The Fairfield News and Herald.

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11, 1884.

Replying to Her Critics.

If I should die, how kind you all would grow;
In that strange hour I would not have a foe.
There are no words too beautiful to say
Of one who goes forevermore away
Across that ebbing tide which has to flow.

Ah, friends! before my listening ear lies low;
While I can hear and understand, bestow
That gentle treatment and fond love, I pray.
The luster of whose late though radiant way
Would gild my grave with mocking light I know,
If I should die.
—Ella Wheeler.

"A Bottle."

In a cabin locker for many a year
A bottle lay;
And whether the weather was fair or clear,
Or whether the ocean was rough and gray,
The bottle had nothing to care or fear;
Yet the ship was an iron oaken mass,
And the other was nothing but brittle glass—
A bottle.

Where the billows rose highest, the storm king flew
Over the sea;
And the waters foamed and the wild winds blew,
While the mad waves tossed in a whirling glee,
And all that was left of a ship and crew
Came, bringing its message with silent lips
Of the peril of those who go down in ships—
A bottle.
—Ernest McGoffey.

LUCY'S FOE.

Down on the Jersey shore, in a little brown house with unpainted floors, lived Lucy Gray, the flower of the fishing village of Saltfish—the toast of every fisher-lad between Jersey City and Cape May.

Lucy was a delicate little thing, with a wild-rose color, golden hair, and deep, dark eyes, that had a trick of drooping shyly beneath their long lashes whenever young Mr. Thornhill rode by the cottage on his thorough-bred horse, and bowed low to her as she sat by the open window at her sewing; and Mr. Thornhill's bay horse seemed to turn that way so naturally, that Lucy's father at last took the alarm.

They were "Friends"—quiet, well-meaning people, who, if not rich, had at least been respectable all their days.

And George Thornhill was "of the world's people"—his life was one long holiday of pleasure; his great marble house on the hill was a very temple of luxury, over which his only sister reigned as mistress, though only at his pleasure.

Friend Peter Gray, and his good wife, Lucy, shook their heads over their young landlord's evident admiration of their one ewe lamb. And between them, in solemn council, it was arranged that Peter should speak to him civilly but seriously, the very next time that he passed by.

The same evening, as the old folks sat by the kitchen fire, which the cold sea-breeze rendered needful, summer though it was, a great surprise came to them.

Lucy, who had gone on an errand to the next house, came in, earlier than they had expected. The "Young Squire" (as the fishers generally called him) was with her. He led her to her parents, bowing his handsome head reverently before them.

"I love your daughter dearly," he said, "Will you give her to me for my wife?"

"Our Lucy!" cried Peter Gray, as soon as he could speak for astonishment. "Why, thee might marry the daughter of the President, Friend Thornhill, if thee liked!"

"But I don't like," said the young Squire, with a smile in his deep blue eyes. "I have never seen the girl, except Lucy, that I could love; and she is fond of me, though you may not think so. Why, I have looked forward to marrying her ever since I first saw her sitting at yonder window, with a cluster of apple blossoms in her hair."

"An eternity, indeed!" said Friend Gray. "I waited seven years for her mother, and I loved her dearer every moment of those seven years, I think."

"But there is no need of such a delay in our case," said the young Squire, looking frightened.

"Perhaps not. But under one year we cannot give our consent," said Friend Gray consulting his wife by a look. "At the end of a year thee may take her, Friend Thornhill—not before."

In vain the young Squire fumed and fretted. The quiet Quaker was "set in his way," and Lucy, knowing the great concession that he had already made, dared not plead for more. For it had been the dream and hope of her parents to see her the wife of some steady young Friend, who would dwell with her on a small farm near their own.

Such a young Friend indeed existed, who would willingly have carried out his own part of that peaceful programme; but Lucy, who had always been so gentle to Charles Deane before her own heart was touched, had scarcely a civil word to offer him during the long year of her conditional betrothal to the young Squire.

Yet Charles Deane came to the brown cottage all the same, talking chiefly to her parents during his visits, but casting long, sad looks at Lucy that it tried her patience terribly to ignore.

That summer dragged on wearily enough for Lucy Gray. Throughout each week there was only the week's work to do, of mending, making, washing, baking, and attending to the eggs, the fowls, and the butter.

At dusk on Saturday evening, the whole house was in the neatest order, and all signs of labor done away.

On the Sabbath no cooking was done and food was eaten cold, while the family spent most of the day in the solemn silence of a Quaker meeting; and on the Monday there was the same dull round for Lucy to begin again.

It was not dull to her parents. They enjoyed the perfect calm. They were happy in their home, in each other, and in their only child, and life had nothing better to offer them than this ever-recurring routine of domestic and religious duty.

But Lucy had listened from her earliest remembrance whenever the neighbors talked about "Thornhill Hall," as most of them called the great house on the hill.

She had never entered its doors, yet she understood perfectly how differently existence went on there. She knew all about the magnificent carpets and furniture, the curtains over the great bay windows sweeping to the floor, velvet for the winter months, costly lace lined with rose-color for the summer.

She had heard of the marble statues, the costly chandeliers, the grand circular staircase that went up and around the very roof, the stained-glass windows on every landing. ...ss Thornhill's imported toilettes, ...low with color, might be seen by ...e who chose to be in the one ...of Saltfish when the barouche ...rolled slowly by. ... the greenhouses, hot-houses, ...ng-pits, was not the hill at ... all one glitter in the sunshine every day with the acres of "glass" over which McCleary, the Scotch gardener, presided?

