of her little fortune to the farmer's relief. Her relatives were obdurate, and the old woman was going away sadly, when the younger girl sprang up, thrust her feet into her sandals and hurried after the visitor, overtaking her before she reached the gate.

"When must you have the money?" she said.

"Within three days, Niya."

"You shall have it," said the girl; and escaping from the thanks and blessings of the old woman, she returned to the house. She threw herself on the mat in the corner, clasped her hands and puckered her brow thoughtfully.

Suddenly she uttered a joyous cry. The screens were drawn back, leaving the whole front of the house open; and Niya saw a pair of swallows fly into the room and perch on the space between the wall and the ceiling, chirping and chattering together busily.

"See, sister, the pretty birds are going to build; good fortune will be ours. Sh—h—h! Dear O-Suba, do not disturb them, and she laid her hand imploringly on her sister's arm as O-Suba laughed at her enthusiasm.

Niya sat there eagerly watching the movements of the birds and their many flights to and fro while building their nest.

Her relatives went out soon after and Niya, after a long look at the still busy swallows, dressed herself and went out, too. When O-Suba and her aunt returned Niya was not at home and it was long before they saw her face.

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When the army to which Kampei belonged was disbanded his comrades gave themselves up to revelry, while he, eager to see O-Suba and anxious to see about his parents, of whose troubles he had heard, hastened homeward.

He was within a short day's journey of his native village, when toward sunset he reached a tea house bearing on one of the posts the sing "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom." The screens forming the front were thrown back, showing the whole inside of the house, divided into apartments by movable partitions; and in one of the rooms a number of "gentlemen retainers" sat drinking; their songs reaching the passers by mingled with the noise of their quarrels.

As Kampei cast away outside the veranda his dusty sandals some of the female attendants ran out to meet him with cries of welcome.

"Good afternoon, sir! Be good enough to walk inside and rest, sir. The sun is hot, the roads are parched and you must be weary. We have liquor of Tensuii and Satsumi tobacco and fragrant tea."

With many bows they led him into an unoccupied room, and when food and drink were placed before him he was left alone. He was soon waited on by another girl, who inquired if he wanted anything more, and Kampei was astounded to recognize in the new comer Niya—but not the Niya in quiet attire, with downcast looks, whom he left behind at Morioka. She had gay clothes; her hair was adorned with large gold headed pins and her face powdered.

Niya drew back in confusion on seeing Kampei; then, collecting herself, she advanced, and, pretending not to recognize him, said: "A gentleman of the army of chastisement is welcome to the Chaya. We are thankful that he deigns to honor our humble house by stopping here."

Kampei's face was grave as he asked: "How is this, Niya? Has misfortune overtaken your family that O-Suba and your aunt have permitted you to become a menial in a tea house?"

The girl hung her head, but did not answer. Had he been merely scornful at her loss of caste, she could be defiant; but he was evidently sorry for her.

"Why have you done this, Niya?" the young man continued reproachfully. "You were not in poverty; you were happy; why, then, did you leave home for such an occupation as this?"

Niya looked at the mats silently. Her lip quivered, the blush that mounted from her throat to her forehead faded away, pursued by a deadly paleness, and her limbs trembled so much that she dropped on the ground and hid her face in her broad sleeves.

An old man entered from the veranda, and, after bowing to Kampei, decried the motionless girl, with her head leaning against a partition.

"How!" he cried, angrily, "moping in this way with the house full of guests—troublesome fellows, too, like those samurai, who curse and threaten if they are delayed but one moment. Up this instant, I say, or I shall use my whip on your shoulders!"

Niya seemed glad to escape from Kampei's questions, and she withdrew, followed by the master of the house.

Drawing the tobacco stand toward him Kampei filled and lit his pipe, and while smokeing puzzled himself in endeavoring to explain Niya's presence there. The singing in the adjoining chamber grew more boisterous, and sometimes Kampei heard the clash of swords, the voices of the frightened attendants, and the entreaties of the proprietor. It all jarred on the young man's feelings, and were it possible he would have left the place. But there was no other only miserable villages between the chaya and Morioka, and, apart from his fatigue, the way was lonely and dangerous on account of robbers.

He strolled to the back of the inn, and pursued a little flagged path toward a rustic summer house erected on an artificial mound, a slight railing on either side defined the path from the garden, where the summer chrysanthemums, the peonies and pinks were bursting into bloom, while the camella, azalea and primrose gave forth their expiring strength in a few delicate flowers. Some late violets peeped timidly from the shadow of a huge rock; around the lattice work of the summer house vine tendrils struggled with dainty clematis, and cherry blossoms, from which the house was named, bloomed in gay profusion everywhere.

