A LEGEND OF THE ROBIN.

Lucy E. Tilley in The Chautauquan.

One brown bird with red-tinged breast settles softly to its nest,
Built where, swaying to and fro, twigs of apple-blossoms blow.

Nature's sweetest rhymes are made in a gnarled old orchard's shade,
As white petals fluttering fall, rhyming with the robin's call.

When the Christ, old legends say, bore the woe of that last day,
Though forespent with anguish great, none His dying thirst would sate,

Then the silent air was stirred by the flight of brown-winged bird,
As in olive gardens nigh, it had caught His broken cry;

And from stilly Bethel pool, one sweet drop of water cool
In its beak the bird had caught, and with pitying love had brought.

Down it settled, softly down, past the bitter, thorny crown;
And to ease the fevered drouth, laid the cool drop on His mouth.

On its flight the brown bird's breast 'gainst the wounded hands was prest,
Ever since the red drop's stain o'er its tender heart has lain.

When the apple-blossoms stir, swift we hear the brown wings whir,
And the bird with red-tinged breast builds in all our hearts its nest.

NEW-YORK LIFE:

THE DOMESTIC MENAGERIE.

When a young couple settle down to matrimonial felicity in an apartment house, they inaugurate their reign by collecting a menagerie of domestic animals. George, that dear, unselfish fellow, is so afraid Tootoo will be lonely in his absence, that one evening he comes home carrying a square parcel, wrapped in brown paper, from which issues subdued rustlings and frightened chirps. The wrappings undone, George produces with deprecating pride a wicker cage containing a canary.

"He's a splendid singer," says George, setting the cage on the table, and standing to stare at the silent songster. "You ought to have heard him in the store! He fairly yelled. The man said it was the most powerful voice he had in the place."

That evening the purchase, over which George's Tootoo is in a twitter of pleasure, maintains a dignified silence. So much so that both George and Tootoo feel quite uneasy, and George, departing in the morning, says:

"If he doesn't sing to-day, Petty, I'll take him back and have him changed. There's no good having a candry unless he can sing."

Tootoo, George departed, stands her new treasure in the sun, and there, the comforting heat of the luminary penetrating to and warming the sources of song, the canary uplifts its clear, high pipe and shrills away, shaking out showers of liquid notes, till Tootoo is in a paroxysm of delight. In order to surprise George she goes forth with a great air of secrecy and spends all the silver in her purse on a cage of gilt wire, in which to enshrine the canary's melodious charms. Maria, the domestic, is to help in this rite, Maria's function being to hold the cage doors open, while, Tootoo, inserting her snowy hand, will clutch the captive and transfer him to his gilded abode. It sounds simple, but so agile is the songster, and so nervous does Maria become with holding open the two doors, that there is the most melancholy fiasco, and the canary, flashing through grasping hands, and between swinging cages, darts about the room, and in his excitement, raps his little cranium against all the looking glasses and pictures in turn.

The most thrilling chase then begins. The people in the other flats think that Tootoo is trying to eject Maria by force, and that they are having a desperate struggle. Mrs. Levy, on the floor above, having listened with her head in the dumb waiter and heard repeated thumpings and poundings, sounds of fleeing feet, and cries of "Now, Maria, run—run, I tell you," and Maria's choking and excited answers, calls to her eldest daughter Rachel, black-browed and delicately mustachioed:

"Rage-el, Rage-el, run down and lizzen at the door, and zee vot you gan 'ear."

Mrs. Tweedles, who has the apartment just across the hall, thinks sadly that it is the first quarrel.

"Poor little thing!" says she, raising her brows and shaking her head in gentle concern, "to begin so soon, and she so young!" and then comes a tremendous crash, the falling of a heavy body and the shivering of glass. Mrs. Tweedle rises in consternation, picturing the pretty Tootoo fleeing the missiles and menaces of the vengeful George. She steals out on the landing, and there sees Miss Rachel's buxom form, and looking up discerns Mrs. Levy, leaning over the bannisters, silhouetted against the blaze of the skylight, and hears Mrs Levy's strained whisper floating down.

"Rage-el, vots habbening now? Vot vos dat grash?"

Meantime in Tootoo's drawing-room there is a scene of carnage. Tootoo and Maria are in the full flush of pursuit. They look like a picture of the chase for pleasure treated allegorically. Before them, palpitating and distraught, flutters the canary, still feebly hammering the glasses with his head.

"Oh, what shall we do?" cried Tootoo in despair, sinking on a sofa, and looking gloomily up at the escaped captive, who has perched on a picture frame, where he steals a fearful rest, his yellow breast throbbing like water on the boil.

"I'll scare him again now, mum," says Maria, and mounts a chair, whence she flicks at the songster with a towel. In anguish, he spreads his pinions and sinks to the sofa. They fly in hot pursuit, uttering loud cries. Outside Mrs. Levy, Mrs. Tweedle, and Rachel turn and look at each other with compressed lips, and Mrs. Tweedle, ominously shaking her head, tries the door.