The poor little Friend looked sadly out through the summer from her drab colored life upon this luxury and splendor, longing to share it, but only because it all belonged to "George."

Her head and heart were full of her betrothed, and she so seldom saw him now, except for a few brief moments in the presence of her mother, before whom they were both naturally tongue-tied and abashed.

She saw how these restraints annoyed and worried him, and she did not wonder that he came less often when, in the bright midsummer, his sister filled the great house with her own friends—bright young belles from the city, before whose gay and fashionable presence Lucy shrank away timid and afraid.

George Thornhill was forced to play the host to all these fair guests, he told her, when he came to excuse his absence. She acquiesced; and she heard of the riding and driving parties, the sails upon the lake, and the strolls by moonlight, with perfect composure, until the gossip of the neighborhood assigned one of these fair belles to George Thornhill, and to him alone.

Then Lucy grew jealous. She said nothing, but she took an opportunity one pleasant afternoon of watching the return of the equestrians on a side road leading from her house to Thornhill Hall.

Yes! There they were, precisely as people had said. George, her own George no longer, perhaps, was riding at the bridle-rein of the beautiful Miss Kate Ilford.

He did not even see Lucy as they passed by, though she stood gazing sadly at him under a drooping elm by th wayside. But Miss Ilford, gorgeous Egyptian princess that she was, saw, and evidently recognized her rival.

Such a scornfully triumphant glance as she cast on her, utterly ignoring the pale and perfect loveliness of her face, but taking in each detail of her unfashionable attire—lingering over it with that air of pitying wonder with which one woman knows so well how to crush another.

Nor was this all. As Lucy shrank back under the drooping branches of the elms, ashamed of herself, and still more ashamed of her Quaker garb, a second lady, more proud and imperious, but not so young or handsome as Miss Ilford, reined her horse up by the girl's side.

"You can see for yourself, Lucy Gray, where my brother's heart is given," she said harshly. "He loves Kate Ilford with all his soul, but he is a man of honor, and he will never tell her so unless you set him free. And that," she added scornfully, "you will never do, I suppose. You will not lose the chance of marrying the richest man in the State. But I shall hate you, always! Never will I call you 'sister,' remember that! And when you enter George's home I leave it. I will countenance no low born beggar as my brother's wife!"

Meek as was Lucy, by nature and by training, her cheeks flushed crimson, and her dark eyes flashed fire at this taunt.

"I am no beggar, Miss Thornhill," she said hotly. "And if your brother loves another, not for the world would I be his wife."

"Tell him so," said Miss Thornhill eagerly. "Write it to him this very day, and see how gladly he will be free from you."

"I will," said Lucy proudly.

And she went home and wrote the letter.

The next day she lay in a brain fever, and her mother, guessing the state of the case from her ravings, refused to let George Thornhill see her, when he rode down to the farm.

Six weeks afterwards, when Lucy was able to sit up by the open window once more, her mother told her, pityingly, of that visit from her lover.

"Where is he now?" asked Lucy, turning white.

"Gone abroad, with his sister and Miss Ilford, and a great party of friends. No one knows when they will return. The great house is closed, and left in care of the gardener and his wife."

Lucy made no answer. She mentioned George Thornhill no more.

As the year passed on to winter, her parents hoped that she had forgotten him. But when at Christmas they urged her to look more kindly on Friend Deane, she burst into a passion of tears that frightened them.

"Never speak again of marriage to me," she cried. "I gave my heart once for all, and it is broken now."

Spring smiled once more upon the land, and Lucy wore no apple-blossoms in her hair.

Their color, their odor even, made her heart faint within her.

But at the great house they were gathered in clusters to lay upon a coffin lid.

George Thornhill had returned, and with him came his sister, but no longer living and imperious.

Pale and cold she looked, under the heavy velvet pall, as they laid her away in the Thornhill vault, and Lucy Gray, after one glance at the dead face, ent homeward, weeping bitterly.

She had hated her, not knowing it, while in the bloom and glory of life she descended to the grave.

George Thornhill had returned as he went, unmarried. But Miss Ilford remained in Paris, the bride of a French nobleman.

In the evening a neighbor brought this piece of news to the brown cottage. Lucy slipped away after hearing it, and went to the old trysting place to wonder what it could mean.

George Thornhill was there before her. He turned, dressed in his deep mourning, to welcome her, gravely but kindly.

"Lucy, on her death-bed, my poor sister told me all," he said. "I never loved Miss Ilford, as she assured you I did. I never thought of any woman save you as my wife. And you, I now know, did not love young Deane, as I then believed when I went away and left you. We have both suffered, dear, but we must forgive her, for she is in her grave. And can you forgive me, Lucy? I have been true to you, God knows, all this weary while."

Lucy's pale face brightened into its early bloom as she listened. She held out her hand to her lover with a happy smile. And the past months of sorrow and parting were forgotten, as beneath the stars they sealed their new betrothal with a kiss.

Whales were eaten by persons of the upper classes in Europe as late, at least, as the latter part of the thirteenth century. The tail and tongue, dressed with peas or roasted, were prized as choice delicacies. The Princess Eleanor de Montfort paid, in 1266, the sum of 24 shillings for "100 pieces of whale," to be used as food in her household.

