WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

A Wild Night Ride From Arnold to Nottingham.

Songs of the Awful-Voiced but Kindly Butchers in Robin Hood's Land—The Royal Hunting Resort at Sherwood Forest—Traditions and Customs.

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I had tramped from Newstead Abbey, from the drear region of Robin Hood's Hills, to Arnold, on my return way to Nottingham. It was late at night and no conveyance or train could be had to the ancient city. The long, lane-like manufacturing hamlet possessed but two inns. These were "public-houses," roadside dramshops rather than hostelries. At one I had been refused entertainment for the night and warned away, because the old lady who kept it took a good English oath I was a play-actor or other mountebank, and would, somehow, depart too early in the morning with more than my reckoning. At the other, "The Lone Tree Inn," the modesty of the two maiden ladies in charge forbade the housing of an unvouched Man. I could sit in the tap-room parlor on the high leather-covered settees until the closing, at midnight. Then I must go.

Utterly fatigued from a long day's wandering in Robin Hood's Land, and desperate at the prospect of an all-night's tramp into Nottingham, how I longed for the welcome of some hedge-side Gipsy camp! Expressing this in humble protest only further outlawed me at the "Lone Tree Inn" at Arnold. Then, as I was being invited to take the road, like a Gipsy indeed, a portly, kindly-faced man came in. He owned the largest mill in Arnold; was a more powerful man than the lord of the manor; and my fate was in abeyance while he drank his nightly glass of gin and soda, and blinked at me, as mingled emotions of suspicion, perplexity and hospitality played over his good English face. The spinster barmaids, the rough factory hands, and all the tap-room hangers-on of a mill-town, awaited the great man's dictum regarding the intruder with respectful silence. This was that it never, never should be said that H'arnold-by-Notting'am, was in'ospitable or discourteous to a stranger. "'Ear! —'ear!" came from the tap-room contingent. 'E might be a play-h'actor, 'e might be a mountebank, 'e might even consort with those h'outcasts of society, the 'orrid Gipsies, but h'again it should never be said that H'arnold-by-Notting-'am refused the h'aiding 'and. "'Ear! —'ear!—'ear!" roared the audience all. So, as some of the great man's friends, some honest Nottingham butchers, would be directly returning home from Oxton way, by grace and shift I was to be got into one of there carts, and thence to old Nottingham and an inn. Charging the crowd thus, and the score to myself, which was gratefully expunged from the records of "Lone Tree Inn," the great man of Arnold went his way, while I went to sleep.

How long I had been dozing I know not, but when I awakened it was with a sense of being shot through the earth's circumambient blue. Four huge fellows encased in woolen sacks to their feet had tossed me into one of their carts like a quarter of a beef. I struck upon a pile of freshly-slaughtered pork in a comfortable position at the edge of the cart-box, while "'Ow ar' ye now, ol' cockey?" "Nigh onto sixteen stone weight!" "The guv'nor's cold stiff with cheer!" and like suggestive chaffings were mingled with partings from the crowd at the "Lone Tree Inn." There were a half-score of carts: a score of butchers. Huge, awful-voiced, kindly men they were, with wonderful halloings and song as they pushed their stout horses at terrific speed down that broad stone road through the glistening, crispy night. Cottage and castle dimly appeared and as instantly vanished. Copse and hedge seemed set in a mad pace the other way. On we sped to old Nottingham, frightening belated cottagers with the rushing, clamor and song. There were some superb voices among these rollicking Nottingham butchers as you will everywhere find among the lowly of all the midland and northern English shires. But more impressive to me, with my own head full of Robin Hood, than my perilous seat on the edge of a bounding cart-box, was the character of the songs they sung. Every one identified the butcher's, or "flesher's," vocation with incidents in the life of Robin Hood.

One of these songs told how Robin himself was a butcher's prentice, and became an outlaw on account of a miserly master feeding him solely on lights and liver, and wore the flesh from his bones with the unmerciful address with which he was forced to scrape the fat from the bones of animals. Another related the marvelous escape from death of a Nottingham butcher in the year 1323, when King Edward II. made his "progress" into the "north countrie." Enraged at the dearth of meat in Nottingham, the king called the chief flesher of the city before him, and ordered him, on pain of death, to provide four-score goodly kine, dressed for the turnspit, to be made ready before the dawn of the following day. This was an impossible task. Passing from the king's presence the doomed butcher encountered a beggar, who as "a boon" asked only to know the nature of his misfortune, and immediately disappeared. The butcher passed that day and night preparing for eternity, and, like a loyal subject set forth for the castle at dawn to get his head chopped off, when he found "four-score and more" beautifully-dressed carcasses of King Edward's own fallow deer hanging in the market-place. Each had an arrow-wound in the side; and so it was known that Robin Hood and his men had saved the butcher's life, and by the same token cleverly challenged a bout with the officers of King Edward himself. Another, the most rollicking of all, went so far as to assert that the unctuousness, the red faces, the huge paunches, the general good cheer, as well as some other marked characteristics of the Nottingham butchers, are hereditarily due to the progenitor of them all. Him the ballad asserts to have been a lordly abbot, noted in the fourteenth century for both piety and wealth. Robin Hood and his men had captured the abbot and his money-bags. In return the outlaw so royally entertained him, that the abbot fell from grace. The love for flesh and ale grew so strong upon him that he renounced his orders, and became butcher and vintner in Nottingham. The outlaws, now his friends, supplied his stalls with meat from the King's forest of Sherwood, and his butts with wine of which the neighboring monasteries and priories had been despoiled. Hence the clerical mold of form, face and character, as the butchers say in raillery, and certainly as tradition transmitted, of the jolly butchers of Nottingham.

