ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE

THE DAILY RECORD-UNION.

LET EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down from days of yore—
Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling, clear the rubbish from your door?
Let no filth, no rust there gather, leave no traces of decay,
Pluck every weed unsightly, brush the fallen leaves away.

If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep without, within,
Spurning evil speaking, malice and each dark, besetting sin,
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the inner temple grow,
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing bitterness and woe;

Then perchance we may have leisure o'er our neighbors watch to keep;
All the work assigned us finished, we before his door may sweep;
Show him where the moss is clinging—token ever of decay,
Where the thistles, quickly springing, daily must be cleared away.

But, alas! our work neglecting, oft we mount the judgment seat;
With his failings, his omissions, we our weary brother greet;
In some hidden nook forgotten, searching with a careful eye,
We the springing weeds discover—some slight blemish there descry.

For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our brother harshly chide,
Boasting of our strength and wisdom, we condemn him in our pride;
Ask not why he has neglected thus before his door to sweep,
Why grown careless, he has slumbered, failing his garden plot to keep.

On the judgment seat still sitting, we no helping hand extend
To assist our weaker brother his shortcomings to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no sweet compassion show—
From our store no cordial bring him, no encouragement bestow.

But, while busied with our neighbor, urging him to ceaseless care—
Calling to the thoughtless idlers, to their labors to repair—
Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are growing where of yore
Flowers rare and sweet were blooming when we swept before our door.

Ah! how easy o'er our neighbors faithful ward and watch to keep;
But, alas! before our dwellings hard indeed to daily sweep;
Harder than to share the conflict, "by the stuff" at home to stay—
Easier to sit in judgment, than to humbly watch and pray.
—[Mrs. Dr. Netterfiel l.

HANNAH AND I.

My father had moved into a new place. Prospectively I enjoyed much in the dethronement of our household gods, and the reduction of all our worldly goods to a state of chaos. I foresaw the delicious suspense, anxiety and final dismay or rejoicing that would attend the transit of our looking-glasses and parlor chairs. I looked forward to a kind of nomadic existence about the house during the days wherein we were getting settled, to the exploration of unknown depths under the closet stairs, and of mysterious recesses behind the chimney. I expected to sit and sing in the best rocking-chair, to roll my tired limbs on the best mattress, and to take my dinner with a large spoon from out of a fruit jar.

When, therefore, I rode up from the depot on top of the box containing my mother's best china and glassware, I felt that every one who beheld also envied. The short ends of my hat band fluttered spiritedly in the March breeze, and the anticipatory tremors in my breast creaked the starched shirt-front beneath my jacket.

At a very tender age we realize that this is a world of disappointments. For the next few days my life consisted mainly in hunting up the hammer, running for nails, trotting up to the store, and down to the tinner's, and after the carpenter, pushing stove legs into place, holding up footboards of family bedsteads, lifting the corners of bureaus, waiting upon the painter and the whitewash man, getting my fingers pinched, getting scolded, getting a cold, losing my handkerchief, having nothing in particular to eat, save a little baker's bread, and now and then a bit of beefsteak, cooked sometimes by my mother, sometimes by my father, sometimes by Mary Sullivan, and occasionally by all three.

By the third day I began to see that the anarchic style of housekeeping had its advantages, and to feel that the springs of a naturally good constitution were wearing out in the family service. On the morning of that day I left my mother and Mary Sullivan stretching a carpet fitted for a room 15 by 15 to cover our new dining-room, 15 by 16, and walked out in the yard to take the air.

As I sauntered down to the front gate my eyes were greeted by a vision of youth—I cannot say of beauty—swinging upon the gate over the way.

The "vision" wore a large bombazine hood, such as was at this time in high repute among grandmothers, but was never calculated to enhance the charms of the young. A little plaid shawl was pinned askew about her shoulders. One of a species of embroidered pantalets which, like the dodo of Mauritius, has become extinct, had slipped down and lay like a wrinkled bandage along with her garter, around the top of her shoe.

"Hallo!" said I.

"Hallo!" responded she; "you're a mean, nasty boy!"

I should have promptly returned the compliment but for the consideration that I had just moved into the community, and everything depended upon my acquiring a good reputation. Without replying, therefore, I began reflectively digging a hole in the gate-post with my jack-knife. The "vision" swung back and forth and hummed "I want to be an angel." In giving an unusually vigorous lurch outward an apple flew from her hand and fell into the middle of the muddy street.

I digress here to state that, though a popular street, that portion of it in front of my father's house generally was muddy. During the spring and fall months we had a large, swashy pool there—one that appeared to flow from a secret perennial source of muddiness. In winter months it froze over and made capital skating. During the summer it gradually died away until, at the "pollywog" season, when alone a boy can take the highest rational enjoyment in a mud-puddle, only a damp spot in the center of the street indicated the place from which the water had subsided. It was now at high tide, and the apple fell into the ooze just below it.

"Boy, come over and pick up my apple," commanded my neighbor.

Conscious of setting that young pagan an example of good manners, I returned the apple with a bow my mother had taught me. She gave it two or three cleansing dashes on her dress skirt, and then said:

"Lend me your knife and I'll give you half."

She set the apple upon top of the gate-post, savagely jammed the knife through it, wiped the blade on her shawl, and returned the knife with the larger part of the apple.

"Thank you," said I.

"What is your name, boy?"

"George Harriman. What is yours?"

"Hannah Ann Farley. You going to live in that house?"

"I expect to."

"I'm glad of it. There's been a disagreeable, stuck-up little girl living over there. I thought when first I saw you, you were going to be just like her."