Oil on the Waters.

A patent for casting oil upon the troubled waters is certainly a novelty, but will hardly occasion surprise in this day and generation. The wonder will rather be that we have been so long in finding out that the Scriptural metaphor was a literal fact deduced from experience. From time to time instances have occurred where, in extreme cases, as a sort of dernier resort, oil has been poured out as a placating libation to an angry sea; and but a short time ago we recorded the fact that an Atlantic merchantman had been saved from the fury of the tempestuous ocean by emptying to the windward a cargo of sperm-oil. The oil floated out and subdued the waves to the extent of giving the vessel a clearing free from the reach of the booming, breaking waves. We ventured the opinion at the time that there might come from this successful maneuver a practical scheme for future protection. A step in this direction has been taken by a Mr. Shields, of London, who has obtained a patent on an apparatus for oiling the ocean to mitigate storm dangers. He has exhibited his invention through an exercise of its powers in English waters, effectually subduing the perturbations of the covered compass of the channel.

By this machine oil is forced through pipes under the water surface, and rising quickly seems to calm the commotion in its struggle to the top. The effect was remarkable. The rough, chopping waves were subdued to a gentle, undulating motion in which the life-boat rode lightly, while before it had been dancing about like a cork. Mr. Shields has an "oil shell" that may be used as a projectile, to be stored on board ship. In an emergency, its time fuses, made water-proof, are lighted, it is flung from an ordinary six-inch mortar, and sent to the point of delivery with reasonable accuracy. The shells burst, and almost immediately there is formed an area of undisturbed water described as the "oil field" and the radius covered by a gallon of oil may be approximated with the basis of calculation that one drop will diffuse itself over a square yard. Another feature of the invention is a line of gutta-percha tubing pierced at intervals with valves. This may be attached by lanyard to a solid shot and laid by the discharge of the projectile. When the tube—and this is intended for shallow water—has settled, oil is pumped into it from the shore or ship end, forced through the valves, rises to the surface, and produces comparative smoothness on the water surface.

The several experiments were satisfactorily made, and the greatest interest is felt in more extensive tests that will be made in ocean disturbance. If the results are equally decisive there, the perils of ocean travel will be so materially reduced that those remaining will not be allowed to count. It might be interesting to carry to a conclusion the possible advantages gained by a liberal use of these machines for a term of years. The oil appears to be an economic force, since a drop is equal to the surface of a square yard of water. How many gallons would be necessary to give the entire ocean a repressive coating, and what would be the waste by absorption to be overcome in maintaining the covering once it was secured? This most turbulent and demonstrative ocean might in a term of years be reduced to the most approved pacification, serviceable at all seasons and under all conditions of travel. This would particularly be an equivalent to bridging the Atlantic, uniting Europe and America by a substantial pontoon of oil, along which the sharp-prowed Cunarders could move as gracefully and securely as a steamer on the Mississippi. Mr. Shields will in all probability be knighted before he is many years older.

Fairy Stories for Children.

In the April *North American Review* Julian Hawthorne says:

If we believed—if the great mass of people known as the civilized world did actually and livingly believe — that there was anything beyond or above the physical order of nature, our children's literature, wrongly so called, would not be what it is. We believe that we can see and touch; we teach them to believe the same, and, not satisfied with that, we sedulously warn them not to believe anything else. The child, let us suppose, has heard from some unauthorized person that there are fairies—little magical creatures an inch high, up to all manner of delightful feats. He comprehends the whole matter at half a word, feels that he had known it already, and half thinks that he has seen one or two on his way home. He runs up to his mother and tells her about it; and has she ever seen fairies? Alas! his mother tells him that the existence of such a being as a fairy is impossible. In old times when the world was very ignorant and superstitious, they used to ascribe everything that happened to supernatural agency; even the trifling daily accidents of one's life, such as tumbling down stairs, putting the right shoe on the left foot, were thought or fancied to be the work of some mysterious power; and since ignorant people are very apt to imagine they see what they believe [proceeds this mother] instead of believing what they see; and since, furthermore, ignorance disposes to exaggeration and thus to untruth, these people ended by asserting that they saw fairies. "Now, my child," continues the parent, "it would grieve me to see you the victim of such folly. Do not read fairy stories. They are not true to life; they fill your mind with idle notions; they cannot form your understanding, or aid you to do your work in the world. If you should happen to fall in with such fables be careful as you read them to bear in mind that they are pure inventions—pretty, sometimes, perhaps, but essentially frivolous, if not immoral. You have, however, thanks to the enlightened writers and publishers, an endless assortment of juvenile books and periodicals which combine legitimate amusement with sound and trustworthy instruction. Here are stories about little children just like yourself, who talk and act just as you do, and to whom nothing supernatural or outlandish ever happens; and whose adventures, when you read them, convey to you some salutary moral lesson. What more can you want? Yes, very likely 'Grimm's Tales' and 'The Arabian Nights' may seem more attractive; but in this world many harmful things put on an inviting guise, which deceives the inexperienced eye. May my child remember that all is not gold that glitters, and desire, not what is diverting merely, but what is useful and . . . and conventional!"

William N. Clark, a leading groceryman of Rochester, has suddenly become violently insane. He declares that he is the original Rip Van Winkle, addresses his wife as Gretchen, and imagines that he has been asleep 100 years.