Soon the spires and chimneys of the ancient city pushed through the line of saffrony night-light above it. Then the strange cavalcade thundered along the cobbled streets, and, after traveling several narrow closes, drew up with a crash in front of a curious old structure near the market-place. After much shouting, and ringing, an old servitor appeared. The butchers hoisted me from the cart, much the same as they shot me into it. Despite my protests that I was domiciled at an inn in Peck Lane, I was under their charge. To an inn of their choosing I must go; and with terrible threats of reprisal to the little old man to whom I was given in charge, should slight be put on me, or reckoning be wrong, they departed with a rush and a roar; the huge inn-door was locked and bolted, as if against siege; and we climbed the stone stairs to a quaint old chamber, into whose tiny-paned gable window the first hesitant light of day was faintly trembling from the east.

Wholly in the spirit of the oddity of the night's adventure, I related the pretensions of the butchers' ballads, and asked the old servant if everybody in Nottingham was descended from Robin Hood, or some one of his noble victims. The old man's pride was touched.

"Indeed, no, sir!" he answered indignantly. "None comes o' that stock, save h'us as serves in public 'ouses!"

Then he stood there, candle in hand, his gourd-like nose flaming and paling with awakening spirit, while he reeled off sundry other ballads with interminable stanzas and iteration, showing with undoubted historic accuracy and outlawed rhyme and rythm, pretty nearly the same collection of incidents in Robin Hood's career, accounting for the prestige, rights and perquisites of serving men in English inns, as were vouched for in the butchers' galaxy of song. All of which is related, because it suggested to me a new line of inquiry into the identification of Robin Hood with Robin Hood's Land; and hinted a universality of traditional linking of the actual personage of the famous outlaw to our own time, of which literature gives but the faintest insight.

As is well understood, all the legends, tales and ballads known to literature as of ancient origin and founded on supposititiously authentic incidents in the life of Robin Hood were collected and published in 1795 by Joseph Ritson, High Bailiff of the Liberties of Savoy, of whom it was said: "He never appeared human except when he was poring over Gothic books." He was undoubtedly one of the most critical and painstaking antiquarians of his time. The entire collection numbers scarcely more than fifty pieces. These were reproduced from ancient black-letter copies, absolutely authenticated. Yet in this one night I had listened to one-third as many as the famous Ritson collection contained. If those, the work of writers from the 14th to the 17th centuries, could be regarded as possessing many inherent evidences of having been based on actualiteis, why should not those lingering among the masses be regarded with at least that strong presumption of an original source in fact, attributed to most of the traditionary lore handed down from father to son through many generations? And if but two classes, the butchers and inn-servers, were so fruitful in this sort of lore, why could not similar discoveries be made among others of their ilk?

I pushed the investigations in Nottingham and shire with extraordinary results. Briefly, the members of every craft and vocation whose origin antedates or is contemporaneous with Robin Hood's time, possess, and still retain with secret treasuring and pride, very many of these ballads. Each builds, in a warm and loving way, a relationship with the outlaw himself; with his deeds of cunning, valor or chivalry; or with the unfortunate subjects of his mad and merry pranks. I have certainly counted different ballads of this class to above 300 in number. I believe in Nottinghamshire alone, fully 1,000 distinct Robin Hood ballads could be secured among the lowly for printing. Nor do they comprise modern ideas and situations clad in ancient garb. In verbal garniture, simile, construction, incident, and in what may be termed their indestructible wholeness, they possess every evidence of great antiquity.

