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The Autumn of the World.

The last wan petals leave the rose,
The latest swallows preen for flight,
The Summer's gone where no one knows,
With dead man's love and spent years' light,
And warm hearts buried out of sight.

Red roses are the crown of youth;
The warm light falls on lovers' lips;
Laugh then, and fondle, happy mouth,
But yet, remember, sweet time slips,
Death hurries on with full eclipse!

So short, so sad! Oh! let not Death
Find only faded flowers and wine,
When, hungry for the joyous breath
That dreams not of the years decline,
He lays his cold white mouth to thine!

Cling to the flying hours; and yet
Let one pure hope, one great desire,
Like song on dying lips be set,
That 'ere we fall in scattered fire
Our hearts may lift the world's heart higher.

Here in the Autumn months of Time,
Before the great new year can break,
Some little way our feet should climb,
Some little mark our words should make
For liberty and manhood's sake!

AN AWAKENING.

"Will you come down to our place next Monday, Charley, for a couple of days' shooting."

"Monday? Yes. Delighted, old chap."

Then the friends proceeded to settle details. They would meet at the station and go by the 5.30 train, which would land them in comfortable time for dinner.

Now, if Charley West had a weakness, it was that he was prone to be a little oblivious about time, and was in the habit of running his engagements rather fine. On the Monday afternoon, to beguile the time between luncheon and the train, he called on a pretty woman of his acquaintance, and she was so amusing that he stopped until the last moment, and then jumped into a hansom, telling his Jehu to drive like the devil. Unfortunately his own watch had stopped (he forgot to wind it up the previous night), and how could he know that his hostess' clock was a quarter of an hour slow!

When he arrived on the platform he was met by his servant, who, with a countenance inexpressive of emotion, pleasurable or otherwise, informed him that the train had departed, bearing Capt. Leslie with it. The captain had left word that he hoped Mr. West would go by the next train, which was not until 8.30 and reach D—— at 10.15. He would drive the dog-cart over to meet him—it was six miles from the station.

But, having a tolerably happy disposition, Charley, after his first outburst of wrath and disgust, took it very well. He got into another hansom, returned to his club at the West End, read the papers, dined lightly, and took excellent care to be in time for the 8.30.

It was a slow train; it stopped at nearly every station, and arrived at last thirty-five minutes late. His friend, who had had time to recover from his first feeling of resentment at Charley's inconsiderateness, met him very cordially. The dog-cart was capacious, and they managed to cram in the servant and luggage, and went off at a spanking pace to the court. The moon shone brightly; the roads were excellent.

"Jove!" uttered Charley, drawing a long breath. "How good everything smells, and what a blessing it is to get out of London!"

They drove through a long avenue of trees, and came to a big, old-fashioned red house with a great mere shining like a mirror in front of it.

"I expect," said George Leslie, "that we shall find everybody gone to bed; all my people are tremendously early."

And so it proved. The friends refreshed themselves in the dining-room tete-a-tete, then returned to the smoking-room, and the hour of 1 had given tongue from the stable clock before they thought of turning in. Leslie showed Charley his room, spacious and tapestry hung, and the young gentleman, having drawn back the curtains which the housemaid, after the manner of her kind, had hermetically closed, and thrown one window wide open, retired to bed, to sleep the sleep of the just.

He awoke en sursaut by hearing his name, "Charley! Charley! do wake up!" It was a pretty feminine voice; and Charley was not in the habit of being called in this fashion.

He started and looked up. What he saw was a slim young lady with a very pretty figure, in a blue cotton gown, and the back of a charming head with golden plaits. The fair one was looking out of a window and apostrophizing him at the same time.

"It is such a glorious morning, aren't you ashamed of yourself, you great idle creature, to be lying there missing all this lovely sunshine? Do get up, and come out with me before breakfast."

Charley is not shy, but a very decided feeling of embarrassment creeps over him. He has known some rapid young ladies in his time, but never one who would have come into his room to call him before she had even been introduced to him. But how on earth was he to intimate to her that she was in error about his identity? She had called him, Charley, too! Leslie's name was George, and he had no brothers. In any case, it was rather a strong order for a girl to come into a man's room who was not her brother.

Charley buried his head under the clothes, and awaited the denouement. It was not long in coming.

"Charley," said the fair one again, and this time her voice indicated that her face was turned in his direction; "if you don't wake up this instant I will throw a wet sponge at you! You are a lazy pig!"

Then he heard her proceed to the washing-stand, and dip a sponge in water, and partly wring it. Next moment, with unusually good aim for a girl, it bounced on his head, which was protected by the bed-clothes.

Charley smothered a laugh; it was becoming too ridiculous.

"Very well, then," said the voice, approaching; "I shall come and drag the clothes off you."

Now he must act with promptitude. He raised himself a little, and put the clothes just far enough back for his assailant to see his laughing blue eyes. The damsel stopped midway in her career, an expression of stony horror flashed into her face; her cheeks dyed with crimson, and, uttering an agonized little groan, she turned and fled.

