The Canton Advocate

CANTON, D. T.

CARTER BROTHERS, Publishers.

THE BRIGHT DAYS IN FALL.

BY HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

'Tis fall,
And calm, gold days
Are dreaming in the skies,
With amber light the far woods blaze,
e shadeless corn lands wear a listless haze,
The river level as the dun mead lies.
Her spell Enchantment lays
On glimmering hills—bright bays—
Wide ocean ways—
On all.

'Tis calm
Before the end.
In nature as in life
'Tis bright at eventide. I wend
My way through the woods where gold and crimso blend
Through corriders where endless groups extend;
I sigh to think how soon the strife
Of piping winds shall rend
Each leaf and end
The charm.

So years
Grow calm and bright
With a resplendent light
And discipline ends, and want and care.
'Tis autumn in the heart. The blight
Hangs o'er the leaf. The storms prepare,
And soon beyond the light,
Lone Winters night,
Appears.

'Tis sweet
To mark warm rifts of light
In hedges old, when ardent sunsets blaze
Thwart crimson seas. 'Tis a delight
On disappearing suns to gaze.
When Spring her robe displays,
To follow through warm days
Where'ere she strays
Her feet.

Then frost
May drain the streams,
But spring is in the heart; her form
We see; she lingers in our dreams.
Thick snows may fall, and loud may pipe the storm,
The winds return after sequent calm;
We heed them little after spring's first beams
Have lent the earth their charm;
Then Winter seems,
As past.

'Tis thus
With life; 'tis not
What we are now that joy imparts,
But the near prospect of our future lot.
In fall, approaching winter chills our hearts,
And near spring days the blank storm is forgot
Like rare fruit by voyagers sought.
Ever from foreign marts
Sweet joys are brought
To us.

At last,
When life is old
And vanished are its dreams,
Will prospects bright or dark unfold?
Will happy summers lift their fronded palms
In low horizons of fair seas of gold,
Or mystery's voiceless night enfold
Us in its dubious arms,
And leave a cold,
Dead past?

The heart
Only when heaven seems near,
And faith sees a horizon dawn and glow
Beyond the scenes that fade and disappear;
When heavenly hills beyond earth's ranges low
Lift their gold summits fair and clear,
And joy—though earth turn sere
And falls the snow—
Impart.

—*Selected.*

From the Chicago Ledger.

Harold Carleton's Sacrifice.

BY BELLE STUART.

"I insist upon your accompanying me to this party to-night, Carlton, if you never attend another. Why is it that you make such a recluse of yourself any way? It is the rarest thing in the world to meet you out anywhere."

"Well, for one thing, Halford, the motive which actuates most young men in seeking society, that of selecting a companion from out its labyrinths for the journey of life, is wanting to me, as my companion is already selected."

"Aha! you shy fellow, so you have an inamorita hidden away in some quiet corner, have you? Who is she, pray? What is she like? What is her name; and where does she live?"

"Her name is Marie Roberts, and she resides in Vincennes, France; but as to her appearance I cannot say, not having seen her for sixteen years."

"Not seen her for sixteen years! Why, what do you mean, man?"

"I mean just what I say, Ed. I have not once beheld Marie Roberts since she was a wee bit of a girl in pinafores; nor have I seen a picture of her taken since her fourteenth birth-day."

"Ah! I see, it is a case of early love," smiled Halford.

"There is no love about it!" exclaimed Carleton somewhat impatiently. "But I might as well give you the whole story, now that I have told you so much; and to begin without preface or delay:

"Richard Carleton, an Englishman by birth, and Jules Roberts, a veritable Frenchman, met one summer many years ago on a steamer bound for America's shores; and being both young, hopeful, full of spirits, both of excellent family, and both actuated by a similar motive in seeking the land of the free—a desire to repair their ruined fortunes—they formed then and there a friendship, strong, firm, and true, which endured without diminution or shadow of turning until shattered by death.

"They placed together their joint stock of means upon reaching New York, engaged in a partnership business in that great city, and in the course of several years became the possessors of no inconsiderable fortune.

"There Richard Carleton met, wooed, and won for his wife a gentle girl, modest and fair, who, however, lived but one short year to cheer him by her sweet companionship; and there, too, some two years later, Jules Roberts met his fate, his special divinity. To the former was vouchsafed one son, myself, and to the latter one daughter, Marie.

"Now, when Marie was five years of age, and I seven, M. Roberts received intelligence of the demise of an uncle in France, of whom he was the sole heir; and, bidding his old, tried friend adieu with much emotion and regret, he departed with his family to take possession of his estates in Vincennes. But ere the two gentlemen separated, however, they entered into a compact whereby it was solemnly agreed that when Marie and I should have attained suitable age we should be united in marriage, thus perpetuating the friendship of their hearts.

"The friends never met again, for in a few years my father died, exacting from me a promise ere his spirit took its flight, that I would carry out the compact entered into by himself and M. Roberts. This promise I gave readily, cheerfully, deeming it, in my youth and inexperience, a fine thing to have a wife growing up all ready to my hand.