A Chinese Newspaper.

A writer in Cassell's *Family Magazine* makes the following interesting extracts from the Peking *Gazette*, the official newspaper of the Chinese empire:

But if there are thefts, murders and misdemeanors, prisons, fearful executions and the bastinado, in the celestial empire, there is also the virtue reward office, and its reports are frequent in the Peking *Gazette*. What manner of virtue is rewarded we shall glean from a few examples. A petition with a long list of influential names is sent up to the throne, praying that a monument be erected to immortalize the name of Lady Ho.

Lady Ho had been married, at eighteen, to Lu Shu-yung. When he was seized with his last illness, the lady, "although occupied every night in secretly burning incense and offering up tearful prayer, maintained during the day a cheerful countenance, that the parents might not be overcome by dejection. For months she changed not her raiments, but devoted herself sedulously to administering to the wants of her husband; and finally, as a last resource, she cut from her arm a piece of flesh to mix with the medicine." But it was all unavailing; Lu Shu-yung died. Ho fainted several times with grief. "But she had already resolved not to outlive her husband, and after privately writing to her sister-in-law to come and attend upon the two parents, already advanced in years, she swallowed a gold ring, and at the age of thirty-four thus sacrificed her life." And we should certainly add our stone to her cairn but for that little business of the ring, which, though prettily devised and according to Chinese notions virtuously done, sounds badly to western ears.

Another lady, by name Wu-chang, is to have a memorial arch erected to her for a similar suicidal sacrifice. Her husband having died before one year of marriage, she was dissuaded from killing herself only by the hope of serving his parents, which duty she carried out with truly praiseworthy faithfulness for many years, until after their death she declared that she would follow her husband, and refusing all food, died after seven days. A third lady, by name Wang, residing at Choh Chow, not only chopped herself on all occasions in the most frightful manner, but applied burning incense-sticks to her arms, to provide cures for her relations. Under all these overcharged examples we must not be blind to the true national virtue of the Chinese, their devotion to parents and the ladies who are faithful to "one love in a life," are worthy of all honor; but it troubles us benighted westerners to read of the fair wee-footed creatures burning, starving, and cutting themselves, or even swallowing gold rings. The virtue reward office has often better work than this to do; fidelity, filial devotion, the bravery of soldiers who die in battle, the virtue of women who sacrifice life rather than honor—there are things to be rewarded with more than posthumous titles and memorial arches.

One of the strangest pages that yet remain for us to glance over, is the letter and tribute of the king of Burmah to the emperor of China, who was at the time, we must not forget, however patriarchal in official documents, in reality a mere baby of between three and four oddly destined to have gravity, ceremony and splendor, instead of natural childhood. Meng-tun, king of Burmah, sends a letter written in gold to be laid before the throne of the great emperor of the heavenly dynasty. He calls himself his vassal, his insignificant slave, and paints poetically how, as the sunflower bows before the sun, all mankind turns with adoration towards the imperial person; and his letter ends by wishing his imperial majesty "long life for ten thousand—for ten thousand thousand years." The list of tribute presents which were to be delivered at the palace gate, includes this letter written in gold, a Burmese image of the god of longevity, five tame elephants and an immense pair of ivory tusks, rings and jewels, thousands of sheets of gold-leaf and silver-leaf, heaps of sandal-wood; and, in the same wonderful catalogue with the elephants and jewels, fifteen peacocks' tails, twenty bottles of scent and pomade, several pieces of thick, heavy shirting (no doubt from Manchester), and—last, not least, and decidedly useful for an emperor—"twenty foreign carpet-bags."

Daniel Webster's Court Dress.

Mr. Webster and Judge Duane Doty, then of Green Bay, Wis., were warm friends, and the Judge at one time was a visitor at Marshfield. Mr. Webster was very fond of fishing—the only outdoor sport in which he indulged. While the Judge was his guest it chanced that a fine day for his sport presented itself, of which Mr. W. was anxious to avail himself. He accordingly invited the Judge to accompany him in this piscatory sport. The Judge didn't want to go and tried his best to get off, saying he would much prefer, with his consent, to pass that rainy day in Mr. W.'s library, among his books and papers. Mr. W. wouldn't listen to him; said he could pass any and as many days in the library as he chose, but such a day as that for fishing might not occur again while they were at Marshfield. The Judge, as a last resort, said that he really could not go, as it would spoil his clothes, that the handsome black suit he had on was his best and all he had, and that to go fishing in it would spoil it. To meet this objection Mr. W. directed his servant George to go up-stairs and bring down the dress in which he was presented at court in England, which George did. As soon as he appeared with it Mr. W. said: "There, Doty, is a dress for you; put it on, and come as soon as you can, for we are losing valuable time."

The Judge replied: "Surely, Mr. Webster, you are not in earnest in what you say—that you want me to go fishing in that elegant suit, and spoil it?"

"Yes, I am," he replied; "that is what it has been brought down for."

The Judge still lingered, when Mr. W., to settle the matter, said to him: "Have no anxiety about injuring the dress, for to fish and hunt in it is the only way it can now be made useful. Could I wear it in Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, or even here? If I did, wouldn't everybody laugh at me?"

The Judge was compelled to answer affirmatively to the question.

"Well, then," he said, "pray what is it good for but to go fishing in?"

