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

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A Vision.

Perchance my thought was wide awake,
Or I was dreaming, may be,
As I sat rocking to and fro,
My arms around my baby,
I felt along my cheek and throat
Her rosy fingers playing,
And stooped to kiss the sunny curls
About her forehead straying.

The foolish rhymes of Mother Goose
In time and tune came springing
To lips not made for song—and yet
My children like my singing.
And as I sang, a mystic spell
Changed all the world completely—
Another woman singing sat,
And rocked her baby sweetly.

The woman's face, a look it wore,
Like mine; and yet the rather
'Twas like my baby's, larger grown,
'Twas like my baby's father.
And as she, swaying, softly sang,
I saw some tear-drops falling;
I knew her thought, I knew her heart,
Her heart to mother calling.

A sudden passion filled my soul,
I longed to soothe the weeping;
My baby stirred upon my breast,
My baby gently sleeping;
The vision fled, yet well I know—
Though I was dreaming, may be—
Far down the future sits my child
And rock's my baby's baby.

ROGER'S HOUSEKEEPER.

Three Forges owed its name to the casual remark of a queer genius, who, apt at discerning analogies betwixt things and circumstances ordinarily unnoticed, had discovered the particular one from which the village got its appellation on this wise.

Happening to stop his old horse and wagon one morning in front of the smithy between the two forks, just at the bifurcation of a certain highway, which smithy had on its right hand a two-penny country store, and on its left a not unfrequented tavern, he was suddenly struck with the oppositeness of calling the spot the three forges, "because," said he, "the blacksmith forges shoes for the farmers' horses, the store-man, under the guise of lean pound-weights and fat pass-books forges care and anxiety for the farmers' wives, and the tavern keeper forges for the farmers themselves an armor that must, perforce, receive a severe tempering in prospective tourneys, not commonly supposed to take place in a very temperate region!"

Whereat, such as heard him deemed his observation so well-timed that they decided to christen a village, then beginning to spring up in the locality, Three Forges, and they seemed ever to regard it as a good joke to repeat in the ears of strangers the origin of the little town's designation.

And now, from so odd a prefation, let us drop into our narrative.

One warm, bright morning in June a middle-aged woman, dressed in a neat, brown calico, was sitting at the front gate of a two-story and attic, white frame house, around which the roses of the month beamed blushingly upon clumps of spotted lillies. Her's was the third dwelling from the turn that the street made before ushering one into the railway station, a half-mile and more from "the forks," which constituted the heart of the village, and a quiet enough bit of road, except at train entries or departures, when there usually passed a thin stream of people to or from the centre of the place, where, albeit the blacksmith shop and the grocery remained scarcely in the least changed, the tavern had evolved itself into quite a presentable hotel, thanks to the patronage of summer boarders.

No train was expected at the hour wherewith we have to deal, and the sole occupant of the well shaded sidewalk was also a woman, who, on her reaching the gate above mentioned, was saluted with a 'good mornin', Mrs. Jack; heard the news?" from the female standing beside it.

"What news, Mrs. Sharp?" inquired the person addressed as Mrs. Jack.

"Why, haven't you really heard?"

"Why no."

"Truly?"

"No, I haven't. What is it?"

"Well, they say—at least Roger told my husband last evening, with his own lips, that he, Roger, is goin' to git a housekeeper."

"Mrs. Sharp, you're only jokin'!"

"No, I ain't. That is what he said to Job, with his own lips, no longer ago than last night, Mrs. Jack."

"Roger—Roger Braceup goin' to get a housekeeper!"

"Well, yes, he's the man, and nobody else."

But, perhaps, it would not be irrelevant to state that Roger Braceup was the village cobbler, and—sometimes, though rarely—the village shoemaker; that he was likewise an old bachelor, and the solitary occupant of a habitation containing a couple of rooms and a shop, at the farther end of the left hand fork of the street; and, finally, that his humble lodging was not more isolated from other houses than was he himself socially from intercourse with his neighbors. For, although every one knew him to be kindly disposed at heart folks relished not his gruff address, crusty speech, and scowling mien, which were terrible foes to anything like familiarity. Therefore he lived a recluse's life, doing his work to the satisfaction of the public, though in his own, most independent fashion, and keeping his private concerns to himself, as he was in every way willing to have other folks do with theirs.

But, to continue.

"Roger—Roger Braceup goin' to get a housekeeper!" re-ejaculated Mrs. Jack. "Who could have guessed such a thing! News you may well call it, Mrs. Sharp. But is that all he told your husband?"

"That's all, but you don't need to be informed, Mrs. Jack, as to what sort of a bein' that Roger is. He'll tell, you know, just what he's a mind to tell, and not one word more. Besides that, Job, my husband, ain't a good hand at pushin' and pryin' into secrets. He takes what's allowed him, and asks no questions. But I think, on the whole, he secured a pretty nice fish this time—don't you?"

"Of course, Mrs. Sharp, but I wish he'd got wind of some of the particklers."