This I took as Hannah's apology for my reception. It was satisfactory, and we might then and there have become friends, but at that moment Mary Sullivan came to our front door and called me home. She said the brass-headed tacks were all gone, and I must go to the store for more. When I returned Hannah Ann was nowhere to be seen.

The next morning I was fortunate enough to find a five-cent piece in the crack of a bureau drawer, and promptly started for a store wherein to spend it. The streets were so muddy I thought I would go across and leap the neighbors' fences. I was in neighbor Farley's yard, when I was sharply hailed from a little window high up in the end of the house.

"Boy, come up here!"

"How am I going to get up?"

"Go around to the kitchen and ask my mother to show you the way."

I hunted up the kitchen, and found Hannah's mother. Prior to this time when I wished to represent a female figure upon my slate I had drawn a triangle surmounted by an eclipse, and this in turn finished by a small circle; thereafter, with Mrs. Farley in mind, I drew a cylindrical figure with a small circle on the upper end, and a slight depression representing the waist line. After once seeing Mrs. Farley I could never wonder that Hannah was forever borrowing a pin to fasten something on with. There could never be a more delightful garret than Mrs. Farley's, for never could there be a woman who could excel her in the celerity with which she would use up furniture. Such a collection of mirrors with shattered glasses, bottomless chairs, dismantled bureaus and tables standing upon three legs is seldom met.

"What did you want to play?" asked Hannah.

"Pirate."

"What's a pirate?"

I explained, and Hannah forthwith became the most bloodthirsty of pirates. It was in my heart to spare the women and children; but she refused to listen to such a proposition, and felled her victims left and right, without regard to age or sex. Once she pierced me through the heart, and I fell bleeding, dying, hitting my head against the chimney and yelling out in unfeigned agony.

Afterwards we were riding peacefully along over the green fields and beneath the calm blue sky, on a two-legged and very dusty sofa, when a party of brigands swooped down upon us and bore us off to a loathsome dungeon behind a dismantled bureau. We flattened ourselves and crawled out, beheaded the brigands, appropriated their spoils, and returned triumphant to our own homes. We were very dusty and covered with cobwebs when I remembered my 5-cent piece and said I must go.

"Give me half of what you're going to buy, and I'll go with you," said Hannah.

I couldn't very well refuse this generous offer; so she put on her hood and shawl, at my suggestion tied up her shoe-strings, and we started. She expressed a preference for black licorice, and I expended my money upon that luxury, and shared it very liberally. We came home hand in hand, and though Hannah went over-shoe in mud and water three times, she bore it with inimitable good nature.

From that morning my friendship matured rapidly. Sometimes Hannah was at our house; sometimes I played in the Farley garret; and sometimes when she had a sore throat, and wore a preparation of lard and camphor gum around it, we had permission to play in Mrs. Farley's parlor. Whenever Hannah stole cookies and ginger-snaps for herself, she always laid in for me; when Mary Sullivan made tea-saucer pies for me, I carried them red-hot from the oven to neighbor Farley's, and Hannah and I watched them cool with hearts that beat as one. Then while one-half the juice drizzled over my jacket, the corresponding half dripped on Hannah's apron. Hannah was passionately fond of "jooce."

When school opened Hannah and I went hand in hand, and stood by one another in days of adversity as well as in days of prosperity. Hannah being a miserable scholar, her days were mostly of adversity.

The months slipped away, and the years grew apace. My father petitioned the town authorities to fill up that mud puddle in front of our house. The town authorities gave every encouragement that the "whole Board" would be on the spot at an early day, but we looked for them in vain. My father made a second and third importunity with like results. Then he pressed his grievance upon their attention as gentlemen and men of honor. As gentlemen and men of honor they gave their word that the matter should be neglected no longer. We lived upon that promise for six months. Then my father, grown irate, threatened to sue. The Board, becoming defiant, just wished he would sue; they should like to see him sue. At this retort my father's feelings rose to the summit of moral indignation; he wouldn't sue; he scorned to lower himself to a quarrel with such men; but he would pay no more taxes in that town; and an energetic preparation for our removal began.

Hannah and I were sitting upon the edge of Mr. Farley's coal bin when I communicated to her my father's decision. As soon as she saw I was in earnest she dropped over upon the anthracite and gave vent to a flood of tears. She declared that she couldn't and wouldn't have me go. She should die with lonesomeness, and she wished she was dead. A few tears of mine drizzled over into the bin and mingled with Hannah's. Afterward she appeared reconciled, and manifested intense interest in our preparations, obtruding her services at our house until my mother declared that she would never be ready to go if that Farley girl couldn't be kept at home.

The morning of our departure dawned at last. My father and mother went to the depot, leaving me to follow, as I had come on the last load of goods.

It was an April morning succeeding a heavy rain-storm, and the waves of my father's mud-puddle ran high. Hannah sat upon the old petunia mound by the gate, sobbing. I raised her drooping form to bid her farewell, pushed the hair from her face, and gave her my last kiss. She clutched frantically at my jacket, but, recognizing that delays are dangerous, I sprang upon a dry goods box in the wagon. The horse, most severely afflicted with springhalt, set off at a fearful gallop, and we disappeared around the corner forever.

As soon as circumstances would permit, I addressed a letter to Hannah, and soon received a reply, of which the following is a verbatim copy:

My Dear George: I now set down to let you know how I am. I have had a sore throat nerely all the time sence you Left. Somebody has shot our Cat. School commenses next week. I dred it. A new family has moved into your House, there is too boys, Eddy and willy. If we never see each other again on urth I hope we may meat in heaven.
Yours Truly, HANNAH A. FARLEY.

The letter also contained two blots and a grease spot, and was directed by Hannah's mother, wrong side up with care. I wrote her once more, but received no answer, a failure which I attributed to her aversion to all literary labor rather to any diminution in the ardor of her affections.