Charley laughed all the time he was getting up. He could not help wondering how she would meet him at breakfast. By Jove, what a pretty creature she was! Would she tell any one, or would she ignore the incident? He would take his cue from her. The family were all assembled in the breakfast room when he came down, and he was presented to his host and hostess; to three nice, fresh-looking girls; Leslie's sisters, and a fair young fellow about his own height and coloring, as "my cousin Fane." But where was the fourth, his charming visitant? There was no other place laid at the table, and breakfast came and went and she did not appear. He heard the other girls address the cousin as Charley, and comprehended that this was the young gentleman for whom he had been mistaken. Still, he did not quite approve of a girl, such a pretty girl, too, making so free with a cousin. "A brother is all very well," etc. It was evident that no one knew a syllable about the event of the morning. Every time the door opened Charley looked toward it, his eyes wandering over the lawn into the garden. He was almost distraint.

"Have you any more sisters?" he asked of Leslie, as they walked together to the shooting, a little apart from the father and cousin.

"No, only those three," replied Leslie. "And quite enough, too."

Charley was completely mystified. He did not shoot as straight as usual; his thoughts were distracted by the pretty golden-haired creature who had roused him from his slumbers. He could not have dreamed it. No! there was the wet sponge on his bed when he got up.

The shooting was over; he and Leslie were strolling homeward along the road, when a smart little village cart with a trotting pony, and freighted with two ladies, came toward them.

"This is our parson's wife," said Leslie. "Such a good sort—I must introduce you to her." And as she, made a sign to the charioteer, she pulled up, and Charley saw her companion was his fair friend of the morning.

"How are you, Mrs. Gray?" cried Leslie, cheerily. "Let me introduce my friend West to you. Mrs. Grey, Mr. West; Lil, Mr. West."

Lil made the slightest motion of her head, without meeting Charley's eyes. Leslie indulged in some gay badinage with Mrs. Grey, and Charley, though he felt slightly embarrassed, tried to make conversation with Miss Lil. She answered "yes" or "no," as the occasion required, and never once raised her eyes to his face

"Do come and dine to-night, Mrs. Grey," entreated Leslie. "My mother would be so awfully pleased. I'll go home and get a note from her, if you think it necessary."

Mrs. Grey appeared to waver; then Charley distinctly saw Miss Lil pinch her friend in a meaning manner. "Many thanks; I am so sorry, but I cannot possibly manage it to-night," Mrs. Grey answered. "We have so much to do still for the bazaar."

"Lil, you young puss!" cried Leslie, "what do you mean by deserting us in this way? It is a very poor compliment to West here."

"We are so busy settling about the bazaar," replied the young lady.

"Well, I suppose you are coming home some time to-night. Shall I walk down and fetch you?"

"Do!" said Mrs. Grey; but again West saw the surreptitious pinch, and Miss Lil replied hastily:

"No; please don't. Mr. Grey will see me home. I don't know when I shall be ready."

The pony was getting impatient.

"We must be off," said Mrs. Grey. "Tommy is in a hurry." And away they flew.

"What do you think of our parson's wife?" replied Charley. "By Jove! what a figure, and what a fit her jacket was!"

"She's the right sort," said Leslie. "It would be a deuced good job if there were more like her. Bring a lot more of sinners to repentance!" and he laughed merrily.

"Who is the young lady with her?" asked Charley trying to speak indifferently.

"Oh, that is Lilian Fane, my cousin, Charley's sister.

A weight seemed taken from his friends breast.

"O!" he said, with a gasp of relief.

"Tiresome, capricious monkey!" exclaimed Leslie. "She must have taken it into her head all of a sudden this morning to fly off before breakfast down to Mrs. Grey. It is all rubbish about the bazaar; it is not to be for another month. Just because I wanted you to meet her. She is capital company and sings divinely. Just like a woman. Last night she asked me a dozen questions, and was quite interested about you, and this morning flies off without stopping to set eyes on you."

A smile curled Charley's upper lip. "She is lovely," he said. "It is very unkind of her."

"Naughty little vixen!" retorted Leslie.

In his heart Charley was secretly provoked. Leslie's sisters were nice, cheery, fresh-looking girls, but they could not hold a candle to Lilian. He was dying to see her again. He had never felt such an interest in her before. She did not make her appearance that evening, and the following morning at breakfast she was still absent. He was piqued. It was simply ridiculous for her to go on shunning him on account of a stupid little contretemps that might have happened to any one

"I'm afraid," he remarked with a touch of pique, as they were standing in the hall, waiting to start on their shooting expedition—I'm afraid it is I who am driving Miss Fane out of the house."

"Humbug!" returned Capt. Leslie. "Why should you?" Then, as a sudden thought struck him, he turned on his heel and went into the morning room

"Mother," he said, "ask Mrs. Grey to dine to-night, and make Lilian come back, whether or no."

