THE TIDAL TRAIN.

There was a great rush for the tidal train that morning from Paris. It started at a very convenient hour, 9:40, and was patronized by a crowd of people. Mossoo was there, of course, in fine form, fur-coated, although summer was already come; but the fur coat is *de rigueur* with the travelling Gaul, no less than the courier bag slung over the shoulder, and the modest portmanteau of dirty white canvas containing a still more modest allowance of linen of the same ambiguous color. Americans, too, returning from a tour through Europe and a lengthened halt in Paris; our own compatriots in every variety: eads, captains, countesses; a bridal pair homeward, no longer blushingly self-conscious but unmistakably bored; several sets of exclusive people, who, somehow, had secured a *coiffe louée* to their two or three selfish selves.

As the time for departure approached, there was the usual outcry for seats. The French officials, if asked, shrugged their shoulders and pointed to the nearest carriage; what they meant was, that there was still room and to spare if people did not cover up extra seats with their belongings, and so monopolize more than their share. Late arrivals thus neglected wandered miserably up and down the whole length of the train, seeking accommodation excitedly, and in vain.

Among the rest were two ladies, one of whom, the elder, seemed greatly flurried and put out. "I knew how it would be," she cried, in a despairing voice, "every seat is occupied! What shall we do? why were we so late?"

She was a middle-aged, somewhat plethoric-looking dame, with an air of much importance, marred for the moment by helplessness and ill-temper.

"We shall find places presently, dear Lady Jones," replied the younger, who had the rather sycophantic air of a humble friend. "The guard will help us."

"They never do, and they don't understand. Dear! dear! why didn't we come in time? It was all your fault, Hester"—this to the maid who followed them as they ranged backward along the platform—"you ought to have packed last night. What shall we do? O, thank you so much!" she cried suddenly, with effusion.

A gentleman, who apparently had been watching her distress, pushed open the door of the carriage he occupied and invited her to enter. His companion, another man at the farther end, made room by removing rugs and bags, and presently Lady Jones with a sigh of relief sank back into the cushions. Then with feminine selfishness, and forgetful of the trouble she had but just escaped, she proceeded to prevent any one else from getting in.

"Cover up the seats well, Millicent," she cried, "and do keep that door shut. O, thank you, sir," she added, to one of the men, who seemed to fall in readily with her idea of keeping the carriage to themselves.

There was nothing very remarkable about Lady Jones's new-found friends. One was a tall, dark man, with a clean-shaved face, and very dark eyes which glared out from under the shade of a black felt hat; the other was smaller—a restless little freckle-faced man, with a short red beard cut and trimmed to a point. They did not look like English men; but they spoke the language fluently with a slight American accent.

The firm, somewhat fierce demeanor of the dark man had the desired effect. When he said abruptly, "*il n'y a pas de place*," people retired discomfited, and as time was nearly up, Lady Jones began to hope that their privacy and comfort would not be disturbed. Almost at the last moment a man came to the door, importunate and persistent.

"Any room?" he asked in English, as he stood on the doorstep. Then getting no answer, he repeated the question in French. "How many are you?" Still no answer; so he counted for himself, and went away.

Lady Jones was delighted; but her triumph was of short duration. The last arrival came back at once with a whole posse of French officials at his back, the chief of whom, in a voice of authority, repeated the inquiry.

"How many are you? Four? More to come? Impossible! The train is starting. *Enfoncez, monsieur; enfoncez, vite*"; and the next minute the stranger was bundled into the carriage, the door was shut with a bang, the horns sounded, and the train went off at express speed.

The occupants of the carriage, Lady Jones in particular, resented this unceremonious intrusion.

"Extraordinary!" she said, in a loud aside to Millicent. "People never know when they are in the way."

"So forward and presuming!" replied the young lady.

"In my country," said the dark American, "men never intrude themselves on ladies. They wait to be asked."

"We have a very short way of settling with them if they do," added the short man otherwise.

"And, pray, what do you do with them?" asked the last comer quietly.

He was a typical Englishman, cool and self-possessed, with a broad honest face framed in by square-cut grayish whiskers. His upper lip was clean shaven, showing his firm, rather hard mouth, and his blue eyes were steady and penetrating. Not a man to be trifled with, in spite of his calm manner and unobtrusive demeanor.

"What do you do with them?" he repeated, looking hard at the insolent little red man.

"Pitch them out of the window, or on to the line."

"Would you like to do it now?" said the other.

"Be quiet, Thady," interposed the dark man; "remember there are ladies present."

"Don't mind me, gentlemen, if you wish to give him a lesson," said Lady Jones, who had espoused the part of her first friends.

The Englishman looked at her rather keenly, but made no remark. Nor, although they continued to talk at him and about him for the next half hour, did he take any further notice of them, but read a novel attentively which he had extracted from his little black bag.

