

STEPHENS CITY STAR.

HERE SHALL THE PRESS THE PEOPLE'S RIGHTS MAINTAIN, UNAWAYED BY INFLUENCE AND UNBRIBED BY GAIN.

By BEN. S. GILMORE.

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On the Shore.

The punctual tide draws up the bay;
With ripple of wave and hiss of spray,
And the great red flower
Of the lighthouse tower
Blooms on the headland far away.
Out by petal its fiery rose
Petal of the darkness buds and grows;
A dazzling shape
On the dim, far cape,
A beckoning shape as it comes and goes.
A moment of bloom, and then it dies
On the windy cape 'twixt the sea and skies.
The fog laughs low
To see it go,
And the white waves watch it with cruel eyes.
Then suddenly out of the mist cloud dim,
Arched and wood by unseen sun,
Again into sight
Burns the rose of light,
And opens its petals one by one.
Ah, the storm may be wild and the sea be
strong,
And man is weak and darkness long;
But while blossoms the flower
On the lighthouse tower,
There is still place for a smile and a song.

My Feast in Tokio.

HOW AN AMERICAN PARTOOK OF A JAPANESE DELICACY.

"Would you like to join me in a feast of boiled eels?" asked my Japanese friend. "It is said that this month the unagi is fit morsel for the gods."
"Unagi?" I replied, with a somewhat dubious shake of the head; "I never was very fond of those marine snakes."
"Probably you have never tasted them prepared by my countrymen," he slyly returned, "I remember once eating some at Delmonico's (shuddering). They were soft, flavorless morsels, inclosed in a quivering jelly. Come along with me and partake of a dish the taste of which will be pleasantly remembered long after you return to America. You, who are half a Japanese, ought not any longer to remain ignorant of one of our chief delicacies."

Summoning a jin-riki ricki, we squeezed into it in the economical fashion, and after a brief ride turned into the Okiyoye machi (street) and alighted at the entrance to Maroki's establishment—a two-storied building, the lower apartment of which was furnished with grated, prison-like windows. In the entrance were the proprietor and his wife, who, as we paid our jin-riki-sha man, prostrated themselves, bowed their heads on the boards and murmured: "Thousand welcomes to our humble place;" then, rising, awaited our pleasure.

We slipped off our cloaks and followed our hostess up a broad ladder to the floor above, which was divided by sliding screens of paper into a number of apartments. Here we were greeted by a score of chubby-faced, cherry-lipped, neatly-dressed attendants, who knelt and welcomed us with profound bows. We entered a neat little matted room, about ten feet by twelve, the sole adornment of which were two hanging pictures representing Ebisu and Dai-koku—gods of luck. Placing cushions on the floor, she invited us to seat ourselves upon them, prostrated herself, bowed gravely and retired. In a few moments a black-eyed waitress, with her hair polished like ebony, and decorated with a single gold pin, entered with a box containing live charcoal for the pipe, and after depositing the apparatus on the floor between us, knelt, bowed, sat upon her heels, glanced modestly downward and awaited our order. My friend, who was what we term rather "airy," being a small official in the foreign office, glanced patronizingly at the girl and said: "Bring us some trifles with which to amuse ourselves; then serve the broiled eels as fast as we require them. Mind, we don't want fish that have been cooked an hour. My guest is a gentleman who appreciates hot food. What wine have you on tap?"

The waitress, in spite of her drooping lashes and humble pose, was slyly watching me out of the corners of her eyes and laughing to herself at his affectation of importance. She knelt near us, and filling two tiny cups with the wine, proffered them to us, murmuring, "The wine is served." As I sipped the liquor I glanced at the pretty waitress, who was sitting on her heels, holding the bottle in her hand ready to replenish our cups. When we had emptied them the waitress removed them, and quickly returned with some trays containing square, black lacquered boxes, bearing the signs of the house and a number placed one before each of us, she removed the tightly-fitting lids and revealed the contents, which were sections of nicely browned, broiled, split eels, skewered together, that gave out a most appetizing odor.

The girl smiled as she watched my looks, and replenishing my saucer with shoyu placed it near me, murmuring, "I think you will find the unagi very pleasing to your taste." I took my chopsticks in my right hand, inserted

the points in the fish, broke off a morsel and ate. Ye gods! It was delicious! rich, tender, delicately flavored and boneless! I drew my box toward me, nodded approvingly at the attendant, and enjoyed the delectable food.
The smiling girl brought in box after box, the contents of each being nicer than the last. "How do you contrive to render the skins of the fish so tender?" I asked the girl. "I do not know," she answered, glancing timidly at the mats. "The cooks never permit us to learn their secrets. If you would like to visit the kitchen, they will no doubt explain everything to you."

