

ON MUSIC.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Many love music but for music's sake;
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half
Dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

A RUMMAGE SALE.

From The Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mamselle was waiting at the foot of the stairs when George Gilbert came down. Her little black eyes behind her glasses were dancing merrily, her little lace cap was perched at a more acute angle on her gray curls. There was a letter in her hand, and she shook it beneath George Gilbert's rather prepossessing nose.

"Aha!" she cried in her vivacious way, "you cannot guess. Never, never! It is from my niece, Hortense. She lives in Grenoble. Her husband is an advocate, a lawyer. And what do you think?"

George Gilbert shook his head. It was quite too difficult a problem.

"I cannot think so soon after rising," he laughed.

"For shame!" cried Mamselle. "Such a great, lazy fellow. It is almost the noon. But never mind, I will tell you. My niece has invited me to visit her. Invited me to visit her! In Grenoble—in France. And I have not been there since I was a child. Is it not fine of her?"

She looked at George Gilbert with her head very much on one side. "I should so love to go," she softly said.

"And why not?" quoth George.

"You know very well why not," said Mamselle. "It is the money—always the money. I have just enough to keep me here—to keep me from flying away to the stars, and it doesn't take much. But, there!"

"I am quite forgetting," said Mamselle, with a sudden change of voice. "I have such a nice bowl of the consommé for you. Ah! no one can make the soup like the French. Come."

She led him into the little dining room, and sat by him nodding and chirruping, and watching with keen delight as he disposed of the simple refreshment.

"And now," she said, "it is proper that on this very grand occasion we drink the toast to my niece, Hortense, wife of the advocate of Grenoble, who has brought a day of sunshine into the lone life of her old aunt." She turned to the sideboard and brought forth a bottle and two tiny glasses. "It is a very old cordial," she said. "It was my dear father's. Oh, such a flavor! It was sent him from Paris."

George Gilbert raised his glass.

"Here's to Mamselle," he said in his cheery way. "May her native land never cause her to forget her adopted one."

Mamselle wiped her eyes.

"It is a very nice toast, George Gilbert," she said.

As George walked down to the office of "The Vanguard" he smiled as he recalled Mamselle's little serio-comedy. She was a dear old lady, and George, remembering her many kindnesses, fervently wished it was in his power to gratify her longing to go abroad. George was her only lodger. He had come from the country two years before, a raw and friendless lad, and in his search for a cheap lodging had paused before Mamselle's neat little cottage, and finally ventured to ring the bell. It was answered by Mamselle herself, who listened to his query in absolute silence, with her little black eyes fastened on the lad's face. And while he talked she slowly shook her head.

"Yes," she said, her head still shaking out negative answers, "yes, I fancy I can accommodate you. At least, there is a room. Will you see it? This way."

It was an attractive room in the front of the second story, airy, scrupulously clean and neatly furnished. And the price was so reasonable that George closed the bargain at once.

"You have the honor to be my first lodger," Mamselle had said with a little courtesy and a bright smile.

"It is indeed an honor," remarked George and made her his best bow.

"You owe it to your honest face," said Mamselle.

"I will do my utmost to retain Mamselle's good opinion," remarked Master George.

It was the title Mamselle that really fetched her. George couldn't have pleased her better. From the moment he called her Mamselle they were mutually admiring friends.

It was a lucky impulse that took George up to Mamselle's doorstep. The house was convenient, the accommodations were perfect. Added to these were many personal favors from Mamselle. A dainty tidbit for his luncheon, a cup of coffee awaiting him in the early morning. As George climbed higher in "The Vanguard" staff, his salary might have warranted removal to a more fashionable locality. But he never dreamed of such a thing.

When he let himself into the house at 1 o'clock the next morning a light from the parlor told him that Mamselle was still up.

"Come in, George Gilbert," she called; "come in and see why I stay from my bed. I am reading some of my father's letters. I have been thinking of France all day, and so I bring out my father's old letters and they bring France to me. It is your misfortune that you did not know my father. He was a grand gentleman. He left his dear France for reasons political. For many years he taught here the French language. He had fine friends. See, these are his letters. The three here are from M. Thiers. There is one from M. Cupvier. This is from M. Lamartine. And see. Here is a letter commending my father for his efforts for the advancement of science. Can you read the signature? It is Louis Philippe."

George Gilbert's eyes sparkled.

"Have you many of these autographs, Mamselle?" he asked.

"This packet," she answered. "And there may be more in the storeroom among my father's old books."

"Mamselle," said George Gilbert, quite solemnly, "I think you will go to Paris yet."

Mamselle laughed as she drew the letters together.