By the time they reached Amiens, quite a pleasant intimacy had sprung up between Lady Jones and the Americans. The four went to the buffet and breakfasted together. Returning to their carriage, they found that the Englishman had disappeared, so they made merry at his expense.

"Quite a common man," remarked Lady Jones.

"Probably a bagman," added Millicent.

"What we call a drummer," said the dark Yankee.

"A dull, stupid, stupid-looking Cockney," said the red-haired man. "We are well quit of him."

But they had not done with him yet. He was there on the quay as the train ran alongside the Boulogne steamer; they saw him again on board with his little hand-bag, and always calm and imperturbable. Only once did he betray the slightest emotion: it was when a man came up to him as he stood near the funnel, and, with an almost imperceptible salute, addressed him as Mr. Hopkinson.

"Hush, you fool!" he replied angrily. "Don't mention names here."

It was too late, however; many of those around had heard the name, and among the rest the two Americans, who were smoking close by.

"I one aff, Thadious," whispered the tall man. "Did you hear that name?"

"I did, by thunder! It must be that murdering villain himself."

"And you, you fool, to get quarrelling with him in the train!"

"Do you think he has his eye on us?"

"You may take your oath of that."

"What in the name of conscience shall we do?"

"Leave it to me; I have a dodge, if I can only work it."

The steamer being very crowded, Lady Jones and her party had been unable to secure a private cabin. They had to stay on deck, and in by no means a good place. But, thanks to the attention of her American friends, Lady Jones was made comfortable with rugs and wraps near one of the paddle-boxes, while Millicent and the maid sat close beside her. The voyage across the Channel was not good, and the ladies reached Folkestone in a more or less battered condition. Now the Americans, like chivalrous gentlemen, came out in their true colors. Nothing could exceed their kindness. They took infinite trouble to prepare the party for going on shore; they helped the maid to fold and strap up the rugs, and made themselves generally useful. Lady Jones was so grateful and so charmed that she begged them to call on her in London, and gave them her address.

When the porters rushed on board, Lady Jones desired one of them to go at once and secure her a carriage.

"Can't be done mum," he replied. "All the things have to be examined before they let us through to the train."

"Absurd!" said her ladyship; "they won't examine mine. I am Lady Jones."

But her ladyship was no better than an ordinary person before the law. The Custom House officers were inexorable; and in spite of her protests, all her small parcels, and those of her party, were taken into the search-room, and laid out on the counter. With an imperious wave of the hand, an official ordered her to follow them. To make matters worse, the quiet Englishman, to whom she had been so rude in the train, was standing there at the doorway, talking to two other men, and laughing, as she thought, at her distress.

For the moment her two American friends were nowhere to be seen.

"I never heard of such a thing!" she said indignantly to Millicent, as the officious searchers turned everything out of her gold-mounted dressing-case, and then proceeded to unroll the rugs. "What do they take us for?"

"Everybody is treated alike, dear Lady Jones. I suppose they are afraid of Fenians, or dynamite, or something."

"It is preposterous, disgraceful! Sir John shall write to the papers—I beg your pardon?"

This to an official, who had said to her twice, "What is this?"

A small parcel done up in strong brown paper securely tied and sealed.

"I haven't the least idea. Something of my maid's or Millicent's—this young lady here. I really cannot say."

But while she chattered on with accustomed garrulity the Custom House officer had already cut the strings, undone the parcel, and laid bare a small, plain tin case.

It had a lid, which was easily opened. Inside were a number of slabs of a white-brown sugary-looking substance, which might have been tenth-rate chocolate or indifferently made "toffee."

"Some sort of sugar," said Lady Jones. "How odd! I cannot imagine—"

"It's just what I expected," said a quiet voice behind. "Hand it over, Mr. Saunders. This is my affair."

"What, Mr. Hopkinson, are you here?"

"Very much on the spot this time, I think, Mr. Saunders. Now, ma'am"—to Lady Jones—"where are your other friends?"

"How dare you speak to me" she replied hotly, recognizing her old enemy of the train. "I am Lady Jones."

"Of course, all right," replied the man called Mr. Hopkinson. "But there, he we'nt on, half to himself, "we don't want any scandal or noise. We might lose the others"; an I with that he whispered a few words to an attendant, and drew back into the crowd.

The examination of Lady Jones's baggage was completed, everything was repacked, and the party proceeded toward the train. Just as they passed the refreshment room, a railway guard came up, and, touching his cap, said, "The station-master has reserved you a compartment. Please come this way."

"How uncommonly civil of him, to be sure" cried her ladyship. "I suppose it is to make up for this annoyance. I am really much obliged."