Maria it is who finally triumphs. She throws the towel, with the easy grace of a bandalero waving his red scarf, over the exhausted fowl, then falls prostrate with outspread hands and grasps him. He is safe. They gently empty him into the cage, where he crouches on the bottom, half dead. Tootoo, tearful and dishevelled, anxiously watches what she fears are his expiring agonies. In this attitude George returning early finds her. He again carries a square article done up in brown paper. Unfolding it another gilt wire cage is discovered. A moment of great consternation, till Tootoo has a bright idea.

"If it recovers we'll get it a mate, George, dearest, and we can take your cage for the young ones." George thinks this a very nice idea.

Canaries are stronger than they look. Tootoo's recovers with rapidity. Early the next morning the wonderful singer begins to run up the scale and go through various vocal exercises. As the sun rises higher, and the light streams into the parlor, his song bars to heights of ecstasy, garnished by the most brilliant execution. Then George, from his pillow, in a soft voice:

"Tootoo, are you asleep?" "No dear-I was-er-er-listening to the bird."

"So was I. He's a wonderful singer, isn't he?"

"Oh, wonderful! I never heard a finer."

A week later, George and Tootoo having enjoyed these matutinal concerts in unmurmuring silence, George says suddenly,

"Tootoo, are you awake?" Tootoo, very peevish, "Of course I am. How can I sleep with that bird making such a noise?" George, encouragingly, "Oh well we'll get used to him after a while. You see he's such a splendid singer."

But the very next morning the splendid singer having given a brilliant example of his prowess, George, flouncing over furiously, breaks out, in his savage, low voice with his teeth set,

"For Heaven's sake, Tootoo, kill that bird before to-morrow morning."

So the canary is moved into the kitchen, and when Tootoo suggests buying it a mate, George says something under his breath about "buying it a coffin," and tells her to give the cage to Maria's cousin.

The canary proving such a failure, Tootoo gets the next domestic animal herself. A tender heart has Tootoo, and one evening, seeing some boys easing a weak and sickly kitten, she buys it for a half a dollar. Tootoo is immensely pleased, George is touched by this evidence of her soft and sympathizing nature. When she brings home the poor, terrified little wretch, she gets it a saucer of milk, and watches it with maternal solicitude. Afterward she lets it burrow its cold, pink nose into the crook of her arm, and says to George as she tickles its ears with her pointed nails,

"It'll be such a nice pet, George. They say cats sometimes get to be very affectionate, especially these common cats."

But Fussy, so the wanderer is christened by her loving mistress, shows little affection. Her common and vulgar origin crops out at all points. Tootoo tries in every way to refine her, to teach the young idea how to shoot elegantly. She at first tries to wash her—all the well-educated animals that Tootoo has ever seen have had baths once a week—but over the first dip they have a stormy scene. Fussy, all kinny and wet, clings with her claws to the edge of the bath tub—purchased especially for her by the magnanimous Tootoo—and emits the most coarse and ill-bred howls. Then Tootoo, flushed and out of temper, with her sleeves rolled up, and her hair rumpled, seizes her in a soft, Turkish towel, and tries to rub her dry, when Fussy, slippery as an eel after her wetting, squirms and twists, thrusts out of the towel's soft folds a stiff, uncompromising, muscular leg, all claws spread, or her tail, lashing in frenzy, and sprinkling a shower of water drops over Tootoo's new wrapper. There is no more washing after this. Fussy riots in comfortable dinginess.

But Tootoo, still bent on refining this child of the gutter, tries a new form of attack, buys an orange ribbon and a silver bell and ties them round Fussy's neck. Poor Fussy, dejected, steals tinkling through the flat, her head hung in shame. Even when she tries to harmlessly wash down her sleek hide, that frightful noise continues, and her only comfort is to lie curled on the eider-down quilt on the foot of the bed. Mousing—there are no mice in the flat, so Fussy substitutes black-beetling—a most exciting sport—is out of the question. There is not a black beetle in the flat who doesn't know the warning note of Fussy's bell, as she, her yellow eyes gleaming, her pads soft falling as autumn leaves, creeps down upon them. All sport is over for Fussy; her life is spent in splendid misery.

When she finally succeeds in tearing off the badge of her shame, gentle Tootoo is hurt, picks it up and approaches her with musical, cooing sounds, intended to soothe and ingratiate. But the vulgar Fussy flees before her through the flat into the kitchen, on the table and then with one long bound to the gutter and away.

When Fussy reaches maturity and full growth, which she does with surprising rapidity, her vagrant instincts are more marked than ever. She constantly promenades, slowly and with sweeping tail, up and down on the gutter outside the window, to Tootoo's shame and disgust. She disappears and only returns at odd hours in the day. Her sleek fur, once Tootoo's joy, upon which she was wont to operate with a pair of George's old flesh brushes, has grown mangy and rough. Indeed, as this cherished pet sits in the kitchen window, languidly performing the matutinal bath, Tootoo acknowledges that she is a sadly common looking cat. No longer is she allowed to sleep on the eider-down quilt, even the sofa corner is denied her. And yet—a lasting wound in Tootoo's tender heart—the ingrate seems quite content. Tootoo feels that she has nurtured a serpent in her bosom and schools herself to feel no surprise at whatever the serpent may do.