"I think," she said, "that you will soon go to bed." She laughed again. "What would I do with all this old rubbish here if I went away? Perhaps I could rent the house furnished, but no one would want the ancient accumulations lying about and taking up so much space. There is a storeroom full of these old souvenirs. But listen to me. I am borrowing trouble that will never come."

"Mamselle," said George, "if I agree to rise an hour earlier to-morrow morning will you show me your storeroom?"

Mamselle looked at him with a wondering smile.

"I shall be most happy to do so," she said. "But you are quite sure to forget all about it. Good night."

"Good night, Mamselle."

George was up at the time he had named, much to Mamselle's surprise, and when he had partaken of a bowl of bouillon she escorted him to the rear room of the second story, the storeroom about which he was so curious.

"There," said Mamselle, as she flung open the blinds of the solitary window, "there is your rubbish. How much am I offered for the lot? Going, going—ah, but nobody bids."

She laughed, and industriously flitted a feather duster at suspected coatings of dust.

George looked around. There was an ancient mahogany desk, with a little bookcase upon it, there was a queer old writing table with strange carved claws, there was a high backed chair with grotesque carvings, there was a screen with an elaborate frame. Then there was a long shelf full of books.

George picked up one of them and turned to the title page. The inscription startled him.

"To my fighting friend in the vanguard of science," and the signature below it was "Victor Hugo."

George picked up another book. It was a faithful work on the French stage, a limited edition of but sixty copies, and this copy was No. 43 and had been the property of Frederic Lemaître—there was his name and the date. George seized another volume, and another and another. They were all rare, some of them very rare, and each bore a famous name. George's fingers trembled as he looked the little collection through.

"Mamselle," he said, "I am very well satisfied with the rubbish. May I consider the rummage sale as a settled fact?"

"What is a rummage sale?" queried Mamselle.

"It is a sale of old rubbish that accumulates in storerooms or attics. When you decide to have the rummage sale you bring down the rubbish and dust it off and put prices on each article. Then you let your friends know when the sale is to take place."

"Ah, but I have no friends to notify," said Mamselle.

"If your rubbish finds friends, that will be quite enough," said George. "And you will let me dispose of these things—and a few of the letters?"

"Why not?" said Mamselle. "I have little of the sentiment. Besides, there will always be other things to remind me of my dear father. Take what you will. Oh, but it is not to be an auction, with a red flag and the man with the loud voice, George Gilbert?"

"No, no, Mamselle," George hastily replied. "It will be the sale of a private collection. Only those who are invited will attend, and there will be no crowd and no noise."

"Very well," said Mamselle. "I leave it all in your hands. Ah, but again, you will not require me to stand by and say, 'This is genuine,' and 'This is the real thing,' and have people look at me and think, 'Ah, the poor old lady, sacrificing her family treasures; we must buy her rubbish through charity?'"

"No, no," laughed George. "There must be no reference to you in any way. You need not appear at all. I will attend to everything. Trust in me, Mamselle."

"You will be the man with the loud voice?" said Mamselle. "The going-going-gone man?"

"There will be no necessity for a man with a loud voice, Mamselle," laughed George. "I expect your rubbish to speak for itself. And now let us fix upon the day."

George was a particularly busy man during the next week. He worked all the harder because it was a labor of love. He took a half hour here and there, and every half hour was made to count for the best there was in it. One of Mamselle's precious books gave him material for a highly interesting article for the Sunday edition, and he used clippings of this to advertise the collection. He prepared a short type-written letter announcing a private rummage sale of rare furniture and books and autographs. He sent copies of this circular, over his own name, to the leading collectors of the city. He sent a longer letter, in which he entered more into details, to the Book Club, asking that it be posted on the club bulletin. All these people knew him, or knew of him, and he felt sure they would understand that he would not lend his name to any unworthy project.

The contents of the storeroom were carefully arranged in the parlor, which luckily happened to be the largest room in the house, with the books and autographs displayed on tables. It was a little crowded, but George did not expect many callers. When all was ready he invited in an expert collector, a leading authority in the Book Club, and asked him to go over the collection and fix what might be considered a fair price for each article.

Mamselle persisted in regarding the proposed transaction as a whimsical and entirely unsubstantial affair. To her the old furniture and the dingy books and the yellow letters were but valueless rubbish. "Poor

George, he work so hard," she would say. "But he enjoy it, too."

And so on the afternoon of the sale Mamselle, with a farewell look to see that no fleck of dust had escaped her sharp little eyes, withdrew to the inner part of the house, leaving George in sole possession, and was seen no more until all was over.

Men and women came and went, carriages rolled up and away, there was the constant buzz of eager voices, but Mamselle in her culinary retreat paid no heed.