I attended school for the next three or four years, and then entered the wholesale mercantile business in the service of an uncle. I became a rising young man. Some of the time I rose rapidly, as gaseous matter and young men between the ages of 16 and 25 are in the habit of doing. Our family also prospered. From three-ply in our parlor we passed by easy stages through body Brussels to English Wilton, and we numbered the successors of Mary Sullivan by twos and by threes.

Presently I arrived at that age whereat extremely witty people begin pointing at a young man peculiarly sharp and original jests concerning the subject of matrimony. At first the implication therein conveyed that I had only to choose was gratifying to my vanity; but by the time I had began to direct any serious thoughts that way myself, so much solid wit had become an insufferable bore. There were girls in large quantities and excellent qualities all around me, but the thought of advancing to anything serious with any one of them always suggested Hannah.

My reminiscences of Hannah were not such that I could create an ideal feminine character of her; but when a fellow has sat in a coal bin with a girl and taken alternate sucks on as many Jackson-balls as I had with Hannah, no subsequent experience can ever entirely efface the impression. I had a curiosity to know what Hannah had become. The surest way to satisfy this curiosity seemed to be to go and see her. I accordingly went.

The girl was pretty. She had color and frankness; she had grace and repose of manner. Her finger nails were scrupulously kept, root and crown, and her hair was glossy, as well as fashionably dressed.

The year we left town Hannah's mother died; and after the billows of affliction had surged over his soul about six months, Mr. Farley again beheld the sun and took a new wife. The new wife had taken infinite pains with her step-daughter. The step-daughter's present appearance, as compared with her former condition, bore favorable testimony for the lady's system. Hannah said that when we were children I had seemed like a brother to her, and I at once placed myself upon a fraternal standing. I interrogated her in regard to the occupants of my old home, and she finally confided to me that she was engaged to the younger Wetherbee, the "willy" of her letter.

I afterward saw him, and could not but inwardly applaud the discrimination that led her, even in childhood, to begin his name with a small letter. He was an individual of from 110 to 115 pounds burthen, though what there was of him was drawn out and judiciously distributed with a view to make the most of straitened circumstances. There may be more ink in an exclamation point than in a vowel, but it is better adapted to attract attention. As to color, energy and vitality, Hannah had enough to supply three just like him. Hannah's, I soon perceived, was the philosophical form of engaged life. One evening when we went to walk, as sheid to me:

"Mr. Wetherbee has his faults; no one knows them better than I. But where," she added, touchingly, "where will you find a man that hasn't faults?"

"Where, surely?" responded I.

"I don't look for perfect happiness here below," continued Hannah pensively. "I've seen too much of life for that!"—Hannah is some years my junior, and must, at this period, have arrived at the mature age of nineteen years.

I returned home and two years slipped away. I was still halting between two opinions and looking inquiringly at a third, and the "opinions" had begun to manifest lively symptoms of taking care of themselves, when one day in a neighboring city, strolling through a paper box factory whose proprietor was my friend, I came across Hannah.

"How in the world came you here?" bluntly ejaculated I.

"By the fortune of life and the railway."

I didn't know whether she was to be addressed as Farley or Wetherbee, and observing that she was dressed in deep mourning, avoided anything that might suggest explanations. She presently told me that her father was dead. Then as I sought her confidence—on the fraternal basis—she told me that her father had left his estate incumbered.

"Those disagreeable Wetherbees hold a mortgage on the house," said she, "and they are just the exacting, unaccommodating kind of people who would not hesitate in foreclosing the day the time expires."

She had set herself about earning money to pay the indebtedness.

"You see," said she, "the property is left by will to mamma and myself conjointly. If it is disposed of at a forced sale it must be at a great sacrifice, and then poor mamma will be left without a home. She has done everything for me"—here Hannah's large eyes filled with tears—"and it is a small thing for me to try to save the home for her."

I said I wondered she hadn't sought a different kind of employment, and suggested teaching.

"Oh, I've tried applying for schools. Two or three times I've received invitations to examinations; and they've given me perfectly dreadful lists of questions—asked reasons why we performed operations that I never before knew we did perform."

"Music, then."

"I love music; but there are three teachers to every pupil. This is pleasant work, and I am happy in feeling I shall save the home for mamma."

When I reached home that evening I sold an opera ticket I had purchased in the morning, and, whereas I had always smoked 15 cent cigars, now purchased a box at 10 cents (I gave them away before the close of the week, and went back to 15s), and asked mother if there wasn't a place somewhere in the city where they cleansed and dressed over soiled kid gloves to look as well as new.

For the next few weeks I had considerable business in a neighboring city, and I used to transact it in season for the 3 o'clock train, and then concluded to wait for the express. Hannah was always in fine spirits, buoyed up by the belief that she was making sure progress in paying that debt. I should as soon thought of discharging the national obligation by peddling matches.

One warm Saturday afternoon, when I stood by her side, and she leaned back fatigued, but distractingly pretty, with the loose hair curling around her temples, she inadvertently laid her hand on the corner of the table next to me. It was growing thin, and the H formed by the blue veins on the back, and which, in the days of youthful simplicity she had told me stood for Harriman, stood out with great distinctness.

I suggested being allowed to make an arrangement removing her from the necessity of liquidating those debts. She refused to listen. I pressed the matter unavailingly.

I then went to the proprietor, told him Miss Farley was an old schoolmate and friend of mine, who was heroically trying to save the family residence for her step-mother, and asked him if he could not furnish her a better position; but Frank is the most obtuse of creatures. He finally asked me if she could keep books. Remembering the splurges in that youthful epistle of hers, I felt by no means confident, but said I:

"Give her the books, anyway, and look to me for damages."