"Now for the bill," said my companion, refilling his pipe. "Altogether, you have given us a very tolerable meal." In a few moments she came back, carrying a small, scoop-like tray, in which was placed a slip of paper containing the reckoning. This she pushed along the mat toward him; then she bowed and remained with her face close to the floor, while he minutely scrutinized the document. Taking his purse from his sleeve, he dropped some paper money into the tray, and remarked in a low tone: "You may keep the change" (ten cents).

His munificence almost overpowered the waitress, who bowed repeatedly and gratefully murmured, "Your generosity resembles that of a foreigner. Any one can see that you have traveled." After we had smoked awhile we rose, quitted the room, and, descending the ladder-like stairway, the steps of which were polished as smooth as glass, slipped on our foot-coverings and entered the kitchen. On the hard earthen floor were rows of little charcoal furnaces, provided with iron rods that served as rests for the skewered eels.

Maroki, whose only failing was a weakness for bowing and politely speaking in his breath between his speeches, led the way, and was exceedingly attentive. Pointing to a range of tubs containing fine specimens of anguilla tenuirostris, he remarked: "These were caught this morning; they were the most expensive fish in the Nippon Bashi market. Are they not worth looking at?"

"How do you contrive to so completely extract their bones?" I demanded. "Our cooks cannot accomplish the feat." Motioning a lightly clad servant to approach him he said: "Some customers have just come in. Prepare an eel in the presence of these gentlemen."
The man, who evidently took great pride in his work, selected a vigorously quivering fish, struck its head smartly on a wooden block placed upon the floor, and, kneeling by it grasped the creature's neck, inserted a knife in the left side of the vertebrae and dexterously ran it down to the tail; then rapidly applied his instrument to the other side of the backbone, and repeated the process, leaving the eel split open. Holding up the head, which was attached to the vertebrae and lateral bones inclosing the intestines, he bowed and said, "There is not a splinter left in the fish."

"That is so," proudly remarked the proprietor; "I only employ the most skillful men and cooks." The operator washed down the block, chopped the flattened eel into three-inch lengths, and shouted to a cook who advanced and removed it on a dish.
The next process was a mysterious one, and was performed behind a screen, from whence the platter of eels was presently handed out to one of the broilers. My opinion is that the fish had simply been plunged into boiling water to make the skin tender. We advanced to a range and saw a cook skewering the pieces of eel on long bamboo spints. Then he placed them on the rods over the glowing coals, and when one side was browned, dexterously picked them up with a pair of iron chopsticks and turned them. After they were thoroughly cooked he seized the fish with the same instrument and plunged it into a vessel containing old shoyu, which was as thick as dark molasses. The steaming unagi were then drained, placed in a lacquer box, and sent upstairs to the customer.

"We never prepare our eels until they are ordered," remarked the proprietor. "No matter how busy we may be, I will not have the fish killed beforehand."
"What do you do with the bones?" I asked.
"We boil them down into a delicious jelly, such as that with which you are served. Nothing is wasted in this establishment. We think of the seven virtues."

Another Japanese fashion of cooking the eel is to take it alive and put it, writhing, on a red-hot gridiron. When the eel is dead, or in other words, roasted alive, the skin, which, after the roasting, contains all the oil, is stripped off, leaving the white flesh

tender and dry. But it is barbarous cookery.—Edward Greey.

A Cannoneer's Ride.

Captain H. T. Owen, an ex-Confederate, writes: The most conspicuous act of reckless courage I ever saw displayed on any battlefield during our great civil war occurred at the second battle of Manassas, August 30, 1862. It was performed by a Federal artilleryist in the presence of both armies, and was witnessed by at least a thousand men, many of whom are still living and can readily recall the incident when reminded of the circumstances. Just as Hood's men charged down the hill near the Henry house upon the first Federal line, and it became evident that they would capture the battery stationed there, a Federal artilleryman determined to save one of the cannon, if possible, and to do so he had to take it up the ditch in front of the Confederates for half a mile. The ditch was four feet wide and as many deep, and could not be crossed with the cannon.