One morning, Tootoo, sitting in the kitchen talking to Maria and pretending to make a cake, receives the expected surprise. Tootoo when she gets lonely often goes into the kitchen and talks to Maria, and Maria, being garrulous, tells her of her aunt in Jersey City, and her cousin in Hoboken, and, with much elephantine coyness, of her sweetheart, Dick. Dick has expectations from an aunt.

"Whin she dies," says Maria, discursively, "she's goin' to lave Dick forty thousand dollars."

"Forty thousand dollars! That's a great deal," says Tootoo, staggered. "Has she any children of her own?"

"Nine, and the twins dead," says Maria thoughtfully.

"And do you think that she will leave Dick as much as forty thousand?" asks Tootoo, insinuatingly, fearing that to state her doubts more positively would be rude.

"Ah, Mrs. Tomtit"—Tootoo's husband is a scion of the illustrious house of Tomtit—"she's that generous," and Maria looks at her mistress's charming face with a pitying smile.

Tootoo, feeling abashed before the lofty generosity of the working classes, is about to retire, when, lo! leaping lightly from the gutter to the window ledge, draggled, rusty, dirty, appears Fussy and a companion. Fussy enters first, she has the air of ushering, almost of introducing, her friend. She turns round and looks encouragingly at him, though he, for his part, seems quite composed. Upon meeting Tootoo's reproachful glance, she turns away her head and embarrassed licks her chops. This is her only sign of self-consciousness.

In silence, watched by mistress and maid, Fussy shows her friend all the choice spots, that snug, warm corner by the range, where you can lean against the broom and stretch deliciously, the part of the floor where the sunlight creeps across so warmly, the rug under the table, which is so soft and cosey, and off which Maria has an ugly trick of kicking you, especially in the evening, when she sits by the table writing to Dick, and in the agonies of composition rubbing nervously with her feet.

"Why, isn't that cunning of her," says Tootoo, breaking into vivacious admiration, "see, she's showing him all round. Doesn't that other cat look like her? perhaps it's her brother. Anyway they'll be nice companions.

The new cat remains and is christened Mussy. He is taciturn and sleeps all day, and does not endear himself to any one. Maria beats him with the broom-handle, and takes pleasure in sweeping him out with the dust, but he doesn't seem to mind anything. One day Fussy disappears. Tootoo is worried, and during the long, lonely day hunts for her lost darling. She knows some boys have taken her and drowned her. Absence casts such a glamour over Fussy that her vulgarities, her passion for low associates, are forgotten, only her virtues remembered.

In the height of Tootoo's grief George comes home and suggests a walk, it will cheer her. So Tootoo, pleased at the idea, goes to the cupboard to hunt for George's rubbers and gropes about in the dark. Suddenly George hears a terrible shriek, and casting away pipe and magazine, bursts open the portiere, to see Tootoo leap on the bed and there cower behind the footboard.

"My angel," he cries breathless, "what has happened?"

"Oh, George something awful's in the cupboard. I felt it. It's soft and warm and moves. I put my hand on it."

"A rat," says George, the valiant, and goes out in the hall for his heavy-headed cane and gloves. He also puts on his hat, "in case it might fly at my head," he explains. Striking a match he goes forth to battle. He stands, close pressed against the side of the cupboard, so as to give the creature time to escape, and as it flies he will hit it a good blow. Holding the match low, he lets its feeble light fall into the cupboard, and there, with a melancholy mew, gaunt and haggard, rises Fussy out of his soft felt travelling hat, and reveals a nest of curled up kittens.

One only is left to cultivate in Fussy the maternal instinct. He is called Absalom, and replaces Fussy in Tootoo's heart, for Absalom, at an early age, shows the effects of the refining influences brought to bear on his degenerate mother. Absalom is an aristocratic cat. He doesn't care for play, and he never promenades on the gutter. He walks languidly through the flat, and lets the black beetles, unmolested, wend their stealthy, scuttling flight between his very paws. He wears his mother's discarded bell and orange ribbon with an air, and has enough languor to furnish forth an army of chappies. Tootoo loves him extravagantly, and pampers him until, by strange manifestations on his part, it becomes apparent that he is afflicted with fits.

The first time he had one Tootoo and George were in the drawing-room waiting for dinner. A great rushing in the next room heralded Absalom's boisterous approach. Through the portieres he burst, to dash madly round the room, leap on to chairs, dodge under tables, climb clawing and scratching up the curtain, and then fly round and round, to finally dash behind the screen, and there lie perdu.

"Well," cries Tootoo, in raptures, as Absalom's tail disappears. "Isn't he getting to be playful? Did you ever see such spirits?"