There were not many callers, but there were more than George had anticipated. There might have been forty in all, and each was a buyer with a fad. Where the fads happened to clash there was a lively competition, much to George's delight. And another thing that pleased him especially was the fact that each caller took him by the hand and thanked him for conferring the favor of a view of the ancient treasures.

When it was all over and the last article had been sold to the last caller George sat down at a table and did a little sum in addition. There were slips of white paper about him, and there were many bankbills and a few pieces of gold. And when they were all properly jotted down George poised his pencil in air and a look of amazed delight crossed his face.

Then he slipped back in the hall and knocked at the inner door.

"Yes," called Mamselle, "come in."

George opened the door and crossed the threshold. Mamselle was just entering from her shining little kitchen.

"Well, Mamselle," he said, "the rummage sale is over."

"Yes," said Mamselle.

"And every piece of rubbish will be gone to-morrow."

"That is good," said Mamselle. "It is a load off my mind. And now I have a little supper for you, and while you eat you will tell me all about it."

"Oh, but I can't wait," cried George.

"Can't wait?" repeated Mamselle, with a puzzled look.

"No," said George. Then he suddenly added, "Mamselle, when you go away to France I want you to leave me here in charge. I want to be the caretaker."

Mamselle paused on her way to the shining kitchen.

"Surely, George," she smilingly said. Then she saw that this was no mere pleasantry, and gave a little gasp. "But I am not going back to France, George Gilbert."

"Oh, yes, you are," cried George. "And in the best style, too. Listen, Mamselle. Your rummage sale was a success—a great success. See," and he drew the big envelope from his pocket, "here is just \$1,165, and it's all yours—all yours, Mamselle."

The little old lady stared hard at his glowing face.

"All mine!" she whispered.

George nodded brightly.

Then Mamselle came slowly forward and put her wrinkled hands on his shoulders and kissed his cheek.

"George Gilbert," she said, with a little sob, "if you were not a man, and did not smoke, you would be a very fine fairy godmother!"

And then she kissed him again, and they both laughed as if this were the cleverest piece of pleasantry ever heard.

SARTORIAL ART IN THE ACADEMY.

From The London News.

The art critic of "The Tailor and Cutter" surpasses himself this year. He is much as usual on the portraits of the living; he finds a lapel missing here and there, or a waistcoat—we should say vest—and trousers made in one piece, a coat with no seams under the arm, or only one button. He is fond of describing the dress in an historical picture as "fancy costume." But we did not expect to find him criticising Mr. Abbey's "Crusaders Sighting Jerusalem." He remarks that "the red cross on their clothing is one of the most prominent features of the picture." It would be interesting to have the opinion of the organ of the bootmaking trade on the mailed feet of the standing warrior, and the views of the barbers' journal on the style of coiffure adopted by the central figure in the canvas would be instructive. It is a pity Jerusalem is out of the picture; were it otherwise, "The Builder" might have some suggestive comment to offer.

KING ALFRED'S CAMP.

From The London Chronicle.

The approaching millenary of Alfred the Great lends special interest to the estate of Winklebury, in Hampshire, now in the market. It contains the well known circular camp of that name, said to have formed a stronghold of Alfred. Excavations just made by Reginald Smith, of the British Museum, have brought to light fragments of ancient British pottery. An examination was also made in the autumn of last year, and on both occasions bones of extinct animals have been discovered, showing traces of fire, probably sacrificial. The camp is believed to have existed before the Roman invasion. It was occupied as late as the seventeenth century by the Parliamentary forces when besieging Basing House.

THE ART OF INVISIBILITY.

HOW IT IS PRACTISED BY SOME CLEVER ORIENTALS.

From The New Penny Magazine.

