## WHAT THEY TOLD THE MARINE.

BY JEFF. ROCHE.

This was the tale that was told to me,
By a battered and shattered son of the sea—
To me and my messmate, Silas Green,
When I was a guileless young marine.

"'Twas the good ship Gyascutus,
All in the China seas,
With the wind a-lee and the capstan free
To catch the summer breeze.

"'Twas Captain Porgie on the deck,
To his mate in the mizzen hatch,
While the boatswain bold, in the for'ard hold,
Was winding his larboard watch.

"'Oh how does our good ship head to-night—
How heads our gallant craft?'
'Oh, she heads to the E. S. W. by N.,
And the binnacle lies abaft!'

"'Oh, what does the quadrant indicate,
And how does the sextant stand?'
'Oh, the sextant's down to the freezing point
And the quadrant's lost a hand!'

"'Oh, and if the quadrant has lost a hand,
And the sextant falls so low,
It's our bodies and bones to Davy Jones
This night are bound to go!'

"'Oh, fly aloft to the garboard strake!
And reef the spanker boom;
Bend a studding sail on the martingale,
To give her weather room.

"'O boatswain, down in the for'ard hold,
What water do you find?'
'Four foot and a half by the royal gaff,
And rather more behind!'

"'O sailors, collar your marlinspikes
And each belaying pin;
Come, stir your stumps, and spike the pumps,
Or more will be coming in!'

"They stirred their stumps, they spiked the pumps,
They spliced the mizzen brace;
Aloft and alow they worked, but oh!
The water gained apace.

"They bored a hole above the keel
To let the water out;
But, strange to say, to their dismay
The water in did spout.

"Then up spoke the cook of our gallant ship,
And he was a lubber brave:
'I have several wives in various ports,
And my life I'd orter save.'

"Then up spoke the Captain of marines,
Who dearly loved his prog:
'It's awful to die and it's worse to be dry,
And I move we pipes to grog.'

"Oh, then 'twas the noble Second Mate
That filled them all with awe;
The Second Mate, as all men hate,
And cruel skippers jaw.

"He took the anchor on his back
And leaped into the main;
Through foam and spray he clove his way
And sunk and rose again.

"Through foam and spray, a league away
The anchor stout he bore;
Till, safe at last, he made it fast
And warped the ship ashore.

"'Tain't much of a job to talk about,
But a ticklish thing to see,
And suthin' to do, if I say it, too,
For that Second Mate was me!"

Such was the tale that was told to me
By that modest and truthful son of the sea;
And I envy the life of a Second Mate,
Though Captains curse him and sailors hate,
For he ain't like some of the swabs I've seen,
As would go and lie to a poor marine.

## AMY EVERETT.

The weekly concerts of the Beethoven Club were held in the largest hall in the city, and, as the daily papers were always saying, "were attended by a large and brilliant audience." They were purely classical concerts, and those who had higher goals to seek than fashion or mere recreation went to listen to the divine strains of the orchestra night after night, not always in gorgeous attire, but with intense satisfaction in their faces. You will seldom find in any audience so many intellectual countenances as were to be seen there on the happy occasions.

It is true that in some instances "he" went because "she" went, and then, in spite of her inspiring presence, wished that he had not been so misguided, and wondered why people would countenance any music but that of the comic operas. And sometimes "she" went because "he" went, and perhaps did not regret that she had lent her presence to the occasion, for there were other diversions beside the music. If the grave andante were too prolonged, the hall too hushed, she sought the consolation of her opera-glass, and found it all that she could desire. She watched him to see that he did not gaze too often upon the pretty girl in a white Gainsborough hat, who sat just across the aisle, looking neither to the right nor to the left, but straight upward, and with a rapt expression, as if she were listening to the "choirings of the young-eyed cherubim," instead of the circle of foreign-looking gentlemen who performed upon different instruments to the skillful play of the conductor's baton. She discovered unexpected faces in remote corners of the house, made mental calculations on the toilets of her neighbors and indulged in a sly flirtation with a young gentleman who occasionally allowed his attention to be diverted from the music to rest upon a pretty face. And in some instances he or she went because there was nowhere else to go, and it was quite the thing to attend the Beethoven Club concerts. But not for long did these mistaken souls haunt the scenes of these classical entertainments. After one or two evenings of boredom they disappeared, and like the poet's springtime came no more forever.

Miss Amy Everett, who had just returned from Europe, attended the concerts regularly with her papa, a somewhat drowsy elderly gentleman, with a severe profile but a generally mild expression of countenance. Miss Amy was a pure blonde with deep blue eyes, which were lovely seen through the mist of her long curling lashes, a grave and pensive but prettily curved and rosy mouth, a long, grave chin, a serious and somewhat stately brow, white as milk and caressed by a ripple of very golden hair. But the nose turned playfully upward, seeming to laugh at the thoughtful eyes, and to dart merry scorn at the serious and haughty brow. Still the effect in general was exceedingly piquant and fascinating, and, though at a first glance you might say a rather peculiar looking girl, you were pretty sure to look again and say what a very pretty girl.

She did not once glance about her after taking her seat in the hall, though her position in the center of the house was a favorable one for observation, and the long intervals of quiet slumber indulged in by papa were conducive to extreme liberty of conscience. Having been several years from home, she had few acquaintances in her native city, and had little curiosity concerning the strangers who leveled their glances at her from time to time. And then she was blessed with that absorbing but uncritical love of music which is only common to poetical natures, and at the first note of the orchestra drifted off into a dream which remained unbroken to the end, and was only colored by the changes in the music, now growing intense and vivid, now fading away into the airiest shadow.

But one evening, though it was not until the middle of the season, something happened to detain her thoughts for short vexatious moments from the "enchantment of sweet sounds."

She was, as usual, dressed after a somewhat æsthetic fashion. The style suited her; the dull, faded hues accorded well with the pink flush on her cheek and the pale gold of her hair. To-night she wore a poke bonnet of the fashionable green, and a gown of the same tint made with severe plainness; a silver necklace encircled her throat, and over her hands were drawn well-fitting kid gloves of a dull yellow, whose long wrists wrinkled delightfully after the latest modes.

