

A BIRTHDAY.

O birthday of the long ago,
The joy that filled my bosom then
That makes me darker now the way
With which the breeze now flows.

Like bird in safely sheltered nest,
A child within my arms was pressed,
As a lily's blossoms at my breast.

The bird to safer shelter flown,
I wait in empty, and alone
I make my broken-hearted woe.

A FACE.

If one could have that little head of hers
Painted upon a back round of pale gold,
Such as the Tuscan's early art professes
No shade excreting on the marble mold.

WHEN YOU ARE SAD.

When you are sad, I seek no more,
The lavish glitter of the seas,
And dancing to the waltz in pairs,
The laughing ripple of the sea.

WHEN MAMMA WAS A LITTLE GIRL.

When mamma was a little girl
(Or so she likes to say),
She never used to romp and run,
Nor about and scream with noisy fun.

TOM.

"Always do your duty, Tom—no matter
How perilous or irksome it may be,
and, as a general thing, you'll come out
all right and shipshape in the end."

Such was the parting advice of an old
sailor to Thomas Brown, a boy of six-
teen, who was about sailing away aboard
the ship Dolphin, bound from New York
to the East Indies.

Tom was deeply impressed by the
words of his adviser. He bore them in
mind, and, after the vessel sailed, was so
prompt and cheerful in obeying orders
that he became a favorite both with the
foremast hands and the officers.

Sometimes the lad, set to scouring the
decks, polishing the ring-bolts, or hoisting
heavy cables out of the hold, would
feel as if ready to drop with fatigue, but
not a murmur would escape his lips.

One day, the vessel lay becalmed in
the Indian Ocean. The air was stifling;
the men breathed with difficulty. Sudden-
ly the barometer began to fall with
alarms rapidity. In the distance a
hollow, humming noise was heard.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

The monument at Saratoga to com-
memorate the surrender of General Bur-
goyne to General Gates, October 17,
1777, will be appropriately dedicated
next autumn. It is proposed to invite
distinguished men from abroad, includ-
ing descendants of French and German
officers who fought in the continental
army and representatives of the Ameri-
can officers from other states who shared
in the glory at Stillwater, Bemis Heights
and Saratoga.

St. Augustine, Fla., is to have the
largest hotel in the south, 600 by 400
feet, and costing \$4,000,000. It will be
built in strictly Moorish architecture, of
coquina, ground and mixed with cement,
and will be ready for next winter's busi-
ness. A garden and fountains will
occupy its interior court, and an orange
grove is to be planted on one part of
the roof.

Mr. Rufus Fillow, of Cranberry
Plains, Conn., being troubled by head-
aches, set a big steel trap before the
door of his hen house, and covered it
with straw. After several days had
passed and no thief had been caught,
Mr. Fillow endeavored to rearrange the
straw over the trap. It caught him by
the hand, and he was held a prisoner un-
til neighbors came to his aid.

A child was born to the family of Wil-
liam Underwood, near Chattanooga, Tenn.,
which is peculiar for its malformation. It
weighs less than two pounds, and has a
head the size of a goose egg. The hair
grows profusely over the entire forehead,
there being no line of destination as be-
tween the eyebrows and hair. The arms
are no longer than the index finger of an
adult. These are mere stumps, without
hands, and terminate in an elongation re-
sembling thumbs, but with out nails. The
legs are the same length, one foot has
only four toes, and the toes on each foot
are connected by a film, giving the feet
the appearance of web feet. The child
has attracted wide attention. It is now
nearly a week old and has the appear-
ance of a healthy child, but old ladies
predict its early death.

Two years ago a little child of J. C.
Dabney, of Point Palestine, Va., swal-
lowed a knife blade. The local physi-
cians could not afford her any relief, and
she was taken to Cincinnati and placed
under the care of the best surgeons, who,
after a long treatment, gave up the case
as hopeless, and her parents returned
home with her, calmly submitting to the
inevitable. Some two weeks ago she was
taken with pneumonia, accompanied with
paroxysms from coughing. She dislodged
the knife-blade, much to the relief of her
parents, and she is now on the high road
to recovery. One end of the blade was
incrustated, while the other was perfectly
bright.