"To be sure," interrupted the latter lady, although she appeared to be determined to enhance, to the best of her ability, the worth of what was already acquired, for she exclaimed presently, "Oh, who would ever have thought that that old man should get somebody to take charge of his house and look after him, after his livin' alone since—didn't he himself all these years! If I'd slipped into my fifties, as he has into his. I rather think I'd keep on in the old track till I died, wouldn't you, too, Mrs. Jack?"

"Yes, I guess I would; but I do wish we knew somethin' more."

"Well, so do I, when we come to consider it. But I ain't naturally so curious as some people, you know, Mrs. Jack; and it's only when a thing like this turns up that I catch fire, as you might say, and want to sift the matter to the bottom. But, I begin to feel as you do now—yes, I certainly do wish we knew somethin' more."

At this stage of the conversation the apparition of a bare-footed urchin, issuing from a pasture lot across the road, caused Mrs. Sharp's eyes to kindle as with sudden apparition.

"These's Tommmy," murmured she to herself. Then aloud, "There's my Tommy, Mrs. Jack. He's the boy we need—the very boy for us."

"What, how? I don't understand you, Mrs. Sharp?"

"Why, I mean what I say and nothin' more. Tommy's the very boy for us. There's not a smarter lad anywhere about at gettin' at the gist of things, if I, his mother, do say it! Besides," continued she, half in an aside, "there's a pair of his shoes that want's mendin' pretty bad and I meant to have him take 'em to Roger's yesterday. So that 'll just suit us this mornin' I'll call him over right away. Tommy, come over here; mother wants you at once."

The boy thereupon crossed the road, and, nodding a response to Mrs. Jack's "Good mornin', how are you, Thomas?" awaited the maternal commands.

"Tommy, go into the back kitchen," said Mrs. Sharp, "and in the lower closet on the right hand side, next the glue pot, you'll find them shoes of yours that need mendin'. Get e'm and take 'em immediate to Roger's. And remember I told you to take e'm yesterday. But, Tommy," she added, sweetening and subduing her tone of voice, "while you are up there try and find out what you can, in a nice, polite way, about the housekeeper Roger is goin' to get. You're the boy to pick up news if there's any going around worth hearin', though I bein' your mother do say it. However," here she spoke less softly, "you ought to feel ashamed of yourself for not speakin' to Mrs. Jack just now. He's not feelin' so well as usual, I guess, Mrs. Jack," she remarked apologetically; "and that's the cause of his dumbness.

"Tommy, meanwhile, entered the open front door and vanished to do her bidding; then seeing her friend move nervously, she was prepared to hear the presently forthcoming, "Well, I b'lieve I must pass on. I've a good deal to look after this mornin'. I hope your Tommy will find out something more, Mrs. Sharp. I'll call around again before long."

"Do," replied her neighbor, "and you may depend upon it, Mrs. Jack, Tommy will get hold of something. He always sees more than he's told to see; he has never failed yet to my knowledge, if I do say it."

"Well, good-mornin'."

"Good-mornin'."

And, while Mrs. Jack tripped down to the curve of the street and disappeared around it, Mrs. Sharp walked up the garden path between the roses, to her door, intent on arriving at the rear of the house, to discover whether her son had yet set forth upon his errand. But, Tommy, ever willing and ready to undertake an enterprise involving the exercise of his detective powers, whereof he was not a little proud, was already advanced upon his way when his mother entered her kitchen.

The meeting house clock struck eleven as he ran up the three wooden steps leading to Roger's door, which, when he pushed it open, made a little bell utter a snappish tinkle, useful in apprising the cobbler of the arrival of customers. Lifting his gaze from the boot he was toeing upon a bench at the rear end of the shop, the said cobbler frowned savagely at Tommy, albeit there followed a comical twinkle of his gray eyes.

"Good-day, Mr. Roger," spoke the boy. "I've brought you these shoes of mine to get mended. When can you do 'em for me?"

"Not right off, that's certain, I've got too much else on hand more important. They'll have to wait awhile. It won't make any difference if you don't get 'em right away, will it?"

"Oh, no, sir," returned Tommy, meekly, I can wait."

Then he ventured to ask:

"Goin' to make a pair of boots for anybody, Mr. Roger?"

"Well, I don't know as it's your business if I am; but I ain't, though."

"Oh, no, sir, none of my business. But when can you fix the shoes; tomorrow, or next day, Mr. Roger?"

"No, I can't; I won't be here."

"Goin' away from home then, Mr. Roger?" Tommy found the courage to inquire.

"Well, you are a meddlesome youngster! Yes, I am goin' away from home, as you've got the brass to ask me the question."

Tommy dropped his eyes to hide their sparkle, and began to examine the seams in the floor attentively. The mountain appeared to be coming to him instead of his going to the mountain. But, at length, he dared again to speak, saying: "Do you mind tellin' me when, Mr. Roger?"

