IN THE GLOAMING.

[illegible] had gone, and above the dreamy [illegible] the far-lying woods, the early even- [illegible] had hung the sky with mellow, sum- [illegible] twilight loveliness.

[illegible] monuments of the old house at Whit- [illegible] glowed ruddy and warm through [illegible] marvellous clustering ivy, and it was [illegible] luxury to hang over the crumbling [illegible] wall, peopling its suggestive chambers [illegible] the spirits of their long-gone tenants. [illegible] a farm-house now, and there is no [illegible] record to tell the stranger the story [illegible] glorious days. No rigid history [illegible] the fancy, and the strolling lover of [illegible]-ways and roadsides of our dear [illegible] England may let his imagination [illegible] with flowing rein, sweeping away the [illegible] and marigold beds and calling [illegible] the peacocks and bagwigs of the hal- [illegible] days.

Perhaps for the last time in my life I was [illegible] the breath of an English twilight,—[illegible] sweetest to those whose childhood and youth have fed on the rhyme and tale the green old land has sent to her world-wide brood, and who come, in riper life, to find the fancies of early years warm and living on every side, in hedge and field, in cowslip and primrose, in nightingale and lark. The thick-coming impressions such musing brings are vague and dreamy, so that there seemed a shade of unreality in the quiet voice that bade me "Good evening," and added, "Yes, it is an engaging old house, and it has a story that you may be glad to hear."

It was not from perversity that I turned the subject, but no tale of real life could have added interest to the fancies with which the old manse had clad itself in the slowly waning day. Wayside impressions lose their charm if too much considered, and, as my new companion was walking toward Lichfield, I was glad to turn away and join him, —ending a long day's tramp with the slow and quiet gait that his age compelled. There was the least shade of the uncanny in his bearing, and his speech was timorous and gentle. His threadbare and seedy look betokened a native unthrift, but there was an undercurrent of refinement in his mien and in his manner, and a trusting outlook from his large blue eyes that made him the fittest of companions for a summer evening's walk in the country filled with the mingled flavor of history and romance.

He was a man of the intensest local training. To him "the County of the City of Lichfield" was of more consequence than all Staffordshire besides, and far more than all England and all that vague entity called the World. Even the county of the City of Lichfield was large for his concentrated attachment; he knew it as one must know a small town in which he has passed the whole of a long life; but his heart lay within the cathedral close, and the cathedral close lay deep within his heart,—deep and warm, with its history and its traditions, its romance and its reality, so interlaced that he had long since ceased to ask what was real and what unreal. All was unreal in the sense of being of more than worldly consequence in his estimation, and all real as a part of the training of his whole life.

To him Lichfield cathedral was no mere pile of sculptured stone, built round with the facts of recorded history; it was the fairy handiwork of times and scenes long past, its walls raised by the hand of pious enthusiasm, shattered and cemented by the strife and blood of the civil war, hallowed by the returning glory of the Restoration, blessed by the favor of royal presence, and now made admirable in his daily sight by the dignity and grace of those holy men its dean and chapter.

As it was the cathedral I had come to see, and as I had come for no architect's measurements, for no student's lore, only to bathe in the charmed atmosphere of its storied past, I had fallen upon a guide after my own heart, and it was as pleasant as it was easy to lend full credence to all he so honestly believed and told.

In early life he had had gentler training, but he had long been a poor brother of the hospital of St. John the Baptist in Lichfield, and had, for many years, held, by seniority, the right of presenting a rose, on St. John's nativity day, to the heirs of William Juvenis (goldsmith), who, by grants made in consideration of this ceremony, had secured perennial prayers for the souls of his ancestors and a fragrant memory for his own.

Hedged about by the traditionary customs and quaint observances of an ancient charitable foundation, deadened in a way, if you please, by the aristocratic pauperism of his condition, my gentle companion had grown to his present dreamy estate.

As we reached Stow Pool, near the old parish church of St. Chad, he pointed out the spring of pure water where, twelve hundred years ago, this future Bishop of Lichfield—who during his hermit life supported himself on the milk of a doe—was wont to pray naked in the water, standing upon the stone still seen at the bottom of the well, and where St. Ovin heard the angels sing as his good soul passed away.

Then, with the trusting look of a little child, the poor brother went on to tell of the virtues and good deeds of this holy life:—how even the king of the Mercians, struck with remorse for the crimes he had committed, visited the saint in person, yielded to his eloquent persuasion, became a convert to the true faith, and banished all idolatry from his realm; how he became the head of the church of Lichfield and laid its strong foundations of piety and faith; and how his virtues so outlived him that his very tomb swallowed the ill-humors of diseased minds resorting to its serene presence, that the dust from his grave healed all ills of man and beast, and that the shrine built in his honor after his canonization was so sought by numberless devotees that Lichfield itself began thereupon to increase and flourish.