This settled the matter. The Judge put on the dress and went fishing in Mr. W.'s court suit, and saved his own.—*Harper's for April.*

Newly imported scarfs for gentlemen are not as gaudy and brilliant as they were—a fact men of refined taste will appreciate.

Statesmen at Whist.

I suppose the greatest whist quartet in Washington for many years was that made up of Garfield, Frye, Randall, and "Alec" Stephens. The house committee on rules, of which they were members, met at Long Branch in the summer of 1878. They began playing there, Frye and Stephens against Garfield and Randall. Stephens played a wonderful game. Bolstered up with pillows in his chair he would sit by the hour without becoming wearied. After the first two or three turns he had an unfailing power of telling where the cards were held. He hated to have a poor partner, for it disturbed his calculations, but with Frye he was always content and serene. Frye is a strong, impulsive player. When winning, his face beams like a child's, but once behind and it becomes a serious affair. Then he is uneasy and restless until a few lucky deals put him ahead again.

Stephens and Frye were in excellent contrast, for the former never apparently took the slightest interest, save as his eyes lighted up occasionally at a remarkably strong suit. Garfield never concealed anything. His plays were always open. Only once did he ever try leading from a "sneak." The look that met him from Stephens was such that it was never known to happen again. Randall, in whist, as everywhere else, is cold and calculating. He does not play a scientific game, but a well-sustained one, and is a safe partner. You can see that the four are pretty well balanced. But Frye and Stephens won. Frye was fortunate and Stephens skillful. Day after day they kept ahead. Afterward, when the four returned to Washington, the games were kept up. Twice a week regularly the others would go down to Stephens' old-fashioned parlor at the National hotel, and there play exactly up to midnight. Of course, they had varying fortune but in the long run the first winners came out ahead. The morning afterward the members would always ask them, if they appeared at the capitol, how the games of the night before resulted.

Every winter up to the time Garfield was nomintated for the Presidency the four kept at it, but then it was broken off, with the intention of resuming after he was once fairly seated in the white house. But he was shot so soon that the plan came to nothing. Stephens wanted to keep on and to fill Garfield's place. Harry Smith, the journal clerk of the house, was taken. Very soon afterward Stephens was elected governor of Georgia, and went away, never to come back. With his departure the series dropped, he and Frye still ahead. Last winter several senators, including Messrs. Hoar, Frye, Sherman, Morrill, Warner, Miller, Aldrich, and others, made up a club and played often, but it is not continued. Sherman is one of the best players in the senate. Ben. Harrison is reputed to be, but I never heard of his playing. Senator Bayard likes to take a hand, but he has not the book knowledge that some of his brother senators boast of. But the critical scientists on this subject are not so numerous as [illegible] ago, when half the members were noted hands.

No man ever loved the game more than old Judge Thurman. With his old red bandana on the table to dry his face with, he was alternately in the highest state of exultation and despair. At times Mme. Thurman would find it necessary to take a seat by his side with her quiet "Don't grow excited, Allen" to keep her husband in his chair.—*Washington Cor. Troy Times.*

Yokohama, Japan.

In this commercial capital of Japan everything struck us as curious, every fresh step afforded increased novelty, every new sight was a revelation, while all about us were tangible representat ns of the impossible pictures of the cheap fans, the lacquered ware of commerce, and the school-books. The partial nudity of men, women and children, the extremely simple architecture of the dwelling-house, the vegetation, the extraordinary salutations between the common people who meet each other upon the streets, the trading booths of bazaars, and the queer, toy-like articles which filled them, children flying kites in the shape of hideous yellow monsters—each subject became a fresh study. Men propelling vehicles like horses between the shafts, and trotting off at a six-mile pony gait while drawing after them one or two persons with ease, was at first a singular aspect to a stranger. So were the naked coolies, by fours, bearing heavy loads of merchandise swung from their shoulders upon stout bamboo poles, while they shouted a measured chant by which to keep step. No beggars were seen on the public streets, the people without exception seeming neat and clean in their remarkably scanty covering.

The houses were special examples of neatness and of toy-like size, being seldom more than twenty feet square. All persons, foreigners or natives, took off their shoes before entering upon their delicately-lacquered or polished floors. This we not only did out of respect to the universal custom of the country, but because one did not feel like treading upon those floors with nailed heels or soiled leather soles. The conviction was forced upon us that such universal neatness and cleanliness must extend even to the moral character of the people. A spirit of gentleness, industry and thrift was observable everywhere, imparting an Arcadian atmosphere. We saw at first no domestic animals except a tailless cat, with an attempt at that appendage which was a decided and ignominious failure. These creatures were frequently tied to the house-door like a dog, but for what purpose who can say? A cat confined after that fashion elsewhere would strangle itself directly. Later on we saw specimens of the curious lap-dogs of the country, so diminutive as to be quite remarkable, and which were highly prized, though one could see no beauty or attraction in their snub noses and big, bulging eyes.—*Ballou's Due West.*

A Perfect Gentleman.

"Who is that man who has just gone out?" asked a traveler of a bar-keeper in Deadwood City the other day.

"That," replied the bartender, "that's a perfect gentleman—one of the most perfect gentlemen in the camp."

"Indeed," said the surprised stranger.