A very interesting and valuable report was issued several years ago by the Inspector of Prisons of the Indian Empire, in which almost incredible accounts are given of the practice of this extraordinary art by the thieves of lower Bombay. The thieves themselves, with better reason, feel doubly secure; for if, in spite of his invisibility, by some unlooked for and unlucky chance, one is seized, his oily body slips away like an eel; and in the still more unlikely contingency of his being held with an unbreakable grip, he has, slung by a slender cord about his neck, a little knife with an edge as sharp as that of the keenest razor, with which he cuts the tendons of the intruding wrist. This, however, he considers a last resort, for he prides himself upon doing his work without inflicting bodily harm upon his victims. To enter a zenana, or the women's apartment in a native house, where all the family treasures are kept, is the ambition of every native thief. This is no easy matter, for the zenana is in the centre of the house, surrounded by other apartments occupied by ever wakeful sentinels. In order to reach it, the thief burrows under the house until his tunnel reaches a point beneath the floor of the room to which access is sought. But the cautious native does not at once enter. Full well he knows that the inmates of the house sometimes detect the miner at work and stand over the hole, armed with deadly weapons, silently awaiting his appearance. He has with him a piece of bamboo, at one end of which a bunch of grass represents a human head, and this he thrusts up through the completed breach. If the vicarious head does not come to grief, the real one takes its place, and the thief, entering the zenana, secretes himself; or, finding everything already favorable for his purpose, proceeds to attempt what seems an impossible undertaking. This, indeed, is no less a task than to remove from the ears and arms and noses the earrings, bracelets, armlets, bangles and nose rings of the sleepers without awakening them, and to get safely away with his plunder. Who but a dacoit would be equal to so delicate, dangerous and difficult a piece of work? But the dacoit seldom fails. "These adroit burglars," says my authority, "commit the most daring robberies in the midst of the English army. Knowing the position of the tents, they mark out one which is occupied by an officer of high rank, and creep silently toward it. Arrived at the tent, their sharp knife makes them a door in the canvas, and they glide undiscovered into the interior. Indeed, so wonderfully adroit are they that even the very watchdogs do not discover them, and a thief has been known to actually step over a dog without disturbing the animal."

But the most marvelously clever device practised by the thieves of lower Bombay is that used by the Mooches in throwing pursuers off their track. The Mooches come down in gangs from the back country and raid the settlements. Their specialty is poisoning cattle. They smear plainain leaves with their own particular brand of cattle exterminator and scatter them about among the herds at night. In the morning, as many of the cattle as have partaken are dead and have been abandoned by their owners. The Mooches flay the dead animals and sell their hides. Pursued, these honest creatures make at full speed for the jungle. If they reach it, all hope of capturing them is at an end, but even when they discover that they must be overtaken before they reach it they by no means lose heart, and are measurably sure of escaping, especially if, as is very often the case in India, the surface is burned over and the trees and bushes that have not been consumed are charred and blackened and bereft of their foliage, and many perhaps reduced to little more than blackened stumps by the fire by which the fields are annually burned over. If hard pressed in such a country as this they cease to fly, and immediately disappear. For a long time the English troops which policed the districts where they made their raids were completely nonplussed; again and again, on the very point of being captured, the Mooches escaped by miraculously vanishing, and officers as well as soldiers became superstitious. With the power of maintaining fixed, immovable postures, in which their race seems to excel, these Indians, grasping in their hands such blackened branches as they pick up in their flight, can instantly assume and retain for a long time an almost perfect mimicry of the groups of blackened stumps and half-burned, stunted trees with which the country abounds. In Abyssinia the Bareas tribe have the same trick of becoming invisible, added to which they place their rounded shields, that disposed in the grass look exactly like boulders, before them for screens, while they lie flat, watching, unseen, for travellers to rob or enemies to kill.

PICKING UP GOLD IN THE STREETS.

From The Youth's Companion.

Lady Hodgson, in her book on the Gold Coast of Africa, says that at Axim, as the residents told her, gold could be picked up in the streets. She naturally thought of this as a mere figure of speech, but her informant immediately told a woman to go out into the main street, gather a bucketful of road scrapings, and work it for gold dust.

In ten minutes the woman returned with two galvanized iron buckets, one filled with road scrapings and the other with water. She also brought three or four wooden platters, varying in size from a large plate to a saucer.

Taking out several handfuls of the road scrapings and placing them in the largest platter, she picked out and threw aside the large stones, pebbles and bits of stick, and loosened the remainder by sprinkling it with water from the other bucket. This enabled her to remove further refuse.

The residuum was put into the next smaller platter, and the process repeated until there was a quantity of uniform stuff ready for treatment. This she sprinkled freely with water, and by a deft circular movement of the platter, brought the small gravel outward where it could be thrust over the edge.

When this operation had been repeated three or four times the stuff, which now looked more like mud than anything else, was ready for treatment in a smaller platter. Here the same circular movements resulted in the discarding of further unpropitious elements.

Finally, in the smallest platter the stuff had resolved itself into a small quantity of black sand. This was carefully washed and sifted, by the aid of circular movements, and at last a dexterous twist brought the sand into a crescent on the platter, when there appeared, on the outmost edge, a thin gold rim. It was unmistakably gold.

The whole operation had taken half an hour, and the result was about a shilling's worth of dust.



STOUT WIFE—I SHALL NEVER GET THROUGH HERE, JAMES, IF YOU WERE HALF A MAN YOU WOULD LET ME OVER!
HUSBAND—IF YOU WERE HALF A WOMAN, MY DEAR, IT WOULD BE EASIER!