

My Wooing.

Down through the sloping meadows
Winds the rivulet fast
With tangles of long grass waving
Above, like beautiful hair.

Clean-Washed.

"Mamma, listen! I heard a groan!"
And little Helen Hawthorne sprang from her
low seat by the warm fireside, the rich glow
deepening on her fair cheek, and a sudden
excitement leaping into the dark gray
eyes.

"Nonsense, dear," answered the mother,
after a moment's silence. "It was your
imagination. My little girl is fanciful to-
night," and she bent to stroke back the
thickly-clustering curls from the low, white
brow, as she pressed a fond, fervent kiss
upon it.

It was a pretty picture on which the fire-
light danced and flickered—the warm, luxu-
rious room, with the tall, elegant woman in
its midst, and the little, daintily-dressed
child by her side.

Without, the wind swept by, hurling
great masses of snow on its wings, and
dashing through the bare, leafless
branches of the trees.

The child shuddered as she listened to its
moan.
"I am quite sure I heard it, mamma.
Suppose any one were out on such a night.
It would be dreadful. Let me open the
door a moment—just a moment."

And, without waiting for the refusal
trembling on her mother's lips, she darted
forward and threw open the great outside
door.

In another instant, the bell sent a sharp
peal through the house, for on the very
threshold lay a prostrate body, already half
buried in the shrouding snow.

Five minutes later, and the lad had been
carried to a sofa, and restoratives and stimu-
lants passed down his throat.

"Will he live, mamma? Do you think
he will live?"

But, in answer to her question, the lids
slowly lifted themselves, and the great black
eyes rested wonderingly on the child's face,
bending so anxiously over him.

Had the death he thought so near indeed
overtaken him, and was this heaven he had
reached? He feared to waken from his
dream, and find himself again homeless and
starving and cold.

With a long-drawn sigh, he closed his
eyes, only to find the fascination of the
present overcome him, and impel him to
again gaze upon his marvelous surround-
ings.

But his wonder only deepened when the
reality was brought home to him—when he
discovered that it was life, not death, and
earth, not heaven, and that he was not to be
driven out again into the cold and bitter
night.

Through its long, silent hours he lay motion-
less in this warm resting-place, pictur-
ing, in the darkness, the child's face, until
it became stereotyped both on heart and
brain.

The next day he told his story. He was a
poor lad, orphaned and friendless.

"They discharged me from my last
place," he said, "because I carried a book
about with me, and the boss said it would
teach me to dream instead of work. I was
only trying to learn something in my idle
minutes, though I couldn't find much time,
and I didn't take my employer's. How-
ever, he was a hard man, and I had to go.
I started West. The little money I had
gave out. The storm overtook me. I
struggled on as best I could, until I grew
faint and sick. Somewhere in the distance
I saw a light. I struggled toward it. You
know the rest. Now I am strong and well
again, the storm is over, and I can only
thank you in a few poor words for your gen-
erous kindness, and go my way."

"Papa will be home this afternoon," an-
swered the child. "He is the owner of all
the mills about here. If you would like, I
will ask him to give you a place; and there
is a school at night for the hands, so you
can study, too."

"If I would like!"

It was all he said, but little Helen Haw-
thorne needed no other words. She knew
that a great lump in his throat had choked
his further utterance, and that he had turned
away ashamed, to hide the tears.

The next week saw her promise fulfilled,
and Alex Vernon stood once more a man
among men. He found a place in the night
school, too. Nor did his young patroness
forget him. In some way she discovered
the books he needed, and lent them to him,
until he grew to associate with every
poor thing of his new life. One morning
she sent for him.

"I am going to Europe with mamma,
Alex," said, "to be gone for a great many
years. When I come back, I hope to find
you a man—perhaps papa's overseer. I
wanted to tell you that if you wished any
books from the library I would leave this
key with you, and you might come up and
get them."

The sunlight was streaming full on her
face and the gold of her hair, as she spoke,
but to the boy, listening, a dark mist seemed
to roll between them. She was going away
for years—she who had saved him from
death, or worse than death.