"Why, the other night, over at Jack Bowie's game, he killed a man for something or other, and the next day he paid the undertaker's bill out of his own pocket and sent the widow a barrel of flour. It is true he made a big winning and all that, but how many men do you meet nowadays with a great big heart like that? He's a perfect gentleman, sir."—*Columbus (Ohio) Home Gazette.*

PREYING ON FRIENDS.

Men Who Live By Borrowing—Types of the Class.

There are borrowers and borrowers, and from the mildest to the most aggressive, unblushing and insatiable type of this class of human parasite there is probably no class of people on earth more shunned and detested. There is no limit to the inveterate borrower's assurance. He will borrow his best friend's last dollar, and his conscience—if he has one—seems never to rebuke him.

The chronic borrower of the worst type cannot be more forcibly delineated than he is in the character of Narcisse, the handsome young Creole who figures so prominently in George W. Cable's novel, "Dr. Sevier." This type of the borrower never repays, and never really intends to, although the sophistry of his nature is so much the master of him that in assuring his victim that he will certainly refund the amount borrowed he can almost make himself believe that such is really his intention.

Narcisse represents that type of borrower who is utterly selfish, yet who manages, through an affected artlessness which is almost natural, to make it appear that he is the most benevolent and kindly disposed person in the world. Assuming always the attitude of a chosen friend, he is not to be repulsed except by downright insult. His chief weapon is flattery, and his favorite victim one who can resist it no more than he can summon courage to meet repeated advances by a blank refusal.

The young man on a small salary whose tastes are more fastidious than those of many a millionaire invariably parts with his monthly or weekly stipend considerably in advance of its receipt. He bridges over his pecuniary chasms by borrowing of his friends and fellow-employes. There is nothing mean about this kind of a borrower. He despises a penurious man above all others, but then penurious men are never borrowers, and, while abundantly able, they are seldom known to lend. The borrowing clerk or employe confines his patronage to one victim at a time. First he borrows a quarter to get his lunch, and repays it with scrupulous promptness. He repeats the process at frequent intervals, and, while increasing his demands from 25 cents up to twice or three times that, does not fail to refund the amount according to agreement. Then he gives his victim a breathing spell while he commences preliminary proceedings with a fresh unfortunate. Selecting now a favorable time and place, he returns to his first friend and unbosoms himself in a burst of confidence not to be resisted. He must have $10 or he is ruined, and explains the whole matter so plausibly that the lender cannot refuse him. Having been in the past promptly repaid he has no reason for refusing, so he hands over half of his week's salary and sees the last of it. The borrower, with a cool hardihood that does not exist elsewhere, studies to give the impression that he has forgotten all about his obligation, and the lender is too proud to remind him of it.

There is one type of the chronic borrower whose frank, open hearted manner is simply marvelous. It is his stock in trade. He will slap you on the back in the friendliest manner in the world, and, looking you smilingly in the face, will say: "You haven't got a couple of dollars about you, have you, my dear fellow? I declare, I forgot my pocket book this morning and am completely strapped!"

Of course, he gets the couple of dollars and you may be sure that you will never see it again. Every day for weeks, perhaps months, the borrower, if he sees you across the street, will come over purposely to say: "Well, I declare, I forgot all about that little matter this morning; what a bore, to be sure!" You agree with him heartily as to the last clause of his remark, but politely request him not to mention it. Finally your coolness rather discourages him, and he, too, like every other member of his class, makes it convenient to forget all about the matter.

Then there is your distant relative, or the man who once did you a small favor. He is as susceptible to insult as he is lazy and shiftless. As employer after employer discharges him for insolence, arrogance or utter incapacity, or as he voluntarily quits work in order to maintain his cheap dignity, he comes to you to keep him out of the gutter, to brace him up and get him another situation. The longer you pay for his board and clothes the more he is willing to let you, and the easier is he insulted by his successive employers, who do not recognize his title to an assumption of dignity which so overbalances his actual usefulness.

These are some borrowers, but their name is legion and their methods countless.

The Business Outlook.

Wall Street is said to be the pulse of the nation. The good times are discounted by the great operators of the street. The great prosperity of '79 and '80 first showed itself in prices on the stock exchange. The drought of '81 and the bad times which followed caused depression in securities which was not felt in the general business of the country till later. For two years prices have been on the down grade, but early in February a changed feeling manifested itself in the street. The "bears"—that is the sellers of the market—failed in their efforts to still further depress prices, and the "bulls" took a hand in the game of speculation and succeeded in establishing a higher range of values. Then the iron market became more active. Sagacious business men say that the price of iron tells the story of the industrial situation. When the quoted values of that metal fall, it means that all the industries of the country are suffering; but when there is a new demand for tools and engines—that is, for iron and steel—it shows that the business of the country is reviving. The price of iron steadily went down from 1881 to 1884, but the February of this year told a different story. The demand for iron increased and there was an advance in its price. There are, it is true, some bad business indications. There are many failures, wages are being reduced, the bank currency is contracting, and gold is being shipped abroad but after all we have plenty of currency and the surplus of last year's crops is large. Our population is increasing, and the condition of our machinery for doing work was never better. The American people are hopeful as well as enterprising, and if the crops this year are at all good, they will be as prosperous as ever in the closing months of this year.

Miss Cleveland, a sister of the Governor of New York, is lecturing on "Mediæval History." She resides at Holland Patent, N. Y., and is a lady of superior culture.