On her way to the hall she had called at the house of a friend, who presented her with a yellow rosebud, and this she carried lightly between her thumb and forefinger. The orchestra was performing some weird dance music. There were strains in it which sounded like forests crackling in the wind, like the wild crashing of tempestuous seas. She listened, holding the flower in one hand, her head slightly on one side, with a sort of "to sweet woe do I cling" expression, and an air of breathless absorption.

A young man who sat at the end of the row of the seats in front turned suddenly, and, regarding her for a moment, his first glance, which was one of surprise, changed into that of undisguised amusement. He had taken in the yellow flower, the limp attitude, the dreamy and melancholy expression of countenance, but he turned away before the girl had time to straighten herself into an attitude of proud defiance, and to flash him a glance of her blue eyes, which would have at least surprised if it had not melted stone.

"She is trying to look intense," he thought. "Pity so pretty a girl should give herself up to such absurdities. Dress, attitude and all verging on the æsthetic. And what a die-away expression, though the music is as inspiring as the north wind."

But he was mistaken. She was not trying to look intense. In fact, she was as entirely unconscious of the appearance she was presenting as it is possible for a young woman to be. She knew nothing of the reign of the æsthetics. She had just graduated from a convent school in Paris, from which the fashions of the gay world were excluded. She wore the dull, dark tints because they were recommended by her dressmaker, and because she liked them; she carried the flower in her hand because she enjoyed its perfume. She held her head on one side because it was natural for her to do so. Perhaps it was swayed in that direction by the superior weight of some particular bump, as in the illustrations of the phrenological journals. Then the music, if it was inspiring to the brisk-looking young man who criticised her, filled her with an indefinable melancholy, and seemed pathetic even in its most stirring passages.

She vaguely remembered having noticed him before, and, her head being crammed with classical studies, she had likened his profile, which was fine and clean-cut, to that of the statue of Apollo. He usually read a newspaper if he chanced to be in his seat before the performance of the evening commenced, and on one or two occasions was deeply engaged in writing on a sheet of paper which rested upon the cover of a pocket portfolio. But now, for the first time, she saw his full face, which, if she had been in a mood to be critical, would have been disappointing, for it was altogether too broad to be poetical, though it was not altogether commonplace. There was something imposing about the brow, not perhaps on account of its shape, but its expression, which, to the most casual observer, was suggestive of deep thought and perfect candor, and the eyes, which were very dark and deep, might have impressed almost any young woman as being eloquent, especially when their gaze was directed toward herself.

But Miss Everett saw the flash of amusement in them when in the briefest of glances they met her own, and, believing that the amusement must be in some way connected with herself, though she was entirely unconscious of anything ridiculous in her appearance, she fairly quivered with indignation, and her enjoyment of the music was spoiled for that evening. She had forgotten that she had discerned in the profile of this impertinent young man a classical beauty, and thought, with scorn, that he must be a very common person, indeed.

But after this little episode he not infrequently turned to steal a glance at her. And these glances she either tried to ignore, assuming such an air of dignity that her consciousness was evident, or returned with such an excess of haughty indifference that the young man's face was expressive of deep surprise, and he seemed impelled to take another glance immediately to be sure that his eyes had not deceived him. Sometimes a flash of amusement appeared in his glance again, but generally it was quiet and respectful enough, and given as if quite by accident, for he had been seized with a fancy to sit sidewise in his seat, so that her face came within the range of his eyes quite naturally. And after a time she found herself following his example in the matter of stolen glances, and was vexed with herself that her eyes would be such wanderers, and her thoughts would no longer remain within the spell of the music. She detested this impertinent neighbor, she was continually saying to herself, but, by some strange inconsistency she began to think of him a great deal during the intervals which elapsed between the concerts, indulging in various conjectures concerning his position in life, his occupation, his family connections. And, what was more surprising still, made her toilet on those particular evenings with a view to his approval. She wondered which colors he most admired as she arranged some fresh pink roses at her corsage, and what style of beauty he preferred as she regarded herself in the mirror at the completion of one of those toilets to which she had hitherto given little or no thought.

It was a festival night, the anniversary of the birth of one of the great composers. The concert hall was appropriately decorated with flowers. The bronze head of the eminent departed was encircled by a laurel wreath. A brilliant crowd had assembled, and the warm perfumed atmosphere was filled with sentiment, languor and ready-made romance. Both Amy and the "gentleman in front," as she called him in her thoughts, were in their places earlier than usual. Amy, in a picturesque white bonnet, adorned with drooping plumes, and for an opera cloak a quaint and gorgeous mantle which had been sent to her from India by an artist cousin. "It was hardly the thing for so young a girl, but perfectly magnificent," was whispered by feminine lips in the neighborhood, but it was evident that he approved. His eyes brightened as they glanced over it and took in each splendid detail. Then the glance strayed to her head with a sort of pleased eagerness. But meeting her eyes he turned away quickly, and, producing a piece of note paper from his pocket, absorbed himself in writing thereon until the conductor waved his baton.

Amy's thoughts flew in all sorts of wild directions during the stately symphony, and when the sweet-voiced singer stepped forward in her festival robes and sang one of the immortal songs of the master whose birthday was being celebrated she started violently. It was as if she had been asleep and was just becoming conscious of her surroundings. But he did not direct one more glance toward her for the remainder of the evening, but kept his eyes fixed unwaveringly upon the musicians while they played, and during the intervals between the music still occupied himself with the mysterious writing, which, by the expression of his face, she judged to be important.

When the concert was over, and the crowd was preparing to leave the hall, quite by accident, Amy dropped her muff over the back of the seat by which she was standing, and it rolled to the feet of the young gentleman, who, with gloves and various other things in one hand and hat in the other, was about leaving the hall.

She colored deeply and stood looking after it, the image of vexation, while her father, quite oblivious of the mishap, was playing the gallant to some ladies of his acquaintance.