Sitting there in the silence of the evening, the soft landscape spread out beneath him the odor of the garden mounting to the arbor, Kampei almost forgot his recent annoyance and indulged in pleasant dreams of the future. Dusk was advancing, when he was startled by seeing Niya, who had approached noiselessly, standing in the doorway. She uttered a little scream on finding the summer house occupied, and was about to go away, when Kampei recalled her and entreated her in a harsh voice to sit down. She obeyed, the blood meanwhile mounting indignantly to her forehead; and when Kampei looked severely at her she hastily brushed away the traces of recent tears and said defiantly:

"Frown not thus, good Kampei; I am not O-Suba, your betrothed; I am only Niya. Are not my parents dead? And who, then, will dare to reprove me if I do what I please? Go to Morioka, Kampei, and let you and O-Suba forget the wretched Niya, who will never return to her home."

She rose to her feet while speaking and was about to leave, when Kampei again stopped her and said sorrowfully:

"You have chosen a mean calling that your parents would have rejected as vulgar and disgraceful; their spirits are displeased, and you can no more visit their tombs or pray before the god shelf with a peaceful mind. There was a time that I thought I loved Niya more than O-Suba, and now—yah, yah!" he continued scornfully after a pause, "get away, you low creature! You are no longer anything to me but the miserable tea house attendant!"

He turned away from her with a gesture of anger. She clasped her hands to her side and staggered against the frail woodwork, making the whole structure tremble; then, looking at him wildly, she uttered a heartbroken cry and rushed down the path, past the house and across the broad road.

Kampei followed the girl with his eyes, and, when he saw her climb the bank on the roadside and spring into the river flowing slowly beyond, he muttered to himself:

"The death of a dog is good enough for one with so mean a soul!"

But better thoughts quickly came, and he determined to try and save her.

Niya rose to the surface of the water, and her clothing buoyed her for some moments. She did not struggle, but kept her hand thrust into the sleeves of her robe. She sank again in the smooth current, and as her face became buried her fortitude deserted her, and she threw up her arms with a stifled shriek.

The bubbles that marked the spot where she sank were almost gone when Kampei reached the bank, divested of his sandals and outer garments. He sprang into the stream, and succeeded in seizing the drowning girl, who, though nearly insensible, grasped him tightly about the neck, hindering his movements. Kampei, finding the place shallow, put his feet upon the ground, but to his terror they sank into deep mud, and he felt the water gradually rising upon him. He strained every muscle, but the water still mounted until they were both covered. A roar as of thunder filled his ears, but he managed to preserve some coolness. By a violent effort he loosened Niya's frantic embrace, and, still grasping her clothing, struggled out of the mud and gained a firm foothold, exhausted and gasping for breath.

Though his strength was almost gone and his knees tottered, he held Niya to his breast, looking anxiously into her face. Her eyes were closed, and her head fell heavily on his arm, the hair, from which the fastenings were gone, falling over his shoulder in a thick mass and floating on the stream.

The incident had been observed from the chaya, and a number of men now stood on the bank, by whose aid the two were soon placed in safety. When Kampei had seen the girl restored to animation and given in charge of the female servants, he was forced to join the other guests, by whom he was clapped on the shoulders and praised as a hero.

He slept soundly until awoke by the harsh sound of the shutters being moved in their grooves and by the sunlight pouring in through the semi-transparent screens. Being desirous of avoiding Niya he did not wait for breakfast, but set out at once.

Kampei was overjoyed on reaching home to find his parents well and happy, their only trouble since his departure having been that caused by the avarice of their landlord. He was pained to hear of O-Suba's unfeeling words on the occasion of his mother's visit to the cottage, and the old lady's story made it evident that the subsequent sending of the money was chiefly due to Niya's intercession. Then it occurred to him that the girl's present position might be owing to a quarrel with her relative on this very subject, and the idea made him remorseful. Finally he was informed that, despite her engagement to him, O Suba had during his absence found another lover, a European trader at one of the ports, with hair and beard golden as the tresses of the sun goddess, and that there were rumors of their approaching marriage.

His thought turned to poor Niya, neglected by her relatives, insulted by him, and left to battle alone with a world that is so cruel to the weak.