But this is by no means the most interesting identification of actual or legendary hero with his haunts afforded the patient pilgrim in Nottingham. In the ancient books of the old city and the ancient nooks of the old shire is much curious information to be dug up regarding Sherwood Forest, and abundant folk-lore, legends and superstitions, pointing as unerringly as the flight of an arrow from his own bent bow to the one-time existence of the unconquerable archer behind. The forest of Sherwood was first mentioned by writers during the reign of Henry II., between 1164 and 1189, and was then a place of royal resort for hunting. In that time the Archbishop of York also claimed the right of hunting in Sherwood three days at Christmas, three at Easter, and three at Whitsuntide, and kept in the forest his foresters, "aeryles of hawks and panage." John, before ascending the throne in 1199, while still Earl of Monteyn, executed a charter of all the liberties and free customs of the forests of Nottinghamshire and Derbyshire, specifically including Sherwood. But it was not until 1231, in the reign of Henry III., that the exact limits of Sherwood Forest were fixed. The "perambulation" under royal writ then held gave Sherwood Forest proper a length of nearly thirty miles, extending due north from a short distance below Nottingham to just above Worksop, with a mean breadth of nine miles. These boundaries were reaffirmed in 1672, and as late as fifty years since gave opportunity for continuing a horde of titled "Forest Officers." The chief of these were a "Lord Warden," a "Bow-Bearer and Ranger," four "Verdurers," a "Steward" and nine "Keepers;" and it is an interesting fact that Lord Byron, the poet, held office as one of the last "Bow-Bearers and Rangers" of this historic forest.

It has been frequently stated that all traces of Sherword Forest had entirely disappeared. This is not true. I found near Newstead Abbey several groups of its original oaks. In the district comprising its former southern reach, about Bramcote, and to the east, near Sutton and Carleton, are a number of the gnarled old Sherwood patriarchs. The entire district is now dotted with towns and villages, interspersed with farms, gentlemen's seats and demesnes of the nobility. In the parks, and frequently in the beech and fir plantations of the demesnes, especially in the northern district between Newstead Abbey and Worksop, that portion of Sherwood in ancient times known as High Forest, are a very great number, no doubt from 6,000 to 8,000 trees. These are generally unknown, because shut from public gaze by park and demesne walls. Then the friendship of gamekeeper or poacher must be made. Through these I found nearly 500 of the ancient oaks in Welbeck Park. There are fully that number in Clumber Park, near Worksop. Some of these oaks are supposed to be more than 1,000 years old. I found scores to be above 25 feet in circumference, and quite a number to exceed 35 feet. None are of great height; but all are tremendous in trunk and over-arching limbs. Their scars, knots and gnarled growth are identical with the most ancient written descriptions of the Forest.

As with the Nottingham lowly of all ancient crafts, the peasantry of the entire district are saturated with Robin Hood legends and superstitions. There is not a forester, game-keeper or poacher within the ancient boundaries but has his ballad, tradition or superstitious practice based on the existence and customs of the olden outlaw tenantry. Wayside inns are named in honor of the outlaw, of some of his followers, or in commemoration of some of the bold archer's deeds. Every simple farmer has customs or half-superstitious practices, originating in some reputed thing Robin Hood did, or would not do. Hinds, harvesters and cottars preserve his memory in tradition, custom and song. And there is not a housewife in the countryside in all the west of Nottinghamshire who has not some reward or punishment for dutiful or fractious child, in proverb or bugaboo from this exhaustless source. The books may fill you with wise doubts that ever a real Robin Hood played mad pranks in Sherwood Forest. If you will get close to the lives and hearts of the Nottinghamshire lowly, your own conviction that he once exisited will strengthen, through innumerable evidences of fadeless memorial relics in custom, tradition and character, until you realize how loyal to the truth was forest-loving poet Drayton, when he sung nearly three hundred years ago:

In this our spacious isle I think there is not one
But he of Robin Hood hath heard and Little John;
And to the end of time the tales shall ne'er be done
Of Scarlock, George a Green, and Much, the miller's son,
Of Tuck, the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

A Kansas man played a very sharp trick upon a neighbor lately. He stole a herd of 150 cattle, sold them, pocketed the money and then committed suicide. His victim sees no way of redress.

WONDERS OF NATURE.

The Stages of Frogs' Growth as Tersely Put by P. T. Barnum.

How the Toads Catch Flies—Comets Have the Highest Records in the World's Speed Class—The Ether that Fills Up Space.

When P. T. Barnum was in the museum business in New York one of his most jovial friends was Gaylord Clark, a famous litterateur in the days of our fathers. They were a well-matched pair of practical jokers. One day when Mr. Clark dropped in at the museum, as was his custom, Mr. Barnum, apparently much excited, hurried his friend into the private office and said: "Gaylord, I was about to send for you. I want your advice. I have a chance to purchase the most wonderful of all zoological freaks. It's at first a perfect fish, then it changes to a four-legged animal, then it climbs trees and—"

"Bah, you're joking," interjected Mr. Clark.

"On my honor, I am not," impressively replied the showman: "but the expense."

"Oh, hang the expense," interrupted Mr. Clark, brimful of enthusiasm over the business project of his friend; "if you can get any such freak as that your fortune's made. But what's the thing called?"

"Well," replied Mr. Barnum, with just the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his left eye, "it belongs to the batrachian family of animals, and in the vernacular is called the—the tadpole."

Of course most people know that frogs and toads are evolved from tadpoles, but there are some very strange things about these batrachians that possibly you don't know. Because this changeling is so well known to nearly everybody it may be dismissed by saying that it is born with gills and lives entirely under water until it reaches the transformation period; then lungs appear in place of the gills, the tail drops off, legs sprout out, and an animal fitted to live on land is the result.