The young gentleman did not at first perceive that she had dropped anything, but, turning suddenly and noticing the direction of her gaze and her disturbed countenance, with a quick "I beg your pardon," stooped and restored the muff to her. But the proceeding seemed to be attended with some difficulty on his part, as his hands were already overburdened, and in his haste he had not thought to disburden them in order to perform the act more gracefully. He smiled slightly and with some embarrassment as he acknowledged her bow of thanks, while she, for some indefinable reason, colored still more deeply, until the "red, red rose" was not to be compared to her lovely countenance in depth of bloom. But almost involuntarily she returned his smile, and for the space of a half moment or so, which seemed an hour, the two stood gazing into each other's eyes with the air of long-separated friends who are verging on a recognition. Then, drawing herself up with sudden dignity, Amy turned away, and, looking somewhat amused, he followed her example and suddenly left the hall.

On her way home she discovered a bit of folded paper, tucked away in a little crease in the lining of her muff, which, upon investigation, proved to be a note written in a somewhat hasty and scrawly hand. She made haste to read it by the subdued and unromantic beams of the carriage lamp. It was a highly-dramatic and ardent declaration of love, commencing mysteriously, "Unknown beloved one," and signed "George," with a simple familiarity which was calculated to produce surprise, whatever other emotions might be sleeping in the bosom. Her father, with his usual and exceedingly-convenient drowsiness, was oblivious to all things, leaning back upon the cushions, and the girl read the note over and over again, with pale cheeks and loudly-beating heart. Then her eyes caught sight of a familiar name written in a finer and more careful hand in one corner of the sheet, "Robert Walter, 25 —— street, London, England." It was the address of her own uncle, her mother's brother. "How delightful!" was her first thought. "Did he know him?" Then an angry flush succeeded the pallor in her cheeks. How dare he write to her in this strain? and she tore the paper into little bits and threw them energetically from the carriage window, but, watching them whirl away in the wind, she experienced a feeling of regret and a longing to recall them.

She reached home in a state of unusual excitement. The whole world seemed to have been performing strange antics, and, like the old woman in Mother Goose, she said to herself, "This surely can't be I?"

She had no young lady confidant with whom to confer upon such an amazing happening, and to be obliged to lock such a secret in one's bosom was conducive to madness. Its presence changed the color of every moment, and made the commonplace days over into something half sweet, half tragic, and it was the longest week that ever stretched from sea to shore, from workaday to holiday, from pain to pleasure, that stretched between those two recitals of the Beethoven Club. But the fateful night came at length, and with many deep resolutions to scornfully ignore it all, if he should dare to gaze upon her, Amy went with her father to the hall, her head adorned with a new hat and new dignity, also.

It was early when they arrived there, but he was already in his seat, and, to Amy's consternation, directly he perceived her, he arose, bowing with as much politeness as if he had never dreamed of writing her a love letter, or had ever gazed too frequently in the region where she sat.

She involuntarily glanced toward her father, but, as usual when not dozing, he was conversing with some acquaintances who sat immediately behind, and afforded her no protection whatever.

"Will you permit me to inquire?" he commenced politely; but Amy's cheeks became so deathly pale that he paused in dismay, begging to be excused for troubling her.

She took courage, lifting her head very high, and the color returned to her face in a crimson flood.

"It is nothing," he stammered; but, quickly recovering his self-possession, he went on with some dignity, "only that through my awkwardness last Saturday night I met with quite a serious loss—a scrap of paper, upon which was written the address of a gentleman in London, England. I thought that it might possibly have been left in your muff, as my hands were so full when I stooped to pick it up that I was obliged to hold it by passing one of these laden hands into the inside. It was very awkward in me, and I sincerely beg your pardon for troubling you concerning it, but as I cannot recall the address, and know of no way to obtain it at present, I feel as if I must do so."

Amy dropped her eyes and stood before him in the deepest confusion, utterly unable to speak for the space of half a moment. "What a dunce she had proved herself," she thought. "So the ardent declaration of love was not addressed to her after all, and how could she dare suppose it to be so for one instant? What would he think of her if he knew?"

"I did find a bit of paper in my muff which I could hardly account for," she managed to say at length. "I have not—I do not think I have it now, but the address was that of my uncle, Mr. Robert Walter, No. 25 —— street."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the gentleman, looking wonderfully well pleased as well as surprised.

"But he goes to Rome this week to remain some months. I received a letter from him this morning," said Mr. Everett, who was always delighted to give information, and had turned to lend his attention to the case. "If you know anything of my brother-in-law, you are probably aware that he is an antiquarian and goes about collecting all sorts of curiosities."

"Yes, certainly, I am reconstructing a very old play, of which there are supposed to be only two copies in existence. The one which I have succeeded in obtaining has lost many leaves; the one which he has in his possession is said to be perfect, and I must obtain the loan of this before I can go on with my work. I suppose he values it very highly, and if he had not been an old college chum of my father's I should hardly dare to ask such a favor of him."

"Indeed! May I inquire the name of your father? I was in the same class myself, and am always anxious to hear concerning all the boys who composed it."

"Thornton, sir, Gilbert Thornton. He died last year while on a visit to New York."

The excedingly mild and rather apathetic countenance of Mr. Everett brightened into the most beaming cordiality, and he shook the young man warmly by the hand.

"Is it possible?" he exclaimed. "He was my great friend, also, and a better fellow never breathed. Did you ever hear him speak of Will Everett? It pains me to hear of his death. I have lost sight of nearly all my old friends, having lived abroad some years."

Mr. Thornton was fortunate enough to be able to say with truth that he had often heard his father speak of "Will Everett." Then Mr. Everett introduced him to his daughter and invited the young man to visit him the next day, when he would give him the address of his brother-in-law in Rome.

"And you must remain and dine with us," said he, "for I have much to say to the son of my dear old friend."

Mr. Thornton, with a radiant face, promised to come, saying that the loss of the address, which he had regretted so much, was the happiest accident he had ever met with in his whole life. While Mr. Everett was adjusting his wraps with all the fussiness of a woman, he managed to speak a few words to Amy, who still presented a rather drooping appearance.