Within five minutes the two ladies were stored away in a carriage by themselves and the door securely locked. Presently the train ran out of the station up the hill to Folkestone town, and Lady Jones who was rapidly recovering her equanimity, after a few ejaculations of delight at being home again, composed herself to sleep in a corner of the carriage.

But fresh annoyance was in store for her. At Folkestone Town station the carriage was unlocked, and three men got in; one of them, to Lady Jones's indignation and dismay, was Mr. Hopkinson, with his black bag, which he kept on his knee.

"You mustn't come in here," she said loftily; "this carriage is reserved specially for me. I am Lady Jones."

"O, are you?" relied the other. "It is time you should know who I am. My name—"

"I am sure I don't care to know."

"My name is Hopkinson. I am Chief Inspector of Police from Scotland Yard."

"Well," said Lady Jones, still bold, but with much inward misgiving. "I really do not understand."

"By this time my men will have arrested your two confederates—your friends who helped you in trying to keep me out of the train at Paris. I knew them all along."

"My friends! I never met them before this morning." Why, I don't even know their names."

"That won't do. You know as well as I do that they are Phelim Cassidy and Thaddeus O'Brien, American Fenians—"

"Gracious Heavens!"

"With whose connivance you have attempted to convey dynamite into England—a nice little lot of 'Atlas powder,' in slabs, too, for convenience in packing."

"I deny it, most positively! I—I—"

"Case is too strong against you. Why, the stuff was found in your possession, and I have it here in my bag; enough to wreck the whole train."

Lady Jones shrieked.

"Do you mean to tell me that there is dynamite here, in this carriage? O, do, please, throw it away!"

"The concussion would certainly explode it, and we should all be blown to kingdom come! Don't be frightened; you travelled with it all the way from Paris, and would have carried it on to London yourself."

"I assure you I know nothing of all this. I am Lady Jones, the wife of Sir John Jones, of Harley-st. Millicent, help me to explain to him who I am."

The detective shook his head doubtfully.

"It may be as you say; but I don't quite see my way. Wait till we get to London. If you can prove your identity, at any rate you may escape being locked up; the magistrates may give you bail."

With this cold comfort, Lady Jones had to be satisfied, and in dire terror and discomfort she made the rest of the journey to London. Hopkinson, it must be confessed, had already made up his mind that it was as Lady Jones had said; but he chose to keep her in suspense.

On reaching Cannon-st., the guard brought him a telegram. The detective read it with strong symptoms of disgust.

"Slipped through my fingers! Just when I thought I had them, too! It's the very mischief. What shall I do next?"

After a pause of deep thought he turned suddenly to Lady Jones.

"Do these men know your London address? Yes. Well, if you will assist us now, I think I can promise that nothing more shall be said about this unfortunate affair. But first, you must be secret, silent as the grave. Can I trust you? And this young lady?"

Millicent and Lady Jones answered in a breath, promising to be most circumspect.

"My idea now is that these scoundrels only planted the stuff on you, hoping it would pass unnoticed; whether it did or not they would know by the morning papers, which would be sure to publish an account of the seizure of dynamite. Well," went on the detective, "no one must know a syllable of this; there shall be nothing in the papers, or anywhere. To-morrow or next day they will call at your house to recover their small parcel, explaining that it slipped in among your rugs by mistake. If they do, we have them; do you understand? And will you help?"

Lady Jones only too gladly assented.

That night the house in Harley-st. was practically in the possession of the police. Sir John entered into the spirit of the thing; gave his hall-porter a holiday, and installed Hopkinson disguised in his place. On the third day the dark American called, sent up his card, and was given the dynamite. As he left the house his red-headed companion joined him, and both were arrested before they had turned the next corner. Their trial, with the examination of Lady Jones, was one of the events of the season.—[The London World.

THE ROMANCE OF A STATESMAN.

From The Every Other Saturday.

One item in the will of the late Prince Gortschakoff created some little curiosity in the Court circles of St. Petersburg. It had been observed that the Prince had always worn upon the little finger of his left hand a gold ring of apparently small value. It had not only been a woman's ring, for it had once been ornamented with a cluster of small stones, which had long since disappeared, leaving the empty, unsightly place they had occupied marked by a blackened spot in the band. The fact that he thought it worth while to preserve a thread of gold, when he might have had a new ring made for the asking, seemed to the long fingers kept in its place by the knotted band above it. The importance attached to it was manifested by the old Prince on his deathbed, when it was found that he had directed his executors to see that he was buried with his ring upon his finger.