"I'm goin' in the twelve forty-five train from Three Forges station," roared Roger, "if the Lord let's me live that long; and now you'd better be attendin' to your own affairs—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," Tommy answered, flushing with mingled fear and joy, as he swallowed this choice morsel; for now he should be able to reap a full harvest of praise without having had to expend a modicum of his native tact. So thinking, he laid his shoes down upon the rough, dirty board counter, and then moved towards the door.

"Well, when shall I call in again, Mr. Roger?" he inquired, most submissively.

"On a Thursday—wait—let me see. Yes, come on a Thursday. I'm to be gone a couple of days. Come on a Thursday; and off with you!"

No longer did Tommy linger; but, opening the door, out he rushed, scarcely hearing its snappish tinkle as he jumped at one bound to the sidewalk, and began running towards home.

As for Roger, at precisely twelve o'clock he stopped work, arose from his bench, went to a shelf in the corner of the shop, whereover were strewn bits of wax-end and strips of leather, selected therefrom a long, narrow thong, which might do future service as a shoe or collar, and which he slipped into his pants' pocket. Then, having washed his hands, changed his coat, and put on his hat, he walked to the one window in the shop, drew down its blue, fly-specked curtain, opened the door and stepped outside, locking it after him and placing the key in his pocket along with the piece of leather. Finally, instead of taking the street, he started across the fields for the railroad station, to reach which he allowed himself a good half-hour.

Not the moiety of that, however, did Tommy need to arrive again within his mother's kitchen, which he entered with flashing eyes, crimson cheeks, and well nigh breathless lips, yet jubilant over the prospect of the admiration that his presumed display of skill and courage would elicit.

"Well, Tommy," his mother exclaimed, advancing to meet him, "are you back already? Nearly tired to death with heat and hurryin' ain't you? Sit down and be quiet, child, a minute. It won't do for you to talk right off, although I do want badly enough to hear what you've got to tell."

Still, though she made her son rest himself a short time, Mrs. Sharp could not permit her tongue to delay the performance of its interrogative duty, as the following queries testify:

"What did you find out anyhow, Tommy? Is the housekeeper a young woman? Where does she live, and who are her folks? Are they goin' to get married right away?"

Here Tommy, startled at the extent of the researches that his mother's questions assumed that he must have gone into, recovered sufficiently to deliver what now seemed to him a meagre budget, but which was gratefully and commendingly accepted in spite of its being so far from fulfilling the demands of the interogatories above him.

"Goin' away in the twelve forty-five! you don't say? And goin' to be gone two days—I do so wonder where! But we ought to feel satisfied with what we know already. Let me see—this is Monday. We have to manage somehow to be patient. There's enough for one to do, goodness knows! to keep time from hanging heavy on a body's hands. However, I guess I'd better step round to Mrs. Jack's—she'll be so glad to get these fresh particlers! And, Tommy, you go now, and yet yourself a nice big slice of cake, while I'm out. You've earned it honestly, child, and you are as smart a boy as there is anywhere about, though I, your mother, do say it."

So adjusting the action to the intention, Mrs. Sharp donned her sunbonnet, and proceeded to bear to her neighbor, the additional information, which, she was assured, would prove so acceptable.

Mrs. Jack was duly demonstrative. "To be gone two days—why, he's takin' plenty of time to it, at least, for him. He's never been away than two days before since I've known anything about him. Don't you wish we knew where he has gone! But I s'pose they'll get married there, wherever it is. Don't you wonder what sort of a woman she'll turn out to be, Mrs. Sharp? Do you guess she'll be taken up the street from the cars? Not a bit of it! He'll make her tramp across the fields—that's his way of goin' and comin—and a pretty time she'll have, to be sure, climbin' fences and stumblin' and tumblin' over ploughed ground! Oh, what a pity Tommy wasn't able to worm out a little more! just somethin' about that woman!"

"Well, I think we'll have to be satisfied, Mrs. Jack," returned her neighbor, with a touch of dignified severity in her voice.

"I suppose we shall, for your boy has done as well as could be expected, seein' who it is he has had to deal with. It was plucky in him to open his mouth even, before that old bear of a Roger."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Sharp, loftily, "I think Tommy has shown courage as well as smartness, if I do say it."

After a few more reciprocal exclamations, and profuse expressions of gratitude on the part of Mrs. Jack for her neighbors considerate treatment of her, Mrs. Sharp retraced her homeward-wending path. Moreover, it would be unjust not to declare her that, although the two females had plenty of household matters requiring their attention, and Tommy ample store of chores to occupy his time, yet none of them permitted the bushel of their private concerns to conceal the light of their lately acquired information. In proof whereof one had but to mark how thoroughly *en courant* all Three Forges had become both of the quntity and quality of the news ere the evening shadows fell, and many a pair of legs went to the trouble of walking from afar to grant many a pair of eyes the privilege of gazing upon the drawn down blue curtain and the fast-locked door of the cobbler's shop.