He found that she wrote a neat hand, and had a slight inkling of double entry; but when it came to the subject of remuneration, and she asked him how much he had paid his last bookkeeper, he had the stupidity to reply, "He had $800, but I shall allow you $1,200."

"Ah!" said she, "he was an old and experienced bookkeeper, while I know little about it. Why, under such circumstances, do you increase the salary?"

Frank wouldn't have scrupled at an entire series of equivocations in his own behalf, but since only my interests were at stake, his conscience became as tender as George Washington's. He finally acknowledged that the increase was provided for by a friend.

"I shall accept the position at $800," said she with dignity.

I went up and held a conversation with Hannah. I "reasoned" with her; I "set things in their true light;" I "made matters clear." It did seem as if she might see, but she wouldn't.

Upon the urgent and repeated invitations of my mother, she consented to spend the Sabbaths at our place. She was in the frequent receipt of letters from her step-mother in which the most affectionate sentiments were couched in the most beautiful language, and on Sunday evenings she used to read me extracts from these letters with tears in her eyes.

The pay-day came at length, whereon I was morally certain she would receive enough to complete her payments. I went to see her at her boarding place that evening, and broached the deferred subject. She attempted evasion, but I had decided that if ever I was to have my own way in this connection it was time I began. The result was I went home with her the next day.

We found Mrs. Farley had just decided to marry the former Chairman of the Board of Road Commissioners who wouldn't fill up my father's mud-puddle.

"I think, Hannah," said she reflectively, "that perhaps we'd better dispose of the property, and take our respective portions to purchase our trousseaux with."

They did accordingly, and *one* "respective portion" was made up as quickly as I could spur on an able and experienced corps of dressmakers.

During the years that have elapsed since that eventful period our domestic life has been sometimes critical, and often peculiar, but always jolly. I've never seen the hour when in the inmost recesses of my heart I've regretted that my father's family once resided opposite the mud-puddle and Hannah Ann.

Through the Weary Hours

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by ts and starts. His malady is one which rdinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effects is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and kindred diseases.

Be attentive to your intercourse with a friend. Be not inattentive from first to last. Beware of wicked thoughts. Do not harbor a dangerous thought. Do not put forth an irregular thought. Do not remember resentment unalloyed. Do not look on gain and covet it. Do not see ability and envy it.—[Japanese Proverbs.

AN EARTHLY HEAVEN.

IT IS FOR CHILDREN, AND IS IN FRANCE —ABOUT SWIMMING.

The Beach at Langrune—A French Watering-place—A Ghostly Gathering—A Bathing-master.

LANGRUNE, August 14, 1881.

Langrune is certainly the earthly heaven of children. They here reign supreme; they are the law-makers, and grown-up people are but their obedient subjects. Even were it not that they exercise a moral supremacy, they are sufficiently strong in numbers to carry the day, and it is easy to imagine how helpless was Gulliver in the hands of the Lilliputians, to judge from the activity and enterprise of these small inhabitants of Langrune. It seems as though the French, who are not noted for their extensive families, delight in proving the fallacy of the saying by congregating their numerous children of sevens and nines and other odd numbers, and added to them are the twenty-two or so of the traditional English woman, that the mammas and papas quite disappear in the midst of their little flocks. Since their habits compel them to retire early, these young people have prohibited the establishment of casinos, kursaals or any evening amusements, whereas great encouragement is given to circuses, exhibitions of mechanical dolls and other infantile entertainments. They have already decided upon their future professions, and to judge by their pronounced avocations the country will hence be flooded with civil engineers, for the construction of forts form their chief occupation, when it is not imaginary railroad tracks extending through tunnels and over mountains. The building of the forts is a well-organized proceeding, and is conducted by a leader who instructs the others in their work, and did the naval honor of the nation depend on their exertions they could not exhibit more earnestness or more ardor. The high tides which began this week gave them a good opportunity of proving the comparative excellence of their systems.

TWO LARGE FORTS

Were constructed, one by the French and one by the English, in which stones and *varech* was mingled with the sand. The French fort consisted of a solid point of considerable elevation, and behind that a circular wall; the English fort was built with a principal fort with very high walls, and just in front a smaller fort, although extending over a greater space. On the highest point of one was placed the French flag, and from the ramparts of the other waved the Union Jack. As the tide came in encircling both forts party feeling grew very strong, and had there been in reality a naval battle no greater patriotism could have been manifested. At the same time the waves washed away a portion of the point belonging to the French fort, they invaded the first English fort, when there was a great deal of hurrahing from the immense crowd collected on the beach, and when the water filled the French fort, leaving the English intact, the young Britons waved their flag and their hats in the air, crying "Victory!" amidst the applause of the multitude. The beach of Langrune, which was exceedingly pretty some years ago, is gradually losing its beauty, caused by numerous stones and a quantity of gravel being deposited by the waves on the lower ground. It is this year even less attractive than usual, owing to the quantity of *varech* which has been thickly deposited over the sand up to the very cabin doors. Fortunately this varech does not long incumber the beach, for as soon as the tide commences to go out men in wagons come to gather it up and carry it to the fields, where it serves to enrich the land and take the place of manure. The principal point of interest at Langrune is the Place au Marche, in the center of which is a large stone bench. It is on this bench the fish for sale are placed, while all around stand the bidders, a singular crowd, composed of servants, the proprietors of the neighboring houses, the peasants, and so on, who are anxious to purchase, while their numbers are augmented by a crowd of children and curious spectators.