It was only shortly before the Prince's death that he disclosed the secret of the ring to his second son, Prince Cecesia Gortschakoff. He had been given to understand, when, shortly after Queen Hortense was in need by his advice to leave Florence, but it was for the humiliation of being driven thence by the Papal government, which had declared it self the mortal enemy of every individual allied to the Bonaparte family. The Queen, who had then strongest reasons for wishing to remain in Florence, hesitated to obey, with their chagrin, having obtained assurance that the danger which would be incurred by her, should she persist in remaining longer, was upon him if he could an officer with a government order for her immediate departure from the city.

A carriage and post-horses were in waiting to convey her away, and in spite of her tears and sobs on her parents, she was hurried off by an officer of the Papal Guard, who was bound to see the order executed, lest he should be himself the victim of the disgrace which she had been threatened. The carriage sped briskly on the way to the frontier, the Queen still not resentful and bewailing her hard fate, when at the first relay, that was her amazement to behold the position approach the carriage door and humbly solicit her majesty, lest to wish her a happy and prosperous journey, informing her at the same time that he had been ordered immediately after departure to accompany her. The Queen, in obedience to the mandate, was compelled to submit, and had been scarcely allowed time to dress herself, and that everything had been placed under the government seal.

She was not slow to recognize Prince Gortschakoff in spite of his disguise, and her gratitude knew no bounds. She had left the palace so hurriedly that she had brought none of her valuables with her. The little ring she wore upon her finger was the only souvenir she could bestow, and Gortschakoff used to declare that, like the genie bestowed on Aladdin cherished as fairy tale, it had to him inspired him with good success which had in decade of difficulty. Even in the latest period of his life he never failed to speak of Queen Hortense without emotion and to the rivals for whose sake she would have risked everything and consider them always referred, not with hate and indignation, but with envy.

A FAMOUS AND UNIQUE PAPER.

From The Paper World.

The paper used for printing the Bank of England notes has a watermark made by the Portal family, whose ancestors came over from Rouen in the reign of the Duke of Nassau, accompanied with them the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing secret, was up to that time unknown in England. Except by bribery, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a setup of the beautifully water-marked paper presses at the mill at Laverstoke. Every piece of this paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, and it is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged sheet is accounted for before being ground up in an adjacent mill. Mr. Portal's paper is not of the value, quite apart from its work merely as paper, for it has always been regarded as essential to a possible forgery that the work as large as the paper be easily recognizing any attempts to imitate on them through the medium of the Bank of England. This paper—it is, perhaps, needless to tell any one—is quite unique. Tested by touch, it emits a crisp, crackling, scarp sound, and in color it has been described as "not her blue-wave, nor yellow-wave, nor cream-colored, but white of a hue that can be compared with no other white." The three deckled edges show the natural boundary of the pulp when first moulded. The fourth is of smooth by the knife which cuts the notes in twain. The paper is tough—so tough, indeed, that after the addition of one grain of size it will hold a weight of sixty pounds without tearing. Yet the quantity of fibre in a five-pound note is not more than eighteen and a half grains, and the sheet is so thin that extraordinary care is found to be extremely difficult.

But what constitutes the main safeguard of the Bank is the "water," or, more properly, the wire "mark," that transparent design which can be instantly detected when the paper is held up between the eye and the light. This device is obtained, as all water-marks are, by twisting wires to the desired shape, and sticking them on the face of the mould, so that when the pulp settles down it must of necessity be thinner on the wire design than on the other parts of the sheet. The water is then permitted to run through the sieve-like face of the mould, and the sheet of paper in embryo, "couched" by the mould being gently but firmly pressed upon a blanket to which this spongy sheet clings. Sizing is a subsequent process, so that when dry the water-mark is plainly seen, being transparent where the substance is dense. This water-mark is secured to the Bank by virtue of a special Act of Parliament, so that, apart from the pains and penalties which attach to any attempt to circulate forged notes, it is a very risky game to imitate even the trade mark of this most important monetary institution in the world.

The largest amount of a bank note in circulation, in 1827, was £1,000. It is said that two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,000 each, were once engraved and issued. A butcher, who had amassed an immense fortune in the war times, went one day with one of these £50,000 notes to a private banker, asking for the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying he had kept it for years. The £5,000 was handed over, but the banker hinted, at the same time, to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest.

"Very true, sir," replied the butcher, but I likes to look on it so very well that I have got one of the same kind at home. An eccentric gentleman in London framed a bank post bill for £30,000, and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting-rooms. The fifth year he died, when the picture was at once taken down and cashed by his heirs.

Some year ago, at a nobleman's house near Hyde Park, a dispute arose about a certain passage in Scripture, and a Dean who was present desired that there was any such text, a Bible was called for. When it was opened a marker was found in it which, on examination, proved to be a bank note bill for £40,000. It might possibly have been placed there as a keepsake to the son, who, perhaps, did not consult the Bible so often as his mother could have wished.

OMNE SOLUM FORTI PATRIA.