On a Madison avenue horse-car in
New York an ornithologist saw on the
bonnets of eleven women: First, heads
and wings of three European starlings;
second, an entire bird of foreign origin;
third, seven warblers, representing four
species; fourth, a large tern; fifth, the
heads and wings of three shore larks;
sixth, the wings of seven shore larks and
grassfinches; seventh, one-half of a galli-
nule; eighth, a small tern; ninth, a turtle-
dove; tenth, a vireo and a yellow-breasted
chat; eleventh, ostrich plumes.

Book-lenders might do worse than
adopt as a model for their advertisements
the following announcement, which is at
present adorning the notice-board of a
certain Oxford college: "Mr. —, hav-
ing lent a volume of 'Jowett's Plato' to
someone, and being unable to remember
to whom he has lent it, ventures to point
out to the unknown borrower that, under
the unusual circumstances of the case, he
would be quite justified in returning the
book to its owner without waiting for a
more direct invitation."

The bell that hangs in the steeple of
the Cumberland Presbyterian church, at
Lebanon, O., was made in Malaga, Spain,
in 1632, and weighs three hundred and
twenty-two pounds. During the political
troubles in Spain in 1835-6-7 the
Spanish government suppressed all the
convents and confiscated their property.
About one hundred convent bells were
shipped to New York and sold at auc-
tion. This is one of that number. The
auctioneer's bill and receipt are dated
February 27, 1838.

Six natives of Oregon and one tender-
foot are camped in the mountains thirty
miles from anywhere. Their provisions
were as follows: Three quart bottles of
whisky, one bottle blackberry brandy,
one bottle blackberry "bitters," twenty-
five bottles beer, seven loaves bread, two
pounds cheese, one ham. The last items
in the bill of fare were provided probably
for the tenderfoot.

A half score of Montreal's most fash-
ionable young men have got themselves
into a nice scrape. They forged invita-
tions to a card party at the residence of
two young ladies, and the house was
overrun with visitors. The irate father,
a wholesale merchant, learning the names
of the young jokers, has caused their ar-
rest on the charge of forgery, and is
determined to make them pay dearly for
the hoax.

The city of Berlin, with about the same
population as New York, has 300,000
more square yards of streets than the
American metropolis. It has compre-
hensive educational and charitable sys-
tems, and maintains 23 free circulating
libraries. Its annual municipal expendi-
tures are under \$10,000,000. The an-
nual expenditures of New York are nearly
\$36,000,000 being required for salaries
of officeholders alone.

A MANDALAY MONASTERY.

A pensive, plodding mule in Green-
Black Hawk county, Iowa, can sweat
evil from afar and lay it for it. A serenading
party tackled a newly-married couple
recently, and while grinding heartrend-
ing notes from cow-bells, cans, and fog-
horns the mule charged on the party and
put them to flight. One sweet singer
narrowly escaped being kicked to death.

At White Pine, Nev., recently, a couple
of Indian boys were playing with a gun
which, as usual, was supposed to be un-
loaded, when it was discharged and one
of the boys was killed. The father of
the dead boy nearly beat the other one
to death, and was with difficulty re-
strained by the white people from follow-
ing the Indian custom, which gives him
the right to kill the slayer of his son.

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A prairie-dog trap is ingenious. Place
a headless barrel over the prairie-dog's
hole and half fill it with fine sand. The
little burrower will soon scratch his way
to the top of the same. But the sand falls
into the hole and fills it up, and he can
not dig another through the half full
particles, neither can he climb up the
sides of the barrel.

Sorter Mixed.

Shortly after the war a tourist on a
southern river steambot, loitering
around the lower deck, observed an old
darker seated on the edge of the boat
swinging his legs over the water in a
most comfortable manner, and drawing
near entered into conversation:
"Old man, how do you like freedom?"
The old darker looked puzzled, and after
scratching his head thoughtfully, and
shaking it dubiously away, replied:
"Bossy, hit's sorter mixed!"
"Whut do you mean by that, my
friend?"