George, recognizing a foreign quality in the spirits, a suggestion of artificial stimulus in Absalom's gyrations, peers cautiously behind the screen, to discover Absalom limp and exhausted, looking as if he could die of a rose in aromatic pain.

After that he has fits quite often and frightens poor Tootoo almost to death. He reduces fitting to an art and his attacks of the muse grow daily more daring. Once he ran out of the door and tarew himself violently down into the lower hall. Tootoo and Maria carried him up on the sofa cushion, where he lay in a fainting condition all the afternoon, while Tootoo held a wet cloth to the base of his brain. This wet cloth was Tootoo's best remedy. The doctor told her always to apply it, and it would check the fit. Unfortunately Absalom, sickening for what Maria called "one of his spazzums," objected intensely to human society, and the approach of Tootoo bearing a soaked handkerchief on more than one occasion precipitated the "spazzum," and caused him to fly with savage suddenness straight for Tootoo's feet.

The worst one he had was on that eventful evening when Tootoo gave her first dinner. It was to Rosebud, a school friend of Tootoo; and George, to balance the table, invited his illustrious kinsman, Tommy Tomtit. With two such social luminaries to grace the board Tootoo was both pleased and agitated. Everything must and should be perfect. It would never do to let Rosebud and Tommy say she had fallen "out of the swim" since her marriage. She and Maria were busy a day ahead. With her own hands she brought from restaurateurs far across town delicacies wrapped in brown paper and cardboard boxes. Little partridges, with their round, puffy breasts stabbed with stilettos of fat, and their hollow insides stuffed with truffles, pasty patties with holes in the top into which you poured highly spiced good things. She took out all her wedding silver and cut glass, rubbed them with chamois, and heaped them high with sugary delicacies. She and George poured wines—both red and yellow—into the beautiful decanters Uncle Erastus gave her, which, on the table, blazed like monstrous gems. When George came home and she proudly showed him the table, all gleaming under the candles, with glass and silver, satiny damask, and the napkin in the centre richly embroidered in silky dropping roses, he was overwhelmed with pride in his clever Tootoo. Tootoo herself, all delicious expectation, put on her lace dress, with the diamond star George had given her fastening the velvet around her neck.

Well, everything went off beautifully. Rosebud was charmed and charming, Tommy was gracious, Maria looked quite stylish and you would never have guessed the terrible excitement she was in, if it had not been for her cheeks, which were purple, and looked as if, had you stuck a pin into them, the blood would have spurted out and struck the opposite wall. All was jovial and easy, conversation sparkled, and Tootoo was in the seventh heaven, when that wretched Absalom spoiled everything. Maria had gone into the kitchen and closed the door. Suddenly it burst open, and her voice, loud, strident, terrified, filled the air:

"S'and from under there—Absalom's got a spazzum."

There was a crashing and rattling in the kitchen, a white thing flashed through the doorway and under the table, where it circled around furiously. Rosebud stood on her chair screaming. Tootoo, pale as a spirit, had just enough presence of mind left not to stand up, but she drew up her feet and sat on them. George and Tommy caught their heels over the top rung of their chairs and stared at each other, while, tearing, scratching, uttering agonizing mews, banging into the chair legs with a force which caused the whole chair to vibrate, round and round went the blighted Absalom, ventre a terre.

That was the end of him. Soon after he died, choosing as a place of sepulchre, the corner of the drawer in which Tootoo kept her laces. Here she found his body, curled up, stiff and cold, and watering it with her tears, put it in an empty bonbonniere. She couldn't bury it in the courtyard of the flat, as it was all paved, so with many tears and injunctions she intrusted it to Maria, who was to bury it in the garden of the cousin in Hoboken.

"You say there are rose trees in her garden, Maria," she said gloomily, "bury him under one of them, my poor Absalom!"

Maria promised, while Absalom's parents looked on with languid interest.

To George in the evening Tootoo told her melancholy tale, adding:

"I'm glad I gave it to Maria, George; those simple, uneducated people are so much more faithful and obliging."

Meanwhile Maria, on the Hoboken ferryboat, had softly cleared the bonbonniere of its wrappings, and taking a coup d' oeil of her fellow passengers, opened it and precipitated the mortal remains of Absalom into the unfeeling bosom of the river.

TRAVELLING ON THE BRIDGE.

SOME DISAGREEABLE FEATURES IN THE DAY TIME—THE TRUSTEES' NEGLECT.