The mission bell is tolling slow
In the still summer afternoon,
And from the sun-dazed front of snow
Reflective shadows share a gloom.
While through the open stairs broad and low,
A strayed bee drones his sleepy tune.

The Provence roses attar scent
Comes from the garden's crumbling walls,
And with their heavy breaths is blent
Odors of flowers on lough stile in
With yellow lines, and warm content
Upon the drowsy spirit falls.

A faith in worn, a world deceived,
Show here their empire for ages trace,
And the brown cassock and band arrayed
In worship were their fathers prayed,
Express in tones that time shall fade
The pathos of a dying race.

And old Franciscan wonders by
With sandaled feet and long gray gown,
His head in drooping pensivity,
Rosary in hand, and dreamy eye
There is a summer serenity
Which, waken, could win a world's renown.

Why should this Cassar's vital eyes
Guard a new fount in dome gilded
Simply the spirit that never dies
To mock the crawling hands and rise,—
Pain's for the strong, gain for the weak
That crowns the suffering and patient great.

Why moulder and the living dead
To snatch from fire one death-cold brand?
Does in such kind sky above him spread
Pondrous sense, or on that gray head
That he finds sweet the bitter bread
Of strangers in a foreign land?

It must be that he reads the thought,
He stops his work and with a smile
He speaks: "My son, our fight I fought
With man—arms. If good be wrought
To the great cause it matters naught
Where we may post the rank and file.

"In Orient old; in States yet new,
Whose broad foundations secure are planned;
In crowd or towns; with rare few and few
These stones are rough hewn cabin-stand;
On Arctic ice or tropic sea
Where God's Church has work to do
God's servants find their native land."

H. G. DUDOO.

NOON.

The sultry noon sleeps on the drowsy hills,
On fragrant grass ripening its beams;
While swar in summer in voluptuous ease,
Stretches her lazy length beside the streams.

The sun swings high athwart the cloudless blue;
The air is soft plant with rervid heat,
All nature droops like living things that faint;
Even birds are silent in each cool retreat.

The flowers droop pensively; the tinguid leaves
Scarce answer to the zephyr's whispered call;
Dimly through faintly quivering shadows lie,
Where shimmering grass golden sunlight fall.

The sun-burned reaper, with his brows adrip,
Enjoys his midday rest beneath the trees;
Anon he bares his brawny breast and arms
To catch per chance some lazily stirring breeze.

The browsing cattle leave the parching fields,
To seek the shelter of some shady nook;
Or, heedless of the fragrant clover, stand
With hoofs deep buried in the cooling brook.

The rustle of the gray grasshopper's wing,
The wild bee humming on his busy round,
Are music sweet to ears of unconscious cares,
Mingling with the distant harmonious sound.

And so, with little pace, the dreaming hours
Stretch out in golden length with dreamy grace;
Swooning in odorous airs, and waning light,
Till night enfolds them in its soft embrace.

JOSEPHINE BRINKERHOFF.

BOOKS AND BINDINGS.

From The Boston Transcript.

On my lonely shelves they stand,
Well known all to eye and hand,
Bound in gorgeous cloth of gold,
In morocco red and gold,
Some in paper, stain and cheap,
Some in muslin, cut and sheep;
Volumes great and volumes small
Ranged along my lonely wall.
But their contents are past minding
By their size or by the binding.

There is one with gold a-beam,
Like the sunglow in a dream,
Back and sides in every part
Triumph of the binder's art;
Costing more, 'tis said believed,
Than the author ever received.
But his contents! Like tal s,
Flapping of a shallow sails!
In the category of lending
Scarcely with a penny's turning.

Here's a tome in paper clean,
Soiled and torn and marred with stain,
Come in from each stalter nook
In the darkest, dirtiest nook.
Take it down, and lo! each page
Breathes the wisdom of a sage!
Watched it on and thee in gold,
Half its worth would not be told.
For all the truth of the ages
Crowns each line with endless glory.

On my lonely shelves they stand;
But my study walls expand,
Around pine-nut unfolded,
Still, in every corner, I see a world
Over the hills with footsteps slow—
Autumn and winter, summer and spring;
O, for a bridge of gold to fling
Over the chasm deep and wide,
That I may it cross to the other side,
Where she is waiting—my love, my bride!"

"Ten years may be long!" he said,
Slowly raising his stately head,
"But there's much to win, there's much to lose;
A man must labor, a man must choose,
And he must be strong to wait!
The years may be long, but who would wear
The crown of honor must do and dare.
No time has he to toy with fate
Who would climb to manhood's high estate."

"Ah! life is not long," he said,
Bowing his grand white head.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—
Seventy years! As swift their flight
As swallows cleaving the morning light,
Or golden gleams at even.
Life is short as a summer night—
How long, O God, is eternity?"