The next minute she felt just a little hurt,
as, without a single word of thanks, he
abruptly took the key and hastened from her
presence.

her homeward way, and he had attained the
position of head overseer of the works.
"My little girl made the best selection,
after all." Mr. Hawthorne would often say,
on receiving congratulations on the efficiency
of his young aid.

Occasionally he would read him a scrap
or kind message from his daughter's letters,
but Alex received them all in silence. He
had lost the little golden-haired child for-
ever. She would return a woman, grown
cold, haughty and proud, perhaps, refusing
to cast even a smile across the vast social
gulf yawning between them.

One morning—he had been absent a few
days on business—he returned to find a
difficult piece of machinery about to be ad-
justed in one of the mills which required
his superintendence. Directing the men,
he saw that not only his eye but his hand
could do better work than the others, and so,
seizing a workman's blouse hanging near,
he slipped it on, and in another moment had
his shoulder to the wheel.

A half-hour later, soiled and begrimed, he
heard the rustle of a silken dress, and the
silvery ripple of a woman's laugh.

He glanced up quickly. A gay party
were passing through the works, with one
among them seeming a princess surrounded
by her followers. The gold still flecked her
hair, and the dark lashes swept the cheek of
purest ivory. Time had but made her more
beautiful.

She glanced idly, indifferently, among
the little group of men, of which he formed
one.

"I see no one here I recognize," she
said, in the old, sweet, soft voice, and passed
on.

She had come home, then, during his ab-
sence. He had seen her. The seven
years' waiting were over. What had they
brought?

The machinery slipped into its place, but
Alex Vernon, with a strange pallor on his
face, went out silently from the mills. Not,
as once before, to find relief in tears. He
was a man now. He only knew that some-
thing was bursting within him—a bitter dis-
appointment, to which he could give no
name, but which he could only bring out
into the air and sunshine, lest it stifle him.

Far out into the open country he walked,
with great strides, knowing neither fatigue
nor consciousness that it was unnatural that
he should not tire.

Suddenly, on the road behind him, came
a horse's quick hoofs. He stepped aside
for it to pass, but the rider drew rein at his
side.

"It is Alex," said a sweet voice, close in
his ear; "I know that I am not mistaken."

And, as in a dream, he saw held out to
him a tiny gannetted hand. He looked at
his own. Not even had he washed away
the traces of his recent toil. He would soil
by his touch even her glove, although the
fair whiteness of her skin was thereby pro-
tected.

She saw the hesitation, and drew back.

"Am I wrong?" she questioned, in a
little hurt surprise. "I thought you would
be glad to see me."

"Pardon me!" he answered; "my hands
are stained."

"Oh!" she said. Then, after a mo-
ment's pause, she added: "When you have
washed them clean, come to see me."

And, cutting her horse with her silver-
handled whip, she dashed past him out of
sight.

The next week, he was invited to dine at
her father's table. Mr. Hawthorne would
accept no excuse.

"It is in our country an honor to be a
self-made man. I have no guests of whom
I should be more proud."

But when he entered the elegantly-ap-
pointed drawing-rooms, Miss Hawthorne
gave him simply a courteous bow of recogni-
tion, and made no effort to approach him.

Once or twice during the meal, he found
her eyes fastened on his face, as he was
drawn on to speak on this or that topic, as
it was presented, while one and another
mingled in the discussion, deferring to his
opinions as to those of a man who un-
derstood himself.

The ice once broken, he met her often,
but never once had their hands touched.
He was admitted even into her circle now.
He went only that he might see her, listen
to her voice.

With her, he never forgot the cold night,
the driving snow, the senseless, inanimate
form, she had brought back to life, and
light, and consciousness. He gave no name
either to his pain or his exquisite happiness
of being near her. He was in the mael-
strom; let it whirl him where it would.

The summer came, and on its wings it
brought the whisper that Miss Hawthorne
was to be married in the autumn.