As Mr. West was a gentleman of independent fortune, and she had three daughters, Mrs. Leslie was not altogether displeased at the pretty cousin having absented herself.

"Of course I will ask them, my dear," she replied; "but they are so busy with their bazaar that I am not at all sure I shall persuade them to come."

"If you dont," observed Leslie, pointedly, "West will fancy you are keeping Lil out of the way on purpose, I am pretty sure he thinks so now."

"George," exclaimed his mother, indignantly, "how can you say anything so absurd?"

"Well, take my advise and have her back to-night;" and Capt. Leslie departed without giving his mother any time to make a rejoinder.

He had, however, said quite enough. Mrs. Leslie forthwith put on her bonnet, and went down to the rectory. She found Mrs. Grey and Lilian sitting under a tree together, making a languid pretense of needlework. Mrs. Leslie greeted both affectionately. "We particularly want you to come up and dine with us to-night," she said to the rectoress; "and this naughty truant must not remain away any longer," smiling sweetly at Lilian.

"Oh, auntie, we are so busy!" cried the young lady, plying her needle vigorously.

"You must not quite forget, my love, that you a re my guest," said her aunt, with a certain amount of dignity, and in a tone that implied reproof.

Lilian understood it and colored deeply.

"I shall de delighted to dine," interposed Mrs. Grey, hastily. "And you must blame me for monopolizing so much of Lilian's time."

"I do not blame any one," returned Mrs. Leslie suavely. "But I hope to see you both at dinner to-night."

So, as Miss Lilian had no desire to offend her aunt, she overcame her repugnance to meeting Mr. West, and to that gentleman's great delight he had the pleasure of taking her in to dinner that same evening. Two or three neighbors had been invited. But although Charley had an immense fund of small talk, and was reputed excellent company, he failed altogether in inspiring any interest in his fair neighbor. She appeared, as she was, thoroughly uncomfortable, and only responded to his sallies by monosyllables.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and after dinner some of the young people went out into the gardens. Charley watched his opportunity, and pounced on Lilian, keeping her engaged in conversation until they were separated from the others. Then he said suddenly, and not without a slight flutter at his heart:

"Why will you not speak to me? Surely it is not my fault that such a stupid little accident should have occurred. Why need you bear malice because I was put in the room that your brother had been occupying?"

In the moonlight he could see the swift crimson racing through her fair skin.

"I—I shall never, never get over it!" she said, putting up her hands to cover the flames that were burning her face. "What can you have thought of me? If—if any one were to know it, I should never hold up my head again."

"I hope you think I am a gentleman," cried Charley, indignantly. "I suppose you don't imagine that one word would ever pass my lips on the subject?"

"Will you swear it?" said the discomfited maiden.

And he swore by all his goods. After that she became more friendly. He had the pleasure of listening to her divine voice, as her cousin had called it, and when he left the court he was madly in love with her.

He had up to this time entertained a rooted aversion to matrimony—even now he could not quite make up his mind to propose to Lilian, but thought he would wait and see how he felt. He was delighted to find that she lived in London, and struck up a tremendous friendship with her brother, whom he bade to dinner and many other entertainment. Every day after he was parted from Lilian he felt worse and worse; he began even to think that it was the best thing in the world for a young fellow to settle down, and that the constant presence of a domestic angel must make heaven of earth.

So when Lilian returned to London, Charley, aided and abetted by his namesake, contrived to see a great deal of her. He was invited to dine at her mother's house, and one evening, when he had inveigled her into the charming conservatory that led out of the drawing-room, he, in the midst of pretending to admire a flower, turned suddenly to her, and, in a voice that was a little unsteady, exclaimed:

"O, Lilian, can't you see how awfully in love I am with you?"

"Lilian looked down. She made no response to his words or to the pressure of the hand which seized hers.

"Don't you care a little bit for me, darling?" he asked.

Lilian turned away her head.

"You have quite forgiven me for what happened at the court, haven't you?" he pleaded unadroitly.

She dragged her hand from his and turned a pair of flashing eyes upon him. "If you dare remind me—" she began.

"No, I won't, I won't," he interrupted her. "But don't you see, darling"—and just the least twinkling of mischievousness came into his blue eyes—"if you feel so dreadfully bad about it, it would all be put quite straight by your marrying me? Then you might throw any number of wet sponges at me without having any qualms of conscience afterward."

This was too much. Lilian tore herself from him and rushed into the drawing-room. He followed her. Mercifully for him, no one else was there.

"Forgive me, darling, and say that you do care a little for me," he pleaded, taking her hand for the third time.

"I—I will think about it," she murmured.

"Think now," he said, kissing her whether she would or no.

And ultimately, she decided to make him happy.

Warned While Asleep.

"On the night before the battle of Fredericksburg; my companion had camped about a mile from the battle ground," said Captain Isaac Cooper, a jolly veteran at Pelham. "We were all very tired, so it was no wonder that as soon as I laid down I was fast asleep.