LONDON COOK-SHOPS.

HOT AND COLD MEATS FOR SALE.

A BLESSING ALIKE TO THE RICH AND POOR—ADVANTAGES IN EACH.

In all the poor and middle-class districts of London are to be found large numbers of shops where ready cooked hot meats, with proper accompanying vegetables, are sold by the pound or fraction thereof. Between the hours of noon and 2 p. m. a constant procession of women and children, armed with bowls, soup-plates or tins, may be seen filing in and out of these shops. The interiors of the establishments are remarkable, for their cleanly and appetizing aspects. Generally on the one side is the counter devoted to hot meats. Each joint reposes in a large pewter dish scoured to a brightness that makes it look like silver. At the side of each dish is a receptacle for the vegetables belonging to it. Under all run steam pipes which keep the food warm without drying it up.

The staple articles sold hot are corned brisket of beef, corned round of beef, hot roast beef, boiled leg of pork, and, perhaps, on alternate days, mutton and veal. The briskets are skewered together till they reach a height of from eighteen to twenty-four inches; the rounds are of great size, including the entire round which is usually divided in this country, the top side being used for roasting and the silver side for salting. Prices are as a rule 10 pence or 20 cents per pound for the corned meat, and from 1 shilling to 15 pence (24 to 30 cents) for the fresh meats. With each pound or smaller quantity a suitable quantity of vegetables is given, potatoes and cabbage being the rule with corned meat, and turnips or carrots, or some equally inexpensive vegetable, with the others. Boiled pork is always accompanied by pea pudding, which is made by boiling split-peas loose till they have attained a certain consistency, when they are firmly tied in bags and again boiled, being finally served up as large balls. To an Englishman who has never left England boiled pork is not complete without the peas pudding.

APPETIZING APPEARANCE OF THE FOOD.

The carvers all wear large white aprons, caps and sleeves, and with their huge and marvelously sharp knives do rapid execution. All the portions are carefully cut in thin slices, and are not merely lumps hacked off. Previous to and after the rush for hot meats, the cold side of the shop does the business. Here on raised pedestals, elevated about twelve inches above snow white marble slabs, rest neatly dressed and ornamented hams, tongues, cold meats and sausages of various kinds. In the better class of cook-shops all the resources of the cook's art are brought to bear to make the cold meats attractive. Hams have elaborate paper frills around the knuckles, and tongues are jellied and garnished according to the taste and ability of the operator. The cold meats are also sold in slice, and the skill of the carvers in cutting hams with thinness and evenness rivals the traditional sandwiches of the days of Vauxhall Gardens, where it was said the ham might be used for tinted eyeglasses. Prices for cold ham and tongue are generally from 16 to 24 pence a pound, and with these no vegetables are given.

During the "hot hours" puddings of various kinds are sold, in the poorer districts at ½ penny and 1 penny a slice, and in the better at double these sums. The favorite style of pudding is a plain suet one rolled like a great sausage, and liberally studded with raisins. This is the plum-duff which readers of English books often encounter, and which in "The Lights o' London" the Jeeves family mentions more than once. Among the rougher classes plum-duff is dubbed "spotted-dog," on account of its resemblance to the hide of the coach-dog or Dalmatian.

About this pudding there is a legend in England that a chimney-sweep went into a cook-shop and asked for "a pennorth 'o pudin'." When it was handed to him, he placed it on one of his sooty hands, examined the thickness of the slice, turned it over on the other hand, and exclaimed "call that a pennorth; I'll give yer a 'apenny." The slice being irretrievably damaged for any one unaccustomed to soot, the sweep got it at his price and went away happy. At the majority of the shops a fair-sized Bologna sausage—the name has been corrupted into "Polony"—is sold for 2 pence, which includes a potato. This makes really enough for a good lunch, and it is of a quality and flavor by no means to be despised.

The saving and convenience to the working classes of these cook-shops are great. It is well known that a small joint of meat loses much more in trimming and in cooking than a large one. The cook-shop proprietor is, therefore, placed advantageously above the person who cooks a small joint. Moreover, the former being a steady purchaser of large quantities of meat, is enabled to procure it at the wholesale market better in quality and lower in price than the latter could, even if he or she had the time to go to market; whereas everyone knows that the small purchaser is generally at the mercy of the small dealer. Again, the purchaser buying the cooked meat can tell exactly how much is wanted—there need be no calculation as to shrinkage or fear of overloading with cold meat left over.

CONVENIENCE, COMFORT AND PROFIT.