"But as I grew older, as I thought further upon the subject, the idea became more and more distasteful to my mind, until now in the light and experience of my full manhood it has become absolutely obnoxious; for I care no more for the young lady to whom my troth is plighted than I do for the veriest stranger whom I encounter upon the street. The very fact that I am obliged to marry her willing or otherwise, repels me from her, and makes the chain which binds me to her side—none the less closely because formed of silken meshes—extremely galling and bitter.

"And now, my friend, you will readily understand why I live so retired a life. I dare not mingle much in society, lest I there encounter some beautiful, attractive young lady who should inspire my soul with love, fascinate my very heart, and thus plunge me and her too, mayhap, into an abyss of despair; for come what may, I must fulfill my vow.

"But, Halford, I leave this afternoon for a little visit out to my Aunts, on the Hudson, and as I have but a few hours in which to make needful preparations, I must bid you good afternoon, and haste away.

"The sun was sinking below the far off hills, shooting a crimson stream athwart the rippling waves of the beautiful Hudson, as Harold Carleton threw open the little wicker gate, and hastened up the graveled walk which led to his Aunt's handsome residence. There was no one in sight, but peering through the blinds pertaining to the cool, breezy parlor at one side, was a face, if the young man could have observed it—a face which had for some time been watching the long, tortuous road which led from the humble depot. It was that of Miss Roberts, a young lady visiting in Mrs. Tredway's charming home.

"Tumultuously beat that young lady's heart; thick and fast came the breath through her parted lips, as she scanned with eager, curious gaze the noble countenance, the tall, dignified form, and the courtly bearing of the stranger; and as he disappeared from her view beneath the vine-wreathed verandah, she turned away with a half sigh of relief, murmuring to herself the while: 'I feel confident I shall like *him*; it only remains now to be seen whether he will be equally pleased with *me*.'

"'Ah! Aunt Mattie!' ejaculated Mr. Carleton, stealing unawares upon Mrs. Tredway, who was dextrously twining honeysuckle vines upon a side portico, and imprinting a hearty kiss upon either cheek, 'how are you?'

"'Why, Harold, my boy, is that you? I am delighted to see you,' exclaimed the lady addressed, relinquishing her work, and leading the way into the house.

"'I am all anxiety to ascertain what prompted that urgent summons which I received from you this morning, Auntie mine,' cried the gentleman again.

"'Several things, Harold; but principally a desire to have you become acquainted with, and assist in the entertainment of a charming young lady who is visiting me.'

"'Now, Aunt, that is too bad of you when you know how I dislike to meet these charming young ladies, and when you understand so well why I dislike to meet them. But never mind, I shall take my revenge by limiting my sojourn with you to two days, whereas I had intended to remain as many weeks.'

"'Nonsense! as though you must needs fall in love with every pretty girl you see. This is the Miss Roberts with whom I traveled in Europe last winter; you have often heard me speak of her. She is a dear, sweet creature, but there she is and you shall judge for yourself of her attractions.' This last as Aunt and nephew drew near the open parlor door.

"'Miss Roberts, my nephew Mr. Carleton.' Such was the introduction, and Harold was at a loss to account for the keen, searching gaze with which the golden-haired, brown-eyed, rosy-lipped young lady regarded him from under her long, dark lashes, as he responded with the usual commonplaces of the occasion. He glanced first carelessly, next with some slight curiosity, and at length with undisguised interest, at the beautiful creature before him; and it was with the least possible contraction of the brow, the most inaudiblo of sighs that he turned away, and engaged in conversation with his Aunt.

"Now, as Carleton was going to remain so short a time, it was, of course, necessary to crowd as much enjoyment into that time as was compatible with human endurance. Hence there were fishing excursions in the early mornings, drives in the afternoons, and delightful boat rides by the soft, silvery light of the moon, in all of which Miss Roberts proved piquant, interesting, and altogether irresistible, and Harold as agreeable and entertaining as a gentleman could well be.

"But somehow when those two happy days had flown by, the last-named individual did not take his departure as he had threatened, but concluded after all to remain the two weeks which at the first he had allowed himself for his visit; and when this time also had expired he was still loth to leave the green fields and welcome shades of the country for the heat and dust of the city streets. And so manufacturing each hour some fresh excuse for prolonging his stay, he lingered on from day to day until six of the bright summer weeks had flitted by.

"In the meantime the acquaintance between his young companion and himself had progressed rapidly. The two were thrown constantly in each other's society, sometimes with Mrs. Tredway by to play the chaperone, occasionally with the addition of some young people from the village, not far distant but most frequently with no other companionship than that of the lowing cattle, or the singing birds. They walked, rode, boated, picnicked together; they mingled their voices in song, they matched skill at chess, back-gammon, and checkers; together they plucked flowers upon the lawn, ate fruit in the garden, wove garlands by the riverside; and together they rambled the fields o'er, seeking four-leaved clovers, and chatting of all things, merry and gay.

"No wonder then, that very shortly Carleton's affections became seriously engaged, and that after the passage of some weeks he found himself deeply, fervently, madly in love. Alas! poor Marie Roberts away over the sea!