Thursday morn dawned smilingly, and not long after the arrival of the early train, any one on pedestrism bent in that part of the Three Forges would have beheld Tommy trotting eagerly up to the shop, whose blue curtain was again lifted, albeit the boy hardly noticed that it was, as he grasped the door-knob, nor did he pay much attention to the fact that the snappish tinkle of the little bell no longer gave its warning—so curious was he to discover what novelty should greet his glances when once within the walls they could have their fill of scrutiny.

Howbeit, they saw only Roger sitting on the bench at the back of the shop, just as if he had been working and pegging away there ever since Tommy's run down the road on Monday. He scowled, too, in the usual manner, and likewise gave the boy the same comical look out of his gray eyes.

"How d'ye do, Mr. Roger?" said Tommy, feverishly regarding all around, in the vain search for something new and striking—"I've come very early; I thought I'd just stop in to find out whether I shall come for my shoes. I don't s'pose I can have 'em right off."

"Well, no; I shouldn't think so; I've just begun work on 'em."

"Did you have a nice time while you were away?" timidly ventured Tommy.

"As nice as I expected," gruffly answered Roger.

"But sit down on the stool, bub, and mind your own business, while I mend your shoes."

Tommy obeyed, appropriating the single stool that the shop could boast of, whilst his eyes glowed with perplexity, and impatient, curious desire.

"Like to see something?" the cobbler inquired, after a long silence, in a very gracious tone for him, as if he pitied the child, for Tommy looked as though he were dying to see a great many things.

However, he merely answered, "Yes, sir."

"All right," quoth Roger; and turning toward a screen in one corner of the room, he called softly—"Here, here, Catcher!" when, out from behind the screen ran a dirty yellow, funny little brute, a terrier, that with hair bristling over, and almost into, it's bright, keen eyes, began barking as snappishly as the little bell had formerly tinkled, and that would have paid a not very welcome visit to Tommy's ankles, had not its master commanded it to come and sit beside him on the bench. Then Tommy noticed that the small beast had a leather strap around its neck.

"Ain't this a beauty?" asked Roger, enthusiastically. "A pure terrier pup; none of your cheaten' mixed breeds!" Then he added with a reappearance of the peculiarily comical twinkle in his gray eyes, "It isn't any of your business, but I'll tell you, bub, how I came to get him I got tired, you see, of that bell a-jingling by day, and the rats was fearful bad at night. So says I to myself 'Roger, you'd better try and have a little more comfort out of life; you'd better get a housekeeper.' And hearin' of this pup from a friend who lives some distance off from here, I made up my mind to have him; and there's the long and the short of it, exceptin' I had to go and fetch him. He's just as sharp as a steel trap, and splendid on rats—and on boys, too, I guess, if they don't know how to keep their proper distance.

Then he added, "Here, your shoes are done; and now get along home with you. I've got to give Catcher some breakfast; he's awful hungry."

Tommy durst not object to departing, though he would not have been loath to remaining a while longer. So he took his shoes; and after paying the cobbler, and giving the terrier, gravely seated beside its master, a long, perplexed look, he bade farewell, and Roger a "good mornin'," he marched out of the shop.

It is Friday morning, with a repetition of the tableau of Mrs. Sharp and Mrs. Jack at the former lady's front gate, but with the addition to it of Tommy, stooping behind some rose bushes to feed a sickly chicken.

"Well, Mrs. Sharp."

"Well, Mrs. Jack."

"Did you ever hear of the like, Mrs. Sharp?"

"Never, Mrs. Jack."

"The idea of the whole thing ending this way—a dog, just a mean little terrier dog!"

"And for us to have set the whole town by the ears, and nearly run Tommy off his legs, and made such fools of ourselves!"

"Dear me, Mrs. Sharp."

Presently, the latter adds, in accents somewhat more cheerful, "Well, anyhow, Mrs. Jack, we could have known it wouldn't amount to anythin' great—for, even supposin' that old miser had brought himself to agree to change his style of livin', where, in the blessed earth, could he have found a decent, respectable woman to agree to have him? And we've been a pair of jackasses to expect to see anythin' better than what has come to pass—that's all I've got to say."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Jack vaguely yet resignedly. Then, having spoken their good morning to each other, they parted, Mrs. Sharp walking up the path between the roses to her door, and Mrs. Jack passing down the street, whilst Tommy finished stuffing bread pellets into the sickly chicken's crop, and started off for the barn.

HAIR AND CHARACTER.

Observations of a Reflective Barber.

"It is a fact," said the barber, "that a better idea of character is oftentime expressed by the beard than by the countenance. The art of reading character by the beard is taught as a science in Paris under the name of 'philography,' and I understand a book is shortly to be published in which the principles of this science will be given in detail.

"Did you ever notice that people of very violent temper have always close-grown hair? It's a fact that every man having close-growing hair is the owner of a decidedly bad temper. It is easy enough for me to note at a single glance how a man's hair grows. Then I know how to handle him.