HIGH UP IN THE AIR

Near this stone bench is hung a bell, whose vibrations, heard a long distance off, succeed in deafening the ears of the boarders of the two principal hotels, which face this square. The bell is ordinarily rung at 8 o'clock in the morning and at 2 in the afternoon, but the weather of late has been so capricious that the good fishermen have not been able to fish at their accustomed hours, and just as soon as one arrives with a basket of fish he wants the bell rung and the people collected, so that he may enter immediately into his profits; and as the number engaged in that trade is not small, the bell is almost constantly rung, much to our grievance. Besides this bell, a bell is rung by both hotels for the different meals, one of the hotels ringing once again the number of times for the reason that two large English families are among their boarders, who live the fashion of their native country, and take their meals at different hours. Then there is the bell rung for the hostlers, consisting of three strokes at three different intervals, and as there are four hotels in all who delight in bell-ringing, and aspire to out-ring each other, one, like the old woman with bells on her toes, has music wherever he goes. But the most interesting of the bells is one mysterious tap given to the fish bell late in the evening, when the beach and square are abandoned by the good people, who have retired to their couches, and should you look out from your window you would perceive one ghost after another arrive and cluster around the stone table; they present a strange appearance in the half-clouded moonlight, their white forms standing out against the grey sky, and you are seized with an awed sentiment of the spirits of drowned men coming together for some

UNEARTHLY PURPOSE.

And you would continue to be so impressed were it not that the ghosts sometimes speak with human voices, and one climbing upon the stone table will declaim very much like a stump-speaker, in the midst of whose animated sentences may be heard the words, "Republic!" "Liberty!" and so on. This nocturnal rendezvous is held by the different cooks throughout Langrune, whether from the hotels or the summer residences of rich families. They come in their uniforms, which is composed of an entire white suit with the necessary white cap, and, leaving behind them the odor of stews and grease, collect to discuss the important questions of the day and the best methods of preserving the republic. The cooks throughout France are a well-organized society. They have their clubs, where the members enjoy many advantages, and, like a mutual aid society, look out for each other's welfare with brotherly solicitude. They always meet with fraternal sympathy, and their reunions at Langrune are generally very quiet and unobtrusive, and it is only when one of their number instead of pouring the cognac in the sauce pours it down his own throat, that the sleeping inhabitants are awakened by loud expressions of patriotic sentiment. They are much imbued with their importance, and it is customary to address them as "Monsieur le Chef." Along the beach, adjusted against the rather elevated Place au Marche, are cabins, some of them very highly finished with fine carving, and containing in the interior mirrors set in the wood. The handsomest are rented for the season or month by families, who furnish them and fit them up according to their own tastes, and some of them present really an Oriental appearance with their luxurious divans and handsome easy chairs. These families, however, occupy them only when the weather is inclement or it rains, the rest of the time they are seated on the digue in front of their door, in their covered basket chairs, or under their tents spread upon the beach. When the day is over, all chairs and camp stools, as well as boy's working tools, are locked up in the cabin and the key placed in the proprietor's pocket. That which attracts the attention principally on descending the street leading to the beach is a large sign indicating that cold baths are administered by Mr. Meriel, the *baigneur-naguer*, and underneath he is represented by his own portrait, standing to his waist in the midst of the waves, and, holding by a belt attached to her waist a young girl who is going through the prescribed movements of swimming. This Meriel is quite a character, and, in fact, the important institution of the entire beach. He bathes all the little children, who, after clinging tight to his neck, have sufficient confidence in him to be held under the arms and allowed to float over the waves. He teaches both the women and children to swim, when the sea is sufficiently calm, and when the waves are high, carries them into the surf, where he throws them high above the breakers, which sweep over his head without his ever losing his foothold. He seems to be endowed with marvelous powers of endurance, for during these last two days, when few women dared venture into the surf, he has bathed stalwart men who could not stand alone, and in spite of the high winds and consequently extremely cold weather he constantly returned to the sea after seeking each new subject for a bath. The poor man's hands became transparent, and his face actually green, but he seemed oblivious of all pain, since he possesses a rather pretty wife, who is lame and an indifferent helpmate, besides three young children. Some of the ladies,

PITYING HIS SUFFERINGS,

Occasionally gave him a glass of cognac to strengthen him for a new trial, for the force of the waves had fatigued each strong man who had bathed, and poor Mr. Meriel had to endure the same amount of fatigue some twenty times. His wife told me that he was so tired from his labors of the day that at night he could not close his eyes. It is a great wonder he does not become consumptive; for, whereas, he holds the persons he bathes in such a manner that they receive the waves on their back, he receives them square on his chest and in his eyes. He is a brave fellow, and very much liked; all gentlemen on going by him give him a shake of the hand, and ladies all have a kind word for him. He has rented ground from the Commune, and at his own expense erected these cabins, which he lets to the visitors; he also furnishes costumes to those who do not bring their own, and supplies all bathers with a small tub of hot water, to be used as a foot bath when coming out of the sea—a necessary ceremony, as prescribed by the best medical authority. One little cabin they use for themselves, which is divided into two compartments; in one are hung the costumes for rent, and is found the table on which is kept the account-book, and in the other the hot water is heated for the foot bath, and the family meals cooked; but, when the day's labors are finished, they return to their little house in the village to sleep. The whole family are exceedingly dark, like the majority of the peasants of this part of the country, so black in fact is their skin, that it is easy to take them for mulattoes or natives of some southern island. Opposite to this establishment is another kept by the widow Roussel, whose specialty is warm baths, for many persons of delicate health on coming to the coast begin by taking warm baths before confiding themselves to the waves; she also rents cabins, but they are of less attractive appearance. She has a young son who bathes the children well in calm weather and teaches them to swim; but when the sea is rough the poor fellow is so often rolled under the waves with the little ones he has in charge that his services are at that moment little demanded. The majority of