The day he heard it he went out, as once
before, to walk off the sharp pang that made
his former pain seem nothing. Was it fate
that, as he turned into a path leading
through the woods, he descried ahead the
slight, willowy, graceful form he knew but
too well?

She was coming toward him. In another
minute they must meet; but even in that
minute something came between. There
was a sudden rustling of the bushes. He
heard a low cry from her lips, as a large
dog sprang on to the path, his blood-shot
eyes and frothing lips, betraying his mad-
ness. The creature sprang toward her, but
the man was quicker. He had thrown him-
self between them, and grasped the dog
firmly by the throat.

"Run for your life!" he said, feeling
his strength could not long hold out against
such odds; but to his utter amazement she
stood still.

"You shall not die for me," she said.

Then he remembered that in his pocket
was a pistol, he had carried for protection,
when at night he had been intrusted with
money by the firm. He told her where to
find it.

"Hold him a minute longer!" she said.
The next, a sharp shot rang out on the
air, his hands relaxed, and the brute fell
bleeding at his feet.

have dared to love you."
She spoke no word, but looking a moment
in his eyes, stooped and raised first one then
the other to her lips.

"There is but one man," then she said,
"to whom I will belong, and he it is who
for my sake washed his hands in blood.
Alex, it needed this to lay bare our souls one
to the other."

Then she burst into bitter weeping, but
her tears fell on his breast.

Manners of the Present Day.

There are persons who believe that the
standard of good manners in this country is
on the whole much lower than it was; that
politeness and courtesy are neither so com-
mon nor so well understood as they used to
be; and that the acquisition of enormous
wealth by the few has been the means of
barbarising us all to a really formidable ex-
tent. Evidence of this is supposed to be
found in the rudeness which one is accus-
tomed to meet with and to hear of in railway
traveling; in the pushing and undisguised
selfishness with which every man does that
which is right in his own eyes, with the
smallest possible consideration for his next-
door neighbor; in the substitution of a stiff
formalism by the vulgar rich for frank and
genial intercourse.

About the actual fact there may be some
difference of opinion. There are so many
optimists in the world who insist that every-
thing goes on in the finest way imaginable,
that there is sure to be some resistance to the
admission of a disagreeable truth. We need
not be reluctant to admit it, at any rate, on
merely patriotic grounds, for English and
Frenchmen are making just the same com-
plaint of their countries, too.

The essence of good manners is ease, and
ease is just what the suddenly enriched can-
not have. Look at the conduct and carriage
of the first of them you meet. It has all the
stiffness, discomfort, elaborate artificiality,
of his own shiniest new furniture. He is
no more like a truly well-mannered scholar
or farmer than his own gorgeous mansion
of brick stone, with gilt laid thick on every
room, adorned with the staring pictures of
those modern masters whom rich manufac-
turers love to honor, and pranked out with
all manner of costly gaudiness, is like the
venerable glory of an ancient baronial hall,
or the simple propriety of an humble man's
home.

The truth is, that to the making of good
manners there must either be in the man
himself, or have been in those from whom
he inherits their tradition, a mixture of moral
and intellectual qualities, in neither ingre-
dients of which are our new rich men strong.

An express can be polite, and so can Robert
Burns. We require the moral capacity for
genial sympathy, and the intellectual capacity
for discerning the fitness of things in this
or that special set of circumstances. To
possess either of these gifts fully and without
detraction, one must have a certain serenity
of mind, which shall allow the unconstrained
and gracious play of interest in other per-
sons, and shall permit one's vision of the
true aspect of our relations with them to
operate free from the clouds which a hungry
hunting for their good opinion or good word
interposes. The worst and the commonest
fault in manners arises from a double mis-
take—first, that artificial effusion is the same
thing as sympathetic interest; and next, that
friendly relations demand an unreserved in-
terchange of all inmost confidences.