"The eccentric man has always fine hair, and you never yet saw a man of erratic tendencies who at the same time had a sound mind that was not refined in his tastes.

"Fine hair indicates refinement. You may have noticed that men engaged in intellectual or especially in æsthetic pursuits, where delicacy is required, have invariably fine, luxuriant hair and beard. The same men, as a class, particularly painters, are always remarkable for their personal peculiarities.

"The brilliant, sprightly fellow, who, by the way, is almost always superficial, has generally a curly beard. If not, his hair is curly. It's easy to bring a smile to the face of a man whose hair is curly. He laughs where colder natures see nothing to laugh at. But that's because his mind is buoyant and not deep enough to penetrate to the bottom of things

"There is a good deal of difference between coarse hair and hair that is harsh, though it requires an expert to distinguish it. For example, a man's mustache may be as fine as silk and yet cannot be trained to grow into a graceful curve. That's because the hair is harsh.

"Now people whose hair is harsh have amiable but cold natures. They are always ready to listen, but it is difficult to arouse their feelings. In men of this disposition the hair on their heads is generally, in fact almost always, of a shade darker than their beards.

"When the beard is full, covering the entire face, the color varies from a dark shade near the roots to red which colors the ends of the hair. These men have very rarely a good memory. They forget easily, and often leave a cane or an overcoat behind them in a barber's shop. They are good procrastinators and are bad at keeping appointments.

"Think over your acquaintances and see if the man who is habitually slow has not a mustache or beard of a lighter shade than his hair. It's always the case. These are the men who come in late at the theatre and get to the station just in time to miss the train.

"But philography is a science It takes years of study and observation to acquire it. From long practice and a natural liking for the art I have attained considerable skill in discerning character."

—A Covington, Ga., paper says that Mrs. Hays, of that place, has a little girl twenty months old that can sing and carry a tune without assistance.

Don't allow any kerosene lamps to be filled after dark. Filling lamps near a fire is dangerous.

THE POLICE OF BERLIN.

Every Man of the Force a Trained Soldier—Surveillance.

The German police are, in effect, a wing of the German army. Every man in the force is a trained soldier, disciplined by service in the ranks or as a commissioned officer. The Berlin police number about 5000 men. The chief of this force, or president, as he is there called, ranks as an army colonel. There are 18 captains and 153 lieutenants, who rank correspondingly with army captains and lieutenants, and receive higher pay. There are 301 sub, or non-commissioned officers, and over 4,000 privates. Then there are one first secretary, five assistants, ten councilors, twenty chiefs of precincts or department clerks, forty-five assistants, twenty-five cashiers or bookkeepers, and 172 bureau employes or laborers.

A private in the police must first have served nine years in the army and received honorable discharge. After a certain period of police service officers and privates are retired and pensioned This is but one of several rewards offered the German policeman for good behavior and efficient service.

The Berlin police on duty are like statues, silent and immovable. They stand in the middle of the streets or sit on horses, apparently like machines, and oblivious to everything but their own line of performance. But there is very little information desired by the ordinary mortal not to be obtained from the Berlin policeman for the asking. He will not be aware of your existence unless you accost him with an inquiry. Then, he is all attention, intelligence and severity. Speak to him in English and he will immediately answer in German, at the same time interpreting, with his hands and eyes, until you are sure to comprehend, and learn all you want to know. The police are neat in person and well uniformed as the army. The detective branch of police wear the civilian dress.

No stranger, man or woman enters Berlin and stops twenty-four hours who is not registered by the police. It is easy to look up the person if at a hotel, where he is asked, among other his name, residence, birthplace, occupation, destination, and whether he travels for pleasure or on business, and the nature of his business. If the person is not ready about giving this information he is asked for his passport. In the boarding houses, most of them kept by women, the police officer asks the landlady to furnish this information about her boarders. Every boarding house is visited on an average of once a week by a police officer in civilian dress. There is a quiet formal politeness about these visits that goes far to divest them of all semblance of intrusion or inquisitiveness. But there is also an authoritative ceremony not to be misunderstood. This system of surveillance is no disadvantage to the ordinary honest stranger. Not only could he not get lost in Berlin, but he could not lose his friends there either. One has only to go to police headquarters to learn the whereabouts of every non-resident visitor or stranger in Berlin.

A Wolf Boy.

The "Zoologist" for March reprints an extraordinary pamphlet, entitled "An Account of Wolves' Nurturing Children in Their Dens." This pamphlet was printed at Plymouth, in 1852, and has long been out of print. On a wrapper of a copy in the Zoological library of the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, there is the following memorandum in the handwriting of the late Colonel Hamilton Smith: "This account, I am informed by friends, is written by Colonel Sleeman, of the Indian army, the well-known officer who had charge of the Thugg inquiries, and who resided long in the forests of India." The writer records a number of cases of children who are said to have been nurtured by wolves in India. In one instance a large female wolf was seen to leave her den, followed by three whelps and a little boy. This happened near Chandoun, ten miles from Sultanpoor, in the year 1847. The boy went on all fours, and ran as fast as the whelps could. He was caught with difficulty, and had to be tied, as he was very restive, and struggled hard to rush into holes and dens. When a grown-up person came near him he became alarmed, and tried to steal away. But when a child came near him he rushed at it with a snarl, like that of a dog, and tried to bite it. When cooked meat was put near him he rejected it with disgust; but when raw meat was offered he seized it with avidity, put it on the ground under his hands, like a dog, and ate it with evident pleasure. He would not let any one come near him while he was eating, but he made no objection to a dog coming and sharing his food with him.