How he got his horses hitched, or whether they had really ever been taken from the piece, I never have known, but the first I saw of him he was coming up our front in a sweeping gallop from the cloud of smoke, and Hood's men were firing at him, as soon as he escaped from that volley he came in front of our brigade and under range of our muskets on the left, and as he swept by a file fire was opened upon him. Our line was approaching the ditch rapidly at a double quick, and the ditch between us and the ditch was getting narrower each second, but the artilleryman seemed determined to save his gun from capture, and he flew along his course at a tremendous rate of speed. He had four large gray or white horses to the cannon, and they came up the valley in splendid style. The man sat erect and kept his team well in hand while his whip seemed to play upon the flanks of the leader, and all four horses appeared to leap together in regular time. The ground was very dry, and a cloud of dust rolled out from under the horses' feet and from the wheels of the cannon as they came thundering along.

Three regiments of our brigade had already fired at him as he rushed along their front, and as he approached the left of another I ran down the rear rank shouting to the men: "Shoot at the horses! Let the man alone and shoot at the horses! You are firing too high!"

At this I saw a noted marksman in Company F drop on one knee and sight along the barrel of his musket and fire; but on came the man, and the gallop of his team was unbroken. Rammings in another cartridge the marksman was ready again in a minute, and just as the cannoner swept across he front, within a hundred yards, he knelt down, and taking deliberate aim at the foremost horse fired again; but on went the team unharmed as before. Thus he passed along the whole front of our regiment and then along our right, and escaped around the head of the ditch and across the field and up the hill beyond. As far off as we could see him his team was still going at a gallop; but when out of range on the hill beyond the ditch he turned in his saddle and, taking off his hat, waved it over his head several times, and some of the Confederates cheered him.

At least five hundred men fired at that Yankee gunner, and I have often wondered if he escaped death in the subsequent battles of the war, and lives to tell of the fearful gauntlet he ran along the front of a whole brigade of Confederates firing at him.

An Unalterable Face.

There is said to be a man in Bellevue hospital, New York, with a face that never alters its expression in the slightest degree. Something is the matter with the nerves and muscles so that they do not work at all. Not the faintest smile nor the suggestion of a frown ever varies the stolid monotony of his countenance. The features are regular and rather handsome, there being no distortion, or any outward evidence of the affection other than the strange immobility. His name is Henry Stube, but he is called "Masky," because his face is like a mask, behind which he laughs and weeps unseen. He has worn this mask of his for two years. He is being treated with electricity chiefly, and the physicians think he will recover. In the meantime he parts his lips with his hand for the introduction of food and water, and when he sleeps his eyelids are held shut by a slight bandage. His imperfect talking is done without moving his lips, and when he speaks or listens, the impassiveness of his face looks uncanny indeed. There is some thing singular about it, and, after the idea has once got into your mind, you can hardly regard this face as anything else than a mask.

SPOOPYDYKE.

He Buys a Printing Press and Tries to Run It. With Disastrous Results.

Spoopydyke came home one night bringing a small bundle in his arms. "It's a printing press, on which I expect to do all my own printing hereafter," he said.

"Oh, but isn't that lovely!" fluttered Mrs. Spoopydyke, dropping the stork and rushing to her husband's side, "and can't we do the loveliest things with it! It is like the kind that the *Herald* and *Sun* and all those papers are printed with."

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Spoopydyke," growled her husband, "you've hit it exactly. This is the very kind. I got Mr. Bennett to kindly try it on, so as to get it the same size as the *Herald* is printed on."

"And will you print papers with yours like Mr. Bennett and the other editors?" continued Mrs. Spoopydyke timidly.

"Oh, but won't I, though?" yelled her husband. "It needed a dod gasted female idiot to think of that, you've struck the proper plan. Think you can print 50x60 show bills with a 3x4 press? Well, I tell you that you can't. Can you get it into your measly head that this is a card press, and can only print a card three inches by four inches?"

"Well," said Mrs. Spoopydyke, "I suppose you can print visiting cards on it?"

"Yes, Mrs. Spoopydyke, I can," said her husband, in a softer tone, and he grew in a much better humor as he proceeded to show his wife the press and exhibit his dexterity in the use of the type and the press.

At last he got his worthy helpmeet's name set up in type, and proceeded to put the chase on the press with a grand flourish. But in an evil hour he had forgotten to key it up, and at a touch the whole business went to pi, and at the next fell in a confused mass all over the carpet.

"Why, what makes it do that," said Mrs. Spoopydyke, laughing.