Hence the most odious of all varieties of
bad manners. Ill-bred reserve is bad enough,
but it is not nearly so insufferable, because
it does not show nearly so absolute a hollow-
ness of character as flout unreserve. An un-
due reserve may arise from mistaken notions
of what constitutes self-respect, but at worst
it is the excess of a virtue. A corresponding
excess of unreserve shows that the man who
displays it does not know what the virtue
means. Vulgar-minded people believe that
good manners are altogether contained in
cordiality, and that cordiality consists mainly
in an overflowing readiness to ask and to
answer all questions regardless of results.
There is nothing which they will not ask—
nothing which they are not ready to tell.

They have no inner shrine of their own, and
they do not dream of there being any such
sacred place in the minds of others. Religi-
ous doubts, spiritual aspirations, annual in-
come, your feelings to wife or husband or
sister-in-law—all and everything must be
held for common wares, to be handled and
stared at without let or remonstrance.

In the minds of these vulgar folks a man
can have no right of private property in
himself. Their theory is a sort of moral
communism; each person is to hold his ideas,
emotions, and all the rest of himself, subject
to the constant right of inspection in any-
body who happens to think that they both
belong to the same circle. And the double-
sidedness of this makes it especially obnoxi-
ous; for, if it is particularly unpleasant to
have to unobscure oneself at a moment's
notice, is it a much pleasanter thing to keep
yourself in readiness to receive the unobso-
cured selves of other people? The probable
secret of the eagerness of so many persons
to receive the confidences of their acquaint-
ances is, that they are thus enabled by all
laws of fairness and reciprocity to retaliate
by inflicting their confidences in turn.
Hence what appears like disinterestedness
is nothing better than rapacious egotism.

Manners, after all, are but the outcome
and symbol of the larger morals. An age
of bad manners is always an age of selfish-
ness, in which small and personal interests
reign in men's minds to the exclusion of
wider and higher interests. When the
whole tendency of society is to make a head-
long competition for cash the rule and stimu-
lus to action, narrow and narrowing selfish
interests will preponderate, and the effect
of this preponderance will show itself not
more in an unscrupulous readiness to drive
hard bargains, than in a profound inconsid-
erateness for the feelings of others in the
so-called smaller affairs of social life. It is
only by possessing broad interests and a
hearty concern for the public weal that a
man acquires the two great elements of fine
manners—dignity and unselfishness. To feel
that you influence in part the direction of
the affairs of a nation—this makes a man
feel his own worth and respect the person-
ality of his neighbors. Human life acquires
new height and dignity. Manners have
been the finest when men cared most for
some large national or religious interest
which gave an ennobling tone to thought
and life and manners.

A DETECTIVE'S RUSE.

A young man was wanted by the police,
says the London Sporting and Dramatic
News, and his skill in the arts of "making-
up" and dodging his would-be captors was
so considerable that for a long time he es-
caped detection. At length a clever detec-
tive was put on his track, and first of all he
began to inquire about his associates. One
of the most intimate of them was, it ap-
peared, a certain young woman, and about
her he first of all found out everything. He
had reason to suspect that she was ac-
quainted with the fugitive's hiding-place; so
the first thing to be done was to follow her
on a Saturday afternoon when she was free
from her employment. An innocent young
detective in the guise of a carpenter was
told off to watch, and endeavored to strike
up an acquaintance, in which design he was
not very successful, though he ascertained
that Kingston was her destination that after-
noon. To Kingston he went, and traced
her to a house occupied by an old man,
about whom the neighbors knew no more
than that he was an old man. He was an
elderly invalid, never went out, never went
to the door, saw nobody, and how was he to
be caught and examined? There was noth-
ing known about him to justify the police in
entering the house, and the detective walked
round the place, in company with the
"carpenter," wondering what to do next.
At the back of the house was a garden, in
which was a kennel containing a big dog, or
rather not containing him, for he was lying
out in the sun at the end of his chain. No
sign of life was visible in the house. "Jump
over the wall and kick that dog; then hide
behind the summer-house," said the detec-
tive to the "carpenter." In a moment the
young man was over the wall, and the dog
was howling from the effects of a kick in
the ribs. Neighboring dogs joined in the
chorus, and at the window appeared the old
gentleman. No one was about; the dog
continued to howl, and incautiously his
owner came down the garden to see what
was the matter. Beneath the well-made
gray wig the detective recognized the object
of his search, and in a moment the arrest
was made.