The trooper who captured the boy left him in charge of the Rajah of Hashnpoor, who sent him to Captain Nicholletts, commanding the first regiment of the Oude Local Infantry at Sultanpoor, and some interesting notes as to the boys habits are given on this officer's authority. He died in August, 1850, and after his death it was remembered that he had never been known to laugh or smile. He used signs when he wanted anything, and very few of them except when hungry. When his food was placed at some distance from him he would run to it on all fours like any four-footed animal, but at other times he would walk uprightly. He shunned human beings, and seemed to care for nothing but eating. If the pamphlet can be proved to be perfectly trustworthy, it certainly deserves to be carefully studied by anthropologists.

Smoking Pipes in England.

Perhaps the customs connected with the habit of smoking and using tobacco in America and in England are as interestingly characteristic of the two nations as any other traits. There is nothing undignified about smoking a short "briar" or meerschaum along the streets of London, Birmingham, Manchester or any of the great English cities. A gentleman is none the less a gentleman because he does this. Indeed to smoke a cigar in preference to a pipe argues either expensive tastes or the pecuniary ability to gratify them. What would our ladies think of a well dressed young man coming down Broadway about 4 in the afternoon with a nicotine blackened pipe in his mouth? Horrible suggestion! Yet in this country a man considers it in perfectly good taste to walk into another's office with a cigar stump stuck firmly in one corner of his mouth. Moreover, he does not take it out even to talk. Such behavior in London would give direct offence and would be construed into an intentional insult.

CHANGED BY MARRIAGE.

The Effect of Married Felicity on the Average Man.

It does look as if after a man got married he lost all capability for looking after himself, observes a writer in the San Francisco *Chronicle*. How is it that a man who, as a bachelor, is the pink of neatness, the glass of fashion and mold of form, when he gets a wife never seems to be able to do anything in the way of dressing himself properly without his wife's assistance. This young man was at one time a most notorious flirt. He had the best cut coats, the most beautiful boots, the most elegant neckties in town. He has been married several years, and he hardly knows how to button his collar now, and would wear his coat inside out if his wife didn't keep an eye on him. Is it natural cussedness? Just a desire to give his wife all the work and worry he can, or is it a psychological phenomenon attributable to domesticity? He had a lucid moment once, this young man, in which we noticed his boots were pretty well worn. It lasted long enough for him to say to his wife:

"Haven't I got any other boots I can wear? These are awful."

"Yes," she said, "there is a pair of side button boots in the closet there."

He fetched them out.

"How does it come that I've had these boots all this time and been wearing these worn out ones?" Then he put them on. "Yes, I knew there must be something the matter with the blamed boots. They don't fit me at all. I can't walk in them. And look at faces as he stumped up and down the room. "They are not my boots, yet they are a man's boots. Madam, who is so familiar in this house as to have a pair of boots?"

"Well, dear, they'll perhaps be more comfortable. You'll put the right boot on the right foot."

Hints on Swimming.

As the season of swimming is at hand, a few hints to learners may be useful. The first essential is to know how to use the hands aright, with the view to keeping the head well out of water, and the next is to keep one foot on the bottom until sufficient confidence is acquired to raise it at intervals. After a few trials the learner will be able to raise it altogether.

Then, be not in a hurry to use the hands, as if it depended on striking out, but try and acquire deliberation. Let every stroke have a full sweep of the arms, and let the feet take care of themselves. It is not necessary that the feet should be raised to the surface of the water. The body, from the shoulders downward, should be kept at an angle of 45 degrees to the plane of the horizon. This inclination, with every forward movement, will tend to throw the head out. Sperm whales, when frightened, sink their flukes and throw their heads out of water to obtain their highest speed. The head of the sperm whale is at flat the front, and is one-third the size of the body; the head of a finback is pointed; the one throws his head out, the other rushes through the water horizontally.

The learner who wishes to acquire the art of swimming for recreation and not for professional purposes ought to pay little attention to the movements of the feet until he has perfect control of his hands; then the feet will instinctively come into play and perform their part without much thought. Who thinks of his feet when walking? In the early stages of learning a swimmer does not seem to be satisfied until he brings his feet to the surface. This has a tendency to strain the body just above the hips and to bury the head. Swimming in a seaway the body will take many positions, according to the height of the waves encountered. Sometimes it will be vertical and at other times more or less inclined to keep the head out.