Kampei long lay awake that night, and the result of his meditations was made known to his parents when he sprang from his mat soon after daybreak. The old couple approved of his proposals, and went to the veranda to say farewell, and to watch him fondly as he walked with a step toward the highway, tying under his chin as he went his conical broad brimmed straw hat. Before he had gone far his father called him back. "Take my purse, son," he said; "chaya keepers are very hard to deal with unless they see the money bag in your hand. You will find in this the gold pieces you brought home yesterday."

The sun was still high in the heavens when Kampei stopped at the "Chaya of the Verdant Cherry Blossom," and, after exchanging salutations with the proprietor, begged to see the girl Niya. She was brought into his presence, looking pale and alarmed, and casting timid glances at the young man from under her long lashes. Her hands played nervously with her robe and she looked about anxiously for a place as far as possible from Kampei.

"Niya," he said, "I am not angry with you, but I want to know why you left home."

A faint cry was her only reply.

"Had I any connection with it—I, Kampei?"

The girl wrung her hands and turned her face away, looking distressed, without, however, uttering a word.

"Would you like to come home again, little Niya?" he went on in an encouraging voice.

"Yah, yah! you are too fast, young sir!" broke in the master, who was sitting on the veranda smoking, and listening to Kampei. "You are too fast. She is mine for two years. I have the agreement signed by herself, with her receipt for the money."

"Money!" cried Kampei. "She has sold herself, then. But," he continued more calmly, "I am willing to pay you back again. See," and saying this he drew out his purse, showing to the master of the house a number of gold coins. "How much was it, I pray you, good sir?"

"Eighty riyos," the host replied.

"Eighty riyos," echoed Kampei, a light dawning upon him.

"Why," the host went on angrily, "that is the very purse in which I gave the girl the money, and yet you pretend to be her friend! Of whom is bound to me! What is the meaning of this deceit?"

Kampei recoiled. All was now plain to him. To save his parents from ruin, his father probably from death, this poor girl, tenderly reared, sold herself into virtual slavery, where exhausting labor, ill treatment, even stripes, would be her lot! And he had almost allowed her to drown herself when driven mad by his taunts! Poor Niya! And she did this for—was it for his parents or for him? The question made him thoughtful.

Meanwhile Niya, her forehead pressed against the partition, sobbed. The moment she longed for had arrived. Kampei now knew why she was there, knew that it was for his sake she left her dear village. Yet she was frightened. What business had she to interfere in the affairs of grown people? What did she know of the great world that she should face it so lightly? Above everything there was Kampei only a few feet from her, looking at her most intensely—she knew it without turning around; she felt his gaze pierce her—there was Kampei and what should she do?

Kampei rose, moved to Niya's side and whispered: "Was it for my sake you did this, Niya?"

"Why should I do it for you?" she replied, evasively.

"Niya," he said, looking sharply at her, "I am no longer affianced to O-Suba; she loves a fair haired foreigner, and is about to marry him."

She turned quickly, her cheeks glowing, her eyes sparkling through tears like the sun through mist, and in the happy smile that lit up her face Kampei read her secret.

"Then you love me!" he cried; and Niya's smile add blush said "Yes."

"You did not consult the girl's relatives," said the young man, turning to the host.

"She told me she had none," stammered the other, alarmed for the legality of his agreement.

"Destroy the indenture, and receive back your money, good sir, I beg," said Kampei.

The tea house keeper agreed, and, while the two men drank a cup together he confided to Kampei that he was not sorry to cancel the bargain, as the girl did not suit. "She moped too much," he said; "she had some hidden grief—the cause of which," he added, with a smile, "I can now divine."

O-Suba and her husband left Morioka and went to live in one of the open ports; and Kampei and Niya after their marriage occupied the cottage formerly tenanted by the sisters. They now have three children, whom their relatives combine to ruin by indulgence; and the eldest, a sturdy boy, always speaks of the time when he will wear his father's sword, and take his place in fighting against the enemies of the Mikado.

NATIVES OF THE NORTH.

Tremendous Appetites of the Inhabitants of the Arctic Region.

When we were at John Howland bay, a month ago, on the Arctic coast, I was visiting on the Hunter, where the sailors were scraping off the pieces of the gum adhering to the butt ends of the whalebone. The natives stood by, and as the long shavings were rolled off gathered them all up, eating what they could hold, and storing the rest away in their canoes. I tasted of the stuff out of curiosity's sake, but dropped it as soon as I could. The flavor is about as I would imagine a rotten raw peanut to be. For a steady diet, I should hesitate between that and faith, but the natives all evidently relished it exceedingly, and they chewed by the hour, as a schoolgirl would a piece of gum.