ROUGE ET NOIR—THE CROUPIER.

As most people know, the croupier deals
out one row of cards for rouge, and stops
as soon as he has passed 31; and another row
of cards is dealt for noir in the same way.
The row which reaches 31 by the lowest
number of points is the winner. It is on
record that rouge once made 32, an extremely
good point; that 24 had been dealt for
noir, and that seven aces in succession were
laid down, making noir the gainer with 31.
The disappointment of the backers of rouge
may be imagined. It is odd that, among all
the desperate people who shoot themselves
at Monte Carlo, not one has spared a bullet
for the croupier who deals out destiny.
Very lately some traveler chanced to knock
at the door of a lonely American
shanty. No one answering, the traveler
entered. He saw a dead man sitting at a
card-table, with the blue mark of a bullet-
wound in his forehead. The murder was
easily explained. The dead man held four
aces in his stiffened hand. Opposite him
on the rough log-table lay four kings, with
which his opponent had hoped to win, and
being met with four aces, had taken a hasty
revenge. Now, confirmed gamblers believe
religiously in the good and bad effect which
certain croupiers exercise on their fortunes.
One croupier always deals in such a way
that there are no regular "runs," or series,
not even a run of alternate blacks and reds.
Another is a more fortunate croupier; when
his hand is in, "runs" are not infrequent.
As the dream of a gambler is to back a run,
and see his capital doubled at every coup,
this croupier's luck is eagerly followed, and
he receives elegant presents of cigars and
champagne. It is unnecessary to add that
these observances are as purely superstitious
as the red man's dance round his red cedar-
tree. Croupiers know the value of their
place too well to try the trick of substituting
arranged packs of cards for those of the di-
rection, and theories of their luck are wholly
fantastic.—The Saturday Review.

THAT MILLION OF POSTAGE STAMPS.

I have reasons for believing that there
have been cranky people who have made
the acquisition of 1,000,000 of postage
stamps a condition for the accomplishment
of some vital matter. A legacy may de-
pend upon it. A marriage may depend upon
it. Some old imbecile may have insisted on
having the wall of his bed-room pacted with
1,000,000 of postage stamps. It is not per-
haps so difficult as might be thought to
bring together 1,000,000 of used-up stamps.
It might, under certain circumstances, even
be worth while to buy a few thousand stamps
to get them stamped. If you have the
waste paper of very busy offices, you will
be greatly helped in the accumulation. Most
people who begin such an accumulation
break down after a time. A lady told me
recently that she was saving up her postage
stamps toward a million, and I calculated
that it would take her two hundred and fifty
years at the present rate to complete her
task. If you can't complete your own col-
lection, you may make yourself helpful in
the matter of helping to complete collec-
tions of luckier people. A million of post-
age stamps is a possession decidedly worth
the having. It would have its value in the
universal market.—London Society.

A NEW SCRIPTURAL INTERPRE-
TION.

There were two men in the Mississippi
regiment commanded by Col. Stith, of Bal-
timore. One of these men contended that
the Scriptures were of divine origin, and
the other said they were of human invention,
and asked his opponent, in one of the argu-
ments which they were continually having,
if he believed the story of Jonah and the
whale, to which the other replied, "Yes."
"Do you also believe that the three Hebrews
passed through the fiery furnace without
feeling the heat?" persisted the infidel.
"Yes," came the answer again. "Do you
believe," came sharply, "that Samson slew
all those thousands of Philistines with the
jawbone of an ass?" It was just after the
battle of Shiloh, and the believer in the
Bible had just had some tough experience in
the difficulty of fighting only four or five to
one. "Well," he answered hesitatingly to
the last home thrust, "I—I—always re-
garded that story as a mere camp rumor!"
—New York Tribune.