THE WOMEN SWIM,

And swim well; in fact the two best swimmers at Langrune are both women; one invariably goes with her husband, and they swim so far that they appear in the distance to be swallowed by the waves, as they are no longer visible. The two sometimes race as to which shall first reach the shore, when it is always the wife who is victorious. The other remarkable swimmer is a most beautiful young woman, whose charming, pleasant face and exquisitely molded limbs give her the appearance of a mermaid as she gracefully throws herself on the waves. She is particularly conspicuous when the sea is very rough, for no one is as daring or as confident, nor does any one venture as far as she upon the angry waves. Her movements are so perfectly graceful and easy that none of the spectators entertain any fear for her, and as she repeatedly rises above the foam, or throws herself on her back into the waves, the water but seems to caress her as a beloved object, and the sight is one delightful to witness. The children of both sexes are here taught to swim when very young. When the weather is pleasant it is papa or mamma who holds the little one and instructs it how to use its hands and feet, and on seeing the tiny creatures of three and four years of age join their little hands before paddling in the water, it seems to be a prayer addressed to Neptune that he may have pity on their tender years. When the weather is rough these same little ones are confided to Meriel as too precious articles to be trusted to any less steady feet.

ODD SALES.

It is on the Place au Marche that the dry goods merchant stations his wagons on passing, and after literally drumming up the people he proceeds to sell his wares at auction, when the good peasants of Langrune almost have a fight over objects the auctioneer's eloquence causes them to desire. The saltimbanques occasionally make a visit, driving up in their movable houses, when their entertainments take place in the open air, free to all, but they manage to take up at least six collections during the evening, and succeed in the end in reaping a good harvest. In fact they exercise more talent in their collections than in the perfection of their performance, and when the audience becomes well interested they demand a certain sum before continuing the exercise, which they invariably obtain, and much more. Occasionally a circus will wander around, with usually but one horse, that it may in reality be called a one-horse affair. Their performances differ little from those of the saltimbanques, with the exception that they take place under a tent. When in the evenings it is cool, the children and grown people all jump rope, or joining hands in one grand circle, dance around, singing some infantile song. Everybody appears young and seems to possess both a light heart and a light conscience; the atmosphere seems pervaded with their joyousness and honesty, and those that believe the Frenchman does not possess those domestic qualities we are taught to admire, need but to come to Langrune to see them practiced in the highest degree.

VAL.

HOW TO TREAT A WIFE.

First, get a wife; secondly, be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business with the world, but do not, therefore, carry to your home a cloudy or contracted brow. Your wife may have many trials, which, though of less magnitude, may be hard for her to bear. A kind, conciliatory word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds of gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes; but your wife is often shut in from these reviving influences, and her health fails—her spirits lose their elasticity. But, O! bear with her. She has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their anguish. Notice kindly her efforts to promote your comfort. Do not receive all her good offices as a matter of course, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not scar and palsy her heart, which, watered by kindness, would, to the last day of your existence, throb with constant and sincere affection for you. Sometimes yield your wishes to hers. Her preferences may be as strong as yours. Regard it as an indulgence to yourself to yield sometimes. Think you it is not as difficult for her to give up always? Is there not danger she will deem you selfish? With such an opinion she cannot love as she might. Again: Show yourself a manly man, that your wife may look up to you, and feel that you will act nobly, and can confide in your judgment.

Georgia is to have a new million-dollar Capitol.

THE PROPERTY ROOM.

A *Sun* reporter stumbled into a curious-looking room, scattered around which were faded velvet and silken costumes in such profusion and variety that one might suppose all the Hamlets, Macbeths, Ophelias and Paulines had been selling their cast-off clothing to the little old man who, sitting in the midst in a chair that looked as though it had been handed down from the middle ages, rested his arm on a table of the Renaissance period. On another table were goblets and platters of gilded wood. Mirrors in gaudy frames, borders and chandeliers were suspended from the walls and ceilings, a skeleton stood in a little second-hand box-office in one corner, and three or four skulls were grinning from a hanging shelf. An old drop-curtain was rolled up on the floor, a row of footlights rested on the surbase, wings of a forest scene and a castle dungeon were leaning against the walls, and an old orchestral railing was used as a sort of office partition. Everything about the place had an old look, and even the voice of the little old man who sat in the twilight gloom sounded old, worn out and second hand, like his stock in trade.

"I've been in this business about fifteen years," he said; "but I'd had a good deal of experience in the theatrical line for some time before I started at this trade. I was a scene-shifter. It saved me a heap of trouble when I began here, for I'd got kind o' familiar with the value of things, and I didn't get stuck on prices like a greenhorn. Do you see them things around here? Why, there isn't one o' them I can't get rid of at double the price I paid for it. There's lots of people that want second-hand theatrical goods. A good many buy or hire costumes of me for fancy dress balls and parties, and I have calls from amateurs who want to get an outfit for private theatricals. But my best business is done with the little strolling companies that go all over the country performing in villages and towns that are off the route of big troupes. Sometimes they're only part of a circus or a variety show, but generally they're separate companies. Most of the time they're on the road, and it isn't often they get into town—rarely more than once or twice a year—but when they do, they want some traps, and as they don't make much money they get 'em second-hand. Sometimes, when business is bad, they go to pieces, and then I buy up all their effects, so that often I get back things that I sold years ago. Occasionally, if these troupes run across each other on the road they'll buy or swap properties, and by the time the traps get back into my hands again they may have done service in five or six companies.