"That night I had a dream. The only part of it that I could remember the next morning was that I had lost my leg. How my dream had me lose it I could not recall though I tried hard to recollect. It was a very singular dream, as after events proved.

"My regiment was in the thick of the battle. We fought very hard. The roar of the cannon was appalling and men fell all around us. As the battle was growing thicker our standard bearer suddenly jumped in front and fell to the ground dead. At the same time one of the 'rebs,' noticing this, sprang forward intending to capture the colors, but I was too quick for him. I grabbed him and we began to wrestle for the flag.

"The wrestle was cut short by a cannon ball striking us, killing the poor 'reb' instantly and carrying my leg away entirely at the same time. I fell to the ground, still conscious, but retaining my hold on the colors until one of my comrades took them from me. Then I became insensible."

ONLY A MATTER OF PRACTICE.

A Man With a Theory for Beating the Roulette Table.

"Come with me and I'll show you how to beat roulette," said Mr. Adolph Bureau to a reporter.

As Mr. Bureau is a European guide and claims to have been a croupier at Monte Carlo, the reporter thought his secret might be good to have in New York. Application was made to four gambling houses, two of which were denied in each case. The outer guards expressed in pantomime to the reporter that he was not personally regarded with suspicion, but that the discourtesy was intended to apply only to his companion.

"You see how this is," exclaimed the chagrined croupier, "they won't give me a chance to beat their game. They know me too well."

"How is it," asked the reporter, "that if you have such a wonderful system, you'll tramp all over Europe with tourists and be broke two weeks after you get home? I should think you'd have broken the bank at Monte Carlo."

"That's just it. They won't let me play there. You see, I was employed there for two years and then discharged. I was unjustly suspected, it is true, but that doesn't make any difference."

"Did you ever break any banks in this country?"

"Yes—in San Francisco, Omaha, Chicago and New Orleans. There is a kind of Free Masonry among these American gamblers, and I'm blacklisted. Every big dealer in the country has my description, and the little games ain't worth bothering with. But if I can keep my head this winter I'll break some of them yet if I have to disguise myself."

"But this wonderful system of yours, what is it like?"

"It is no system at all. It is absolute certainty. I go into a strange place two or three times and play light. In reality I am not playing at all, but making a study of the man at the wheel. Every dealer has certain peculiarities of motion, and these I must familiarize myself with. Then, too, the apparatus must be studied. I must observe, compare and estimate the action of the ball to get an idea of the strength of dealers' wrist. With these data once ascertained I keep cases on the numbers which come out most frequently and make a list of those which do not come out at all. By practicing with small bets I prove that I have my man sized up right, and then I begin to 'plunge.' Of course, I always avoid following a heavy player, and must, therefore, play under him. It may take me a week to learn two dealers' play, for they always have a relief at hand, and even then a third man may come in and block my game. When I have measured the strength of a man's wrist and watched how and where he let's go of the ball, I can pick out the four most probable winning numbers, I play all four of these straight, and I am right on one of them three times out of four. Of course I must not win too often, but sometimes my luck is such that I keep on hitting it right in spite of myself. I won $7,000 in San Francisco in less than an hour."

"How did you happen to invent this scheme?"

"I didn't invent it. A gambler at Monte Carlo taught it to me. The managers there know it well. To show you that I am ambidextrous, look here," and, taking a pencil in each hand, he wrote simultaneously in opposite directions on a sheet of paper what a listener pronounced to be genuine shorthand.

"Well, there was one old fellow at Monte Carlo who could beat all the croupiers at roulette but myself. We work only four hours at at a time, to be sure, but it used to make my right hand tired, and so I learned to use my left. It was this gift which puzzled the old Frenchman. Finally I used my left hand altogether when he was playing. But one day he beat me, and after that it was a regular thing, no matter which hand I used. I was accused of being in league with him and discharged."

"How did you find out the system."

"It isn't a system, I tell you. Well, I went to the old gambler and told him he had ruined me. He then explained to me that he had once been a surgeon. For several years he had been experimenting in this eye-measurement of the strength of a man's wrist, the speed of a motion and the exact spot at which the ball left the hand. I told one of the managers of Monte Carlo this, but he wouldn't reinstate me or even let me play. The old gentleman and I got a roulette wheel and practiced until I could read his motions as well as he could mine. We traveled together for several months and made much money, often playing opposite to one another when we struck a difficult game. If I had some young gentleman, whom I could trust, to teach for three or four months, I could beat the New York gamblers through him. It's only a matter of practice."

Judge Not, a Story of Fallen Pride.

"You must give up all acquaintance with the Parsons family," said Miles Williams to his daughter. "There has always been a suspicion that one of them killed their father and we ought to shun them."

Emma's eyes clouded with tears, for she was secretly betrothed to young Alden Parsons and knew it would break his heart when she told him they must separate. There had always been a mystery about Mr. Parson's death, but the family had succeeded in living down most of the suspicion.

When Emma met her lover and told him of her father's mandate he said: "I knew it would come some day, but I will yet prove to your father that I am worthy of his daughter."