"'It is just what I knew would happen,' ruefully exclaimed that gentleman to himself, as the full knowledge of this all-absorbing passion flashed upon his consciousness. 'Here am I betrothed to one young lady, and fiercely in love with another. In love with her? Ah! how feebly that expresses the depth, the intensity of my feelings! I worship her, I adore her, and were it not for my solemn vow, would marry her in spite of everything. That vow, however, I cannot annul, and yet, I do not know, it might be right to do so. I will set the whole case before this dear girl, and let her decide,' he resolved at last.

"With Harold Carleton, resolve was to do. Accordingly, without an instant's delay, he hastened to the garden, whither he had observed the fond object of his regard repair some moments before; and approaching the spot where she was seated, with an open book in her lap, from which, however, her eyes had wandered with a dreamy, far off gaze, he enquired gently: 'What are you thinking of so intently, Miss Roberts?'

"The young girl flushed rozy red as she replied, not without some embarrassment: 'Oh, of many things; of this delightful place among the rest. Do you not think it very lovely, Mr. Carleton?'

"'I do, Miss Mary, and only regret that I must so soon forsake its beauties and attractions.'

"Miss Roberts started, and turned pale. 'Are you going away?' she faltered.

"'In a few days, my frien!; but oh! the hardest part of it all is to leave you! Heavens! how I love you, my darling; and to think that it can avail me nothing, this love! It is hard, oh so hard!' and with a smothered sob Harold threw himself passionately upon the grass at her feet.

"'Yes, I love you, Mary Roberts,' he resumed, after a slight pause, 'with a deep, abiding love that will never fade or grow cold; but ere I ask is this affection returned, let me show you why it is so hopeless.' And commencing at the beginning, he gave her substantially the same account which some weeks previous he had furnished his friend, Ed. Halford. 'And now,' he continued, when he had finished his recital, 'answer me truly, Mary, do you care for me at all, and if I were at liberty would you be my wife?'

"'I not only care for you, Harold,' was the low, tremulous reply, 'but I love you, I adore you, and Fortune could offer me nothing more sweet than to allow me to remain ever at your side.'

"'God bless you for those words, my darling!' exclaimed Carleton with rapture, clasping his companion fervently to his breast, and imprinting kiss after kiss upon the blushing, tear-stained face. 'Oh! if there were only some way out of this difficulty; some mode of escape. Do you see any, dearest?'

"'No, I do not,' sadly murmured Mary. 'Were it not for your promise to your father, there might be, perhaps; but as it is, no.' And burying her head upon her lover's shoulder, she burst into tears.'"

"Harold folded her more closely to him, whilst a groan of anguish burst from his pallid lips. 'O Mary,' he cried, 'decide for me; I cannot seem to think clearly upon this subject; tell me what to do.'

"'Do your duty, my friend, at whatever cost, and you will surely obtain your reward, if not in this life, at least in the next.'

"'I will, my dearest, so help me Heaven! And you, what——'

"But ere the gentleman could complete his sentence, the sound of approaching footsteps was heard in the distance, and, clasping the girl once more to his heart, and showering impassioned kisses upon her cheeks, her lips, her brow, he turned and hastened away.

"The following morning two notes were found in Miss Roberts' deserted apartment, one addressed to Mrs. Tredway, apologizing for the writer's abrupt departure, and thanking her hostess for her kind generous hospitality, the other bearing Carleton's name upon the outside, and running in this wise:

MY VERY DEAR HAROLD—After our interview last night, and in consideration of the decision at which we then arrived, I have deemed it best to hasten away without apprising you of my intention, hard as it is to leave you my—yes, I will say it—my darling. I fear I appeared cold and indifferent last evening; but believe me it was from no lack of esteem and affection for you. Indeed my heart goes out to you now as I write with great, unspeakable love, and I long to say: 'Take me Harold and keep me ever at your side;' but duty is a stern master, and must be obeyed. I shall always hold you most dear, my friend, and shall ever pray for your greatest prosperity, and your fullest happiness. And now farewell, and may God bless you, my dearest, my love! Yours until death, MARY.

"Harold made no attempt to ascertain whither the dear object of his affections had flown; or to follow in her foot steps, knowing that the course which she had taken was the very wisest and best one which could have been pursued, although the pain of separation was very keen and bitter. And, in order to take the initiative of that step from which there could be no turning were he tempted ever so sorely by his strong love, by his bleeding heart, he returned to the city by the first train, and despatched forthwith a letter to M. Roberts, signifying his desire, should it suit the convenience of mademoiselle Marie, to consummate their marriage immediately.

"By return mail came the answer naming September the 15th as the happy day; and one bright morning, a week or so prior to that date Carleton stepped, with sad, drooping heart, aboard the steamer which was to bear him on to fulfillment of the great sacrificial act of his life.

"He had given himself ample time to provide against possible accident or delay; but not feeling very solicitous to look upon the countenance of his future wife until it should become absolutely necessary so to do, and it may be, not daring to trust himself at her side lest he should betray the emotions which were so fiercely agitating his breast, he lingered on in Paris until the wedding day; and even then he did not see his betrothed, prior to their meeting at the altar, she being already in the hands of her maid on his arrival.