Fairy Lodge.

The following description of an ideal children's play-house, by Mary A. Lathbury, in St. Nicholas for April, may be found to contain helpful hints for some of both of our grown-up and growing-up readers:

"On the level brow of a mountain, within a hundred miles of the office of St. Nicholas, stands a lovely home. There are many beautiful and interesting things in and around the home, gathered from foreign lands and from our own, and nothing has been left undone that could help to make the six children of the home wise and happy. But the happiest thought of all was the building of the little log cabin, called Fairy Lodge.

"There was a great deal of pleasure got out of the building and the settling of the Lodge. I think the great chimney must have been built first, for that, when the logs are ablaze in it, forms the heart and lungs of the house. The fire-place almost fills one side of the 'living-room,' and all the old-time utensils are there,—the andirons, the crane, the tongs, the bake-kettle, the iron tea-kettle, while the bellows hangs by the chimney-side.

"There are no 'modern antiques' in Fairy Lodge, and everything is a bit of history. The cupboard at one end of the fire-place is filled with rare old odds and ends from many a broken set of china. On the right of the fire-place stands the spinning-wheel, and the great arm-chair is drawn close to the braided rug before the fire. Then there are chests and dressers with brass corners and handles, and chairs, and tables with spindle legs; old-time mirrors, and a clock with a time-worn face; and, in a corner, the big wool-wheel, the swifts, and the reel.

"There are interesting pictures on the log walls—miniatures of men with high, rolling collars, and of women with short waists and puffy sleeves; and there are documents of historic value, yellow with age and heavy with seals, in frames of tarnish gilt. There are books also, in which the 's's are all f's,' as one of the six children said,—and psalm-books full of 'quavers,' 'semi-quavers,' and demi-semi-quavers.'

"There is a kitchen, opening out of the 'living-room,' which has the modern innovation of a cook-stove. The two elder girls practiced cookery at the Lodge, and could not reach the best results with a tin bake-oven and a long-handled frying-pan.

"On those long and lovely days when there are guests at the home, the Lodge, as you may imagine, is a cozy retreat for the girls and their friends. There is the last recipe from the Cooking Club to be tried in the morning, and a tea at five o'clock. There is no hurry, for there is no heavy work to be done before 'company' comes.

"There is an old-fashioned flower-garden in front of the Lodge; and the old-fashioned flowers have had the honor of going, each summer, with the flowers from the home conservatories, in thousands of bouquets, through the Flower Mission, to the city hospitals and the sick-rooms of the poor."

Americanizing Paris Journalism.

The two young newspaper men who are making a tilt just at present in the way of Americanizing Parisian journalism are named Chamberlain and Ives. The former is a son of the late Ivory Chamberlain, and for a number of years he acted as private secretary of James Gordon Bennett. The holder of that position must be a crack journalist, because Bennett likes to imagine himself an editorial writer, and is forever suggesting subjects which his secretary has to write out. Chamberlain got $10,000 a year and all his expenses for traveling with Bennett. It is said that some of his former employer's money is invested in the Paris *Morning News.* Ives, who has a slice of the property, used to be in New York journalism. He came to New York from Buffalo, where his parents reside still. He is a tall, slim young man with an olive complexion and a big black eyebrow that runs straight across his forehead. There is a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Some years ago he married the lovely and accomplished daughter of Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist. He went abroad to work in London for the Associated Press, and distinguished himself by hunting Oakey Hall to his hiding place when that erratic individual ran away to England some years ago. Ives was then snapped up by the *Herald*, whose work he did in London for two or three years. Finally Mr. Bennett ordered him to Paris, Dublin, San Francisco and New York in quick succession, countermanding each order just as Ives got under way. That was too much for the young man's Indian temper, and he sent in a hot letter of resignation, to which Bennett replied: "I have received your impudent communication, and its contents are quite satisfactory to me." Then Ives wrote back: "Glad to know you think me impudent. I have been told that all I needed to make me a first-class Herald man was a complete stock of that article." On the whole, Chamberlain and Ives are the kind of young men who seem likely to make journalism hum in Paris.—*New York World.*

Arthur's Two Hundred Wives.

We most always have some Indians here, says a Washington letter writer. They want to see the president once in a while, and the president and secretary of the interior want to see them. The Indians always have a good time. They are brought here in good style, carefully shown all the attractions of the town, and lionized by the people in a certain sort of society. They don't usually get the thing they come for; but they always get something, and sometimes it seems better than the thing asked for. Some New Mexico Indians, recently at the capital, carried back with them ideas somewhat more extravagant than usual. They began the story with the remark that President Arthur was the wealthiest man in the world; that in his great treasury gold and silver were as plentiful as the sands on the plains of New Mexico, and that in this great storehouse the president has 200 wives, who have nothing else to do but count out paper money for him all day long.

Feminine naivete—Miss Darling: "O, Mr. Springer, I must thank you for your last novel. It is positively entrancing!" Springer, the rising young novelist, (charmed by Miss Darling's enthusiasm): "Really? I am delighted that you are pleased. Tell me, candidly now, how you like the finish." Miss Darling (with sweet simplicity): "Why, to tell the truth, I've been so busy reading some real important works that I have not found the time to get beyond the tenth chapter of the 'Solitary Rover.'" Mr. Springer is himself a Solitary Rover for the rest of the evening.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Why was Joseph the straightest man on record? Because Pharaoh made him a ruler.