"You could not have believed that I should be so presuming as to address that absurd note to you, however much I might have wished to become acquainted. It was addressed by the hero to the heroine of the ancient play on which I am at work, and I was merely altering the original text a trifle."

She smiled rather guiltily, but was unable to utter a word. After this, "the impertinent young gentleman who sat on the front seat" took her father's place as escort to these weekly musical entertainments, a change much relished by all concerned, as Mr. Everett much preferred dozing by the library fire to listening to the divinest strains, and the young people were never quite happy unless together. There will be a wedding in the spring, and the bride will probably hold her head on one side, looking somewhat esthetic, whatever she may wear on this happy day. But I am sure that the groom will not find fault, nor gaze upon her with any suspicion of sarcasm in his fine eyes.—*Boston Courier.*

### Warning to Farmers.

Farmers should be careful about setting old straw stacks on fire. A New Jersey farmer burned a straw stack, and, just as the flames were becoming torrid, six tramps crawled out of the stack, their hair singed, and smoke oozing out of their collars and places where the clothing was torn. They upbraided the farmer for his carelessness, and threatened to sue him for damages. A straw stack was burned near Racine and human bones were found in the ashes. Somebody is short one tramp. The best way to do, before burning a straw stack, is to take a pitch-fork and, run it into the stack all around, and if no smothered profanity is heard, you can conclude the tramps have got into the barn or hog pen.—*Peck's Sun.*

### Presentiments.

There is a strange story about the last victim (unfortunately no longer the last) to the Irish agitation, Mr. Herbert. A year ago he got up one morning early, and told his family that he had been greatly troubled by terrible dreams. He thought he was shot down on the road between the house and Castleisland, and had a presentiment on the subject, which has now been verified. It is not unnatural for people living in Ireland at present to dream of murder, and it may be thought little surprising that such presentiments should occasionally be fulfilled. However, "Mr. Herbert's story reminds me of a similar circumstance in my own experience when, though the scene is also laid in Ireland, as it was before Mr. Gladstone's first Ministry, the country was perfectly peaceable. I was visiting some friends in a beautiful part of County Wicklow, and had crossed Ashford bridge in one of my excursions; that night I suffered greatly from a dream, in which I imagined that some great, unexplained calamity had suddenly befallen me at this bridge, and awoke with a feeling so strong on me that it was a great relief to find it all unreal. But I was unpleasantly reminded of my terror some months later, when, after going home to England, I happened to be called by business to Wicklow once more. My horse, a borrowed one, ran away with me and threw me at Ashford bridge, breaking my knee against the wall. As I lay in agony on the ground, the consciousness rushed back on my mind that I had gone through the very same sensations once before at that very place, in my well-remembered dream. I do not attach any importance to dreams or presentiments generally, but this was a curious coincidence. Mr. Herbert seems to have been punished for doing his duty as a juryman, a thing naturally intolerable to the Kerry brigands. Some years ago I was in Italy, and when I visited Ravenna and Sicily those places were disturbed by secret societies, and jurymen and magistrates were usually murdered, when they could not be bribed or intimidated."—*Spectator.*

### A Modern Jonah.

"I'm a dead copper to a country, and no mistake," said a seedy sidewalk lounger on C street. "I went to Maine, and the ice crop failed; I went to Florida, and the frosts killed all the gardens and orchards; I went to Mississippi, and they had a flood; I went to California, and the people began to die with smallpox. Since I struck this State the Comstock mines have never paid a dividend, and if I go to Oregon I'm willing to bet they will have a drought."

"Now, see here," said a Comstock veteran; "if I thought you were the Jonah of this camp I'd take you down and drown you in the Jacket sump."

Before he could be captured the ragged tourist had started—presumably for Oregon.—*Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.*

### The Glory of Living.

The great trouble with many of us is, we imagine ourselves out of the body, but still the same man or woman; separated forever from the world we live in, and yet still in a home, homelike and welcome. To be aware as life glides on of a day coming closer and closer when we shall no more see the faces of those we love, no more clasp the hands of our friends, no more enjoy the evening meal with the family, no more read the favorite book, no more sleep through the still, shadowy hours to awake again in the morning to find God has made all things new while we slept. I think this trouble is natural, natural because we are in the body and belong to the life that now is. There is an old man of 90. He is like a frosted apple on a tree in January. To him life is a shadow, a memory. But to a man who is in the full bloom of life, who loves nature and all her products, life is real and very dear, and he is loth to think that a day will come when he must leave all. So it ought to be. I confess I like the man who tells me he loves to let the smell of frying potatoes invade his slumber in the morning, who likes to hear the milkman and the baker, who likes to ride down in the car reading the paper, to see what has happened in a day and a night. Such a man would brave the wind of February rather than take up with the New Jerusalem. He don't want to give up this life, no matter what is to come in the other. This is so close, so familiar, so blended, that he don't know how to give it up. The trouble is made by the perpetual exhortation to consider this life as a series of incumbrances to be shaken off. Such a feeling may become natural by brooding over trouble, and may be entertained by a man who has exhausted the pleasures of life, or whose early training was extended in that direction. The men who have made the best mark in this world are those who have loved life the most and enjoyed the beautiful with all their hearts. They wanted to stay here, and desired no new temple while the old one held good. "I don't want to die," said Johnson. But though men preach, you will find ministers like Beecher and Spurgeon holding fast to the good things of this life. There may be infinite blessing in passing from this life and losing identity in God, as the rain does in the ocean, but nothing can be more important to a man than his own identity. He wants to keep it. Talk about angels; they are very good. But they never had a father or mother, never went hunting or nutting, never blushed before a maiden, never loved or made homes, or had children of their own running about them. A man may suffer, but he has his identity, and wants to keep it. It is a nature so like God's that he can't give it up. Animal life is complete when death intervenes. A man's nature is such that he feels that what is his is his forever. He has a longing for something higher and better. He wants to learn. This would not be were there not another life. So Christ, the most perfect man that ever lived, tells His friends He goes before them. He lives forever. He simply passes from the seen to the unseen. The mind passes away, but the heart holds on forever, and vibrates with the recollection of old times. It holds the treasure time can never rob us of. We are not blotted out. We are transfigured. When the time comes to go, we shall go without any trouble. It is a natural transition. The speaker told the story of the death of Franklin's niece. She was dying. The nurse roused her to give her her medicine. She said: "Why did you wake me? I was dying so nicely. Give me the medicine and I will try it again."—*Rev. Robert Collyer.*

### In a French Ball-Room.

At a ball in Paris a gentleman undertakes to introduce a companion to a young lady who seems to be pining for a dance.