"Well, bossy, hit's dish yer way. En-
darin' slave times if I wuz on dish yer
up-ribon boat 'n' wuz to fall inter emmy
littie cat naps, like I'm miltly ap' ter do,
an' drap overboard, somebody'd screech
out: 'Nigga overboard!' an' de whissel
'd'ud blow, an' de backin' bell 'ud ring an'
'dey'd hab me out'n dat river 'fo' t'at wot-
er mos'. But dese here days, do' Ts jes
ez sleepy ez I useter wuz an' ole man
Nod's jez ez ap' ter grab me, ed' me, ter
drap overboard, Mars Mate 'ud sing out:
'Man overboard!'
"Man overboard!"

The Japanese Trio.

About a week ago my attention was
called to the number of bouncing young
girls who moved along the streets in
threes. Mr. Thorn, the "Ko-Ko" of Gil-
bert & Sullivan's "Mikado" company,
said at the time: "That is the most con-
spicuous result of the popularity of 'The
Mikado' in America. The 'Three Little
Maids from School' song is the most
catchy one in the opera. It is sung in
every household in New York, thumped
out with unrelenting enthusiasm on
boarding-house pianos from one end of
the town to the other, hummed by the
car drivers, and whistled by the street
Arabs. Now the girls have taken to
traveling in threes as they did in Lon-
don when 'The Mikado' first caught the
public there. The idea amused me at
first but I have taken the trouble to
watch the groups of girls on Broadway
and Fifth avenue since, and a pair is
rare, while the trio swing along every-
where, and they invariably move as
though humming the ditty about the
three little Japanese maids."

His Peculiar Way.

It's curious what strange freaks habit
takes in a man. I was walking up Sut-
ter street, late one night, and I saw a
gentleman who had been imbibing with
most satisfactory results go up to a hack,
by which the driver stood. The driver
did not open the door, but the gentle-
man backed up against it, raised himself
until he sat on the edge of the aperture
left by the dropped window, and calmly
squeezed himself in until his head disap-
peared inside and his feet hung out.
Then the driver put the obstreperous
feet carefully inside and mounted his
box.

Man's Devotion.

He sat on an ottoman at his feet in
blissful resignation and perfect calm.
"Ah dear, I could sit here forever,"
he said, looking lovingly up into her
warm blue eyes.
"Could you, Henry?" she answered.
"Ye darsing."
"You are sure you could, Henry?"
"I know it, my own."
"Well, I won't ask you to do it, but I
would like to have you sit there till 11
o'clock, for I have an engagement to go
out with that handsome Mr. Fitzspooner,
and you can let me in, when I come back,
without disturbing the family. I've lost
my night key and can't get another to-
night. You are such a darling, Henry."

partly have been found playing such a
part. An English girl having for a hus-
band a German orientalist is not the sort
of a person whom we expect to find a
leader of Parisian society. The tradi-
tions of the saloon, all the way from the
Marquise du Rambouillet down to Mme.
Recamier, do not afford a parallel to this
anomaly. But Mme. Mohl was so placed
that it all came about very naturally.
As Miss Mary Clark she had lived in
France with her mother and sister from
infancy. Accident would have it that
just as her mother was looking for a
new apartment Mrs. Recamier found the
one she occupied too large for her and
wished to exchange it for a smaller one
in the same building. The Clarks did
not know Mrs. Recamier, but they had
common friends who effected the intro-
duction, and an arrangement was made
whereby Mrs. Clarke took possession of
the larger apartment, still allowing Mme.
Recamier the use of the drawing-room
for her evening receptions. This natural-
ly placed the ladies upon terms of inti-
macy which soon grew into friendship,
and it was in the salon of Mme. Recamier
that Mary Clark formed for herself that
social ideal which she spent the rest of
her life in putting into practice. "So-
ciety has, in fact, now become her one
absorbing interest, her vocation; she
adopted it as one adopted politics, phi-
lanthropy, or any other calling. She
determined to have a salon, and hence-
forth this salon became the business of
her life."