The greatest feast I have seen the natives have was about two weeks ago, when several whalers were lying at anchor under East cape, on the Asiatic shore. A whale was raised at the southward, working rapidly up along the shore. Twenty-five or thirty whale boats were immediately lowered, and the gauntlet was to much for the whale. He was soon captured and alongside the Lucretia to be cut in. Seven canoe loads of natives came off to claim their share of the whale, which custom has defined as the fins, flukes (the tail), and all the lean they can cut off. The whale was a very large one, making in the vicinity of 110 barrels of oil, and producing about 2,500 pounds of whalebone, hence there was a great amount of lean. How the natives did work to save this! To me the whole scene was most amusing. Work was begun about 8 o'clock and finished soon after midnight, but the sun set only to rise in an hour or two, so it was daylight all the time. The officers of the ship were giving their orders, the donkey engine was puffing away turning the windlass, which rattled like a dozen heavy log chains. Twenty or thirty natives were yelling like fiends. Huge sheets of blubber were being hauled in at the gangway.

Everything was excitement and noise. The sea all about the ship was red with blood, and natives were crawling all along the whale's carcass, holding big sheath knives in their teeth, cutting off a piece of meat when opportunity offered, and jabbering away like so many monkeys. When they were through with the skeleton, it seemed as if they could not have removed any more meat even with a piece of sandpaper. All their canoes were loaded down as full as they could carry with safety, and that the work was over the feast followed. The most toothsome part of the whale to them is the black skin from the lips, the fins and the flukes, and these opened the feast. Imagine a man ore a woman, with a slice of meat the size of a four or five pound steak, surrounding a corner with the teeth, and then sawing off the corner and writhing all over in order to chew up the whole piece and not drop any from his mouth. This is the happiest moment one of these natives could wish for.

The First Run on a Bank.

The extravagant luxury of the court of Charles II, combined with its utter want of principle and incapacity to carry on the memorable contest with Holland, produced the first run upon bankers that ever was made. The Government had suffered a succession of humiliating disasters. The extravagance of the court had dissipated all the means that Parliament had supplied for the purpose of carrying on offensive hostilities. It was finally determined to wage only defensive war, but even for that the vast resources of England were found insufficient. The Dutch insulted the British Court, sailed up the Thames, took Sheerness, and carried their ravages to Chatham. The blaze of the burning ships was seen in London, it was rumored that a foreign army had landed at Gravesend, and military men seriously proposed to abandon the Tower.

The people accustomed to the secure reign of Cromwell, were in consternation. The moneyed portion of the community were seized with a panic. The country was in danger; London itself might be invaded. What security was there then for the money advanced to the Crown? The people flocked to their debtors and demanded their deposits. London now witnessed the first run upon the bankers!

The fears of the people, however, proved groundless, for the goldsmiths, as the bankers were then called, met all demands that were made upon them. Confidence was restored by royal proclamation that the demands on the exchequer should be made as usual, and the run collapsed.

Tokio's Principal Street.

To stroll down the principal street of Tokio of an evening is a species of liberal education. Long lines of gayly lighted shops, crammed with wares to captivate alike the novice and the connoisseur, look out upon an equally endless succession of torchlit booths, that display a happy medley of old curios and new conceits. Here the very latest thing in inventions, a gutta percha rat, that for some reason best known to the vender scampers about squeaking with a mimicry to shame the original, holds an admiring crowd spellbound with mingled trepidation and delight.

There a native zoetrope, ingenious round of pleasure, whose top, fashioned after the type of a turbine wheel, enables a candle in the center to supply both illumination and motive power at the same time, affords to as many as can find room on its circumference a peep at the composite antics of a consecutively pictured monkey in the act of jumping a box. Then, again it is some flower stand, in the growth of whose shrubs, art has dared even to interfere with nature, and begotted forms which the parent world would fail to recognize, while opposite this show is a booth that, among its other curiosities, has for sale little microscopes with legs. Thus from one attraction to an other you wander on for miles, carried along with the tide of pleasure seekers in a sort of realized dream.

The blackberry succeeds on old wood soil.

How Burglars Have Their Tools Made.

P. J. Jennings, an east side engineer and machinist, tells an interesting story about his dealings with a burglar. He was sitting in his office one day a few months ago when two men entered with a design they wanted made of steel. He took the job and turned it out according to order. The men came next day, and after chatting pleasantly about the boodle aldermen and other matters of popular interest in the city, paid their bill and went away. Several other designs were brought him by the two men, and he got to know them quite well. He did not learn their business, however, but it is such a common thing to deal with men whom one knows only by sight, that Mr. Jennings never bothered his head about it.