"No, thanks, my dear fellow, I don't care to waltz with a cart."

A cart, be it understood, is Parisian for a partner that doesn't do her share of the dancing but has to be drawn around.

A few evenings later the young lady, who had overheard the conversation, beholds the young gentleman seeking an introduction and asking if he may have the honor, etc.

"No, thank you," she replies sweetly; "I may be a cart, but I am not a donkey cart!"

### The Transitoriness of Fame.

The glory of man is a fading flower. A pastor in Massachusetts, having moved away, declined for a number of years to take a letter of dismissal to another church. The present pastor, lately from a Presbyterian pulpit, in reading over the list of absentees at a meeting for business, astonished the church by the question: "Who is this ——? Does anybody know anything about him or where he has gone?"—*Chicago Advance.*

### Good and Bad Table Manners.

Some people eat instinctively with great elegance; some never achieve elegance in these minor matters, but all should strive for it. There is no more repulsive object than a person who eats noisily, grossly, inelegantly. Dr. Johnson is remembered for his brutal way of eating almost as much as for his great learning and genius. With him it was selfish preoccupation.

Fish and fruit are eaten with silver knives and forks; or, if silver fish-knives are not provided, a piece of bread can be held in the left hand. Fish corrodes a steel knife.

Never tilt a soup-plate for the last drop, or ostentatiously scrape your plate clean.

A part of table manners should be the conversation. By mutual consent, every one should bring only the best that is in him to the table. There should be the greatest care taken in the family circle to talk of only agreeable topics at meals. The mutual forbearance which prompts the neat dress, the respectful bearing, the delicate habit of eating, the attention to table etequitte, should also make the mind put on its best dress, and the effort of any one at a meal should be to make himself or herself as agreeable as possible.

No one should show any haste in being helped, any displeasure at being left until the last. It is always proper at an informal meal to ask for a second cut, to say that rare or underdone beef is more to your taste than the more cooked portions.

But one never asks twice for soup or fish; one is rarely helped twice at dessert. These dishes, also salad, are supposed to admit of but one helping.

THE room in which President Garfield died at Elberon is closed and draped heavily in black, and will always remain so.

## FINANCIAL & COMMERCIAL.

ST. PAUL, Sept. 9, 1882.

BOARD OF TRADE.

The market on the board showed a decline yesterday, as will be seen by the following figures:

Wheat—No, 1 hard, $1.07 bid, $1.10 asked; No. 2 hard, $1.02 bid, $1.05 asked; No. 2, 90c bid; September 90; October 85c; November 85c; November 85c; year 85c.

Oats—No. 2, 31c bid, 33c asked; September 30c bid, 32c asked; October, 29c bid, 31c asked; November, 29c bid, 30c asked; year, 29c bid, 30c asked.

Corn—No. 2, 74c asked; September 73c asked; October 70c asked; November 65c asked; year 62c asked; No, 2; white, 32c bid.

Barley—No. 2, 75c bid; No. 3, extra, 60c; No. 3, 55c bid.

Rye—No. 2, 50c bid.

Ground Feed—$27.50 asked.

Bran—$10.75 asked.

Baled Hay—$6.50.

Flax Seed—$1.

### Financial and Stock Markets.

MORNING REPORT.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9, 11 a. m.—The stock market after 11 o'clock continued active and strong in tone, prices recording an advance of ¼@1¼ per cent., in which Northern Pacific, Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and Michigan Central were prominent, while St. Paul & Manitoba sold up 6½ per cent. and receded ½ per cent.

AFTERNOON REPORT.

Money 5 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 6 per cent. Bar silver, $1.14. Sterling exchange steady; $4.84¼ long, $4.88½ sight.

BANK STATEMENT.

| | |
|---|---|
| Loans, decrease | $2,451,800 |
| Specie, decrease | 2,688,800 |
| Legal tenders, decrease | 478,900 |
| Deposits, decrease | 5,765,800 |
| Circulation, increase | 28,600 |
| Reserve, decrease | 1,726,250 |

The banks now hold $1,932,275 less than legal requirements.

Governments—Unchanged.

State Securities—Neglected.

Bonds—Railroad bonds dull but generally strong.

### Morning Board Quotations.

GOVERNMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fives extended | 101⅛ | Fours coupons | 119⅞ |
| 4½ do | 113¼ | Pacific 6s of '95 | 130 |