THE TONGUE OF A TOAD.

The toad, which is one product of the tadpole, has some wonderful peculiarities. Did you ever see this clumsy and rather lazy-looking hopper in the act of catching a fly? He darts his tongue out several inches so quickly that you can hardly see it, and with all its activity the fly hasn't the ghost of a chance to escape. How does the toad do this? You may have heard the saying that a termagant's tongue is hung in the middle and thus wags at both ends. In the case of the toad the tongue is hung exactly the reverse of the human tongue, that is to say, the fastening is at the front of the jaw, while the loose end hangs backward to the throat. Now when the lazy toad sights a fly, he works his way up to it slowly, until he gets within range for his tongue shooter. Then he suddenly opens his mouth, his tongue flies out like a line from a fishing-pole, it strikes the fly, and a glutinous substance on the tongue holds the victim until it is dumped into the toad's capacious mouth.

Another strange thing about the toad is that if its mouth be kept open the animal will suffocate. This is because it has no ribs and no means of dilating its chest, and therefore it must swallow air as it swallows its food. If its mouth be forcibly kept open the air will pass to the stomach instead of entering the lungs. There is one variety of toad that has no mouth at all. It inhabits dark places in Guiana and Surinam. The way in which the eggs of this animal are hatched is as wonderful as its lingual peculiarity. The male toad places the eggs in little pits on the back of his spouse and affixes a lid for each pit. Then the female goes about her household duties something in the style of an Indian squaw with a papoose strapped upon her back. After some days little toadlets are hatched from the eggs on the maternal back, and when they are strong enough they force the lids off the pits and hop out.

THE TAIL OF A COMET.

It is a wonderful sight to see a woman of average hight with hair so long that it reaches to her feet, but what would you think of a hair switch 200,000,000 miles long? Those erratic celestial adventurers called comets are so named because the ancients thought they resembled the flowing hair of a woman. These switches in the sky have been seen 100 degrees long, which is more than the distance from the zenith to the horizon. In the olden time the appearance of a comet was a dreadful event. The strange visitant struck terror to the hearts of ignorant and superstitious people because it was thought to be a sign of the wrath of Jehovah, and that it presaged war, pestilence or famine. It was also a thing of dread because of fear that it might run into the earth and knock all things terrestrial into smithers.

But, thanks to scientific research, in these latter days we know that the flaming comet is as harmless as a snowflake. The constituents of a comet are practically the same that are found in all the nebulous matter in space. In fact, it is not far out of the way to say that comets are simply masses of nebulæ moving in orbits around our sun, and it is quite probable that the other millions of suns or stars are similarly visited by the strange specters. The fact that stars can be seen through the nucleus or head of a comet clearly demonstrates that it is not a solid body. It is thought by astronomers that the mass of a comet is so light that its weight is far less than that of the earth's atmosphere. It is probable that the extreme tenuity of comets accounts for the eccentricity of their orbits.

THE RACERS OF THE HEAVENS.

They don't pass around the sun at a really uniform distance from it, but they often approach very near in rounding our great luminary, and then reach away into space so far that some don't return in hundreds and even thousands of years. But when it comes to fast traveling the comet has no successful rival. Our earth is a pretty lively traveler, covering a good deal more than a million miles a day in its journey around the sun. But a comet, when paying its respects to the sun, would travel at a rate that would make the earth's gait relatively about like that of a weary tramp when passed by the "Chicago limited" on the Pennsylvania Railroad.

In the year 1843 a comet visited the solar system sporting a tail 200,000,000 miles long. It was heading straight for the sun, and astronomers with betting proclivities were willing to wager that the pretentious visitor would at least pass near enough to old Sol to get its tail scorched. It got uncomfortably near the sun, but it merely whisked its wealth of tail and sailed around at the rate of more than 1,250,000 miles an hour, passing from one side of the sun to the other in about two hours. This is one record, made in the days of our fathers, that hasn't been beaten in our fast-going generation.

THE CONTENTS OF SPACE.

Not long ago a well-known astronomer was asked this question: "Is there any air in outer space?" He replied thus: "That question belongs to the domain of natural philosophy—I am only an astronomer."

By this evasive answer he didn't mean that he had no opinion on the subject. Astronomers proudly regard their field as nearly what we call exact science; that is, susceptible of demonstration, while the question propounded was rather in the line of speculative philosophy. But natural philosophy is something of an exact science, too. The expert in this science tells the astronomer that the rays of light from that star up there in the heavens, some trillions of miles away, could not reach us without some meridian to transport it through its long journey. The philosopher says that light can not travel without a conveyance any better than sound can, and we all know that earth, water and air are conductors of sound.