"What makes it do what, Mrs. S.?" sneered her husband as he hit his head on a corner of a table in a mad drive after the type. "What makes it do what it does? What makes anything do anything? If I had your talent for asking idiotic questions I'd get a glass of beer and a three-inch paper collar, and live out as a prosecuting attorney."

By this time the worthy gentleman had got the name set up and securely fastened, and was printing with great gusto; but he had, unfortunately, set the types in wrong order, and the first eight perfumed visiting cards came out like the following:

My dear Mrs. Spoopydyke

When Mrs. Spoopydyke saw it she set up a little scream, "Oh, isn't that funny, though? What makes it wrong side up?"

"Funny!" howled her husband, with horrid derision as he grasped the situation. "It's a perfect thunderbolt of fun. It's the most delicious humorous thing of the century. All you need is an advertisement of liver pills on the cover, and a joke about a goat on the first page, to be a comic almanac. With your appreciation of humor, all you need is a broad grin and \$3000 worth of stolen diamonds, to be the leading comedienne of the American boards. Can't you see the measly type's turned wrong? They have only got to be turned round the other way."

After half an hour of diligent labor the types were again in position, securely keyed up, and put on the press.

When the final arrangements were completed, Mr. Spoopydyke turned round to wink at the baby and incautiously left his thumb over the edge of the press. As luck would have it, Mrs. Spoopydyke, in her anxiety to show her husband how well she understood and appreciated the press, brought the lever down and the press closed on that gentleman's thumb, making him jump four feet high, and utter an exclamation that would have made the second lieutenant of a company of pirates blush. "Dod gasted the measly printing press," he shrieked, as he smashed the base burner with it, and then he threw it in the alley. "Haven't you got any sense scarcely? Why didn't you go on with the entertainment? The measly thing only got as far as the bone. Why don't you finish the chapter?" and Mr. Spoopydyke danced up stairs, five at a time, with a parting injunction to his wife to hire out for a slaughter-house.

"Well," said Mrs. Spoopydyke, as she picked up the baby, and put a pitcher of water where her husband would be sure to fall over it when he went down stairs in the morning, "if we have so much trouble in printing one word, I wonder how Mr. Bennett gets along with a whole newspaper to print."

There are fifty-three cigarette factories in Havana, which collectively produce 18,000,000 cigarettes a day.

THE FAMILY DOCTOR.

To prevent hair from falling out, try first wetting the head at night with salt and water. Mild sage tea is also excellent. If these remedies do not effect a speedy cure, try this: Get a little bottle of brandy, and put in all the salt that it will absorb; wet the head with this two or three times a day.

If the arnica with which bruised limbs are bathed is heated, its good effects are perceptible much earlier than if it is applied while cold. If arnica is to be taken as a remedy, as so many physicians recommend, in cases of severe sprains, it should be prepared with water in this proportion: a teaspoonful of arnica in a goblet two-thirds full of water, and of this a teaspoonful is to be taken once an hour or once in two hours, as the severity of the case determines.

A new remedy for headache has been found by Dr. Haley, an Australian physician, who says that for some years past he has found minimum doses of iodide of potassium of great service in frontal headache; that is, a heavy, dull headache, situated over the brow, and accompanied by languor, chilliness and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea, can be completely removed by a two-grain dose dissolved in half a wineglass of water, and this quietly sipped, the whole quantity being taken in about ten minutes. In many cases, he adds, the effect of these small doses has been simply wonderful—as, for instance, a person who a quarter of an hour before was feeling most miserable, and refused all food, wishing only for quietness, would now take a good meal and resume his wonted cheerfulness. If this cure of Dr. Haley's is in reality a practical one, he will merit for the discovery the gratitude of suffering millions.

The Jew's-Harp.

The origin of the Jew's-harp is lost in the long lapse of time, and but hardly ever attracted sufficient notice as a musical instrument to be worth the inquiries of musical antiquaries. In Germany it is called "Maul Harmonica;" in Denmark, "Mund harpe;" in Sweden, "Mungiga;" in France, "Guinbarde;" in Italy, "Tromba;" and in the Highlands, "Tromp." The Greeks of Smyrna call it, in imitation of its sound, "Bianbo." In the Netherlands and Tyrol it has for a long time been the delight of the peasants, laborers, and their families, and at present it seems to be in exceptional favor in America, where an Englishman has in Troy established a factory of these vibrating instruments; and so brisk has the business been that another factory has been started recently where the common-place Jew's-harps are turned out in hundreds of thousands.