"This was to be a church wedding after the old English fashion, so Harold repaired at the hour named to the chapel, and there awaited the appearance of the bride. The poor man could not, even in the midst of this solemn, exciting scene, entirely banish the image of his lost love from his mind; but thought, with a pang of the keenest anguish, as the fair young girl who was so soon to be his wife, attired in a rich, flowing robe of dainty satin, came slowly up the aisle, leaning upon the arm of her father, of his cherished Mary, of whom indeed something in the carriage and figure of Marie Roberts—he could not see her face, owing to the veil of tulle which covered it, and to the stained glass windows—strongly reminded him. And as he advanced, received the young lady from her father's hand, and conducted her to her place before the altar. As the two clasped hands in obedience to the behests of the clergyman in attendance, he passively, with no tender pressure, she tremblingly, convulsively, he thought how widely different would have been his feelings, how unutterably happy would have been his heart had the trembling, agitated girl at his side been Mary instead of Marie.

"The beautiful Episcopal service was solemnly pronounced over them, they were declared man and wife; the newly-made husband possessed himself of the accustomed kiss from the bride, who, however, persisted in replacing the veil the moment said kiss was bestowed; and to the thrilling tones of the 'Wedding March' they passed down the aisle and to their waiting carriage at the door.

"'Harold,' cried the bride, as, upon entering the carriage, she threw aside her gauzy veil, disclosing to view two glistening eyes, a pair of tremulous lips, and cheeks pale with suppressed emotion, 'my husband, don't you know me?'

"'Mary, my Mary! is this really you?' enquired the groom, with unbounded astonishment, as he sprang forward and clasped his bride to his heart. 'Have I after all married Mary Roberts instead of Marie Roberts? Speak, dearest.'

"'You have married both Mary Roberts and Marie Roberts, dear, for they are one and the same personage, was the half laughing, half tearful reply.

"'How is it? I do not understand?'"

"'I will tell you all, my Harold, if you will promise to forgive the deception practiced upon you.'

"This promise was readily accorded, and sealed with innumerable kisses; whereupon Marie explained:

"Whilst making an extended tour through England and Scotland last winter, I encountered your Aunt, Mrs. Tredway, and when I learned from her, as I very soon did, how averse you were to a union with me, and how it was only the remembrance of the promise given your father which restrained you from releasing yourself from your obligation, I felt piqued and not a little grieved, and I resolved to bring about in some way an acquaintance with you, my real identity remaining concealed the while, determining fully that if, in the course of that acquaintance you did not learn to love me, as man ought to love woman ere he leads her to the altar, if I did not find you all that was honorable and true, I would myself sever the bonds which held you to me, without hesitation or scruple. This project I communicated to Mrs. Tredway, and together we agreed that I should visit her the following summer at her home on the Hudson river, under the cognomen of Mary Roberts, at which place a meeting with you was to be contrived in order to enable me to put to the test my little manœuver. This plan was carried out to a successful conclusion as you are doubtless aware. I presume I did wrong not to disclose my real self that afternoon upon the lawn, when my heart was so thrilled by the earnest, impassioned story of your love; but I was so desirous to test the strength of your firmness and honor, I so longed to ascertain if, with a great strong love enticing you in the opposite direction, you would still press forward in the discharge of duty. And now, Harold,' she continued, freeing herself from her husband's encircling arm, and gazing anxiously into his beaming, happy face, 'can you forgive me for all the sorrow which I have caused you?"

"'Forgive you, my darling? Yes, a thousand times yes!' exclaimed Carleton with intense emotion, as he once more drew his young wife to his side, and imprinted joyous, passionate kisses upon her cheeks 'The anguish which I have endured, although great, very great, was so unspeakably small and insignificant compared to the joy which I now experience in holding you to my heart as my cherished, my idolized wife, that it is not worthy a moment's consideration or regret.'

"'And I,' exclaimed Marie with fervor, pressing the hand which she held to her lips, 'shall ever rejoice that even at the expense of much suffering to you, my darling, I have been apprised of the purity, the honor, the conscientiousness of the heart which has been bestowed upon me, have learned that in winning Harold Carleton for my own, I have gained a husband not vacillating, unsettled in principle, but one, who, did occasion require, would hesitate not to forsake the flowery path of pleasure and joy for the brambly, thorny way of right, of duty, of honor.'"

On the Top of Ararat.

The London *Spectator*, speaking of the recent successful ascension of Mount Ararat, by Mr. Bryce, says:

Mr. Bryce has given to the world a wonderful word-picture of that appalling and awful spectacle, of that "landscape which is now what it was before man crept forth on the earth, the mountains which stand about the valley as they stood when the volcanic fires that piled them up were long ago extinguished;" but he could not tell us what were his thoughts, his feelings, there, what the awe and yearnings that came over him in that tremendous solitude, where "Nature sits enthroned serenely calm," and speaks to her children only in the storm and earthquake that level their dwellings in the dust.