But he found out who the men were after all.

One day they called to have him make half a dozen eight inch steel screws. He promised them for 5 o'clock, but the men did not come. He did not see them the next day or the next. On the third day one of Pinkerton's detectives dropped in upon him in the afternoon, carrying a hand satchel. He opened it and threw a lot of curiously shaped pieces of steel on the table.

"Were these made in your shop, Mr. Jennings?" casually remarked the detective.

"Yes, that's our work."

"Who did you make them for?"

"Now you've got me—it's more than I can tell. I never had any reason to inquire, and the men didn't bother about telling me."

"But you are sure you made that steel work here?"

"Yes, oh yes; I'm sure enough of that."

Two days later Mr. Jennings was subpoenaed by the prosecution as a witness against two men who had attempted to crack the safe in a bank in Ellenville, Ulster county. He met a Harlem machinist and an iron worker from down town at the court house in Kingston. Pinkerton's men opened wide their eyes when he took the pieces of steel that each had shaped, and, putting them together, showed them what a perfect sectional jimmy they made.

A Girl's Gratitude.

"Minnie, I have come to take you home with me."

"No, Laura, I have no claim upon you. Surely in this great world there is something for me to do—to teach or sew."

"But, Minnie, dear, we have been like sisters ever since our school days; you are too young to live alone. Come and brighten my father's life and mine." And after much pleading Minnie consented to go.

Poor little girl! She had buried her father that day. The father who had banished everything that wealth could buy on his lovely daughter, had died and left her a penniless orphan, alone to fight the battle of life.

Laura Goodwin, who had been her chosen friend at school, had come to comfort Minnie in her grief and brought her father's cordial invitation to make his house her permanent abode. He had been widowed himself and could sympathize with the young girl's sorrow for loss, and readily seconded his daughter's generous impulse.

And soon after Minnie's advent into the family there came another change. Laura, the stately beauty, found that her heart had wandered from the home boundary to rest upon another love offered and accepted. Her lover was a gentleman in every way calculated to make her happy—a true, good man, and Mr. Goodwin gave a willing consent to her marriage.

It wanted but a month of Laura's wedding day, when one afternoon as the girls were sitting in the parlor waiting the summons to dinner a heavy fall overhead startled both. Mr. Goodwin's library, which was directly above them, was evidently the room whence the noise came; and, after a moment of silent consternation, the two ran swiftly upstairs. The friend and father lay upon the floor, where he had fallen after leaving his chair, struck down with paralysis, insensible.

The appointed wedding-day was over, when one morning Laura beckoned Minnie from the invalid's room and took her into her own chamber. Her face was pale, but resolute, her eyes full of suppressed pain as she said, "Minnie, will you do a painful task for me?"

"You know that I will do anything for you, Laura."

"Then you will see Herbert for me and tell him this: Doctor Holmes said to-day that my father would never regain the use of his lower limbs. His mind is now clear, and he can use his arms and hands; but from the lower limbs the power to move is gone for life. He will be crippled, almost helpless; and I, his child, can never leave him!"

"I will not tell Herbert, Laura, nor must you break your engagement. You will not hesitate to leave your father in my care. My hands will minister to him as tenderly as yours; my feet shall fill the place of his; my"—

"Stop! this must not be," said Mr. Goodwin. "I cannot consent to bind your youth to my infirmity, your activity to my helplessness."

"You would keep Laura?"

"She is my child; her own love keeps her."

"Her love!" The child's pleading face was gone, and she stood erect before them a woman, speaking her heart. "Her love calls her to Herbert as truly as mine—Oh, spare me," she cried, covering her hot blushes with her hands. "Do not force me to tear away from my heart its veil? Do you not know," and she crept close to the bedside to whisper, "that as Laura loves Herbert I love you? Do not turn me away; let me be your wife—happier, far happier in ministering to you than I could be in any freer, gayer life."

RE—I saw your friend, Miss Sniverly, on Austin avenue, and noticed how poorly she was looking. Has she been sick?

She—No, that's not the reason she looks so bad. The druggists have adopted the cash system and complexion costs money.

LITTLE Ruth sat at the table and heard each remark made as the plates were passed. One wanted a "small piece;" another "a very little," etc. When it came her turn she reached her plate out eagerly toward the coveted food.

"I'll take too much, if 'oo pease, papa," she said, with naive sincerity.

A BLIND MAN ON MEMORY.

The Sightless Pupil Possesses One Vital Advantage Over His Companions.