Out in the depths of space in the whole illimitable universe there must be an element of transportation for the rays of light to pass as they do to enable us to see the stars. What is it? We call it ether, for want of a better name, but we really know nothing about the matter, except that there must be something there pervading every inch of space from star to star. The best speculation on the subject, and speculation is all that we have thus far, is that the substance is akin to our atmosphere, but of such excessive tenuity or rarity that it is about as near to nothing at all as we could imagine. We know that atmospheres are evolved in the making of planets, as well as the solid spheres which they inclose. If in the great workshop of nature there is material out of which to make the solid parts of a planet, like our earth, there must also be the stuff out of which atmospheres is made, and this universal ether may be the raw material out of which comes such air as we are breathing at this moment.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THE ROSE AND THE BRIAR.

IMITATED FROM THE SPANISH POET, HERZENBUSCH.

A Briar grew beside a Rose,
The Rose was blooming fairly;
And the Briar twined about the Rose
Because she loved her dearly.
But the Rose, whispering low one day,
Wished that the Briar were away:
She saw the wild-flowers blooming free,
Butterflies kissing them daintily;
Then sighing, exclaimed the Rose, "Ah me!
A blooming wild-flower I would be,
With no stern guardian near me."

* * * * * *

"Fair fragile flower," the Briar said,
"Little thou knowest of the doom
Were thine, if I, thy friend, were dead,
Thy blossoms all unveiled to noon;
Think of the sunshine and the storm—
The trampling feet of passers-by;
So lovely now, thy beauteous form
A wreck, a ruin, would lowly lie!"

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"Perish the safety!" cried the Rose,
"That comes of prison-life like this!
I'd be the freshest flower that blows,
Fearing no danger, wrapped in bliss."

* * * * * *

A woodman came that very day
And cut the Briar down;
Bearing it to his home away
He left the Rose alone.

Then spake the Rose to the setting Sun,
"Thou *dost not* scorch and wither," she said.
Then dawned the starlets one by one,
And dewdrops gemmed the Rose's bed.
"I ne'er was so happy yet," said she;
"Sweet are the joys of liberty!
Blest are the free, oh, doubly blest!"
Thus sighed the Rose and sank to rest.

Then midnight spread her sombre pall,
And darkly mantled over all;
And many a dream from dreamland came,
On nightmare borne with eye of flame,
And Sleep and Death roam'd hand in hand,
And memories woke at Sleep's command.

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Aurora from her purple throne
Bids Phœbus bright good morrow;
Starlets vanish from his track,
Dreams to dreamland hurry back.
Night birds cowering wend away;
One ruddy flash, and lo! 'tis day!
Noon to morn, and night to noon,
As sand-grains falling, passes soon
Each day of joy or sorrow.

Then spake the Rose to the morning Sun
As he kissed off her dewdrops one by one,
"Thou dost not scorch and wither," said she;
"Oh, sweet are the joys of liberty!"
But the Sun fierce and fiercer grew,
And the wind strong and stronger blew,
And storm-clouds burst, and lightnings flash'd,
Thunders rolled, and hailstones crash'd.
"What art thou now, poor Rose?
A wreck, a ruin; thy beauty gone;
Spurned to the earth by passers on!
This is thy fate, poor Rose!"

* * * * * *

Ye who, fairer than the flowers,
Ceaselss pine for liberty,
Think ye of the storms and showers
And passion sun-strokes of the free!
Wish your guardians not away;
Listen well to all they say;
Teach your hearts to love repose,
Lest ye perish like the Rose.

—*Temple Bar.*

TO CURE NERVOUS HEADACHE.

Try the Sponge and Hot Water Remedy for Head and Face.

The ordinary nervous headache will be readily relieved and in many cases entirely cured by removing the waist of one's dress, knotting the hair high up on the head out of the way, and while leaning over a basin, placing a sponge soaked in water as hot as it can be borne, on the back of the neck.

Repeat this many times, applying the sponge behind the ears, and the strained muscles and nerves that have caused so much misery will be felt to relax and smooth themselves out deliciously, and, very frequently, the pain promptly vanishes in consequence.

Every woman knows the aching face and neck generally brought home from a day's shopping or from a long round of calls and afternoon teas. She regards with intense dissatisfaction the heavy lines drawn around her eyes and mouth by the long strain on the facial muscles, and when she must carry that worn countenance to some dinner garty or evening's amusement, it robs her of all the pleasure to be had in it. Cosmetics are not to cure, nor bromides, nor the many nerve sedatives to be had at the drug shop.

Use the sponge and hot water again, bathing the face in the water as hot as it can possibly be borne. Apply the sponge over and over again to the temples, throat, and behind the ears, where most of the nerves and muscles of the head center, and then bathe the face in cold water running from the faucet. Color and smoothness of outline come back to the face, an astonishing freshness and comfort is the result, and if a nap of ten minutes can follow every trace of fatigue will vanish.