The first noted performance on this simple instrument is mentioned in the memoirs of Mme. de Genlis, in which is described the astonishing power on the Jew's-harp of a poor German soldier named Kock, in the service of Frederick the Great.

However, it was reserved for a German herdsman and laborer of the name of Eulenstein to acquire an almost European reputation as a player on the Jew's-harp. After ten years' close application and study, he surmounted a host of difficulties, and attained a perfect mastery over this intractable instrument.

Mr. Eulenstein appeared with great success at concerts in Paris, in January, 1826, and later on in London, in June, 1826, where he executed with "grace and expression the most charming Italian, French, and German airs to the great admiration of amateurs and 'professionals' alike." He used at the concerts to play duets with Mr. Stockhausen on the pedal harp, the latter accompanying him pianissimo, and touching the chords lightly, so that Mr. Eulenstein's part in the duets could be perfectly heard.—*Music and Drama.*

Not So Green as He Looked.

A green-looking granger, travelling with a wagon, took in a number of boys in an eastern town very neatly recently. He would allow a rope to be tied around each wrist, and holding an apple in each hand, bet that while two bystanders pulled the rope in opposite directions he could bite first one apple and then the other. He won every bet with apparent ease, much to the surprise of those who did not understand a very simple principle in dynamics. He was naturally stout, but the trick lay in the fact that the man pulling on his right of course assisted him materially in pulling against the man on the left, and vice versa. It was two against one every time; but the mountaineer was always one of the two.

VERY ANCIENT.

Description of a Buried Ship.

In 1823 there was exhibited in London an ancient vessel which had been dug up at Malham, a short distance from the present navigable river of the Rother, at the west end of the Isle of Oxney, and about two miles from Rolverden and New Ender, the site of the ancient city of Aenderida. The spot where this old vessel was found was an old branch of the Rother, Kent county, the channel of which was diverted by high winds in the reign of Edward I, and therefore it is thought this vessel was buried at the time of that disaster. Others have supposed her to have been the fleet abandoned by the Danes after their defeat by Alfred the Great.

The vessel was sixty-three feet eight inches long and fifteen feet broad, and when discovered her upper part was buried ten feet, to which added nine feet, her height from bottom to top, and you have an accumulation of nineteen feet of sand and mud upon the river since she was stranded. She was single-masted, round-sterned, flat-floored and without a keel. There were two cabins in her stern, the after one decked over, with a hatchway for entrance; the other, adjoining it, was covered with a caboose, which fell in on being exposed and the sand taken from under it. There was also a short deck forward with an inclosure beneath it, but the midship part was entirely open. Her bulwarks and washboards manifested she had been a sea vessel. Her beams, which were much stronger than would be required for a vessel for inland navigation, prove that our forefathers knew how to apportion a due strength to the stress upon timber, her timbers being three times as deep as broad. Her timbers and plank were remarkably sound and hard, and in many parts quite black. She was calked with moss. The method of steering her was quite singular. She had rubber bands which yoked the rudder, and by an alternate motion of the ropes, which were fastened to the back of the rudder, it was made to revolve on the pinions as a center of motion, the breadth of the rudder being the leverage.

The rudder was broad, and hence the vessel easier to steer. By this it would seem that in her time the tiller had not been invented. There was a curious windlass on the after-deck, which showed they had not much idea of getting rid of friction, and at her forepart there had evidently been another fixed from side to side. Her planks were very broad and of a close, hard texture, and thought by some to be oak, by others chestnut. The wreck of a small boat was discovered near the stern of the vessel, but her iron fastenings being in a very corroded state, she could only be removed piecemeal; between the edges of plank were layers of hair.

In the vessel were found a large flint and steel, which, though very much worn, still elicited sparks; part of the blade of a sword, with a hollow ball or hilt of yellow metal attached to it; four vases; several bricks of a red and yellow color; the corroded remains of two locks, etc. In the cabin, or cook-room, was found a leathern ink-bottle, curiously marked, but similar in shape to those still used by school-boys; part of a brass cock; a sounding lead; several shoes and sandals of curious shape; several bricks and fragments of tiles bound together with iron; a small glass bottle; a small whetstone; several hooks; an oak board, eighteen inches long and twelve broad, with curious lines cut in it; and a circular wooden board, of oak, perforated with about twenty-eight holes, which was most probably a calendar by which the progress of the lunar month was marked. Of mortal remains there were a man's skull, the hip-bones, ribs, and other parts of the skeleton of an adult, part of the skeleton of a child, parts of the skeleton of a dog, supposed to be a greyhound, parts of two skulls, with the horns of sheep or goats, the breast-bone of a goose, and several bones of larger animals.—*Rear-Admiral George H. Preble.*

Cute Work.