It is well for a beginner to have a person with him to keep his hand under the chin at first, while the use of the hands is being acquired. These hints apply only to common horizontal swimming; that having been acquired and confidence obtained, there will be no difficulty in learning all the other movements, such as swimming on the side or on the back, diving or turning heels over head, forward or backward.

Remember this, too, that if a person taken with cramps will throw himself upon his back he will float without effort, even if his legs should be drawn up. Never neglect to stuff the ears with cotton wool. Many persons have attributed deafness to taking water through the ears when swimming.

Cigarettes for Women.

The proprietor of a large cigar store showed me recently some very dainty gold paper cigarette boxes, esquisitely embossed in figures, and let me smoke of the perfumed darlings enclosed therein. They are literally deliciously-scented cigarettes, perfumed with rose, carnation or heliotrope, imported especially for ladies' use, from Paris, of course, which supports numerous great establishments where cigarettes are manufactured for fashionable women exclusively. The most expensive kind, according to the New York dealer, unites the fragrance of delicate flowers with a *soupcon* of opium. When I asked if fashioned women really bought them, and if women of another class were not his best customers, he laughed and replied that well-known ladies were devoted to them and persisted in their use, careless of ruining their teeth and contracting the opium habit. He declared that they were harmless, though the presence of the Chinese drug proves the contrary, and that it would be a great victory for the nose when man addicted to the cigarette habit had learned to smoke these ladies' cigarettes. And there is something in that idea; heliotrope, carnation or rose perfume might do much toward fumigating the smell of burnt paper which now pervades the atmosphere of streets and parlors.

Children in a Hotel.

Children in hotels or boarding houses are like wild birds in a cage, deprived of their right to fly and swoop and skim the air and to swell their throats almost to bursting with unchecked song. The wild bird droops and mopes and mournfully twitters, instead of singing, and grows disheveled and dirty and unlovely, and the caged child grows weedy and pallid and constrained in its movements and pert and assured in its manners, and before it is adolescent it is a little world weary manikin, blase of all amusements, supercilious to those not so wealthy or so well dressed or so fashionable as its parents and their friends, cynical and agnostic in all its views.

Uncle Gilbert; or, in Port at Last.

Some sweetness in the little girl's voice, selling flowers, caused Captain Tracy to stop and buy all she had. He had some conversation with her and found out her name was Sybil More, and made a note of the address in his pocketbook.

"There is something familiar-in that child's face," he said to his companion as they passed on. "Sybil is one of our family names. I wonder if there is anything in it."

"I noticed a resemblance, too, to some one," said the younger man. "We will call on her family later and find some clew to the mystery."

In the meantime Sybil had returned home well pleased with her first day's experience in selling flowers. Her invalid father was asleep when she came in, but the mother, who knew how slender their store of saving had become, was glad of the little money the sale of the flowers had brought.

She had had many doubts about letting her little daughter sell flowers in the streets, but Sybil was so anxious to do something to help along that she had reluctantly consented at last.

They were in the midst of a conversation about the incidents of the days when a rap interrupted them. Sybil was confronted when she opened the door by the two gentlemen who had purchased her stock in the morning.

"Is your mother in, little one?" asked the captain, and when Mrs. Moore stepped forward they stood for some minutes regarding each other steadily.

The captain was the first to speak. "Alice! Don't you know me?"

His voice told her that her surmise was indeed true.

"Gilbert! my brother! Thank God for this day! The sea has rendered up its dead!"

Even in the great joy which had come to her the first thought of her heart was one of intense thankfulness to her Creator. Tears also welled from their crystal founts as she listened to the beloved voice, bringing back the happy memories of her sunny childhood.

Sybil stood like one in a dream! Could it be the Uncle Gilbert of whom she had heard mother talk so often, but whom all thought sleeping in an ocean grave!

She was not long left in doubt, for she was caught up in his strong arms and kissed as though she had been a baby instead of a well-grown girl of fourteen.

Uncle Gilbert had hungered too long for the touch of a kindred hand to stand upon ceremony. At last he released her; and as she stood crimson with blushes, yet beaming with joy, he put out a hand and drew Roland forward.

"Here's a cousin for you, my little Sybil, though not a blood relation. I picked him up when a little shaver, and we've held company ever since. Bad day for you, eh?" turning to the young man. "Nose out of joint? Never mind. You'll have a share of old uncle's money."

The boy answered proudly:

"I'm nearly of age, Uncle Gilbert, and a man can take care of himself. Give all to Miss Sybil."

"That's right, youngster; I like your spirit. It's good to have a headpiece capable of steering your own ship, and I'll allow you have one. Still, it's good to have a port to anchor in, too. What says my niece? There's enough for you both."

But Sybil was mute. She could not have spoken a word to save her life, for Roland's bright eyes were fixed upon her with an expression that made her heart flutter like a frightened bird.

"But, Gilbert, you have not seen my husband. Come, it will do him good to see your cheerful face."