"Now, I shouldn't wonder," he continued, taking a yellow skull off the hanging shelf, and throwing himself into the appropriate attitude—"I shouldn't wonder if a dozen or more Hamlets had said: 'Alas, poor Yorick,' over this here skull. Almost everybody, you know, thinks he can play Hamlet, and now they tell me even women are getting the Hamlet craze. See that black costume there? That's for Hamlet. That pea-green dress is for Ophelia when she's mad, and that helmet there's for the ghost. When I first got it it looked like the helmet of a Prussian soldier, but I fixed it up, and now it's quite the thing. The last ghost that had it liked it so much that he bought it out and out himself, instead of letting the company get it, and when the ghost died in earnest I got it back. I don't think I'll keep it long. Any ghost that has $3 in his pocket can have it. It's a high price, I know, for the ghost; for the ghost isn't a very paying part. I guess Hamlet's right when he says: 'Alas, poor ghost!'

"It's queer how these little companies run into the line of tragedy. Of course they're not all tragedies like 'Hamlet.' But it's curious that people care more for it than they do for all the blood-and-thunder plays, with the heavy villain pursuing the spoony lovers. I haven't got much lying around that does for comedy. That's because people to whom these companies play don't care for comedy, or perhaps because the companies can't play comedy. At any rate, it's either the heavy business or variety properties they ask for.

"But these strolling companies arn't the only people of whom I buy. Whenever there's an auction at a theater, here or in the neighborhood, I attend it. Of course, competition there is much brisker than in the regular course of trade; but sometimes I make a first-rate bargain. Now, there's that drop-curtain (pointing to the one rolled up on the floor), that didn't cost me more than $40, and it ought to fetch a couple of hundred. Then I can get chairs, and good ones, too, all the way from forty cents to $1, and sell them at a profit of at least fifty cents. I can't make so much on scenery. The scenes are generally too large for the amateurs, and too good for the strolling companies. If it's a forest scene they want, they take the first they come across, no matter how faded it is, and set some sign-painter to work on it with a pot of green paint. If it's a palace, they spill a little yellow or red, or other bright color, over it. Will you have a stage drink?" the little old man went on, taking one of the gilded wooden goblets from the Renaissance table, "or will you partake of some wooden fowl, with a wooden fork, from a wooden plate?"

The reporter glanced at the skeleton in the box office. "Now, that skeleton," continued the dealer, following the glance, "has a history. Sometimes you know the strolling companies go into the spectacular. Red and blue fire, waterfall and the like were the first requirements. Then a walking skeleton appeared in a New York spectacle, and after that every spectacular show in the country had to have one. It's easy enough to get a skeleton, you know, and when you've got him all you have to do is to tie some thin but strong cords to his joints and have somebody pull the cords from above. Then he'll kick up his legs and throw around his arms. In one the strolling companies they had a man who did nothing but attend to the walking skeleton. He took particular pride in having the skeleton as lively as possible, so that after a while the walking skeleton of that company became famous. But the man became in time a pretty hard drinker. He lost his self-control more and more, and the walking skeleton's activity fell off. Finally the manager had to discharge the man. But he had become so attached to the skeleton that he used to hang around the company and beg permission to manage the cords. Finally, while the troupe were traveling through the west, he got so bad that he had to be sent to a hospital, where he died. He had lived on the company's charity ever since his discharge, and, being a pauper when he died, was claimed as a subject by some of the physicians. The manager, however, protested, but was finally satisfied by a promise that he should have the skeleton. He got the skeleton, and it remained the property of the troupe until the troupe broke up. Whenever the light was turned on and the birds of evil omen flapped their wings, that skeleton walked the stage over which in the flesh he had guided his predecessor."

"What is your price for him?" we asked.

"He's not for sale. He's unique. He's the best thing I've got to talk about."—[N. Y. Sun.

TWINKLING OF THE STARS.—A few years ago M. Montigny called attention to the fact that the scintillation of stars is considerably increased during aurora borealis. Further data on this subject are afforded in a recent issue of the bulletin of the Belgian Academy. Among other things, he has observed that the phenomenon is more pronounced in winter than in summer, and that the stars in the northern region show the increased scintillation most. The author's general conclusion is that the effect is not one due to direct influence of the electro-magnetic light of aurora on scintillation itself, but to disturbances (probably a cooling) which coincide with the appearance of aurora in the upper regions of the air, traversed by the star-rays.

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GREENWICH, February 11, 1880.

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LEROY BREWER.

The Santa Barbara *Press* has just got in place and at work a new steam-power press, the largest it claims in the State, outside of San Francisco and Sacramento.

IDENTIFYING PRECIOUS STONES.

A witness in Court recently testified that there was at Tiffany's a wax impression of a diamond alleged to have been stolen. A reporter of the *Sun* asked at Tiffany & Co.'s for information as to their methods of recording and identifying diamonds.

R. J. Andrews, who has charge of the diamond department, said that the statement was erroneous. "We do not take wax impressions of diamonds," he said, "except when we send an order abroad for a diamond of a special shape in order to match one we have. It would be very hard to describe all the facets of a diamond so that it could be matched exactly, but by taking a wax impression we can reproduce the exact size and shape. Still, a wax impression would give no idea of color or purity, and these characteristics make all the difference in the world in the value of precious stones. A diamond as big as a little pea may be worth $300, or it may be worth $3,000."

"How, then, are you able to identify unset diamonds?"

Mr. Andrews took the reporter into a little glass-inclosed room, and taking some hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds out of a safe, placed them upon a table covered with black cloth.