The Clarks lived with Mrs. Recamier
for several years, and then removed to
the apartment in the Rue du Bac, which
they were to occupy for the rest of their
lives. Here come such men as Faurel,
Merimee, De Tocqueville, Guizot, Cousin
Constant, Thierry, Thiers, De Maupras
(because he became a tool of Louis Na-
poleon, and consequently "unfit for soci-
ety," as Mme. Mohl put it), J. J.
Ampere, and many others of equal
celebrity in course of time. Here also
came Julius Mohl, learned in oriental
languages, and poor breakfasting at a cost
of five sous on boiled potatoes, bread and
suetage. When his resources were about
exhausted he was appointed professor of
this was the turning point in his affairs.
The description of Sainte-Beuve will give
some idea of what manner of man he
was. He describes him as "the very embodi-
ment of earnest and of inquiry, the Ori-
ental savant—more than a savant, a sage
—with a mind clear, loyal and vast; a
German mind passed through an English
filter—cloudless, untroubled mirror, open
and limpid; of pure and frank morality,
early disenchanted with all things; with
a grain of irony devoid of all bitterness;
the laugh of a child under a bald head;
a Goethe-like intelligence, but free from
all prejudice." In 1846 Mrs. Clarke
died, and a year after her daughter mar-
ried the man who had bestowed upon her
his patient love for upward of a score of
years. She was then 57 and he 47 years
of age. The marriage was private, al-
most to the point of secrecy, and created
little stars, owing to other and more en-
grossing subjects then calling upon the
public attention.

Mme. Mohl's long life, it will be seen,
began with the revolution (she was born
in 1790) and covered the entire revolu-
tionary period. She was a sympathetic
spectator of the events of 1830, and the
only letter to Mohl which Miss O'Meara
has been able to find, gives a graphic ac-
count of what she saw of the July revolu-
tion which was her opportunity, and she
took advantage of it. While the salon life
of Paris was largely broken up by political
dissension, her salon became more brilli-
ant than ever, because political discus-
sion was not encouraged there. She was
an ardent admirer of Louis Philippe, a
state of feeling which was, perhaps,
less creditable than her ardent hatred for
Louis Napoleon. She used to declare
that the only man she ever hated with
her whole mind and her whole soul, was
Napoleon III. With his usurpation of
power her salon for the first time took a
touch of political tone and at the same
time entered upon its most brilliant
period. Here, at least, was one place
where the intellectual atmosphere was
always clear, and where the gods of the
hour received the exact amount of trib-
ute which was intrinsically their due.
Such a center as this was no small boon
for earnest minds which refused to be
dazzled by the theatrical splendors of
the empire and who had no homage to
bring to a social system founded upon
universal corruption. Her salon was a
permanent protest against the spirit and
tendency of the day—against pretension,
praise-pride, vulgarity in every form.
While it was being loudly proclaimed by
high and low, that luxury had rendered
social sociability impossible, that the
pleasures of conversation were a thing
of the past, that unless you could enter-
tain in the modern sense of the word, no
one would come to you, this old woman,
without rank of fortune, living in high-
perched, shabbily furnished rooms, with-
out either suppers or chandeliers, enjoy-
ed a position unrivaled in its way, and
contrived to attract to her house all that
was best worth having in Paris."

Her refusal to make any sort of com-
promise with the empire or its works
was as absolute and as dignified, in its
entirely different way, as that of the
great Frenchman who lived in exile at
Geneva. But her hatred for Louis Na-
poleon did not make her unjust, as is
shown by such an anecdote as this:
"Soon after his marriage, when slander
was busy with the name of his beauti-
ful Spanish bride, Mme. Mohl, who
knew how utterly groundless
these stories were, indignantly denied
them, and once on a rather important oc-
casion defended the Empress warmly be-
fore a large company." The Emperor,
hearing of this, sent a note of thanks and
an invitation to the Tuileries. "She
took the invitation from the court digiti-
ary, tore it up, and flung it back to him.
'Tell your master,' she said, 'that I have
no answer, and tell him that he owes me
no thanks; it was not his wife that I de-
fended, but an honest woman whom I
knew to be maligned.'" After the trial
of Montebello for his bold denuncia-
tion of the empire she was so delighted
that she went to call upon him, and they
were fast friends from the start. There
were also some amusing stories of the visit
of the king and queen of Holland to Na-
poleon and of their acquaintance with the
Mohls. Mohl was afterward a frequent
correspondent of the king, and his letters
were very outspoken on the subject of
the government. It turned out after-
ward that these letters were regularly
intercepted and copied at the Tuileries
before being sent to their destination, an
infamy to which, as every one knows,
Louis Napoleon and his accomplices
never hesitated to stoop.