"The railroad across the East River Bridge," says a Brooklynite, who has made use of the structure almost every day since it was opened, five years ago, "ought to be one of the pleasantest bits of road in the country to ride on. It is perfectly smooth and straight, and the cable gives a uniform motion that is agreeable. Yet the only satisfactory time to cross the bridge is at night. That probably surprises you, but you will see why it is so when I explain what I have in mind. You see, the railroad runs between the trusses of the bridge and so the light is constantly broken as the train moves along. This is excessively disagreeable, and it is extremely trying to the eyes. To read under these circumstances subjects the eyes to a strain that no one with due regard for his eyesight can approve. Lights and shadows chase one another over your paper or book in the most bewildering and confusing fashion. This is especially the case when the sun is shining brightly, but the conditions are the same at any time during daylight. Everybody who has crossed the river in a bridge train will remember and understand what I say. There is no way of escaping from this play of light and shadow. If you shut your eyes you have hardly bettered the matter. Unless you have eyelids much more opaque than mine, you will not be able to shut out the unpleasant effect. I have tried it many times and always find myself seeing that constant change from light to shadow almost as clearly as if I had my eyes wide open. I can conceive of no way of preventing this with the present bridge, but I hope when another is built the railroad will be placed on top of the trusses, and not between them. This, I see, is the way approved by an eminent engineer who has been describing the building of a railroad; he says that the tracks should always be placed on the top chords of the trusses and that a great many serious accidents have been caused by not following this rule, the train being thrown from the track by a broken wheel, striking against and knocking down a brace and thus precipitating the whole structure into the river.

"So, as I said, the only time to cross the Brooklyn Bridge by rail is at night, when, of course, nothing of the disagreeableness which I have mentioned is experienced. The trip in the evening would be satisfactory in all ways if the cars were well lighted. They are so early in the evening, but later on the oil seems to get low and the lamps burn dimly. This is a matter that could be easily made right, if the Bridge authorities thought it worth while to attend to it. But they seem to have little, if any, regard for the comfort of their passengers. If the trustees attended to their duties properly, or if the Bridge was run by a private corporation, we should see a different state of things. It is a great pity that the only transportation enterprise ever engaged in by the community is not so constructed as to serve as a model for private companies, instead of being so far behind what it ought to be. Those people who believe that the State should do everything, can hardly get much comfort for their theories from the manner in which this great and costly bridge has been managed."

NO MORE BOGUS YANKEE CLOCKS.

From The Jewellers' Weekly.

A clock manufacturer says: "The workings of the English Merchandise Marks act, which went into effect last August throughout Great Britain, are for the good of the clock trade in many ways. Your journal has already touched upon the benefit which the watch manufacturer reaps under it, and now let me tell you how the clock manufacturer profits.

"Under the new law we are obliged plainly to stamp on every clock 'United States of America'; the law is liberal in this respect, however, and we may use the letters U. S. A. As we already put our trademark on every clock we manufacture, we are having our dies changed only by the addition of these three letters, and will put the trademark and the U. S. A. on every clock hereafter whether intended for export or not. This compulsory designation of the timepiece's birthplace is the stumbling block of the imitator, and, of course, benefits us proportionately, as you will soon see.

"A manufacturer who made any reasonably good imitation of our clocks, leaving out, say, a letter or two in the maker's name on the dial, found a ready market for his goods in London. The biggest swindles in this respect were in Black Forest goods, which were sold as of our make. The word Germany, which must now appear on every one of those clocks, will be rather a damper on their little schemes, won't it?

"Do we have much trouble with imitators? I should say so. I've seen imitations of a certain kind of our clocks where close inspection of the exterior was necessary to detect the fraud. The Japanese, however, are the most impudent counterfeiters. They copied the clock exactly; case, metal, hands, dial, our name in full, everything apparently perfect, but still it wouldn't sell. Why? Well, the movement was a little too difficult for them to imitate, I suppose, and their clock didn't go."

INTERVIEWING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

From The Philadelphia Call.

I tell you the live newspaper man is going to get there, if there is any there to be got at. I met one on Chestnut-st. yesterday. I don't know how he felt, and I didn't ask him, for I have a yard-wide doubt regarding his acquaintance with the truth; but he didn't look well. In fact, if he had been drawn through a barbed-wire fence and then rubbed on a giant nutmeg grater, he couldn't have shaped up worse.

"I look pretty, don't I?" he said.

"I've seen you looking better," was my non-committal reply.

"I'll tell you how it was," he continued, taking me into a doorway and sinking his rather husky voice to a mysterious whisper. "You remember Gass, the balloonist, who took a tumble the other day and is now in Heaven—or somewhere else?"

I nodded.

"Well, I went up with him. When we reached some 4,000 feet he fell out. I saw a chance for a story, and wasn't going to get left. I went over with him. Being the heavier man I overtook him, and began to interview him about his sensations while in transit earthward, but what do you think the mean cuss did?"

"Give it up."

"Wouldn't open his mouth all the way down."

"And you didn't get the interview?"

"No. When we landed he was so affected that he couldn't speak, and I felt too tired myself to urge the matter. Say, you haven't a quarter about you that you don't want until to-morrow, have you?"

There is much dry humor in Father McGlynn. The decline of the labor cause he regards only as the lull which takes place in "all great movements."

The Mugwumps are suffering from insomnia.

It's all very fine to say Fred May, but Policeman McGowan says Fred may not.

The Giants may have the power, but how magnanimously they refuse to use it.

Mayor Hewitt is said to have lost Commissioner Coleman's letter of resignation.

IN THE CHURCH PORCH.

SUMMER RESORT CHRISTIANITY.