"Here, now, is a diamond," he said, holding up a flashing yellow crystal as big as a pigeon's egg, "that is one of the remarkable diamonds of the world, and could be identified anywhere. It weighs 125 carats and is worth $30,000. While yellow diamonds are plentiful, yet there are few with a clear decided tint like this; and it is peculiar in its cutting from the fact that it has two rows of facets from the girdle, or largest circumference of the stone, to the table, as the flat top of the stone is called. In the ordinary style of cutting a brilliant there is only one row of facets between girdle and table. Here is a diamond," picking up a brilliant clear as a drop of dew and flashing with colors like a rainbow, "that weighs only 2⅝ carats, and is yet worth $1,500, from the fact that it is of purest water. A diamond as notable as this we could possibly identify from its characteristics. Here is another," picking up a yellow stone, "that weighs nearly as much, 2¾ carats, and yet worth only $275, because of its color. Yellow diamonds are hard to identify by appearance because they are so plentiful. Diamonds come of all colors, pink, blue and brown being rare and worth much more than yellow. The pure white, free from stain or flaw, is the most valuable of all. Odd colors are so rare that they afford a ready means of identification. Here is a black diamond," he said, holding up a large brilliant that oddly combined perfect transparency with a blackish tint, "that is one of the largest and best black diamonds in the world. It weighs five carats, and is worth $2,500. Now here," picking up a beautiful diamond of a clear pink hue, "is a great curiosity that we could readily identify anywhere. It weighs eight carats, less a sixteenth, and is worth $5,000. The color is a rare one, and it is exquisitely pure. Here is another extraordinary diamond." He showed a large pear-shaped stone of a cinnamon color. "That is an East India gem, and is very old. Although it weighs seventeen carats, it is not worth as much as the smaller pink brilliant, on account of its color. Its value is $4,000. Such marked stones as I have shown you we could positively identify by their characteristics. But there would be no means of identifying such stones as these," he said, as he poured a handful of small diamonds on the table. They were nearly all of off color and of small size."

"How, then, do you avoid mistakes, and protect yourself against fraudulent claims when you take diamonds to set?"

"In the first place, we will have nothing to do with paste, no matter what price might be offered us to set it. Nobody in the store is allowed to wear a paste gem, and if by mistake a paste brilliant is taken in at the repair counter, it is immediately sent back to the owner. That rarely happens. Some time ago, when we refused to reset a stone on the ground that it was paste, the owner was greatly surprised to hear that it was not genuine. The lady investigated the matter, and found that a dishonest servant had removed the diamond and substituted a paste gem. She had never known the difference, although an expert does not hesitate a moment in pronouncing upon the genuineness of a stone.

"When a diamond is brought to us," Mr. Andrews went on, "it goes immediately into the hands of an expert, who gives it microscopic scrutiny. It is weighed, any chip or flaw is noted, and all these facts are recorded, together with a little diagram indicating the location of the defects. Then it goes into the workman's hands. This enables us to be certain that we are returning exactly the same diamond that we take in. Not one diamond in a thousand is free from flaws, so that there are always identifying characteristics. People are frequently surprised to find their diamonds have defects, but it is often the case that the cutter will leave in a flaw that can be covered by the setting, as very frequently the cutting out of a defect would lose a half carat or more of weight."

"Will diamonds chip off in wearing?"

"Very rarely. You may lay a diamond on an anvil and strike it with a hammer and it will not break. At the same time a diamond has a grain, and a blow that happens to strike it along the line of cleavage may clip it. Most of the defects in stones are natural. Perfect pearls are even rarer than perfect diamonds. I recollect that a dealer once brought to us a collection of pearls valued at $250,000, and there was only one absolutely perfect one in the lot. The rarity of perfect pearls makes us consider this one of our most extraordinary pieces of jewelry."

He showed a pearl necklace, the pearls ranging in size from peas to filberts. They were all perfectly round, and some were iridescent. "Those we call Orients," he said, "and they are extremely rare. The necklace is worth $35,000."—[N. Y. Sun.

SUMMER IN NORWAY.

In the Norway summer, one comes actually to yearn for a little Christian darkness to go to bed by: much as he may crave a stronger sun by day, to keep him warm, he would like to have a reasonable night time for sleeping. At first there is a stimulus, and a weird sort of triumphant sense of outwitting nature, in finding one's self able to read or to write by the sun's light till nearly midnight of the clock. But presently it becomes clear that the outwitting is on the other side. What avails it that there is light enough for one to write by at ten o'clock at night, if he is tired out, does not want to write, and longs for nothing but to go to sleep? If it were dark, and he longed to write, nothing would be easier than to light candles and write all night, if he chose and could pay for his candles. But neither money nor ingenuity can compass for him a normal darkness to sleep in. The Norwegian house is one-half window; in their long winters they need all the sun they can get; not an outside blind, not an inside shutter, not a dark shade, to be seen; streaming, flooding, radiating in and round about the rooms, comes the light, welcome or unwelcome, early and late. And to the words "early" and "late" there are in a Norway summer new meanings: the early light of the summer morning sets in about half-past two; the late light of the summer evening fades into a luminous twilight about eleven. Enjoyment of this species of perpetual day soon comes to an end. After the traveler has written home to everybody once by broad daylight at ten o'clock, the fun of the thing is over; normal sleepiness begins to hunger for its rights, and dissatisfaction takes the place of wondering amusement. This dissatisfaction reaches its climax in a few days; then, if he is wise, the traveler provides himself with several pieces of dark green cambric, which he pins up at his windows at bed-time, thereby making it possible to get seven or eight hours' rest for his tired eyes. But the green cambric will not shut out sounds; and he is lucky if he is not kept awake until one or two o'clock every night by the unceasing tread and loud chatter of the cheerful Norwegians, who have been forced to form the habit of sitting up half their night-time, to get in the course of a year their full quota of day-time.
[September Atlantic.

Alturas has just voted unanimously in favor of issuing bonds to build a magnificent school-house, as provided by the Carlock school bond bill. Forty-eight votes were cast, all for bonds.

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