AN ANCIENT LAND GRANT.

The Chicago Tribune prints an interesting
old document, conveying to the whites from
the Indians an immense tract of land, in-
cluding the whole of Illinois and a large part
of Wisconsin. The consideration paid for
this territory is thus expressed in the deed:
Two hundred and sixty strouds, two hun-
dred and fifty blankets, three hundred and
fifty shirts, one hundred and fifty pairs of
stroud and half-thick stockings, one hun-
dred and fifty stroud breech-cloths, five
hundred pounds of gunpowder, four thou-
sand ounces of lead, one gross of knives,
thirty pounds of vermilion, two thousand
gun flints, two hundred pounds of brass ket-
tles, two hundred pounds of tobacco, three
dozen gilt-looking glasses, one gross of gun
worms, two gross of awls, one gross of fire
steels, five hundred bushels of Indian
corn, twelve horses, twelve horned cattle,
twenty bushels of salt and twenty guns.

CHINESE NEWSPAPERS.

The King Pao, or news of the capital,
which is the official gazette of the empire,
dates back certainly as far as the Tang dy-
nasty, which reigned from the seventh to
the tenth centuries of era. This journal or
rather gazette, for it is hardly more than a
record of official acts, is bound up in pam-
phlet form, and is about six inches in length
by some three inches broad, and has in each
number twelve sheets, protected by a
covering of yellow paper. Besides this gov-
ernment publication, there are two other
somewhat similar periodicals, the Sze Pen,
in manuscript, and the Tchang Pen, and
a quarterly called the Pa Tsing Kin Shin, or
annual of the Empire. These, however, are
all gazettes rather than newspapers, and the
institution of anything more nearly resem-
bling the latter form of publication is due
to the English editors of the Daily Press
at Hong Kong and the North China
Herald at Shanghai, which some consider-
able time back sent out from their offices
some veritable newspaper printed in Chinese
characters.

The Sze Pen, which was long the most
successful of the Chinese journals, was also
the work of an Englishman; and the first
Chinese papers, properly so-called, were the
Woe Pao and the I Pao, having a similar
shape and form to the Sze Pen, and thus
resembling an English paper, but advocat-
ing in their columns, instead of progress
and liberality toward strangers, a very op-
posite policy. They were both outdone in
their hostility to foreigners by the Sin Pao,
a daily paper, which was called the organ of
the native functionaries, and which, by its
successful rivalry, soon put an end to their
existence. They had, however, previously
shown their loyalty to the court by the de-
vices they adopted at the time of the change
of emperors in 1875. Upon the death of
Tung-chi in that year the Sze Pao, as a
sign of mourning, printed the whole num-
ber in blue ink, and on the accession of
Konang-sou the same journal was entirely
printed in black ink on scarlet paper, while
the Woe Pao contented itself with using
bright red ink on the usual white ground.
—London Globe.

EARLY USE OF COAL.

At a recent meeting of the Historical So-
ciety of Pennsylvania, Mr. William J. Buck
read a paper on "The Early Discovery of
Coal in Pennsylvania," which contained
many interesting historical facts. The first
mention of coal was in a letter from Mr.
Samuel Tighman, dated August 14, 1766,
which speaks of finding "an abundance of
small coal in the Wyoming Valley, which
may sometime be of great value." Obadiah
and Daniel Gore, blacksmiths, first put it
into use by using it in their forges about
1770. From the Penn manuscripts, from
which these facts are drawn, it appears
that Pittsburgh was laid out as early as
1769, and that the existence of coal in the
adjacent hills was known at that time; also
the fact that petroleum, which has so lately
been utilized, was known to exist in Ven-
ango county several years before there was
any knowledge of coal. There has been
much discussion as to who was the
discoverer of the Schuylkill coal beds, the
date of their discovery being generally set
down as about 1790; but this discussion
seems to have been unimportant, as a map
dated 1770 located coal beds in Schuylkill
county. The first successful attempt to
burn anthracite coal in grates appears to
have been made by Mr. George Fell, an an-
cestor of J. Gillingham Fell, at Wilkesbarre
in 1808. The commencement of the coal
trade is set down as 1820, in which year
three hundred and sixty-five tons were sent
to Philadelphia.