The gentleman hunting for widows is referred to the pension office, where the names and addresses of thousands are kept.

It is a remarkable fact that however well young ladies may be versed in grammar, very few are able to decline matrimony.

A Virginia girl married a tramp who turned out to be a duke. We've no pity for her. She should have known what he was before she married him.

A Wisconsin woman has predicted a tidal wave on Lake Michigan in June next. The gentler sex seems to be crowding into all the professions.

A Long Island boy opened the bird cage and let out his mother's pet songster, on the ground that the bird needed air. Then, oh! how his mother fanned him.

The San Francisco *Evening Post* says that the most effective way to keep a man's memory green is not to build a monument to him, but to be eternally talking about doing so.

A colored barber in Idaho has drawn the color line; he refuses to shave Indians. He evidently thinks himself better than the American Government.—*Drake's Traveler's Magazine.*

"You are weak," said a woman to her son, who was remonstrating against her marrying again. "Yes, mother," he replied, "I am so weak that I can't go a stepfather."

The saying is revived of the late Mr. Abram Hayward, that "There are hundreds of English families wandering ruined over the Continent because of their dislike and reluctance to lead trumps."

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he did'nt like the taste of tobacco, he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."—*Hotel Mail.*

Pious joke: A bashful young clergyman in Nebraska lately rose, peony-color, to begin his sermon, and started off beautifully with his text as "And immediately the cock wept * * and Peter went out and crew bitterly."—*Independent.*

A man has been arrested here with 160 pounds of unclaimed brass in his possession. Chicago drummers who miss a portion of their features can come forward, prove property and take back their lost cheek.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

"My dear," said Mr. Muckleham to his wife, "those hams I bought the other day are so badly spoiled they cannot be eaten." "What a pity," his wife replied. "Guess we'd better send them out to the charity hospital."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Mlle. Andre is 3 years old; she is playing with her doll, and in her talk with it she calls herself a lady. "You a lady?" says one of the friends present, purposely to bother her. "Certainly I am a lady. I [illegible] my little one!"—*French Fun.*

A young mother, traveling with her infant child, writes the following letter to her husband at home: "We are all doing first-rate, and enjoying ourselves very much. We are in fine health. The boy can crawl about on all fours. Hoping that the same be said of you, I remain, etc., Fanny."

"I am sorry Redpath left Ireland just as he did," said Judge Curran to a Dublin newspaper man the other day. "If he had only made up his mind to stay a month longer I would have so arranged it that he would be here yet." "Ah, how so?" "In jail," responded the Judge, grimly.

A young man applied for a position in a doctor's office. "What can you do?" asked the physician. "I kain't do nothin' yet, but I want to learn how to hack off legs. Got a nat'ral hankerin' for sich work. Cut one of the Pendleton boys all ter pieces tuther day, so pap 'lowed I'd better be a doctor."

A lady asked a learned professor if he understood Chinese. He did. "Well, what is 'mouth' in Chinese?" "Mouth is k'eu." A week later the lady suddenly asked the professor: "What is kitchen door in Chinese?" "It is k'eu." "Very remarkable. A week ago you said 'mouth' is k'eu." "Quite so," answered the professor; "whatever opens and shuts is k'eu in Chinese."

More deaf than formerly—Little Girl—"Papa, did mamma say yes to you right off when you asked her to marry you?" Papa—"Certainly she did." L. G.—"Why don't she say yes now just as quick when you ask her to do things?" Papa—"Mamma's hearing is not so good now, darling—that's all."

A mot was related at Mrs. Moulton's a day or two ago by a bright Boston woman that is worth repeating. "The difference between New York and Boston men," said the lady, "is that the men of Gotham are so hurried they run against you, while the men of Boston are so wrapped in a cloudland of meditation that you run against them."

A visiting friend found Simkins with his coat off standing on the doorstep the other night, and remarked: "Suffering Cæsar, man, you'll catch an awful cold out here in your shirt-sleeves." "That's what I want," said Simkins, cheerfully. "Got to sing a base solo at a church entertainment to-morrow night, you know."—*Washington Hatchet.*

"Why, how wonderfully lifelike!" said Mr. Derrix, gently caressing a bumble-bee which reposed among the artificial flowers and insects on his wife's new bonnet; "if it was on a garden flower I'd swear it was all—Gerreat Cæsar!" he suddenly shrieked, inserting a wounded finger in his mouth, and dancing around like a whirling dervish, "why, the blamed thing is alive!"

A worldly father, after the style of Lord Chesterfield, is giving good advice to his son, who is about to enter society—"And, above all, avoid flirtations. But if you must flirt or fall in love, be sure that it is with a pretty woman. It is always safer." "Why?" "Because some other fellow will be sure to be attracted and cut you out before any harm has been done."—*London Post.*

Parrots are queer creatures, and, like monkeys, sometimes seem like a very burlesque upon humanity. One South American bird had unfortunately learned on ship-board the habit of profane language. The mate, a little ashamed of the creature's profanity, undertook a cure by dousing it with water at each offense. Polly evidently imbibed the reproof, for during a gale, when a heavy sea broke over a hen-coop and deluged hens and cocks pretty thoroughly, she marched up to the dripping fowls and screamed out, "Been swearing again, hain't ye?"