"I know you will," she cried. "And you can trust me to say that whatever comes I will surely love you the same."

After mutual embraces and pledges they parted from each other.

Two years passed away and the Parsons family by their upright lives were fast winning back the good opinions of the community. Alden Parsons was earning a handsome income in a great clothing concern in the same town where Erastus Williams was bank cashier.

Miles Williams, although comfortably situated as to pecuniary matters, continued to pursue in his mature years his early habits of industry, and, like many a farmer worth double his money, he got up at 3 and 4 o'clock of Summer mornings to drive to town with early vegetables.

When, therefore, Alden Parsons, on his usual walk from the farm to his place of business, one morning in June met Mr. Williams with his horse and light wagon in the suburbs he was not surprised. He had frequently met him before, and accosted him respectfully, receiving a surly nod in return.

"Anything new in town, Mr. Williams?" remarked Alden pleasantly, as he passed the old farmer.

Mr. Williams hung his head down and seemed to conceal his face as he answered, almost chokingly:

"No, nothing—nothing."

Alden hardly noticed the farmer's peculiar manner, and went on his way.

When he arrived at his desk he soon found that there was something new and startling, too. The morning paper contained a full account of it.

Erastus Williams had been arrested the previous night on the charge of stealing the funds of the bank. He had quietly submitted to the officers and made a clean breast of his guilt.

The amount of his defalcation was about four thousand pounds and his father and another well-known citizen were his bondsmen to the bank, which, the paper added, was very likely, owing to the responsibility of the sureties, to suffer little loss.

The trial showed that Erastus Williams had sinned to satisfy the extravagance of a silly wife, He did not make any defence, but through the intercession of friends was let off with a light penalty. To satisfy the bank's claim, however, his father's little fortune was swept away.

Miles Williams was a different man after the shattering of his idol. And he was a better man. Now that his own heart bled for his guilty son, he was inclined to be more lenient in judging of others, and especially of others the cloud upon whom was not guilt, but merely the shadow of suspicion.

He could not but notice that young Alden Parsons was as respectful as ever when they met; that there was no trace in Alden's manner of gratification or gloating over the misfortunes of the man who had treated him so harshly.

Emma, too, was even more devoted and obedient than ever. Her tender affection was a pillow of down for the throbbing head of her venerable parent.

"Does Alden ever speak to you now?" asked the father one day of Emma.

"No, father," she answered, "except to salute me when we happen to pass."

The old man was silent for some moments, as if reluctant to express what was struggling in his mind.

"Do you think he likes you yet?" at length he uttered hesitatingly.

"I do, father," was the prompt and deliberate reply.

"Emma," said the parent, more moved than she had seen him since the day that he came in with the news of his son's arrest, "I—I am sorry for the way I treated that boy."

"I don't think he has any hard feelings on account of it, father," was the daughter's soothing answer.

"If you don't, Emma, then you may consider that what I said to you two years ago is unsaid," were the father's closing words, and with this he dropped the subject.

A moment later the door opened. A neighbor burst in excitedly.

"Mr. Williams have you heard the news?" he cried. "Of course you have not. You remember how the body of Mr. Parsons was found in the pond, and now Benjamin Appleby has just confessed on his dying bed that he killed Parsons unintentionally in a dispute over some hay at Appleby's house that same night, and put the body in the pond. As to Billington, Appleby says that Billington had nothing to do with it, but that he—Appleby—persuaded Billington that another man Billington saw on the road that night must have been Parsons. Appleby is at the last gasp, if not dead already. I'm glad the truth is out for Mrs. Parson's sake."

Emma and Alden met that evening at the same big corner as two years and a half before. Emma explained to her lover her father's change of mind. She added:

"Alden, you will not have to continue living down calumny any longer, now that the truth is out. There remains for our family, now, the more difficult task of living down, not falsehood, but the truth."

"Emma, darling," answered Alden, as he took her hands, and the old love shone undiminished in his frank blue eyes; "your brother's fault is not yours, and if there is to be any living down I only ask the happy privilege of living it with you."

In the tenderness and devotion of his son-in-law old Mr. Williams finds some relief and compensation for the terrible blow which he received through the guilt of his favorite son.

Do Horses Have Horse Sense.

A correspondent in a Chicago journal thinks the intelligence of the horse is greatly overrated, and submits the result of some of his observations as follows:

"I have seen horses walk around a post until they had wound up the bridle, and then stand all day with their heads bowed down to the post, because they didn't have sense enough to walk the other way and unwind the bridle. I have seen them get a foot over the bridle, when tied to a ring in the pavement, and then go into fits because they didn't have sense enough to lift their foot over the bridle again. I have seen them prance around in a burning barn, with their tails and manes on fire, and burn to death because they didn't have sense enough to come out. Anybody can steal a horse without any objection from the horse. A horse will stand and starve or freeze to death, with nothing between him and a comfortable stall and plenty of oats, except an old door that he could kick down with one foot, or that could be opened by removing a pin with his teeth. If this is a high degree of intelligence, even in a brute, then I am lacking in that article myself. Compared with the dog, the elephant, or even the parrot, the horse seems to me to be a perfect fool.