STOCKS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Rock Island | 138¼ | B., C. R. & N. | 80 |
| Panama | 167 | Alton & T. H. | 45 |
| Fort Wayne | 138 | do preferred | 89 |
| Pittsburgh | 138 | Wab., St. L. & P. | 38 |
| Illinois Central | 139½ | do preferred | 67¾ |
| C., B. & Q. | 135 | Han. & St. Joe | 47 |
| Chicago & Alt | 139½ | do preferred | 87½ |
| do preferred | 145 | St. L. & S. F. | 42½ |
| N. Y. Central | 138¼ | do preferred | 62½ |
| Harlem | 205 | do 1st pref'd | 98 |
| Lake Shore | 112¾ | C., St. L. & N. O. | 78 |
| Canada South'n | 64¼ | Kansas & Texas | 40¼ |
| Mich. Central | 101⅜ | Union Pacific | 118¼ |
| Erie | 41¼ | Central Pacific | 94 |
| do preferred | 83¼ | Texas Pacific | 51½ |
| Northwestern | 147¾ | North'n Pacific | 53 |
| do preferred | 168¼ | do preferred | 97⅝ |
| Mil. & St. Paul | 126⅜ | L'ville & Nash | 75 |
| do preferred | 143¾ | N., C. & St. L. | 63 |
| Del. & Lack | 148 | L., N. A. & C. | 75½ |
| Morris & Essex | 126½ | Houston & Tex | 83 |
| Delaware & H. | 116¼ | Denver & R. G. | 59⅜ |
| N. J. Central | 79⅝ | St. Paul & O'ha | 53⅜ |
| Reading | 64¼ | do preferred | 113¼ |
| Ohio & Miss | 39 | B., P. & W. | 45½ |
| do preferred | 105 | Memphis & C. | 56 |
| Chesapeake & O. | 24 | West. Union T. | 90⅛ |
| do 1st pref'd | 38 | Pacific Mail | 45½ |
| do 2d pref'd | 26 | Adams Express | 141 |
| Mobile & Ohio | 23¾ | Wells & Fargo | 131 |
| Cleveland & Col. | 83½ | American | 95 |
| C. C. & I. C. | 13 | United States | 73½ |
| Ohio Central | 13⅝ | Quicksilver | 10 |
| Lake Erie & W. | 42½ | do preferred | 45 |
| Peoria, D. & E. | 36¾ | Mo. Pacific | 111½ |
| Ontario & West. | 27⅝ | N. Y., C. & St. L. | 16½ |
| Ind., B. & West. | 45¼ | do preferred | 36¼ |
| M. & C. 1st pfd | 15 | Minn's & St. L. | 36 |
| do 2d pref'd | 5¾ | do preferred | 75 |

*Offered.

EVENING REPORT.

Money 4@7 per cent., closing at 7 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 6 per cent. Sterling exchange, bankers' bills steady at $4.84¼; do. ex. demand, $4.88¼.

Governments—Strong and higher.

Bonds—Railroad bonds irregular.

State Securities—Dull.

Stocks—Share speculation opened generally strong and prices in the main advanced ⅛@⅜ per cent. from yesterday's closing. In the early dealings a general advance of ⅛@⅞ per cent. took place, after which prices receded ⅛@¾ per cent. Subsequently the market recorded an advance of ¼@⅜ per cent. In the early part of the afternoon there was a reaction of ⅛@¾ per cent., after which the market became buoyant and under the lead of Illinois Central an advance took place of ⅛@⅜ per cent. Chicago & Alton, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, Lake Shore and Erie preferred and common were also conspicuous in the upward movement. Meanwhile St. Paul & Manitoba was weak and fell off 4½ per cent. After this some shares receded a fraction, while St. Paul & Manitoba advanced 2⅜ per cent. and the market closed irregular, showing, however, an advance of ¼@5⅝ per cent. as compared with the closing figures of yesterday, St. Paul & Manitoba leading therein.

The transactions aggregated 411,000 shares: Canada Southern 2,000; Central Pacific 3,000; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western 23,000; Denver & Rio Grande 9,000; Erie 71,000; Missouri, Kansas & Texas 10,000; Lake Shore 34,000; Louisville & Nashville 7,000; Lake Erie & Western 2,000; Michigan Central 12,000; Missouri Pacific 7,000; Chicago & Northwestern 6,000; New Jersey Central 3,000; New York Central 6,000; Northern Pacific 67,000; Ohio & Mississippi 2,000; Ohio Central 7,000; Philadelphia & Reading 14,000; Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul 23,000; St. Paul & Omaha 10,000; Texas Pacific 7,000; Union Pacific 9,000; Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific 9,000; Western Union Telegraph 6,000; Oregon & Transcontinental 9,000; New York, Chicago & St. Louis 3,000; Minneapolis & St. Louis 6,000; St. Paul & Manitoba 5,000; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific 2,500: Illinois Central 6,000; Richmond & West Point 6,300; Chicago, Burlington & Quincy 3,000.

### Afternoon Board Quotations.

GOVERNMENTS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Fives extended | 101¼ | Fours do | 120¼ |
| 4½ coupons | 113⅝ | Pacific 6s of '95 | 130 |

STATE BONDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| La. consols | 69½ | Tenn. 6s, new | 54 |
| Missouri 6s | 110 | Virginia 6s | 36 |
| St. Joe | 112 | Consols | 59 |
| Tenn. 6s, old | 54 | Deferred | 112 |

RAILROAD BONDS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| C. P. Bonds, 1st | 113⅝ | U. P. land grant | 114 |
| Erie seconds | 99⅜ | Sinking fund | 118¾ |
| Lehigh & W. | 105 | Tex. P. grant B. | 65½ |
| St. P. & S. C. 1st | 112 | do Rio G. div. | 85¾ |
| U. P. Bonds, 1st | 116 | | |