The same remedy is invaluable for sunburn, and the worst case of this latter affliction of sensitive skins will succumb to the hot water treatment. The cold douche should not follow in this case; instead, a light application of vaseline or cold cream, which prevents peeling of the skin, as the hot water prevented inflammation. Nothing so good for tired eyes has yet been discovered as bathing them in hot water, and neuralgia, nine cases out of ten, will yield to applications of cloths wrung out in hot water in which the hand can not be borne.—*Fall River Herald.*

Tom Marshall.

A correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* says: At the close of the war the celebrated Tom Marshall drifted to Nashville, Tenn. What brought him there I never knew, nor how he got there. He was in an impecunious condition, had barely sufficient clothes to cover his nakedness, and was a realistic picture of a statesman and once great lawyer run to seed. I found him and kept him for a week for the sake of hearing him talk. And how he could talk! I have never listened to his equal as a conversationalist. During the week mentioned he conversed on a number of themes, and to me it was one continuous intellectual feast. One day, when in a mood of confidence, he touched upon his duel with James Watson Webb, my father's partner, but before he began his story he pledged me to never tell what he was going to say until after his death. "When," said he, "I went upon the field that morning it was with the firm intention to kill Webb, and I will tell you why I did not carry out my purpose. Webb was a peculiarly shaped man. From his hips down he was deformed. As he stood before me with his bow legs and body contorted it excited my risibilities to such an extent that my aim was unsteady. After I fired, Webb's second advanced and said: 'Sir, Mr. Webb is wounded.' I replied: 'Where, sir?' His answer was: 'In the leg.' I responded: 'You are a liar, sir; it is higher up than that.' And so it was. I could hardly have missed so conspicuous a portion of his anatomy." Marshall was in such a wretched financial condition that, in order to aid him, I got him to deliver a lecture. He chose for his subject "Charlemange," and he netted from it upwards of $700. Soon after this he disappeared from Nashville, and the next I heard of him he was dead. He spoke very slightingly of his distinguished relative, Chief Justice Marshall. He said he hadn't the brains of a third-class country lawyer.

More cabin passengers arrived at New York, in 1890, on the ocean steamers than ever before in the history of that port. The steamers made a total of 944 trips, bringing 99,189 cabin and 371,593 steerage passengers. British steamers made 364 of the trips and landed 54,971 cabin and 119,679 steerage passengers. During the total 914 trips there were 49 births, 63 deaths and and 11 suicides.

AMERICAN GIRLS AS WIVES.

The Frank Opinions Expressed by an English Authority.

The Yankee Girl's Charm Arises from the Fact That She is the Best Treated Woman in the World—She Makes Herself Man's Companion and Friend.

Let us look the virtues of the American woman fairly in the face, and be not too proud to own that in some respects, at least, she is our superior. These respects may be more or less superficial, but they are not, therefore, to be despised. There is necessarily a great deal of surface about life, so it is important to have it pleasant; we may never have occasion to go beyond it, and when satisfactory, it is always so much to the good. Now, the external attributes of the American lady are excellent. She talks well, she dresses well and she plays her part well socially. It may be worth our while to discuss these merits a little in detail.

Mr. Bryce, in the third volume of his "American Republic," leads the way. He enlarges on the brightness and quickness of American women, their perceptivity and receptivity, their keen and intelligent interest in the drama of human life, as well as their readiness to act a lively part in it. They are both capable and eager, and all alive to their finger tips. Further, they are thoroughly self-reliant; they take their lives into their own hands, and manage their own affairs, for the most part, without men's intervention. They expect men to be gallant enough to give assistance when it is asked for, especially in the shape of money. But they do not tolerate interference or constraint. Now, setting aside the occasional charm of a "clinging" attitude in women, it must be a great relief to most men to get rid of all care and responsibility in regard to them. Besides, there is more to interest the man as a spectator; the play of life among the womankind is more entertaining, more fresh and varied to him, when he is not the sole motor and guide of it all. In this way he gains in amusement what he loses in glory.

But the American woman does not confine herself entirely to what we call in England the "feminine sphere;" she has something to say in general affairs; she takes an interest in all that goes on in the world of business and of politics, and has decided opinions upon it, which she expresses freely and with the incentiveness which distinguishes conversation in her country. She not only talks well, she talks a great deal. It is conventional with us to regard this as a drawback, but I venture to think that on the whole it is "an excellent thing in women." English women do not talk nearly enough, and in general society they seldom talk with effect. Timidity, innate reserve and the habit of following conversationally in the man's wake, check that spontaneity and liveliness in talk which is woman's natural dower. Women ought to lead conversation, and in America they do.