His vision ranged over the vast expanse within whose bounds are not only the chain of the Caucasus, dimly made out, but Kazbek, Elbruz, and the mountains of Daghestan visible, with the line of the Caspian Sea upon the horizon; to the north, the huge extinct volcano of Ala Goz, whose three peaks inclose a snow-patched crater, the dim plain of Erivan, with the silver river winding through it; westward, the Taurus ranges; and worthwest, the upper valley of the Araxes, to be traced as far as Ani, the ancient capital of the Armenian kingdom; the great Russian fortress of Alexandropol, and the hills where Kars stands—peaceful enough when the brave climber looked out upon this wonderful spectacle.

While it was growing upon him, not indeed in magnificence, but in comprehensibility, "while the eye was still unsatisfied with gazing," the mist-curtain dropped, enfolded him, and shut him up alone with the awful mountain top. "The awe that fell upon me," he says, "with the sense of utter loneliness, made time pass unnoticed, and I might have lingered long in a sort of dream, had not the piercing cold that thrilled through every limb recalled me to a sense of the risks delay might involve." Only four hours of daylight remained; the thick mist was an added danger, the ice-ax marks were his only guide, for the compass is useless on a volcanic mountain like Ararat, with iron in the rocks. The decent was made in safety, but by the time Mr. Bryce came in sight of the spot, yet far off, where his friend had halted, "the sun had got behind the southwestern ridge of the mountain, and his gigantic shadow had fallen across the great Araxes plain below; while the red mountains of Medin, far to the southeast, still glowed redder than ever, then turned swiftly to a splendid purple in the dying light."

At 6 o'clock he reached the bivouac and rejoined his friend, who must have looked with strange feelings into the eyes which had looked upon such wondrous sights since sunrise. Three days later Mr. Bryce was at the Armenian monastery of Etchmiadzin, near the northern foot of Arnrat, and was presented to the Archimandrite who rules the house. "This Englishman," said the Armenian gentleman who was acting as interpreter, "says he has ascended to the top of Massis" (Ararat). The venerable man smiled sweetly, and replied with gentle decisiveness, "That cannot be. No one has ever been there. It is impossible."

Divorce Business.

Salt Lake Herald.

A District Judge, not a thousand miles from Salt Lake City, on a certain Saturday joined two persons of respectability together in the bonds of matrimony. The Judge did his best to fasten them, and the parties were as pliant as loving natures could be. On Sunday morning, however, the married gentleman sought the Judge, laid a complaint about the newly-married bride, and averred with all earnestness and sincerity that they could never live together as man and wife, and must, therefore, be separated forthwith as the only good thing that could be done for both. His Honor expostulated and used his greatest powers and influence to dissuade the parties from separating. But the gentleman and lady were both determined on severing at once the conjugal knot. On Monday morning, in Chambers, the petition or complaint for divorce was filed; in ten minutes the summons was served; in half an hour the answer was filed, and the parties appeared in Court, or Chambers, ready for trial. The case was heard forthwith, and a divorce decreed strictly in accordance with law in every particular. Married by law on Saturday, separated by law on Monday.

ACTOR'S ANTICS.

Sothern and Mrs. John Wood on a Lark.

New York Corres. Washington Capital.

One dull day in London—a rainy, foggy day, such as only London can produce—Mrs. John Wood proposed to Sothern that they should go on a lark. "Agreed," said he, and off they started in a hansom, intent on finding the opportunity which Sothern assured his companion he would procure before they returned to the theatre. Near the Adelphi Sothern saw a stout, well-dressed gentleman, with a clean, white vest encasing an expansive stomach, enter a candy shop. No sooner had the probable *pere de famille* gone for his sweets than Sothern called one of the ragged boys gathered at the crossing, and said to him: "Look here, my man, I'll give you a shilling if you turn a handspring so as to throw those particularly dirty feet of yours against the white vest of the gentleman who has just gone in to get some sweets in that shop, as he comes out; and I'll give you two shillings if you turn a second one so as to catch him in the back." "All right, guv'nor," grinned the boy, and Sothern and Mrs. Wood watched intently from their cab. In a moment or so the stout gentleman emerged, one arm occupied with his umbrella, the other clasping a huge bundle of sweets, and suffused as it were, in an atmosphere of loving kindness. "Now I'll give the children a treat," he seemed to say. Vain hope! his foot had scarcely touched the pavement before the dirty bare feet of the relentless gamin not only smirched his white vest, but fairly doubled him up; his hands flew to his stomach, his bundle and umbrella flew to the pavement; he had not time to breathe before the boy's flying feet hit him in the back and nearly overturned him quite. The two conspirators in the cab roared with laughter; but suddenly up came the small boy, closely followed by the maddened citizen. "Give me my two bob, sir," shouted the boy. "Hush, you young ruffian!" said Sothern. "He promised to give me two bob if I would pitch into you," shouted the boy! "You did, sir, you did!" cried the citizen, doubly irate. Sothern flung the boy his money, and shouted to the driver, "Whip up your horses! go it, old fellow, and you shall have a sovereign!" They rattled on, the citizen of the erst spotless vest cursing their memory. Sothern says that Mrs. Wood was in such hysterics of laughter that she slipped down off the seat and reposed on the floor of the cab, shaken with mighty mirth, until she was lifted out at the St. James Theatre, still convulsed with merriment. On another occasion the same fun-loving pair wandered into an iron-monger's shop in quest of food for laughter, Sothern assuming the responsibility. He advanced to the counter and said, "Have you the second edition of Macaulay's History of England?" The shopkeeper explained that he kept a iron-mongering establishment. "Well, it don't matter whether it is bound in calf or not," answered the customer. "But, sir, this is not a bookseller's." "It don't matter how put it up," says Sothern; "a piece of brown paper—the sort of a thing you would give your own mother." "Sir!" bawled the shopkeeper, "we—don't—keep it! No books; this is iron-mongering shop." "Yes," says Sothern, "the binding differs, but I'm not partiuclar—as long as I have a fly-leaf, don't you know. "Sir!" fairly screamed the shopkeeper, "can't you see we keep no books? This is an iron-monger's shop." "Certainly," said Sothern, seating himself, "I'll wait for it." Believing that his customer was either hopelessly deaf or equally mad, the man called another from the other end of the store and explained that he could do nothing with the gentleman. "What do you wish, sir?" shouted the second man, advancing. "I should like," says Sothern, quietly, "a small, plain file about so long." "Certainly, sir," said the man, casting upon bewildered No. 1 a glance of the most unmitigated disgust. Before the article could be procured Mrs. Wood, who had been pretending to be occupird in looking at saws and such trifles, had yielded to always dominent risibilities, so that she became quite helpless, and Sothern incontinently fled with his purchase as soon as he could obtain it, leaving her to recover at her leisure. When they met at the theatre she accused him of having abandoned her after reducing her to an utterly inert state by his practical joke, but he made it all right by presentiug her, not with Macaulay's history, but the file.