STOCKS.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Adams Express | 140 | N. J. Central | 79¾ |
| Alton & T. H. | 44 | Norfolk & W. pf. | 57 |
| do preferred | 88 | Northern Pacific | 52¾ |
| American | 95½ | do preferred | 97⅛ |
| B., C. R. & N. | 80 | Northwestern | 147¾ |
| Canada South'n | 64⅝ | do preferred | 165 |
| C., C. & I. C. | 12⅞ | N. Y. Central | 135½ |
| Central Pacific | 93⅞ | Ohio Central | 18½ |
| Chesapeake & O. | 24 | Ohio & Miss | 39¼ |
| do 1st pref'd | 38¼ | do preferred | 105 |
| do 2d pref'd | 26 | Ontario & West. | 27⅜ |
| Chicago & Alt | 142 | Pacific Mail | 45¼ |
| do preferred | 145 | Panama | 167 |
| C., B. & Q. | 136 | Peoria, D. & E. | 36⅝ |
| C., St. L. & N. O. | 77½ | Pittsburgh | 138 |
| C., S. & Cleve | 55½ | Reading | 64⅛ |
| Cleveland & Col. | 83 | Rock Island | 139 |
| Delaware & H. | 116¼ | St. L. & S. F. | 41 |
| Del. & Lack | 148¼ | do preferred | 62¼ |
| Denver & R. G. | 59⅛ | do 1st pref'd | 98 |
| Erie | 42⅜ | Mil. & St. Paul | 127⅝ |
| do preferred | 84½ | do preferred | 143¾ |
| East T., V. & G. | 10⅞ | St. Paul & Man | 163½ |
| do preferred | 18⅛ | St. Paul & Om'a | 53⅜ |
| Fort Wayne | 139 | do preferred | 112⅞ |
| Han. & St. Joe | 47 | Texas Pacific | 51¼ |
| do preferred | 87½ | Union Pacific | 116 |
| Harlem | 205 | United States | 73 |
| Houston & Tex. | 82½ | W., St. L. & P. | 37¾ |
| Illinois Central | 141¾ | do preferred | 67¾ |
| Ind., B. & West. | 44¾ | Wells & Fargo | 129 |
| Kansas & Texas | 40⅛ | Western U. T. | 90⅝ |
| Lake Erie & W. | 42⅛ | Caribou | 1¾ |
| Lake Shore | 113⅛ | Central Arizona | ⅝ |
| Louisville & N. | 74⅝ | Excelsior | 1 |
| L., N. A. & C. | 74 | Homestake | 18 |
| M. & C. 1st pfd | 15 | Little Pitts | 1 |
| do 2d pref'd | 6½ | Ontario | 39 |
| Memphis & C. | 50 | Quicksilver | 10 |
| Mich. Central | 101¼ | do preferred | 45 |
| Minn's & St. L. | 36 | Robinson | 1 |
| do preferred | 76⅛ | Silver Cliff | ¾ |
| Missouri Pacific | 111½ | South. Pacific | 14 |
| Mobile & Ohio | 23½ | Standard | 7 |
| Morris & Essex | 126½ | Sutro | ¼ |
| N., C. & St. L. | 63⅛ | | |

### M. DORAN'S REPORTS.

The following quotations giving the range to the markets during the day were received by M. DORAN, Commission Merchant:

LIVERPOOL, Sept. 9, 10 a. m.—Spot wheat inactive; very little inquiry. Cargoes off coast quiet. English and French country markets cheaper.

WHEAT.

| | | Milwaukee. Oct. | Nov. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:30 | A. M. | 94½ | 94¼ | 94⅝ | .... |
| 9:45 | " | 94¾ | 94½ | .... | 94⅛ |
| 10:00 | " | 94⅝ | 94⅜ | .... | .... |
| 10:15 | " | 94⅝ | 94½ | .... | .... |
| 10:30 | " | 94⅝ | 94¾ | .... | .... |
| 10:45 | " | 94⅝ | 94¼ | 94⅛ | .... |
| 11:00 | " | 94⅝ | 94⅛ | 94⅜ | .... |
| 11:15 | " | 94⅝ | 94¼ | .... | .... |
| 11:30 | " | 94⅜ | 94 | .... | .... |
| 11:45 | " | 94⅜ | 94 | .... | .... |
| 12:00 | M | 94⅛ | 93⅞ | 94⅛ | 94¼ |
| 12:15 | P. M. | 94¼ | 93⅞ | .... | .... |
| 12:30 | " | 94⅜ | 93 | 94⅛ | .... |
| 12:45 | " | 94⅜ | 94 | .... | 93½ |
| 1:00 | " | 94¼ | 93¾ | 94⅛ | 93⅛ |

Wheat receipts in Chicago 139,174 bushels: shipments 70,101.

Year wheat closed in Chicago at 93⅛c.

Year corn closed in Chicago at 56⅛c.

Year oats closed in Chicago at 31⅛c.

CORN.

| A. M. | Chicago. Oct | Nov. | A. M. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:30 | .... | 63 | 11:15 | .... | 62⅝ |
| 9:45 | 67½ | 63¼ | 11:45 | 66⅝ | 62⅛ |
| 10:30 | 66⅞ | 63 | 12:00 | 66⅜ | 62⅜ |
| 10:45 | .... | 63 | 1:00 | 66¼ | 62¼ |

Corn receipts in Chicago 227,600 bushels: shipments 25,591.

PORK.

| A.M. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. | A.M. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:30 | 21.20 | .... | 11:15 | 20.82½ | .... |
| 10:00 | 21.07½ | .... | 11:30 | 20.80 | .... |
| 10:30 | 20.95 | .... | 11:45 | 20.82½ | .... |
| 10:45 | 20.87½ | .... | 1:00 | 20.70 | 19.20 |

LARD.

| P. M. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. | P. M. | Chicago. Oct. | Nov. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 9:45 | .... | 11.67½ | 12:15 | 11.62½ | .... |
| 10:45 | 11.65 | .... | 1:00 | 11.65 | 11.62½ |
| 12:30 | 11.60 | .... | | | |