They introduce topics and vary them, and consider it their bounden duty to draw out the dull or shy or absent man, and to assist him to shine and to enjoy himself in society. It is almost women's chief function in America to entertain men, and in order to fulfill it properly she acquaints herself with the topics and the events of the day, and is well stocked with that information about things in general which even clever Englishwomen often lack. Her knowledge may not go deep, but it is sufficient for conversational purposes, and is of a kind that enables her to talk to the man about what really interests him. She sees a great deal of men, and gains a sound, practical understanding of them and the world. Consequently she is neither shy, nor awkward, nor self-conscious with them; she can be decided without appearing dogmatic and tiresome, and fresh and clever without the air of posing for effect. She is too accustomed to men's deference and admiration to be spoiled by it; she gets it in common with too many others of her own sex. No doubt she flirts a little, but in an open and, therefore, tolerably harmless way; the men are used to it, and take to it kindly, and generally know what it means. Besides, they are ready to forgive her much for the sake of the generous entertainment she provides. She is seldom bored herself with people, consequently she seldom bores. She treats men with genuine kindliness, with frank, good nature, and is on terms of genial comradeship with many whom she never considers at all from a matrimonial point of view.

In commending the conversational gifts of American women, I am quite alive to the extreme tiresomeness of ceaseless, empty-headed chatter. But the great majority of Americans are fairly quick-witted, and the women's wits are turned, full tap, on to talk. The cultivated Englishwoman may have quite as much to say, only she does not say it, and through lack of practice fails to acquire the art of ready speech. America has, of course, its vapid talkers, but so have we, although the vapidity that is silent is more common with us. And it is entirely a matter of taste whether it is more tiresome to have your neighbor at a dinner party "running on" aimlessly about unconsidered trifles than to have her, whatever topic you introduce, do no more than pelt you at regular intervals with such feeble and unstimulating rejoinders as "Oh, really!" "Indeed!" "Yes?" "How very nice!" "How interesting!" and so forth, to the bitter end.

In this matter of talk the American allows herself the best possible of all external supports—namely, a tasteful and well-made toilet. I have heard more than one ingenuous lady confess that the consciousness of being well-dressed was quite essential to her ease in conversation. With an American woman dress is almost a religion. She regards it as a solemn duty to herself, her relatives and the world at large, to wear "elegant costumes." She is never discovered dowdy or negligee. Through all the most thrilling crises of life, with nerves never so highly strung, she still contrives to keep one corner of her mind cool and concentrated on her attire; she no more thinks of losing sight of that than of her virtue. We English may have improved in our dress of late years, but we keep the best of it for the privacy of home, while the American aims at adorning the street as much as the drawing-room. Men, especially Englishmen, have a habit of bantering women about their care for dress; but, nevertheless, they like it to be good, and are insensibly influenced by it. No doubt English husbands would be appalled at the sums spent by American ladies on their clothes, but, considering their dowers, they may well be pardoned a little extravagance.

Last, but not least, among an American woman's attractions or merits is her practical ability. She is energetic and able—has, indeed, almost a genius for "getting things up" and "carrying them through." We may think her at times too restless and bustling; but strong nerves at least enjoy the sense of "life" and "go" in their environment, and fear above all things dullness and stagnation. Besides, her activity is largely of that useful and wholesome kind we call "domestic." She is a first-rate housekeeper whenever she has a house to keep, and does much with her own hands that few English ladies would attempt. This domesticity is partly forced upon her by the scarcity of servants, but she seems to enjoy the exercise for her quick wits and active body that management of a "home" affords. In England it is common for a mistress to think she has done her whole duty when she simply orders a "room is to be thoroughly cleaned," or "a nice dinner sent up;" but an American mistress usually knows how a room ought to be cleaned, and exactly how the dinner ought to be cooked, and enters into all the details.

In sounding thus much the praises of American women I may seem by implication to render scant justice to English ones. But, be it remembered, I am writing only of the superior class, and even so I imply no more than that it presents a higher average of certain social merits than the corresponding class in England.

Moreover, in conclusion, I am anxious above all things to insist upon the fact that the charms of the American women are mainly due to their privileges, and must not be put down simply to nature and grace. They are the best-treated women in the world, and this it is which makes them fresh and entertaining and capable. Let the English men who admire them take the lesson to heart, and see whether they cannot educate the women in their own country up to the American standard in these respects by treating them in American fashion.

The American gentleman is usually devoted to his womankind, he both admires and respects them, and expends a great deal of his leisure and his money in providing them with that "good time" they always crave. They have never been his drudges, nor even his subordinates. Mr. Bryce observes that an American husband naturally fetches his wife's keys, whereas an English one would as naturally send her to the top of the house for his. This is typical of a great deal. Men in this country seem to consider women or value them only in so far as they are in some way subservient to their interests. In America a woman's welfare and happiness is valued for itself, and is held to have as much independent worth as a man's—Mr. Bryce fancies it has even more. Here women live mainly for men; there, men seem to live mainly for women, and what wonder that they reap some reward. The genial atmosphere they create for a woman tends to bring out what is best and most attractive in her; they supply her with a moral sunshine in which the good qualities that are specially feminine ripen. She feels appreciated and understood by men, and this draws her en revanche into kindly sympathy with them, and into fuller partnership with their lives and interests.—*London Queen.*

THE CHAMPION GUZZLER.

How Hans Found Out if He Was Fit to Take a Big Drink.