As partial compensation, in the midst of his many discouragements, the sightless pupil possesses one vital advantage over his companions. His memory, accustomed to seize and assimilate definitions and miscellaneous information at a single hearing, acquires both a marvelous alertness and a phenominal retentive capacity which enable him to master certain branches of study with singular ease and rapidity. Deprived of books and without any very ready and reliable method of making notes, he obtains a habit, often envied by the seeing, of appropriating instantaneously anything addressed to his intellect through his hearing. Hence the proverbially good memory of the blind person. His mind is his memorandum book, always at hand and always open.

"To the present writer, who never remembers having a lesson in anything read over to him more than twice, nothing is more strange and more amusing than a room full of school children, with fingers crammed in their ears, buzzing over a lesson of three pages for the fifteenth time. Equally incomprehensible is it to see a man making a note of a single address, or a lady referring to a shopping list. Such observations force one to the conclusion that the art of writing, invaluable as it is, has been disastrous to the human memory. People have grown so to rely on a piece of white paper covered with black scratches, that if this be lost they are helpless. Nay, they are reduced almost to the condition of creatures without intellect.

"So marked is the advantage of the blind in this respect as almost to atone for their extra difficulties in others; that is, the sightless pupil will acquire scientific and philosophical studies with a rapidity which will counterbalance the greater amount of time demanded by his less facile methods of writing out exercises in linguistic and ciphering in mathematical branches; so that in taking the regular course at academy or university, he will require, all in all, neither more nor more labor than the average student.

"Of not less value in after life is this extraordinarily trained and developed memory. It enables the blind to derive from lectures, conversation and general reading ten times the benefit of others; on whose mind a simple mention of facts and thoughts make little or no impression.

"Thus the law of compensation is seen working in all things, making good on one hand, approximately at least, what is wanting on the other; not by the special interference of Providence or other power with natural conditions and processes, for the benefit of the individual, as many claim, but through the inevitable sequence of cause and effect, by which senses and faculties become, through unusual training, abnormally developed and their value radically enhanced."

The Widow's Daughter.

In the winter of 1864, while a portion of my regiment, the New York Twenty-fifth Cavalry, was at Pleasant Valley, Md., to obtain a remount, word was received by the post commander that a Confederate scout named William Baxter but who was known to us as "Billy Bowlegs," was on a visit to his mother who lived between the Potomac at that point and a village in Virginia called Uniontown. There were a number of Colonel Kane's "Bucktails" scouting for the Federals and making Pleasant Valley their headquarters, and as I had been detailed on several occasions for scout service, and had made a good record I was instructed to select five men and cross the river and secure "Billy" dead or alive. The fact that he was at home was fully established, and the location of the farm house was known to two of the men who accompanied me. We were ferried across the Potomac one evening at dusk just where the long highway bridge had been burned and then we had a walk of about eleven miles to make.

Although "Billy Bowlegs" was a fearless man and a handy shot, we didn't figure that it needed five men to capture him. The country between the river and Uniontown was then overrun with bushwhackers and guerrillas, and we anticipated more or less trouble with them.

The scout had been twice captured by the Federals, and he was described to us as of slender build, medium height, fair complexion and dark eyes. Enough was known about his nerve to know that he would not be taken alive if he had any show to fight, and therefore as we approached the house about midnight from across a field we were anxiously wondering how we should get at him. If we knocked at the door he would be alarmed and have time to arm himself. If we broke in we might and probably should find him in bed. It was a still, clear night, rather cold, and we hung about for half an hour before adopting a plan. Then we decided to break in the doors. Two of us went to the front and two to the back door, while the fifth man stood ready to receive the scout in case he dropped from a second-story window supposed to be in his bed-room. We crept slowly up, and at a signal both doors were burst——. No, they weren't! Neither of them gave an inch under the pressure, and in response to the efforts we made a woman's voice called out:

"Who is it, and what's wanted?"

"Open the door or we'll break it down!"

"Wait one minute!"

She struck a light, and we heard her moving about, and in a couple of minutes the front door opened and a gray-haired woman of 45 stood there with a candle in her hand.

"Union soldiers, eh? Come right in," she said smiling as if glad to see us.

I posted three of the men around the house and entered with the other, and as soon as I was inside, I said:

"Madam, we have come for your son. We know he is here. We shall take him dead or alive."

"Oh, you have come for Billy, have you!" exclaimed a girl about 18 years of age who came running down stairs at that moment. "Excuse me, gentlemen, for not being fully dressed, but you see you didn't send us any word."