Wearing Light Soled Shoes.

I know that it is contrary to preconceived notions, but it is the fact all the same, that the feet can be kept warmer in cold weather by wearing a shoe with a light sole than a thick one. With the light sole the foot has a chance to work, thereby keeping up a circulation, This applies, of course, only to dry weather. When it is wet and rubbers are necessary, it is best to wear a single soled shoe inside. In the summer the thick sole should be used, for it keeps the heat of the pavement from striking through to the feet,

ROTHCHILD'S TERRIBLE REVENGE.

How Retribution Once Overtook the Bank of England—No Laughing Matter.

An amusing adventure is related as having happened to the Bank of England, which had committed the unpardonable sin of refusing to discount a large bill drawn by Anselm Rothschild, of Frankfort, on Nathan Rothschild, of London. The bank had haughtily replied that they discounted only their own bills, not those of private persons, but they had to do with one stronger than the bank.

"Private persons!" exclaimed Nathan when the fact was reported to him. "I will make these gentlemen see what kind of private persons we are."

Three weeks later Nathan Rothschild—who had employed the interval in gathering all the £5 notes he could procure in England and on the continent—presented himself at the bank. He drew from his pocketbook a £5 note, and they naturally counted out five sovereigns, at the same time looking quite astonished that the Baron Rothschild should have personally troubled himself for such a trouble trifle. The baron examined one by one the coins, and put them in a little canvas bag; then drawing out another note—a third—a tenth—a hundredth—he never put the pieces of gold into the bag without scrupulously examining them, and in some instances trying them in the balance, as the law gave him the right to do.

The first pocketbook being emptied and the first bag full, he passed them to his clerk and received a second, and thus continued till the bank closed. The baron had employed seven hours to change £21,000, but as he had also nine employes of his house engaged in the same manner, it resulted that the house of Rothschild had drawn £210,000 in gold from the Bank of England, and that he had so occupied the tellers that no other person could change a single note.

Everything which bears the stamp of eccentricity has always pleased the English. They were, therefore, the first day very much amused at the little pique of Baron Rothschild. They laughed less when they saw him return the next day, at the opening of the bank, flanked by his nine clerks, and followed this time by drays to carry away the specie. They laughed not at all when the king of bankers said with ironic simplicity:

"These gentlemen have refused to pay my bills, I have sworn not to keep theirs. At their leisure—only I notify them that I have enough to employ them for two months!"

"For two months!"

"Eleven millions in gold drawn from the Bank of England which they have never possessed."

The bank took alarm. There was something to be done. Next morning notice appeared in the journals that henceforth the bank would pay Rothschild's bills the same as their own.

He Made a Report.

A citizen of slow step and melancholy look entered the Woodbridge Street Station, Detroit, recently, and said he would like to make a report.

"On what?" queried the Sergeant.

"On a matter which happened at my house an hour ago."

"Very well."

"I had a loaded revolver lying on a shelf in the closet," continued the man. "Got that down?"

"Yes."

"My wife's mother, who has been living with us for a year past, went into the closet to look after something."

"Ah! She did? I see!"

"And in pawing around on the shelf she knocked the revolver to the floor."

"Just like a woman? It was exploded, of course?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the bullet entered her leg?"

"No, sir."

"Her ankle?"

"No, sir."

"Went into her foot, then?"

"No, sir; it never touched her at all."

"It didn't? Well, that's very queer. What did you want to report about it?"

"Why, that it never touched her. I can't understand it."

The Sergeant laid down his pen and looked at the man a long time. Then he rose and took him by the arm and walked him out doors and headed him down the street.

"Can't help it," said the man as he buttoned his coat. "That bullet never touched her, and I can walk her down here to prove it!"

A Chestnut in Tennessee.

"What is this story of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' that everybody is talking about?" asked a well-known man about town yesterday.

"Well," said the questioned man, "it is one of Robert Louis Stevenson's stories, in which the plot turns on one remarkable fact. Dr. Jekyll is a reputable and respectable man, and highly esteemed by all his friends. When, however, he takes a certain drug he becomes a totally different man, loses his good impulses, becomes vicious and—"

"Yes, I think I can tell what the stuff is; it's affected me that way."

"This inclination becomes stronger and stronger to use the drug, and he indulges more and more—"

"Just as I do, precisely."

"The effects, however, became more and more lasting, and he finds it more and more difficult to become Dr. Jekyll and easier to be Mr. Hyde. Finally——"

"O, that's not an uncommon story at all; I could have written it myself. They are Jekylls and Hydes, plenty of them in Nashville. Tell Stevenson to trot out something novel, something unusual."

Home.