In the matter of convenience and comfort the cook-shop offers great inducements. The small housewife need not, in the summer heat, be compelled to stand over a fire, nor be constantly taken from her other work to see to the progress of the cooking. Then, too, every one knows that large joints preserve the flavor and juice of the meat much better than do small ones, and there is no fear of the oven not working and the joint coming home to have its temper soiled by burned or raw meat. In money alone the actual saving is considerable, for those in this country calculating on the prices quoted must bear in mind that meat costs more in London than in New-York, that small joint a base between one-fourth and one-third in cooking, and that the meat sold is entirely free from bone, and may be had fat or lean as chosen.

While, of course, the hot meats are principally sold to poor people, it must not be thought that they form the bulk of the customers. Many housekeepers in fair circumstances are glad, when sudden or unusual calls are made on their larders, to supplement their supplies by the cold meats of the cook-shop, where in addition to the staple articles mentioned, more expensive ones, such as chicken and tongue, and chicken and ham sausages, of size that can be cut into large slices, are sold. The Melton-Mowbray pork-pie is also in great demand—Melton-Mowbray is a famous hunting centre and its pies have won so much favor with hungry hunters, men that they are now made in vast numbers, and are sent to all parts of the kingdom.

How long cook-shops have flourished in London it is difficult to find out, but they were in existence before the time covered by the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The first person to enter very largely into the business was, however, one Scarlet, who, in the early part of this century, had a shop near the monument on Fish-st. Hill. He did so well that he started branch establishments in various parts of the city, and it is said that his sons, though grown too aristocratic to use their name, now own a very large number of shops devoted to this business.

BISHOP AND BANKER.

White Sulphur Springs Letter To St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A personage conspicuous, but not for size, is Bishop Heliodorus, of London, Canada—Canada Greek of the Peninsula, I mean. He is in stature the smallest man of white Sulphur, but his clothes look as if the tailor had measured him by his intellectual greatness. The skirts of his broadcloth coat are absurdly near the ground, while his pantaloons are forever up around his ankles in a manner to present the maximum of a woman waste of cloth to no "gallises." The little Bishop completes his odd costume with a small crown, of broad-brimmed, black felt hat, which he wears well drawn down on the back of his head. There is no lack of outward respect shown him, as he is evidently a fitting of his cassock possesses with us. This deference seems to be a source of intoxicated gratification to his enjoyment. Sometimes, pierce turning an unnecessary reverent greeting he will turn and look at the departing form with a half-pleased and half-puzzled expression, as if Virginia manners were a matter for some study. Out of the Bishop's hearing there is a little gondolier used him poked at him and his queer ways. "Did you ever in the night he go—he el" asked one. "Well, he was pretty near distracted about his valise, and it is not risky affair. When I saw him I thought he was a jewelry peddler with his stock in that bag, as he carried it. I say, he exclaimed excitedly to the porter as soon as he got out of the omnibus, "has my luggage come?" The nigger wasn't used to this quick talk, and all he could stammer out was, "I dunno, sah, no I sho' no sah." When he registered he laid down half a dollar and "you ought to have seen the clerk's stare."

A regular resident at the Springs for the season is Corcoran, the Washington banker, founder of the art gallery which bears his name. He is the one man who has spent a lifetime of the national capital, grown rich fairly and honorably, and has never had his name smirched by connection with any political scandal. At least that is the record. White Sul. but people, who know everything about everybody, give the venerable old gentleman. He has his own carriage, team and coachman, and maintains a complete establishment in one of the large cottages on Colonade row. He is large-framed, but moves about as if quite frail, seldom using his own limb, but leaning upon a friend's arm. The banker's dress is as well-suiting as the Bishop's is ill, but they are on excellent terms, and late in the day Mr. Corcoran's carriage will go whirling over the main drive in front of the hotel and bring up at the Bishop's cottage, in Georgia row, on the opposite side of the valley. Then the little prelate will come mincing down the steps, climb up beside the banker, who holds the robe turned back for his friend, and away they will go for a drive on the mountain roads, seemingly as pressed and chatting as lively as boys while the big, gloomy visaged companion from books as if the sins of the world and the financial responsibilities of the country had all been put upon his shoulders for the hour.

THE LEAD PENCIL.

From The Scientific American.

There is no lead pencil, and there has been none for fifty years. There was a time when a spiracle of lead, cut from the bar or sheet, sufficed to make marks on white paper or some rougher spreading material. The name of lead pencil came from the old notion that the products of the Cumberland mines, England, were lead, instead of being plumbago, or graphite, a carbonate of iron, capable of leaving a lead-colored mark. With the origin of lead pencil or slip, and with the earlier styles of the "lead" pencil made direct from the Cumberland mine, the writing of the pencil was a preliminary of writing. But since it has become a manufacture the lead pencil is adapted to numbers of letters, to each particular person. There are great sets of hardness, from the pencil at may be sharpened to a needle point, to one that makes a broad mark. Between the two extremes there are a number of graduations that convey all the conveniences of the lead pencil. These graduations are made by taking the original carbonate and grinding it, and mixing it with a fine quality of clay in differing proportions, regarding being had to the use of the pencil. The ingredients are thorough, the mass is squeezed through dies to form and size, it is dried, and inclosed in its wood envelope.