A detective employed by the United States express company to trace the robbery of a package at Comerstown, O., saw the mark of teeth upon the pasteboard box. "The man is a one-armed man," said he. "He held the box in his teeth while he untied the string." He made the acquaintance of Charles Bassett, the one-armed man of the town, employed him as a detective, traveled with him, talked about the difference in people's teeth, got him to make an indentation of his own in wax, had a plaster cast made which fitted the marks of the teeth in the package and arrested Bassett. It was a "cute" piece of work.

Jealousy.

They stood upon the wide veranda, and before a left her side I saw him turn and take for her, from out the vine-hung urn. A crimson rose, and with a detested hand He placed it in the soft hair's silky strand. Then in my soul did a fierce longing burn, And a new madness, swift, and keen, and stern, Arose and held me in its strong command. And then—Oh, blessed then!—I saw her take A white rose from the white breast where it slept, And, with a proud but timid courage, lift It to her lips. For joy I could have wept— For joy her tears. The white rose was my bit! —*Carlotta Perry.*

PURGENT PARAGRAPHS.

Should oarsmen wear scull caps?
To preserve cherries—Keep the small boys off.
Stare-way—The entrance around a church door after services.

The Moss Pointers (Miss.) place eggs instead of dimes in the contribution box. They are entered in the church books as lay offerings.
This bit of conversation, which we find in an exchange, is both timely and expressive: "I think this ice-cream tastes a little cowy," said he. "Mine tastes bully," said she.

"How is it," asked the landlady, "that you never complain of anything but the butter, Mr. Jones?" Mr. Jones: "Well, that is a big enough contract for one man!"
A little maiden named Plummer, Fell in love with a grocery drummer, And the lady he gave, She concluded to save, So she came to it. (It lasted all summer.)

A religious exchange tells a story of a cornet player employed by a Baptist church, who lost his position by playing the well-known melody, "Pull for the shore," at the baptism of a number of converts.

It is said that when one is drawing all that he ever said, thought, felt, did, passes before him in a swift panorama; and that the bad memories crowd the good into the background. One need not drown in order to have the experience. Only become a candidate for office.

Doing a heavy business—The stone yard. Doing a light business—The gas works. Doing a safe business—The bank vaults. Doing a grave business—The cemetery company. Doing a medium business—The spiritualists. Doing a rattling business—The tin shop. Doing a fine business—The judges. Doing a funny business—The humorists.

Whistling.

Capt. Burton tells us how the Arabs dislike to hear a person whistle, called by them "el sifr." Some maintain that the whistler's mouth is to be purified for forty days, while, according to the explanation of others, Satan touching a man's body causes him to produce what they consider an offensive sound. The natives of the Tonga islands, Polynesia, hold it to be wrong to whistle, as this act is thought to be disrespectful to God. In Iceland the villagers have the same objection to whistling, and so far do they carry their superstitious dread of it that if one swings about him a stick, whip, wand, or ought that makes a whistling sound, he scares from him the Holy Ghost," while other Icelanders who consider themselves free from superstitions, cautiously give the advice: "Do it not; for who knoweth what is in the air?" In some districts of North Germany the villagers say that if one whistles in the evening it makes the angels weep. Speaking, however, of ladies in connection with whistling, it is a widespread superstition that it is at all times unlucky for them to whistle, which, according to one legend, originated in the circumstance that, while the nails for our Lord's cross were being forged, a woman stood by and whistled. Curiously enough, however, one very seldom hears any of the fair sex indulging in this recreation, although there is no reason, as it has often been pointed out, why they should not whistle with as much facility as the opposite sex. One cause, perhaps, of the absence of this custom among women may be, in a measure, due to the distortion to the features which it occasions. Thus we know how Minerva cast away, with an imprecation, the pipe, which afterward proved so fatal to Marsyas, when she beheld in the water the disfigurement of her face caused by her musical performance. There are numerous instances on record, nevertheless, of ladies whistling at public entertainments, and charming their audience with the graceful ease with which they performed such airs as "The Blue Bells of Scotland" or "The Mocking Bird." Indeed, not many years ago, at a grand provincial concert, two sisters excited much admiration by the clever and artistic way in which they whistled a duet.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*