Summer resort Christianity is sui generis. It cannot properly be called a religion; neither can it be called a social usage. And yet these two conceptions melt into each other by so many delicate gradations that it is impossible to separate them. Some people take a very scanty supply of Christianity with them in the summer, and yet as likely as not they are the very ones who will make an unending amount of pother about it. They demand the chief seats in the stages that convey the church-goers to the place of service; they bustle into the little rural church as though they owned it, and perhaps comment audibly after being seated on the meanness of the surroundings. They drop a nickel into the little wooden box with a blase air, which can only be acquired by long practice in the city at transient services where they are not known. And having thus vindicated their Christian character, they go back to the hotel and spend the rest of the week in making mean remarks about the pagans who didn't go. Alas for these unhappy wretches, if they have in any way incurred the enmity of the church-goers, their criminal heathenism will be so thoroughly exposed that they will wish they had never been born.

Of course the reader will understand that all the Christians at the summer resorts are not of this type. There are in every summer hotel people, both Roman Catholics and Protestants, who modestly and consistently live up to their creed. If the former, they quietly steal away to early mass at some little humble chapel, and are back again before the average guest is ready for his late Sunday breakfast. Protestants, indeed, are not always so urgent in their desire to go to church when at a summer resort; the men especially are quite apt to spend the day in innocuous lounging and smoking. But even so, a strain of religious feeling may be easily detected under this indifferent exterior. Many of these men who have good-naturedly refused to go to church with the women, and who spend the morning smoking and reading on the piazza, give largely in support of churches and missions and all kinds of philanthropic enterprises. Don't therefore class these sturdy American non-church-goers with the polished and cynical infidels of Europe who refuse to go to church with their wives and daughters. Don't be too hard on them for taking it easy for a few weeks in summer. Maybe they are technically out of order. But you may be sure that their hearts are all right. And when they get home they will listen to their pastor with renewed interest on account of this rest.

If a summer hotel is in a village where there are several churches of different denominations, the guests at once become objects of solicitous interest to all the local pastors, who, aided and abetted by their people, devise all sorts of legitimate schemes to make the money of the said guests flow freely into the church coffers. And I must say that I heartily sympathize with the local pastors in their efforts in this direction. It is a legitimate case of spoiling the Egyptians. As a rule the people who go to our summer resorts are abundantly able to contribute liberally to the support of these summer churches. That many of them do not do so is due to a mistaken notion that they are only called upon to support their own church. As if the summer church was not their own while they worship in it! But the summer resort pastor is a keen reader of human nature, and, from long practice, knows just how to appeal to all who by any stretch of courtesy may be included in his spiritual flock. A plan much in vogue is to get up a fair, or a Dickens party, or a lawn party. Even amateur theatricals or tableaux are sometimes resorted to by more liberal-minded church people. As many prominent guests of the hotels as possible are persuaded to take part in the entertainment; and prettily dressed little girls are armed with tickets which they industriously sell in the hotels. Of course no one refuses to buy at least one ticket, and many good-natured men will take fifteen or twenty. Thus the church lengthens her bonds and strengthins her stakes with the help of the children of darkness.

When religious services are held on Sunday in the parlors of a summer hotel, the proprietor naturally and necessarily assumes important semi-religious functions. He is a judicious combination of sexton, senior warden, deacon, presiding elder, moderator and archbishop. Whatever his private attitude toward the churches, individually or collectively, may be, he is officially their friend, patron and promoter. No judge on the bench could be more judicially impartial in his treatment of all sects than the summer landlord. And yet his impartiality is so tinged with a warm friendliness for your special denomination, as he talks with you in private, that you are at once flattered and delighted. It is true that you cannot get him to say anything disparaging about the denominations which you don't happen to like—he is too wise for that—but, from his manner you infer that if it were proper, he would publicly proclaim his enthusiastic belief in your creed. Indeed you are sometimes tempted to believe, while you are thinking of keeping your expensive suite four weeks longer, that the landlord may throw prudence to the winds and issue a manifesto proclaiming your church the official religion of the hotel. But, by a heroic effort, he holds himself in, and the more worldly-wise policy of general toleration continues in force.