HOW COBWEBS ARE TURNED TO AC-
COUNT.

The trade in cobwebs feeds, it is said,
the whole families in Paris. No tradesman
likes to confess he has none of an article
which the best people in the trade keep. It
demonstrates he is not one of the best men
in the trade. Therefore, let a fool ask for
Clos Vougeot, or Chateaux Margaux, at any
restaurant or vintner's in Paris, he is sure
to get a bottle so labelled. As these finer
wines improve with age, and, as the quality
of the wine leaves a good many of the es-
sentials of Clos Vougeot to be desired, it is
necessary to call in artists to aid deception.
Thus the demand for cobwebs arises. When
they are placed on the bottle with "giddy
hoed," wine, which ten days ago was in the
cask, looks venerable, and seems expressed
by accumulated interest, raises in every
breast an irresistible impulse to stop
interest's running. The dealer in cobwebs
likewise a liquor which softens and colors
the cork to make it assume the stains of
time. He has two essences which give wine
the flavor and odor of the choicest vintages.
He does not spread his cobwebs without
preparation on the bottle; they are pre-
viously steeped in gum, which makes them
adhere without losing their appearance.
After he lays them on the bottle, he sprin-
kles a little soil on them—there's your Clos
Vougeot, ten years in bottle, for only forty
cents. What delightful wine! Would you
know how to discover whether the wine you
are drinking has been tampered with?
Observe if its nosegay is violent, and at-
tempts to carry your nose by assault, and
disappears in a very short time. In this
event be sure that it is adulterated, and that
this nosegay is obtained by artifice. The
nosegay of pure wine is modest, appears
slowly, and wees the nose.

ROMANCE OF A COMMUNIST.

A remarkable episode in the arrival of the
annetted Communists brought home by the
Loire recently deserves notice, writes a Paris
correspondent. Among them was a man
named Gilbert, who, ten years ago, in the
Spring of 1870, loved and was beloved by a
charming girl, whose father held a post
under the Empire. The young couple
agreed to be married, but the old Imperial-
ist, aware of the Republican tendencies of
his daughter's suitor, gave an absolute re-
fusal to Gilbert's demand for her hand, and
there was no hope that he could ever be
brought to change his resolution. At this
point the story turns into romance, and its later
incident might form the subject of a novel.
The lovers resolved to prove the depths of
their attachments by dying together, and ac-
cordingly proceeded to a little inn at a village
on the banks of the Marne, and there, having
decked themselves with flowers and ex-
changed a last kiss, Gilbert fired one barrel
of a revolver at his mistress and immediately
discharged another into his own breast.
Both were severely wounded, but neither
fatally; they were tended, cured, but not
pardoned. The father took back his daugh-
ter, and, it is said, persuaded her some little
time after to marry one of his colleagues.
As for Gilbert, his despair knew no bounds,
and when the war broke out he went to seek
from Prussian bullets the death he had failed
to inflict by his own hand. But he escaped
unscathed, and then, in his madness, threw
himself into the insurrection, to be again
spared death, though he fought desperately
against the Versailles, exposing his life in
the most reckless way. He was arrested
and transported to New Caledonia, whence
he has now returned pardoned for his polit-
ical crimes, but not for the attempted murder.
No sooner had he landed at Brest on
his return home than he was arrested by a
couple of gendarmes as he was taking his
first meal on French soil after eight years'
exile. The sympathizing correspondent
from whose letter I derive these particulars
says Gilbert was at the last moment offered
the means of escape, but he refused to avail
himself of them, declaring that he pre-
ferred to stand his trial, and he is now in
prison at the disposal of the Procurer of the
Republic.