Can't Collect Taxes Until She Pays Her Debt—Labor Shocking Her System.

A Richmond correspondent writing to
the New York Herald says: The ancient
Virginian lolling under the shade of his
ancestral oaks and lamenting that the
country is going to ruin is much dis-
turbed just at this time over the condi-
tion of matters in his state, and his more
serious trouble is his public debt.
After Mahone had made all the capital
he could out of this matter, and had
thrown it aside the democratic party
donned Mahone's cast off vestments and
became the proclaimed advocate of all
that it had been denouncing Mahone for.
It has enacted every statute which the
greatest talent could devise to keep the
tax receivable coupons out of the treasury.
And yet the troublesome things will
not desist from plaguing it. As fast
as the legislature enacted a statute the
United States supreme court has de-
stroyed it, and the decisions rendered by
that tribunal in January last are now giv-
ing the democrats more trouble than any
thing they have yet encountered.

The court decided that after a person
doing a business upon which a license
tax is imposed tenders the state's coupons
in payment of such license tax and such
payment is refused without license. By
this decision the state law which professes
to molest him is simply void and of no
effect. In consequence of this quite a
number of drummers for large
northern houses have tendered the
state officers coupons for their licenses,
which being refused, they are now sell-
ing goods in every part of the state with-
out licenses. They really pay no tax at
all. As they sell the coupons as soon as
the tender is made for what they gave
for them, or in many cases they borrow
the coupons for the purpose of tender,
and then proceed with their business in
defiance of the state and her laws, claim-
ing that the state law is unconstitutional
under any circumstances, but it is the
happiest way to get around the question.

The same thing is spreading among
the old residents who pay direct taxes on
property. The supreme court decided
also that after coupons had been tender-
ed for such taxes it is simply a naked
trespass to levy on the taxpayer's prop-
erty. The collector is personally liable
for any such trespass in a suit which may
be brought in the United States circuit
court, although both plaintiff and de-
fendant are citizens of Virginia. The
fury thing about this matter, like the
one just mentioned, is that the taxpayer
may borrow the coupons for the purpose
of tender, or he may purchase them and
resell them after the tender; so that he
pays his tax without being out of pocket
a cent, and then whatever he receives
by way of damages is that much net
cash profit. The collectors of taxes are
afraid to levy, and those who owe direct
taxes are beginning to understand this
and to refuse to pay in anything but
coupons, all of which causes the lot of
the state to be by no means a happy one.

The Present Egyptian Khedive.

Paris Letter in San Francisco Chronicle.
The Khedive shook hands and seated
me one side of the angle made by the
corner, while he occupied a chair directly
in front of me. Thus placed, the light
from the window fell upon him, and I
had an opportunity of studying the man
who, since he came to power, has from
the force of circumstances been almost as
fully in the blaze of notoriety as any
European monarch. I have already said
that he was neatly dressed. His linen
was of remarkable whiteness, suggesting
that the rupture of the dual control had
not prevented the retention of a French
landress. It may be a royal peculiarity
to have clean linen, but in this case the
whiteness was exceptional. The Khedive
has narrowly escaped being handsome.
His hair is dark, his nose straight and
not large, his other features regular,
while his black eyes are luminous and
full of expression. He wore his beard
black and closely cut, and his dress was
a checked frock coat, white vest and light
checked pantaloons. His shirt front was
ornamented with simple gold studs and
on the right hand he wore a small ring
set with a jewel. Altogether his attire
was elegant, unpretentious, unobtrusive,
while his looks and manners conveyed
the expression of great kindness and sin-
cerity of character. The conversation
that ensued was in English, though with
the French idiom, thinking, evidently, in
French, with which language he has been
familiar from his childhood, and then
translating into that in which he desired
to convey his ideas. His accent was
much better than that of most Europeans
speaking the language with equal readi-
ness.

The Library of Princeton College is said

to have the largest collection of books on
baptism in the world. There are 2,000
bound volumes and 3,000 pamphlets.