She laughed in a merry way, while the mother smiled good-naturedly. She had on a neat fitting calico dress, a ribbon at her throat, and except that her hair looked "tumbled" she looked as well prepared as if she expected our coming.

"Yes, Jennie, they want Billy," said the mother as she placed the candle on a stand.

"And we are bound to take him, dead or alive!" I added in a loud voice, suspecting the scout was within hearing.

"Oh, how sorry!" laughed the girl. "If brother Billy had only known you were coming! But he didn't, you see, and so he went away at dark. He'll never forgive himself—never."

"We must search the house," I said.

"Oh, certainly. Mammy, you light another candle and I'll show the gentlemen around. Perhaps the sight of Billy's old clothes will do 'em good.

Well, sir, we hunted that house from attic to cellar, and all we found was an old suit of Billy's clothes. The scout had skipped, and the best I could do was to apologize to mother and daughter, accept a midnight luncheon at the hands of the latter, and take the back track for the river. I'll own up, too, that I was "dead gone" on Jennie before I left, and that I said to her, as I squeezed her hand at parting:

"When the war is over I am coming to ask you to be my wife."

"And—and—I'll say—say y-e s," she whispered in my ear.

We got back to the ferry soon after daylight and there met a Union farmer living neighbor to the widow. When he heard what we had been up to he asked:

"Was the widder all alone?"

"No; her daughter Jennie was there."

"Daughter Jennie! Describe her."

"Good looking girl of medium height, black eyes and hair, and a sweet talker. I'm going back to marry her after the war is over."

"Bet you a farm you don't! That ar' gal Jennie was nobody else but that ar' scout, Billy Bowlegs! He jist jumped into some of his mammy's and you pig heads couldn't see through it!"

He was right. I met Billy in Harper's Ferry after the war, and he wanted to know if I had taken out the marriage license yet.

Zadkiel the Real Autocrat of the Turks.

A study of Turkish superstition might help to explain much that is mysterious in the news telegraphed daily from Stamboul to the newspapers of the Giaour. Notwithstanding the progress the Turks have made of late years in the arts of civilization, Zadkiel is supreme king over the length and breadth of the Ottoman empire. From the highest to the lowest, all are a prey to the devoutest superstition. The office of muneddjim bashi, or court astrologer, still exists. Its present incupant, Hadji Tahir Effendi, was until 1877 president of the council of education, and during the short existence of the Turkish parliament, nine years ago, was created a senator. His duties are not of a very complex kind, but they have an important bearing on political and social movements. For every action of the sultan and his ministers he has to calculate the most propitious day, hour and even minute; and he publishes annually an almanac in which, for the benefit of the whole Mohammedan population, the days are specified on which it is best to have the hair cut or the nails trimmed, buy houses, lands or slaves, to undertake a journey, and even to do nothing. Next to the koran no work is more widely studied among the subjects of the padishah, and it is very doubtful whether even the great evangel of the prophet is more scrupulously obeyed.

Much that is inexplicable in diplomatic negotiations at Stamboul might be accounted for if it were found that the proverbial ill-luck of Sundays, Tuesdays and Saturdays had not been duly considered, or that proper attention was not paid to the seven evil days in every lunar month, or to the unlucky character of the month of Safer, the second month in the Arabic calendar. No Turk would be bold enough to enter a new house or undertake a journey of these unpropitious days when the sheytans or devils are abroad, much less consider seriously a question of politics. It goes without saying that the average Turk thoroughly indorses the pathological eccentricities of the peculiar people and the cosmic heresies of Mr. John Hampden. In severe cases of sickness the services of the hakim are dispensed with, and the prayers of a sheikh or holy man are requisitioned. As for the globular shape of the earth and its alleged revolutions, the intelligent Mohammedan laughs such follies to scorn. The disappearance of the sun at night is accounted for by the periodical retirement of that pious luminary for prayer and religious reflection.

Day of the Week at Manilla.

Although the Philippine Islands lie near to the Asiatic coast it was by Spaniards who sailed eastward from America that they were settled. Did they revise their calendar when they crossed the magic line and strike out a day to keep themselves abreast of the times? No such thing; the Spanish dons of that day were a proud and fiery folk, and if their calendar did not agree with the times then so much the worse for the times. Anyhow, the fact remains that when they arrived at the Manilla or Philippine Islands they still reckoned by the calendar which had been taken from Spain to America, and from America by them on their voyage. They were, of course, a day in arrear; but as there not then any important settlements of civilized nations thereabouts with whom the date could be compared the date was not noticed; the reckoning took firm hold, and, in consequence, the inhabitants of Manilla keep plodding along one day behind all their immediate neighbors.