Boys generally do not really know what a good thing home is to them until they are deprived of its comforts, its attractions and its sacred associations. Many boys, like the prodigal son we read of in the Bible, get tired of the restraints of home, and think they are getting too old to be "tied to their mother's apron-strings" any longer. But alas, how many such have realized, when they left their homes and took hold of the 'apron-strings' of a cold and selfish world, that after all, as Howard Payne so beautifully wrote:

"There is no place like home."

TID BITS WORTH KNOWING.

Historic Men of Memory.

The history of the world has been dotted along with the names of those who have possessed remarkable memories. As far back as the remote periods of antiquity, we are told there lived men who were famous for their wonderful powers of memory.

It is said of Themistocles, that he could call by their name the people of Athens, which city then numbered twenty thousand inhabitants.

George the Third, of England, though deficient in education, never forgot a name once heard or a face once seen.

A school teacher of London whose name was Dawson, possessed a remarkable memory. He could repeat the book of Job and the Psalms, and on a wager of two hundred pounds, he repeated, without the aid of a book, Spencer's "Fairie Queen," a poem of nearly four thousand stanzas of nine lines each.

Parsons, the Greek scholar, could repeat Milton's "Paradise Lost" backwards.

A monk who resided in Moscow in the fifteenth century, could repeat the whole of the New Testament.

It has been written of the Bourbons that they never forget a man's name, nor his face, and that this has been sometimes considered as a true sign of their royal natures.

Houdin was once invited with his son, to a gentleman's house to give a private seance, and as they went upstairs they passed the library door, which was partially open. In that single moment young Charles Houdin read off the names of twelve volumes and recognized the position of two busts.

The gentleman, during the seance, was artfully led by the father to ask some questions relating to the library, and was astonished by the accuracy of the magician's answers.

Boone, the blind negro pianist who has given performances through several States, has a most wonderful memory in connection with his art. From once hearing it, he was able to play Lizst's celebrated "Hungarian Rhapsody" without missing a note.

Blind Tom also performed similar feats.

Mozart, when only 12 years old, played a new opera from one hearing, which had been composed expressly to test his skill.

A writer, referring to this incident, says: "He not only reproduced the opera from memory—which was a very difficult piece—without missing a single note, but on a second playing, threw in variations in such a manner that all who heard him were speechless with astonishment."

McKenzie tells us a most interesting story about Carolan, a blind Irish harper and composer, who once challenged a famous Italian violinist to a trial of skill.

The Italian played the fifth concerto of Vivaldi on his violin; then, to the astonishment of all present, Carolan, who had never before heard the concerto, took his harp and played it through from beginning to end, without missing a note.

Shaved in Two Strokes.

A gentleman said to a New York reporter: "I was visiting a friend of mine in a small country town. I can't shave myself, and as my face soon began to look black, I went out early one morning to look for a barber. After a great search and many inquiries I was directed to a cottage, on the door of which hung a board with this sign printed on it: "Easy Shaving, Fashionable Hair Cutting."

"The only occupant of the room was a spectacled old man who appeared more than half blind. I told him what I wanted, He said he would be ready in a minute and asked me to take a seat in the chair. The contrivance was a stright-backed wooden affair. The wood at the back was worn almost as sharp as a razor's edge. After waiting some time the old man approached me with a towel in his hand. He jerked my head over the back of the chair, almost severing my spinal column, and tucked the rag around my neck. Then he commenced to lather me with a brush so hot and hard that it nearly skinned and scalded my face. It was then that I thought of the easy shave. I had plenty of time to do this while he was stropping the razor. This done he flourished the razor before my frightened gaze. Holding my head securely with his arm, with one bold, sweeping stroke he scraped from my ear to my chin.

"I yelled, but I might as well have been a mute. He quickly turned to the other cheek and repeated the stroke as though he was proud of it. Then pinching my nose he tipped my head back and began his deadly work on my neck. It was all over in less time than it takes to tell it, and it is needless to say that the shave was a clean one, for he had taken off the skin as well as the hair. How much do you think he charged for that operation?"

"Don't know."

"One penny, and it was worth it as an experience. It taught me how to suffer and be strong."

Not in Good Taste.

Nothing is in worse taste at a ball or a party than for a lady to make it difficult for a man to leave her. I have one woman in mind, so bright and entertaining a person that to chat with her for a few moments would redeem any evening from dullness. She has always something to say, and she says it uncommonly well; but she has a fault that is fatal to her complete social success; she gets hold of the brightest man in the room and keeps him talking to her, will he nill he, for the most of the evening. I have seen a man stand in a corner with this vivacious and clever little lady directly in front of him, as if on guard, so that only by artfully dodging could he get round her and away. I have seen such a victim look wistfully from out his nook after some pretty, foolish, thorny rosebud, who would have only talked nonsense to him in place of the high discourse on pre-Raphaelite art or positive philosophy, or the last new volume of verse with which his clever companion was regaling him.

"I SAY, old man, can you lend me a tenner?" "No; you remember what Shakspeare says: 'A loan oft loses both itself and friend.'" "Yah! you can go to—a nunnery! I've had enough of you."