AMERICAN GIRLS.

CIVILIZED AND UNCIVILIZED SPECIMENS.

From The London World.

By the uncivilized American girls is meant the girl who has not "done Yewrope." She has never been out of her own New-York or Boston; she is unspoiled by Paris; she is a fresh Yankee, with all her native raw material glaringly exposed. She is generally very pretty; her complexion is dazzling, her eyes are dark and brilliant, her little foot and hand ravishing, and her figure slight and slim as a wand of willow. Make her speak once, you want much, always, and her voice is harsh and loud, her accent is outrageous, and her head twang unbearable. She has an immense amount of fun in her that is, if you get hold of a good specimen to study; she has plenty of wit and shrewd quaint humor; and she is never at a loss for something to say. She is a romp at heart, and loves a bit of hard flirting dearly. She is not very accomplished; but she knows arithmetic well, and thoroughly appreciates the value of money. There is generally something original about her; she has her own peculiar "notions" and eccentric ways of behaving in society. She always talks loud, as if she thought you were deaf, and always in haste, as if an express train waited for her just one minute and no more. She has a hearty appetite, and mixes the strangest condiments together. At her breakfast she breaks up four or five half-boiled eggs into a tumbler, and beats them violently into a sort of yellow mash, before she will taste them; and with these eggs she devours corn cakes, rolls, "molasses," toast, jam, bacon, fish, fowl, hominy, prunes, coffee, cream; often finishing with a plate of fruit and a tumbler of iced water. She usually has a lot of candy in her pocket, and eats it at all hours. She loves to sit in a rocking chair, in the heat of the sun or fire, munching candy and reading novels. She does not care for sewing or house-work; she considers it beneath her, and leaves it to the "help" or servants. She loves to display her small feet and hands—a peculiarity of American women. They occasionally glory in an instep, but this is seldom, their feet, as a rule, being small, narrow, thin and flat. But a foot of this kind can be made to look a tiny one under a well-fitting boot; therefore the American girl delights in boots and take in gloves, and spends the greater part of her pocket-money on these items. She dresses at Yewrope, but as yet she has not been there, and it glitters like a fairy vision in the distance. Paris and London she thinks of as places where ravishing toilettes may be purchased at moderate cost; and she pictures Italy as a land overflowing with romance and moonlight and filled with languishing lovers, all of them with big titles, and any of whom can be bought, titles and all, for a reasonable sum of money. She has half a dozen strings to her bow, in the shape of marriageable young men, who all hang about her like so many fish on a line, none of them certain of their fate, but all of them unwilling to spend a deal of cash in the meantime in order to remain in the good graces of their lady-love, who is generally provokingly indifferent to each and all of their claims. She only makes a few cool and collected business arrangements with them—such as letting them plainly understand that she will condescend to accept bonnets from one, shoes from another, gloves from another, furs from another, jewelry from another, and so forth; and she makes it clearly evident that she expects to receive such articles of dress as payment for permission to adore her.

She is a winning, very lively, and has a large amount of surface knowledge, which serves her in good stead when she desires to "come out strong" in conversation. The lingering affectation of innocent ignorance, so commonly practised by the English girl who is not sure of her ground, is utterly discarded by her American sister, who rushes headlong into any discussion, no matter how abstruse, and hazards remarks which are sometimes marvelously shrewd and clever, but oftener very shallow and absurd. But the American girl does not mind what she says, so long as she says something—to keep silence on any subject is insufferable torture to her. "Makes alive!" exclaimed a charmingly lovely Yankee belle to me one evening, "what are our tongues for, if we mayn't talk? Guess the English are a long way too solemn; they don't have more funerals than we do, say?" Absolute dignity of manner is unknown to the American girl. She learns deportment, of course—the result being that she holds her back extraordinarily stiff and straight, and carries her head very high; but the slow, gliding movement of a highly-bred French or Italian *grande dame* (for it must be confessed that the foreigners surpass the English in grace of bearing) is a thing that highly astonishes her, while it wins her reluctant admiration. She cannot walk slowly to save her life. She skims along the street like an important little water wagtail, very prettily, but always more or less fussily. She clings to the belief that stiffness of back constitutes elegance of carriage; ignoring, or, perhaps, not knowing, that the fine turn of a woman's waist and the supple curve of her back are charms that attract the painter's brush and the sculptor's chisel. She adores shops, and however wealthy she may be, she thoroughly enjoys buying cheap things, and boasting of the bargains she has made. She plays at the game