A Sign That Worked Both Ways.

"I'm not the least superstitious," said a lady in the street car to her escort, "but there is one sign that I've never known to fail. If I see the new moon over my left shoulder I'm just as sure to have bad luck as can be, and if I see it over my right shoulder I always have good luck."

"That is very remarkable."

"Isn't it. Now last month I saw the moon over my left shoulder, and the very next day I went out riding on Dolly and she threw me. Wasn't that awful luck?"

"It was, indeed. Did you ever know it to work the other way?"

"Certainly I have. I saw the moon over my right shoulder this month, and the other day when I was out driving, and the horse overturned the carriage, I didn't even get hurt, although I might have been killed. Oh, I'm sure it never fails.

Plant early sweet corn pretty thick.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Petroleum has been found in Egypt at a depth of 1310 feet.

—Simon Collins, a blind man, living at Marietta, Pa., is said to be one of the best mechanics in the country.

—A well defined case of leprosy is said to be reported to have been discovered in St. Louis by a prominent specialist.

—A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

—California wine is said to be increasing in demand in this section of the country at the rate of about a million gallons per year.

—A turkey gobbler owned by a farmer near Rockville, Ill., fights hens from their nests and covers and hatches the eggs himself.

—As far back as 1599 an English writer remarked: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an 'r' in their names to eat an oyster."

—Grant Johnson, a colored resident of West Chester, has been living three months with a bullet in his brain. He is totally paralyzed, being unable to move a muscle or talk.

—Some cows that were in a field that she was crossing, at Sag Harbor, L. I., recently, made a movement toward Mrs. Rogers, who became so frightened that she dropped dead.

—The fibre derived from the inner bark of young mulberry shoots is said to yield a fabric much finer and stronger than cotton, and which, when woven, very much resembles silk.

—Fishermen at Roseburg, on the Siuslaw river, in Oregon, caught 10,000 salmon in one night recently, notwithstanding the cry being raised that the fish are rapidly leaving Oregon waters.

—An Orange (N. J.) shoemaker found diamonds valued at $2000 in a pair of shoes sent him for repairs. The stones had been put in the shoes for safety by the owner and been forgotten.

—The German town having the greatest number of saloons, relatively, is Iilesen, one to every 80 inhabitants, and Schwerin has the smallest number, one to every 478 inhabitants.

—The dog of George Marion, of Rensselar, Ind., began barking at a hole in the ground. Marion dug down and killed 113 blue racers and 27 bull snakes. The dog is still in the hole hunting for the lie.

—The floating island on Lake Derwentwater, England, has again made its appearance, after complete submersion for nearly three years. The cause of the phenomenon is said never to have been satisfactorily explained.

—It is computed that the death rate of the world is sixty-seven a minute, and the birth rate seventy a minute, and this seemingly light percentage of gain is sufficient to give a net increase of population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.

—A resident of Sumter, Ga., was driving a mule through the streets when the breeze caught up a big piece of blue paper lying in the gutter and whirled it directly before the animal's face. The mule, it is reported, started back in terror, trembled violently, and then fell over dead.

—At least 10,000 preserved humming birds are now embraced in the collection in the British museum. The finest collection on this side of the Atlantic, containing about 2,000 specimens, has been presented by Mr. D. G. Elliot to the Museum of Natural History of New York.

—At Acosta a Roman metal pen has been found. It is a bronze pen slit in exactly the same fashion as the present steel pen. The Dutch invented a metal pen in 1717, but it was not until many years later that the hand-screw press, which made the first cheap steel pen, came into use.

—Thakore Sahib spent $250,000 during his short visit to America. Some of the money went for jewelry and some for railroad stocks for India. For Christine Nilsson he bought a fan set with diamonds and rubies, and for Queen Victoria a $3000 riding habit embroidered in gold and silver.

—It has been ascertained by an observing person that flocks of poultry which have guinea fowls among them are never interfered with by chicken thieves. The guinea is always on the alert, and the least disturbance will cause it to make a very loud outcry well known to farmers. This fowl should be found on every farm and on every hen roost.

—The increase in the wages of working people in the United States was more rapid during the decade ending in 1860 than it was during the next decade or the last one. The rate of increase in England for the past forty years has been more rapid than the increase in the United States.

—A ragpicker, in London, who recently found a purse with a sovereign in it on the street, straightway repaired, with his wife, to purchase articles of which they were in pressing need. They are now in jail, an astute magistrate having decided that they should have reported their good