True Politeness—Have Your Heart in
the Right Place.

One cannot be polite and well-mannered
without kind feelings and a good heart. All
the rules for etiquette, all the hand-books
and "Guides to Society" in the world are
worthless, if you have nothing within your
soul which teaches you to do unto others as
you would have them do unto you.
You may learn to bow and to shake hands
according to the best rules of deportment;
you may pay calls at exactly the right time,
and understand the corners of your visiting
cards thoroughly; but if you have spite in
your heart, and envy in your soul, you will
never be truly well-mannered.
If you desire to boast, to be conspicuous,
to monopolize attention, to hurt the feelings
of innocent people, and to sow dissension
between friends, you cannot make a lady or
a gentleman of yourself by any number of
airs and graces.
If you are kind and good, and wish people
well, and prefer to say pleasant things
when you can, you will be polite without
trying to be, and only silly people will criti-
cise any hearty form of welcome, any effort
to make them comfortable, that may occur.
Of course you may learn much by observa-
tion and by associating with cultivated peo-
ple; but true politeness can never be learnt
by one whose heart is not in the right place.

HE WANTED SOMETHING "FRISKY."

"Got something frisky?" he asked, as he
walked into a livery-stable and called for a
saddle-horse—"something that will prance
about lively, and make a fellow out of his
lethargy? I used to ride the trick mule in a
circus, and I reckon I can back anything
that wears hair."
They brought him out a calico-colored
beast, with a vicious eye, and he mounted it
and dashed off.
Before he had gone two blocks, the animal
bucked, crashed through a high board
fence, and plunged into a cellar, tossing his
rider over the top of an adjacent woodshed,
and landing him on the ragged edge of a
law-mower.
They bore him home, straightened him out,
and three surgeons came in and re-
duced his dislocations, and plastered him up
with raw beef.
A few weeks later, he called at the stable,
and said if they had a gentle saw-horse with
an affectionate disposition, a bridle with a
curb-bit and martingales, and a saddle with
two horns and a crupper to it, he believed
he would go up in the haymow, and gallop
around a little where it was soft and it
wouldn't hurt him.

THE TRACES OF CRIME.

A gentleman who is now a Judge of the
Supreme Court, in one of the Western
States, not long since related to a friend the
following story which shows how hard it is
to find a murderer to destroy some traces of
crime:
"Some few years ago, when I held the
office of District Attorney in the interior of
the State of New York, a man came to my
office one day, and stated that he and his
brother were engaged in the business of
hawking or peddling jewelry, and that they
had always been accustomed to meet at cer-
tain points on their route, to compare notes
and exchange goods. For the first time since
they had begun to travel, his brother had
failed to keep his appointment; and, as he
could find no trace of him in their customary
road, he had reason to fear that he was
murdered.
"After gathering all the information from
him that I could, I collected a large posse of
citizens and proceeded to make a thorough
search of the whole region.
"During the course of two or three days we
came to a retired spot, far from any human
habitation, where the appearances were such
as to indicate that the ground had been re-
cently disturbed; and, on digging down a
few feet, we found the body of the missing
peddler. Raising it to the surface, I ob-
served one or more small black bugs crawl-
ing about, which I knew to be such as are
produced by animal decomposition; but as
the dead body before me had not begun to
decay, I knew they could not have originated
here. There also fell from the pockets and
crevices of the dead man's clothing, a little
sand, while the sod from which we had
taken the body was of a clayey nature, with
no sand mixed with it. I, therefore, came
at once to the conclusion that this was not
the place where the body was originally de-
posited; and we accordingly renewed our
explorations.
"During the process of time we lighted upon a
sandy region, just on the outskirts of a lit-
tle village, where again it was observed that
the surface of the ground, although slightly
frozen, had been not long before dug over.
At the depth of a few feet, we came upon
the decayed body of a horse, teeming with
the same species of bug that I had before
detected, which led me to believe that this
was probably the spot where the poor ped-
dler had been first buried. I was confirmed