I don't want to be understood as criticising the landlord for this. In being friendly to all churches without unduly favoring any he is in the strict line of his duty. He is reflecting the attitude of the State toward religion; nay, without knowing it perhaps, he is following the example of the great Apostle to the Gentiles, who declared that he was all things to all men. But like all diplomats he sometimes has to turn pretty sharp corners, and does not always succeed in pleasing everybody. This is especially so when there are two or three clergymen of different denominations in the house, each one of whom has friends or admirers among the guests who want to hear him preach. A couple of seasons ago I was in a summer hotel where some such complication arose. When the season opened there was only one clergyman in the house, a young man of considerable ability who was the pastor of a Presbyterian church in a country town. He came with a very wealthy family who attended his church—indeed, he was their guest—and, as a matter of course, was invited by the landlord to officiate in the parlor on Sunday morning. So far all was plain sailing. But pretty soon there arrived an eminent Episcopal clergyman, and the Episcopalians in the house at once went to the landlord to press the claims of their co-religionist as the officiating clergyman for the next Sunday. The landlord replied that doubtless the matter could be easily arranged. He would speak to the young Presbyterian divine who would, he was sure, be glad to yield one or two Sundays to his Episcopal brother. This proved to be the case, and the landlord at once tacked up a notice in the office announcing that the Rev. Dr. Surplice would conduct Episcopal services next Sunday. But as soon as he did this he found that he had stepped into the liviest kind of a hornet's nest. The Presbyterian family already referred to were furious at the alleged slight put upon their pastor. It so happened that the Episcopal Church was their particular bete noir; in fact they regarded it as little better than the "scarlet woman." Moreover, aside from their theological prepossessions, they were somewhat cantankerous anyway, and claimed that the landlord had promised that their pastor should officiate during the whole of his stay in the hotel. They declared roundly that if this promise was not kept they would at once pack up and leave. And as they paid $400 a week, this threat was particularly terrifying to the poor landlord. In his desperation he made a bad break. He proposed that the two clergymen should conduct the service together, and arrange between themselves which of them should preach.

Even if this compromise had been satisfactory to the Presbyterian contingent—which it wasn't—it could not possibly have been accepted by the Episcopalians. An ordained priest stand on an equality with a man-made minister! An ambassador of the only true Church recognize, even indirectly, the mouthpiece of a mere sect! Never! At the very thought the Episcopal contingent, which was large and influential, rose in arms and attacked the wretched landlord hip and thigh. At first many of them had not cared very much about having an Episcopal service in a secular hotel parlor; but since an issue on the question had been made between the Church and a sect, they would have the Episcopal service or perish in the attempt. Little informal indignation meetings of Episcopal matrons and maids were held on the piazza after breakfast, and it was unanimously voted in substance if not in words:

First, That the saints must and shall inherit the earth. Secondly, That we are the saints. Thirdly, That the Presbyterians are real mean, and Fourthly, That Dr. Surplice is just too lovely for anything. Thus the lines of battle were drawn for the conflict. But as to the result nothing was clear except that the unfortunate landlord was certain to come out at the little end of the horn, no matter which party won. As for the two clergymen, they could do nothing except counsel forbearance; but the theological blood of their followers was up and they would listen to no advice. They would either gain their point or leave the hotel. But before the dogs of war were finally let loose, the young Presbyterian minister executed a movement which left his followers no excuse for war. He received a letter calling for his presence in his parish on account of sickness, and left before the fateful Sunday arrived. So the Episcopal clergyman preached to the great delight of every "churchman" in the hotel.

Perhaps you think that the Presbyterians stayed away from the service. On the contrary, most of them went; but I fear they went in a critical rather than in a worshipful spirit. Indeed one uncompromising Presbyterian dame was heard to say that the Episcopal service was only the mass in English; and of course therefore was not Christian. For that reason she doubted the propriety of spending the Sabbath morning in such an irreligious way; but she would be sitting in the parlor anyhow, and she wasn't going to let Romish mummeries drive her out. And she didn't either, but came in early, arranged the most comfortable chair in such a way that she could see the whole "show," although in so doing she spoiled the symmetry of one of the aisles which the landlord was trying to form; and during the whole service attempted to shrivel Dr. Surplice with a stony stare of more than usual stoniness. Of course after the service the Presbyterians who were present showed conclusively how poor and weak it all was. The vain repetitions of printed prayers, the false doctrines imbedded in them, and the cheerful optimism of the short sermon, all came in for stern rebuke and criticism. Professor Shields, of Princeton, has been recently telling us all what a mere bagatelle is the difference between Presbyterianism and Episcopacy. I respectfully call his attention to this little incident and others like it, which go to show that the old historic feud between the Roundhead and the Cavalier is still alive.

The clerk, that centre of power and authority around whom the life of a summer hotel revolves, is usually charged with the duty of getting the chairs out of the dining-room for the service. He in turn holds a council of war with the head waiter, who is directed to have his army in readiness to make the attack at a given signal. Prayer books or hymn books are produced from some closet and piled upon the piano. The leader of the orchestra who has been asked to take charge of the music is making up a programme, aided by the first violinist and the famous opera singer, Madame Apollo, who is spending a Sunday in the hotel, and who has kindly consented to sing. The leader is somewhat rusty on church music—he leads the orchestra in an opera bouffe theatre in this city, and is wildly asking for the "Doctor" to help him out. Meanwhile, the Doctor is quietly eating his breakfast, and is wondering perhaps whether he will have time to smoke a cigar before the service. Madame Apollo determines that she will sing a gushing sentimental hymn to a well-known operatic air, which she is confident will take the house by storm. The leader has no objections personally, but fears that the "church head lights," as he calls them, might not like it. Madame, however, insists, and the decoction is put down as a "prelude." A familiar hymn is then underscored to be used wherever the Doctor will let it come in. And then somewhere around the sermon Madame Apollo is to sing her chef d'ouvre, an elaborate and florid solo more or less religious, with a violin obligato and chorus effects. Meanwhile, the waiters, under the command of the head waiter, and Pat, the porter, are bringing in the chairs. Pat is heard in a loud aside calling out to his assistant, Mike, through an open window of the parlor: "Mollie, is this a Baptish service, I dunno; hadn't ye bether bring in the ould watherin' pot from the gyarden?" Pat, having heard that a distinguished Baptist divine is to preach, is bound to have his joke, which is appreciated by a listening Baptist brother, who gives him a quarter and a cigar for his wit. The service is a great success. Madame Apollo distinguishes herself; so does the preacher. Both are heard and appreciated by the row of men who sit on the piazza and who thoroughly enjoy this way of going to church. After it is over the spoony young men and maidens straggle off under the trees and arrange the details of the next tennis tournament. The matrons retire to their rooms to get ready for the Sunday dinner, and the men swarm on the piazza to talk about the prospects of the wheat crop and the latest turn in politics. The hotel has paid its homage before the shrine of religion and the concerns of the present hour again loom up as the great realities.