It was New Year's Eve and a party of men sat around a table in the Harlem Cafe. They were washing out memories of the old year with copious draughts of beer. Gradually the conversation turned upon the drinking capacity of certain people.

One man said he knew a fellow in Hoboken who had drank a quart of lager without stopping to take another breath. Another declared that a man who lived next door to him in Tremont was able to drink at least forty glasses a day, and still be able to write his name after draining the last glass.

Others told amazing tales of other prodigious guzzlers, but all were silenced by a little man. He said he could produce a chap who could outdrink anybody.

"Why," he said, "he could swallow a bucket (containing about two gallons) at one sitting."

This statement having been disputed, the little man offered to put his champion to the test then and there. He left the room, but returned soon with a stalwart rotund German.

"Hans," he said, "are you willing to drink a bucket of beer if I pay for it?"

"I vas villing," he responded, "but I not know if I can. Vait a moments and I vill see about it."

Hans went away. In a few minutes he came back and announced that he was ready to undergo the ordeal.

Quickly the bucket of beer was drawn, and it was all solid fluid, too. Hans seated himself at a table and began to drink. Slowly the foamy liquid trickled down the German's throat until he had drank the last drop. Then he put the bucket on the table with a bang, wiped beads of perspiration from his brow and lit his pipe with an air of self-satisfaction.

"Hans," inquired the little man, "why didn't you drink the beer when you first came in?"

"Vy!" exclaimed the German, "I not know I could drink dot mooch. So I goes me out and drinks von bucket of beer. Den I knows vot I could do. See."

PHILOSOPHY OF CONTENTMENT.

Adown the avenue he walks, his mind
Toward them, a moment since passed by, inclined.
The maid he once did love he sees with him
Who was his rival, and his eyes grow dim
With tears he can't suppress. But soon his care
On sudden lifts. The bracing winter air
Invigorates him, and a happy thought
He seems, upon reflection, to have caught,
And this it is: Why am I not content
With what I am and have? Why have I spent
So many moments of downhearted woe
Because a simple maiden answered "No?"
Suppose that answer had been "Yes;" what then?
Would I, in truth be happiest of men?
Then had she drooped and witten like the rose,
Would this not be the greatest of all woes?
Or should I chance to die, would this not place
The mark of sorrow on her happy face
Were she the partner of my humble life,
The sharer of his troubles and its strife?
'Tis better thus. No more shall I lament,
But go my way, and smile in blest content.

So much for him. Then what of yonder lad
Who shovels snow to live? Is he ne'er sad?
He is for just one moment when he notes
Our promenading friend, his coat of coats,
His hat—a fashionable one—and tie,
The like of which doth make poor Patsy sigh
In very enviousness; the general style
Of chappie rouses all his jealous bile.
Then Patsy thinks—a rare conception this—
How chappie's life cannot be all bliss.
He knows—'tis instinct in him—how that he
Would fairly burst with undiluted glee
Could he but roll yon soft and flaky snow
Into an icy ball, and let that go
With all his force across poor chappie's path,
And make him victim of his jealous wrath.
Which thought doth soothe his troubled soul and sad,
And leaves him in his heart both blithe and glad,
Because *his* dress doth make him all exempt
From wiles of those whom men like chappie tempt.
His momentary jealousy is spent,
And he is, like the other, most content.

—*John Kendrick Bangs in Harper's Weekly.*

NO PLACE FOR COINS.

The Mouth Should Not Be Used as a Purse, However Convenient.

"That is the worst habit I know of," said a conductor on one of the green cars yesterday, as he called attention to a half-dozen or so of small children who had boarded the car and sat holding between their lips the pennies or nickels for the fare.

"Yes, sir, in my opinion that is the worst, because for the past ten years I have done all sorts of jobs—from being superintendent of a large canning factory, where men, women and children were employed by the hundreds, down to being a car conductor, and here you have the opportunity to study life, habits and characters. Now, I want to relate to you an incident which came under my observation and which was simply a case of habit, and, when I finish, you, of course, will say I have told a falsehood or exaggerated a simple incident, but it is the truth.

"One day last week I managed to get a standing load at the Lexington Market going north. Naturally, everybody wanted a seat, and space was at a premium. In the corner sat a handsomely dressed lady, who seemed somewhat excited and nervous because of the jostle and her inability to obtain sufficient room to work her elbows and put on her gloves, which she held in her hand. However, as I forced to the front of the car I noticed she had a dime between her lips, and began to pull on her gloves. Beside the lady sat a small consumptive-looking Chinaman, clinging to a market basket almost the size of himself, and his almond eyes gave sheepish glances at the lady as she occasionally jabbed him in the ribs. Well, I had collected all my fares up to this pair, and the lady was still pulling on her gloves.

"When I said, 'Fare, please,' without looking she took the dime from her mouth and placed it in my right hand, while I rung up the fare of the indicator with the left hand. I then reached to the Chinaman for his fare