A Capture of Hyenas.

The following mode of tying hyenas in their den, as practiced in Afghanistan, is given by Authur Connolly, in his *Overland Journal*, in the words of an Afghan chief, the Shirkaroe Synd Daond: "When you have tracked the beast to his den, you take a rope with two slipknots upon it with your right hand, and with your left holding a felt cloak before you, you go boldly but quietly in. The animal does not know the nature of the danger, and therefore retires to the back of the den, but you may always tell where his head is by the glare of his eyes. You keep moving gradually toward him on your knees, and when you are within distance throw the cloak over his head, close with him, and take care he does not free himself. The beast is so frightened that he cowers back, and though he may bite the felt, he cannot turn his neck round so as to hurt you, so you quietly feel for his forelegs, slip the knots over them, and then with one strong pull draw them tight up to the back of his neck and tie them there. The beast is now your own, and you can do what you like with him. We generally take those we catch home to the krall, and hunt them on the plain with bridles in their mouth, that our dogs may be taught not to fear the brutes when they meet them wild.

Foggy London.

Correspondence Philadelphia Enquirer.

How often in the course of a year does it seem to us poor Londoners that we have to take the sun for granted and to believe in the moon, not on the true and sensible avowal of our vision, but simply through an effort of supernatural faith. Even as I pen these perishing lines the clock at St. Paul's is chiming twelve. Can it be that it is twelve at night? To judge from the evidence of my senses I should say that it must be so, for darkness that might be felt broods over the city; but I know for a horological fact the evidences of my senses notwithstanding, that it is twelve at noon. Yet, Pluto, King of Tartarus, in what a plight are we! I try to look across the street; as well might I seek to gaze through a stone wall. Even the shadowy outlines of things dimly visible an hour ago are no longer to be discerned. The vehicles passing to and fro under those useless and ridiculous orifices, my windows, have got hopelessly entangled, while the frightened horses snort and plunge and the drivers exchange fierce objurgations. The foot passengers have lost their way hopelessly, and keep shouting at one another with muffled voices, like bewildered travelers in a wood. I am cold and miserable. Air, there is none worthy of the name; the horrid, yellow stuff that floats clumsily around me and does duty for an atmosphere, resembling rather some detestable compound of mustard, brimstone and pea soup. My candle sheds a sickly gleam upon my disconsolate page, and seems to be burning something solid and substantial, rather than buoyant oxygen. The fog, wet and clammy, clings to me like a wet sheet. It bungs up my ears, it causes my eyes to smart as from the puncture of a hundred cambric needles; it sticks in my throat like a moist mop; it makes me as cross as a bag of cats. I should like to go to bed, and should certainly endeavor to grope my way thither, but that honor keeps me at my dismal post.

TOO MANY DRIED APPLES.

Tragic End of a Mule—A Fatal Meal.

From the Virginia (Nev.) Chronicle.

"Ain't it a curious thing that nobody ever sees a mule die?" remarked an old teamster in a saloon. "No man living ever saw a mule die, I s'pose?"