THE GIRLS OF LONG AGO.

From The Utica Observer.

The Delta Kappa Epsilon Fraternity of Hamilton College last night formally opened their new Chapter House. At the banquet, Professor A. P. Kelsey, '56, of Clinton, presided. Among the guests was A. Miner Griswold, '59, "Fat Contributor," Editor of "Texas Siftings," who responded to the toast, "The Girl We Left Behind Us" in the following strain:

Mr. President and Brother Delos: The toast you have assigned me is one that touches a very tender chord in my heart. I have always felt sorry for the girls we left behind us. It seemed cruel at the time, but how could we help it? Circumstances were such that we couldn't possibly take them along—we had to leave them behind us. I think I promised three or four to come back for them in the spring or early autumn, but I was too busy for several years to attend to it, and after that—well, I was afraid my wife might not like it. I met one of the girls we left behind us in the street to-day. That is, I thought I did. The same soft, brown eyes, the same sweet, sunny smile.

"Is it possible," I said, "that I behold Miss Sally Jones?"

"That was my mother's name," she smiled, "before she was married. I am married now, and I have named my baby after ma."

Great heavens! The girl I left behind me was a grandmother!

I told the young lady who I was, and she said she had often heard her mother speak of me as one she used to know a great many years ago. Then I asked about the girls I used to know, and what had become of them. I found that some, alas, were dead. Others, who were married, wished they were dead. Some, who were widows, had lovers seeking for their hands. Others, not yet widows, were seeking for divorces.

Oh, those seminary girls of long ago—how we did regret leaving them behind us—except one poor fellow who eloped with one of them. He has regretted all his life that he didn't leave her behind with the rest of them.

But we had to go and leave them. Fate beckoned us on. And, in some cases, the faculty urged us to go. Were we too blame, then, for temporarily forgetting the debts—I mean the girls we left behind us? Why, some of us had to leave our trunks!

A rare collection of girls they were, gentlemen, as I recall them now. Tall, willowy girls; short, plump girls; black-eyed girls that made us blue, and blue-eyed girls that we were ready to take a black eye for any time; fair complexioned girls, brown girls, Smith girls, girls with auburn hair, and girls who, not being able to match their own hair in Auburn, were compelled to buy it in Utica or Syracuse. In fact there was about every kind of girl then that there is now, except the tailor-made girl, who seems to be altogether a modern creation. Still, the latter has points in her favor. While the girl I so tenderly recall possessed virtue, beauty, intelligence and many engaging ways, I must admit that she somehow lacked the get-up—in fact she hadn't the bustle of the girl of to-day.

No, brothers of the olden times, we must confess that in comparison with the tailor-made girl of to-day, the girl we left behind us had very little left behind her.

Still we remember her with tenderness and respect, and let us all join in a bumper to the girls of long ago.

GOOD HORSES FOR LADIES.

From The Washington Star.

There is no "lady's horse" really, as any good horse is as much suited to a skilled lady rider as to a man. Still, it is thought (by an English writer on horsemanship) "a horse exceeding fifteen hands two inches in height" ought not to be selected. The reason certain horses are not apart for ladies is because ladies do not usually enjoy one that trots, though some English ladies do, and in England ladies ride horses that leap fences and ditches, as they must to take part in fox hunting. A horse that is ridden often or always by a lady is commonly despised by an expert gentleman rider, on account of its easy-gaitedness. What is curious is that horses so used do not last so long as those ridden by gentlemen, "the difference being accounted for by the contant use of the off leg in the canter." Give a lady, then, a rather small horse. If she becomes a trained rider her voice and hand will be as effective with the animal as a man's. Some horses who will not stand a man's handling at all are at once obedient to feminine control. It is something of an art to mount and dismount a horse on the part of a woman. I don't know how common horse-blocks are in England, but mounting from and dismounting to the ground are there the usual way. But the woman, to do this, needs a groom. As a groom sim