THE Thanksgiving turkey in Paris was eaten without Grevy last year.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—An average of four children a day are named after President Cleveland and wife.

—The late Meredith Featheringil, a Spanish soldier, leaves an estate of $1,000,000 to heirs in Kentucky.

—The Duke of Buccleuch—the richest man in Scotland—has an income of $1,500,000 per annum.

—Schuyler Colfax is to have a bronze statue erected in one of the squares of the city of Indianapolis.

—Austria has decided to put her naval establishment in condition to cope with any of the European powers.

—An English lady has had a costume made by Nicholay all ruby plush and darkest sable, which cost 1,760 guineas.

—A recent census puts the total population of the Chinese Empire at 392,000,000. They are piled in about three feet deep.

—It takes 14,800,000 gallons of oil a year to keep the railways of Great Britain going, and the cost is nearly $2,000,000.

—The report runs that the German Government has bought an invention for steering military balloons, and paid a million marks for it.

—A lady of Winnipeg had her photograph taken not long ago and her face appeared in the negative covered with spots. On the following day she was prostrated with a severe attack of varioloid.

—A Berlin doctor is said to have caught the bacillus that produces cancer. He has inoculated dogs with the germ, and is reported to have developed in them tumors of a cancerous nature.

—There is a beautiful uncertainty about the value of copper cents in Mexico. In Vera Cruz, for instance, it takes 104 of them to make $1, while in Chihuahua ninety-five will pass for $1.

—Lord Salisbury recently sold his property between the Thames embankment and the Strand for $1,000,000. By the growth of house property in London he is now one of the richest men in England.

—Mosquitoes in China have a very poisonous sting. In a Tientsin hospital there were at one time this summer a man with an abscess in his face and another with blood poisoning from the bite of the insects.

—A paper published at Sauk Center, Minn., is successfully running its presses by the aid of power communicated to them by means of a windmill. This is probably the only instance of the kind in the country.

—A fisherman at Asbury Park, N. J., picked up a sealed bottle on the coast containing a map showing where an alleged treasure is buried at a place near Wilmington, Delaware. The discovery has aroused a good deal of curiosity there.

—At Burg Hill, Ohio, Charles Smith shot a blue heron at his carp pond, and found forty-seven fish in its stomach. From the appearance of the carp they had just been swallowed and constituted only one meal for the bird.

—The cruel punishment of slow death by hanging so as to stand on the tips of the toes is still extensively inflicted in China. The barbarous custom of conferring honors on women who commit suicide is also continued.

—King John of England who was forced to grant the Magna Charta, June 15, 1215, when the great seal was affixed thereto at Runnemede, a meadow between Staines and Windsor. The original Magna Charta is preserved in the British Museum.

—A Norwich, Conn., cocker spaniel that spent his early days in a family of children and had his face washed regularly will not now, in his old age, eat breakfast until his face has been washed. If his toilet is neglected he sits down and howls loud and long.

—Bavaria's late mad King's personal effects were sold at Munich recently. A pair of scarlet trousers brought ten pounds; a pair of musical brushes did not sell, because the "music wouldn't go." The saddest thing in the collection was the King's inseparable bed-fellow during the last four years—a stuffed monkey.

—A little girl while playing one day recently on a porch at Wallingford, Conn., was startled by a large bird flying over her head. The bird flew a short distance away and returned again and was caught and held by the child until her parents, who heard the noise, came out and secured it. It proved to be a full grown partridge, apparently unhurt.

—In Germany the average duration of the life of gardeners, mariners and fishermen is fifty-eight years; butchers, fifty-four years; carpenters and bricklayers, forty-nine years; compositors and lithographers, forty-one years; and laborers, thirty-two years. Of the professions the average lifetime of clergymen is sixty-seven years; teachers, fifty-seven years; lawyers, fifty-four years, and physicians, forty-nine years.

—For years Indian arrowheads have been found in such numbers on the shores of Bantam lake, in Connecticut, that antiquarians thought that a battle must have been fought there once. Recently workers digging there found corroboration of the battle theory in the form of bones of men mingled with rare Indian weapons. Apparently the men had been buried in a sitting posture, and one grave, by its unusually large collection of weapons, indicated that its occupant had been a chief or mighty warrior.

—In excavating for an addition to a prison in Salt Lake City recently five underground cells were found, each two and one-half feet wide, six feet long and three feet high, and with walls two feet thick, covered with hard plaster cement. The doors were gone, but parts of the hinges remained. There are believed to be many more of the cells at the same place. They are supposed to have been reached, when in use, by subterranean paths. Whether their doors were grated or solid is not known.

—A Minneapolis man ate 500 oysters in two hours recently for a bet of $100.

—Popular faith is being nailed to hypnotism in France, where all kinds of ailments and peculiarities are now being treated by the mesmerists. The cure of drunkenness has been attempted by what is called "suggestion," the patient, while "under control," being ordered to abstain from all intoxicants, and success is said to have been achieved.