Thus remarked Mr. Daniels, lighting a fresh cigar:

"In 1850, I was mining on the south fork of the Yuba, and it came my turn to cook for my gang. We took turns each week, you know. Well, was going to show how economical I could run the commissary. I went and bought a peck of dried apples; they were all stuck together in a lump, but I got 'em jammed into the pot, poured in some water and started the fire. Presently a few of 'em began to rise up to the top of the pot, and so I skimmed 'em off and put 'em in a pan. Pretty soon some more bulged up, and I skimmed *them* off and put 'em in the pan. The first thing I knew, after I had skimmed that blasted pot a while. I had to get another pan, and then another, and by the time I got four pans heaped up full, dang my skin if there wasn't more apples in the pans than there was in the pot. That is, I thought so at the time. I kept getting more pans and buckets and lard cans, and all the while plumb frightened to death for fear some of the boys would come in and see how extravagant I was, for I had been blowin' on how cheap I could run the mess. The blasted apples still kept a comin' out of the pot. I put some papers out on the floor and covered 'em with fruit, and, by Jove, the place looked like a Santa Clara fruit-drying establishment, and the pot was still bilin' full."

"What has that got to do with a mule dyin'?"

"Wait a minute, I'm comin' to the mule. Finally, I got desperate and dumped over twelve bushels of the apples back of the cabin, behind a tree. In about an hour I heard a devil of a noise, and ran out. What do you suppose I found? Why, a four-hundred-dollar mule kickin' in the agonies of death. The apples were gone; the mule nearly so. He was swelled up like a balloon, and the first thing I knew he busted. Pledge my word, gentlemen, he exploded like a giant-powder blast, and brought the whole camp to the place. I kept still; they could not find the mule, and it cost 'em $10 to advertise a reward for him in the Sacramento *Union*. About two weeks afterwards they caught a couple of Greasers hanging round, and they put it up that they stole the mule, so they hung 'em. I was there, but did not say a word for fear the boys would find out how extravagant I had run the commissary. Let's have something."

How Gen. Miles Beat Zach Chandler.

From the Cincinnati Enquirer.

The prominence won by Miles in his Indian fight recalls a good story.

Miles was in Washington while Zachariah was in the Interior, and the first named being appealed to by a clerkess discharged from the Interior Office, wended his way to that interesting locality to use his influence to have the discharged restored. Miles sent in his pasteboard, and was bid to take a seat. But moments went by on leaden wings without a summons. He sought the messenger. The messenger reported that he had placed the pasteboard before the Secretary. Miles sent in another, and yet no doors flew open. At last he was called into the presence of the great Michigander, who, worn down by troublesome demands that he characterized to a pious member of Congress by saying that he would "as soon be in hell without a fan as in the Interier without appropriations," was in bad humor. Miles helped himself to a chair, and Zach said, gruffly:

"Well, sir, what is your business?"

"I came, Mr. Secretary," responded Miles, smoothly, "to get a poor woman restored to her clerkship."

"What!" exclaimed Zach, with an emphasis that gave the force and explosion to the word as if shot from the deadly level of a gun.

"I came," replied the distinguished relative, "to get a discharged clerk restored."

Zachariah rose solemnly from his chair, stalked to the door at which our friend entered, and, painting to a printed placard thereon, roared:

"Can you read, sir?"

"Certainly," responded the military relative, with a good deal of the spunk taken out of him.

"Then read that." Miles reads: "No vacancies in this department."

"Good morning, sir," growled Zach, and Miles hauled off to repair damages.

It happened that the very next Sunday Miles was entering the grounds of the Soldiers' Home on a visit to Col. Pitcher. He had driven in his buggy when Zach dashed up, but the Sergeant in charge closed the gate, refusing him admittance. Zach had a friend with him to whom he was desirous of showing the Soldiers' Home, and noticing this military gentleman on the inside, sang out:

"I say, Colonel, tell this fellow who I am, will you?"

Miles dismounted from his buggy, went back through the gate, and said slowly to Zachariah:

"Can you read, sir?"

"Certainly I can," roared old Zach.

"Well, sir, read that," and Miles pointed with the end of his whip to the sign on the gate: "No Admission on Sunday."

"Good morning, sir," said Miles, as drove away. The Sergeant on duty heard a stout old party in the carriage say:

"We'll, I'll be damned!"

A Young Adventuress.

An adventurous little girl named Georgia Marshall, ten years of age, has been roaming at will in the large cities of the east, paying her expenses with money stolen from her step-father. To facilitate her journeyings she has worn a boy's suit, in which guise she spent several days in New York city. The suppositious boy confided the fact to Mr. William McCarthy, of Brooklyn, that he had run away from his home in Worcester, Mass., and Mr. McCarthy undertook to detain the child at his home until he learned the facts. Meanwhile the child eluded his vigilance and skipped away to Boston, leaving behind her garments, which led Mr. McCarthy to believe she was not the boy she pretended to be. She was arrested in Boston and restored to her parents, after a fortnight devoted to sight-seeing.

THE POET'S ART.

BY CHARLES T. DAZEY.

Call it not art; that sad, laborious name,
O, gentle poet, does thy warblings wrong.
When at still eve the nightingales prolong
Delicious melody, who would not blame
The cold, mechanic term for that which came,
Born of sweet throats, a gushing stream of song?
So from thy soul pours forth, oh, free and strong,
Thine own deep music on the air of fame.
Thy art is Nature's; thou dost only hear
The whispered secrets of her woods and skies,
And then repeat them to the common ear
That cannot catch her finer harmonies.
Thou art her voice, and unto her so dear,
Her inmost heart is open to thine eyes.