So they went together to his bedside, and the warm-hearted captain's sympathy found vent in devising plans for the invalid's benefit, change of air and scene being among the first suggestions.

"For I'm a rich man, Alice," he said, "without wife or child, and I'm going to adopt your family. It was that pretty face of yours, little Sybil, that led your old uncle here."

"How, Uncle Gilbert?" she whispered shyly, stealing a hand in one of his.

Captain Tracy opened a locket attached to his watch chain. It contained a miniature in ivory of an exquisite flower like face, as like to Sybil as though it had been painted for her.

"By the guidance of One who rules all," said he reverently, "this picture, and Roland's notice of your singular resemblance to it told me a story of hope once more and led me here. Roland knew that I had lost sight of my only sister during the long interval that elapsed after I was shipwrecked, before I was able to send word home. He knew also that when I last saw her she looked as though this portrait might have been taken for a twin sister, instead of her mother. And ever since we came into port we have been on the lookout for a clew. Thanks to Roland's young eyes, we have found it."

It was a happy family that gathered in the modest dwelling that evening, and it was only the prelude to the future.

Captain Tracy carried out his intentions towards the invalid, and under the influence of such hearty kindness he recovered, and was able once more to attend to business.

In a few years' time there was a quiet wedding in the family. Uncle Gilbert's two pets—Sybil and Roland—from their first meeting, had commenced to con that "old, old story" which is still so magically new to every student of its lore; and, like all other of Love's votaries, they found their dearest joy in each other's presence.

So, after all, Uncle Gilbert's money was not divided.

Cuba's Upper and Lower Ten.

There are but two classes in Cuba. They are the high and the low. A study of the latter comprehends consideration of a tremendous majority of Cuban people. The greater portion of the island's population has, since the extinction of slavery, become a sorry host within the great cities. Fully one-third of the entire population of these cities comprises those who practically do no labor. They are beggars and petty thieves and lottery ticket peddlers and what not. They would all freeze or starve in our land, but here they need neither food or clothing. There is not a stove or the need for one in the whole island. All efforts of this horde is, therefore, confined simply to obtaining enough food to satisfy hunger.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Sidney Lanier, the southern poet, is to have a monument costing $15,000, and Baltimore, Montgomery and Macon will pay the largest part of the bill.

—A vein of coal three feet thick, lately discovered at Hope, Kan., in Dickerson county, while digging a well, is causing considerable excitement.

—Some German sea fishermen are making experiments with the electric light for night fishing. At last accounts the results had so far proved very satisfactory.

—David Jennings, of Lyons, N. Y., is the latest discoverer of perpetual motion, after twenty-one years and $30,000 spent in pursuit of the ignisfatuus.

—The late Vice-President Wheeler left $25,000 to charity and $10,000 to his relatives, but when the lawyer's get through with the pending contest both charity and relatives are likely to come out minus.

—Mrs. Hetty Green, the "money queen" of America is the daughter of an old Nantucket sea Captain, from whom she inherits many shrewd traits of character. Her fortune is estimated at $40,000,000.

—Before he died Allen McLinn, of Texas, Mich., aged 83 years, a Spiritualist, asked that at his funeral bands be played and dancing and other recreations be enjoyed. His desire was carried out to the letter.

—The divorce of the Emperor Napoleon from the Empress Josephine was decreed by the French Senate December 16, 1809, and the marriage of the Emperor to Maria Louisa, of Austria, took place April 1, 1810.

—Hugh McCulloch, who was Lincoln's, Johnson's and Arthur's secretary of the treasury, is 80. He looks to be 60, reads without glasses, runs around in society, and he and Mrs. McCulloch celebrated their golden wedding anniversary recently.

—Hubert Herkomer, the English painter, has laid aside his paint-pot and brushes, and is devoting himself entirely to the writing and production of operas, in which he appears as the chief singer.

—Nannie Evans, of Youngstown, Ohio, who lost her voice by paralysis of the vocal chords about a year ago, has just recovered it through a mild stroke of lightning received during a thunder storm recently.

—Gladstone's last term as prime minister covered a period of 178 days. The Marquis of Salisbury first took office as premier June 26, 1885. He was succeeded by Gladstone Feb. 6, 1886. Salisbury's present incumbency of the premiership commenced Aug. 3, 1886.

—Queen Olga, of Greece, is a beautiful woman, with a plump, well developed form, thick handsome hair, and expressive eyes. She has sweet and charming manners. She is a fearless horsewoman, but is domestic in that, and is often seen at home by the Greek people.

—Grammar schools received their name at a time when the grammar of the English language was not written, and when all knowledge of the principles of language could only be obtained through a study of the grammar of the ancient tongues, particularly Latin.

—The late Joseph W. Drexel, who was one of the most benevolent and broad-minded of men, left an estate, it is said, worth $5,000,000. Mr. Drexel was a one-third owner of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, and his shares will now be divided between his brother and George W. Childs.

—What is known in American history as the Ashburton treaty was that concluded between Great Britain and the United States, the former being repres