### ASSOCIATED PRESS MARKETS.

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 9.—Flour in fair demand. Wheat quiet but steadier; No. 2 98⅜c; September 98⅜c; October 94¼c; November 94c; No. 3 85c. Corn in light supply and a shade lower; No. 2 70c; rejected 67½c. Oats firmer; No. 2 33¼c; white 37c. Rye in fair demand; No. 1 62: No. 2 58@59c. Barley quiet and lower; No. 2 September 76½c; October 73; extra No. 3 56½c. Provisions lower; mess pork 20.95 cash and September; 20.60 October. Lard, prime steam 11.57½ cash and September; 11.60 October. Live hogs dull; 7.50@8.40. Receipts, 4,250 barrels of flour; 9,900 bushels of wheat; 5,660 bushels of barley. Shipments, 6,977 barrels of flour; 46,475 bushels of wheat; 4,160 bushels of barley.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Flour dull; receipts 22,000 barrels; exports 6,000 barrels; superfine state and western 3.70@4.25; common to good extra 4.40@5.20; good to choice 5.25@8.25; white wheat extra 7.00@8.00; extra Ohio 4.60@7.50; St. Louis 4.60@8.25; Minnesota patent process 7.25@9.00. Wheat, cash ½@⅝c lower; receipts 209,000 bushels; exports 355,000; No. 2 spring nominal; ungraded red 90@1.09½; steamer No. 3 do 1.00½; No. 3 do 1.06@1.06¾ certificates; 1.08@1.08½ delivered; steamer No. 2 red 1.07½; No. 2 red 1.08⅜@1.08¾ certificates; 1.09½@1.10 delivered; No. 1 red 1.14¾; mixed winter 1.06; ungraded white 1.09@1.18; No. 2 do 1.13; No. 1 do sales 7,000 bushels at 1.16@1.16¾; No. 2 red Sept. sales 152,000 bushels at 1.08@1.08½, closing at 1.08; October, sales 536,000 bushels at 1.09¼@1.10, closing at 1.09¼; November, sales 504,000 bushels at 1.10½@1.11½, closing at 1.10¾; December, sales 184,000 bushels at 1.12@1.12⅞, closing at 1.12½; year, sales 64,000 bushels at 1.08@1.08½, closing at 1.08; January, sales 24,000 bushels at 1.13¾@1.14¼, closing at 1.13¾. Corn heavy; ¾@2c lower; receipts 46,000 bushels; exports 5,500; ungraded 73@79c; No. 2 79@80 elevator; 80c in store; 79¼@80c delivered; No. 2 September 79@80¼c, closing at 77⅝c; November 72¼@73⅜c, closing at 72¼c; December 67½@68¼c, closing at 67¼c; year 67½@68¼, closing at 67¼c. Oats unsettled; receipts 123,000 bushels; mixed western 35@43c; white western 42@47c. Coffee quiet but steady; Rio cargoes quoted at 7¾@10¼c; job lots 7¾@11¼c. Sugar quiet but firm; fair to good refining 7¼@7⅜c. Molasses quiet but firm. Rice quiet but steady. Petroleum quiet but firm; united 59⅜c; crude 6¼@6⅝c; refined 6⅞@7½c. Tallow quiet but steady; 8⅜@8⅝c. Rosin quiet but firm; 1.75@1.90. Turpentine firmer; 43¾@44c. Eggs firm; 24@24½c. Pork steady; new mess 21.75@21.87½. Beef in good demand. Cut meats, middles quiet but steady; long clear middles 14.25 Lard, more active for export; prime steam 12.10@12.12½. Butter quiet but steady; 15@20c. Cheese dull; 5½@10⅝c.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—The Drover's Journal reports: Hogs, receipts 2,600; shipments 5,500 demand weak and quality very poor; market dragging; mixed 7.65@8.35; light 7.65@8.40; skips 5.00@7.25. Cattle, receipts 5,000; shipments 4,900; good to choice shipping strong; 6.00@7.00; common to fair 4.00@5.50; butchers' 2.25@4.00; stockers and feeders 3.00@3.70; range cattle heavy supply; 10@20c lower; Texans 3.40@4.20; half beeds 4.00@5.25. Sheep, receipts 200; shipments 200; fairly active; values firm; inferior to fair 3.90@4.25; medium to good 4.00@4.25; choice to extra 4.50@5.00.

CHICAGO, Sept. 9.—Flour quiet and unchanged. Wheat fairly active and a shade higher; regular 98⅝@98¾c September; 94⅛@94¼c October; 93⅜c November; 93⅛c year; No. 2 red winter 98⅝@98¾c cash; 98⅛@98⅝ September; No. 2 Chicago spring 98⅝@98¾c cash and September; No. 3 Chicago spring 86c. Corn unsettled and lower; 69c cash and September; 66⅛@66¼c October; 62½c November; 52c January; 56⅛c year; 53½c May. Oats dull and prices a shade lower; 33c cash; 37½c October; 32⅝c November; 31⅞c year; 34¼c May; rejected 30c. Rye steady and unchanged; 60c. Barley easier; 80c. Flax seed in good demand at lower rates; 1.22. Butter and eggs easier; not quotably lower. Pork in fair demand at lower rates; demoralized; 20.70@20.75 cash; 20.70 September; 20.72½ October; 19.25 November; 18.65 January; 18.60 year. Lard unsettled and generally higher; 11.60 cash, October and November; 11.40 January and year. Bulk meats steady and unchanged; shoulders 10.25; short ribs 13.75; do clear 14.25. Whisky 1.20. Freights, corn to Buffalo 2½@2¾c. Receipts, 11,000 bbls. of flour; 139,000 bush. of wheat; 277,000 bushels of corn; 111,000 bushels of oats; 6,500 bushels of rye; 20,000 bushels of barley. Shipments, 9,000 barrels of flour; 7,000 bushels of wheat; 25,000 bushels of corn; 152,000 bushels of oats; 14,000 bushels of rye; 14,000 bushels of barley.

NEW YORK, Sept. 9.—Dry goods: As usual to Saturday the demand has been of a very moderate character, comprising almost wholly miscellaneous assortments for immediate shipment to meet current wants. Utica wide sheetings have been advanced 5 per cent. by agents. The jobbing demand and movement for the week has been large and active, and the general tone of the market very strong.

### The Zodiac.

As to the signs of the zodiac, Prof. A. H. Sayce says that the origin and meaning of some of them are plain enough. It is not difficult, for instance, to discover the horns of the bull in the symbol of Taurus or the arrow in that of Sagittarius. But the meaning of others, such as the symbols of Virgo, of Scorpio or of Capricornus is not so self-evident. These symbols are of comparatively modern invention, and first came into use along with the symbols still employed by astronomers to denote the planets. But, modern though the use of them may be, it is quite otherwise with the signs themselves, and the majority of the names by which we still call them. Recent research has shown that the general voice of classical antiquity was right in regarding the Chaldeans as the first to map out the path of the sun during the year into separate regions or constellations. There are indications that names of the zodiacal signs were originally given when the vernal equinox still coincided with the entrance of the sun into Taurus.