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

ODDS AND ENDS

HE-GOAT mountain is one of the peaks in Montana.

LEPROSY prevails and is on the increase among the Chinese in San Francisco.

A MONCTON, N. S., gardener exhibits a cabbage with thirty-eight heads on a single stalk.

THE United States averages a yearly loss of $50,000,000 by fire. Insurance companies pay it.

GERMANY is using cork to fill beds. They should be much sought after by light-headed sleepers.

THE Italian Government is about to turn the Island of Elba into a penal settlement.

SWEDEN and Switzerland contribute the largest number of new members to the Mormon church. England is third on the list.

A HUNTER in California shot a rattlesnake, and then, when it ran into a hole, stuck his hand in to pull it out. Of course it was bitten.

IT costs the women of America $8,000,000 per year to keep their faces painted, and then they want good clothes besides.

PARISIANS are astonished that Grant speaks not a word of French, and maintain that his education must have been sadly neglected in his youth.

IN 1813 there was built in Waltham, Mass., a mill believed to have been the first in the world which combined all the requirements of making finished cloth from the raw cotton.

IN Holland an apothecary is not permitted to put up an old powerful prescription. What might have suited a man six months ago may not be good for him now.

THE court-house in Springfield, Ill., where Lincoln and Douglas used to talk, has been sold under the hammer, and must be removed within sixty days from the spot it has so long marked.

In a lead coffin lately found between Bethany and the Mount of Olives was a silver ring bearing the names of Samson and Manoah. They'll be finding Adam's grave next.

A MISSOURI judge recently refused a divorce in a case in which the parties had lived together forty-nine years, on the ground that it was not right to spoil a golden wedding.

A MADRID paper states that a titled lady of that city is collecting photographs of the prettiest women she can find, to be sent to the Paris Exhibition of 1878 as specimens of Spanish beauty.

QUEEN VICTORIA's crown is composed of 1,363 brilliant diamonds, 1,273 rose diamonds and 147 table diamonds, one large ruby, 17 sapphires, 11 emeralds, four small rubies and 227 pearls, all set in silver and gold.

JERUSALEM has furnished a battalion of Jewish volunteers to the Sultan's army. They have a field preacher of their own faith, and cook their rations strictly in conformity with their dietary laws.

THE late General Forest, the ex-Confederate, is described as a person of ungovernable temper. He once drew a pistol on a tailor who had kept some of his garments so long that they had been slightly eaten by moths.

IN a shop window in London, belonging to a stuffer of birds and animals, is exposed a human skull, beautifully cleaned and bleached, with holes bored in it to receive cigars, and matches to light them, as an ornament for some one's smoking-room.

NEAR Little Stoney Mountain, Manitoba, during a recent thunder storm, what seemed to be a dense volume of cloud struck the prairie with such violence as to make a large hole in the earth about six feet in depth.

THE practicing physicians of Wheeling, W. Va., have pledged themselves not to give testimony as experts before the courts unless receiving the same fee as charged a private individual for professional advice.

CONSIDERATE—Mistress (on coming home from the seaside): "Why, Jane, what's become of the bulfinch?" Jane: "Well, you see, ma'am, it didn't say much, and looked droopin' like, so cook put it out of misery, an' I 'ad it stuffed for my 'at."—*Punch.*

EVERYBODY has asked the question: "Why are the Egyptian obelisks called needles?" It is stated in explanation that messelleh is the Arabic word for needle, as well as for obelisk, and that the Arabs have from time immemorial called the peculiar structures "Pharoah's needles," meaning Pharoah's obelisks.

A SECRET drawer in an old bureau in New Orleans was found to contain an explosive machine, intended to demolish anybody but the owner attempting an opening. Age had destroyed the effectiveness of the device, however, so that when the drawer was pulled out there was no explosion. The contents consisted of old papers, of no value or interest, and it is supposed the arrangement was a result of somebody's insanity.

EXPERIMENTS in driving by electricity have been made in France. An electro-magnet is placed beneath the coachman's seat, from which one wire is carried along the reins to the horse's bit, and another to the crupper, so that the whole length of the spine forms part of an electric current. A sudden shock, which the driver can administer at discretion, will, it is said, arrest the most furious runaway.

THE Paris *Patrie* publishes the fac-simile of a medal which appears to have been struck off in order to perpetuate the hatred of the Communists for M. Thiers. The head of the deceased statesman is seen surrounded by whips and extinguishers, symbolical of flagellation and obscurity, and on the reverse is the design of soldiers firing at a man tied to a post, with the word "Satory" underneath. It was at Satory that the Communists were executed.

IN Detroit, says the *Free Press*, there are four English servant girls, sisters. The eldest came to this country seven years ago, and the others followed in succession. All saved their money, put it into the bank, and wore no flashy finery. This summer they bought a piece of land 40x190 feet and built a cottage on it. Each vied with the other in adorning the cottage and grounds, the property of this sisterly stock company. The eldest sister has moved into the new home and started a laundry, and has already work occupying her four days a week. The other sisters are still in their situations. Each of the four has a bank account.