To our left, as he ceased, the evening's lingering glow gilded the silent pool, where lay the unrippled reflection of the three spires of the cathedral, hardly more unsubstantial than the fairy silhouette that stood clean-cut against the sky, and dividing with the reality the rapt admiration of the poor brother of St. John's.

We stood by the water's edge, and he turned toward the phantom spires reversed within it, his talk wandering back to the days of the church's troubles,—when the cathedral close was a fortress, with strong walls and well-filled moat; when the beautiful west gate, which only our own age was vile enough to destroy, kept stout ward against the outer world, and protected the favored community who formed within the walls a county independent of Lichfield and of Staffordshire. Within the sacred pale no law had force save that of the Ecclesiastical Court, and then, as now, none could there be taken for debt or crime save on the warrant of the dean and chapter.

He knew by heart the long list of bishops, and would gladly have held me to hear of the good deeds of Langton and Hackett. He was fairly launched in his favorite enthusiasm, and told warmly the more striking features of the church's history, but he told them rapidly lest I should reach the storied pile with less than a full apprehension of its traditional interest.

From his nervous flps I learned how King Richard II. kept Christmas revels here with a splendor that lavished two hundred tuns of wine, and roasted two hundred oxen, whose bones are still found in Oxenbury field hard by; how Elizabeth passed three whole days in the close; and how the solidity of its fortification, the consummate grace and finish of its architecture, the richness of its sculpture, and the surpassing beauty and magnificence of the nine windows of its lady chapel marked it as the crowning glory of the Western Church, until the dark days of the Revolution lowered. Then its sore trials were recounted, and I learned of the fanatical attack of Lord Brooke, "with his horde of impious Roundheads," made by strange fatality on St. Chad's day; of the shooting of Lord Brooke by "Dumb Dyott," who was perched in the steeple with a fowling-piece that now hangs over the fireplace of Colonel Dyott's house; of the surrender of the close by Lord Chesterfield; of the sack and bout that followed; of the recapture by Prince Rupert.

He told of the foul desecration by the Roundheads, who used every species of havoc, plunder, and profanation,—pulling down the sacred effigies which were the glory of the western front, hacking to pieces the curious carvings of the choir, mashing the noses of the monumental statues, destroying the valuable evidences and records of the church and city, shattering the glass of the costly windows,—save only that of the marvellous nine of the lady chapel, which a pious care was said to have removed to a place of safety. They kept courts of [illegible] in the cross aisles, broke up the pave- [illegible], and every day hunted a cat with [illegible] throughout the church, delighting in [illegible] from the vaulted roof; they [illegible] a calf in linen, and "in derision [illegible] of the sacrament of baptism," [illegible] it at the font and gave it a name. [illegible] after the defeat of Naseby, [illegible]-de-la-Zouche, and passed [illegible] how Cromwell's [illegible] the work of de- [illegible] the old bell called "Jesus," with its legend "I am the bell of Jesus, and Edward is our King; Sir Thomas Heywood first caused me to ring,"—how, finally, the chapter-house alone had a roof under which services might be said,—how the good Hackett on the first day of his bishopric set his own servants and his own coach-horses at work removing the rubbish, and never tired until in eight years' time the magnificence of the cathedral was restored, except for the forever irreparable loss of the decorations, and especially of the lady chapel windows, which all the cost of the restoration would have sufficed to renew, —how the church was reconsecrated with great pomp and solemnity,—all this he told me in detail, and he would gladly have told more, for the poor brother had made these few rich historic acres nearly his whole world, and had peopled it with all who throughout the long ages had marred it or had made it. To have given "two good trees" for the rebuilding of the church was a title to his lasting and grateful recognition.

But the light was fast waning, and the cathedral must be seen now or perhaps never. It was already past the hour for closing, but one of the vergers had formerly been a poor brother of St. John's and my companion went to him to secure our admission.

I stood before the west front of the cathedral, which was then bathed in the lingering light of the after-day, its great central window gleaming as though the altar lamps were burning behind it, and the western spires almost losing themselves in the sky. The quaint effigies that fill the niches across the whole facade lost their grotesqueness in the dusk, and seemed really the sacred sculptures they were meant to be. Fair though this rich front must be at high midday, it needs for its full beauty the half-light of a Northern evening. As seen on that rarest of all evenings, it was a fit introduction to the subdued glory which greeted us in the dim religious light to which we entered as the great central door closed behind us.

We stood, uncovered and reverent, beneath the vaulted nave, looking down the long curved aisle, bordered by the majesty of the clustered columns, through the light illuminated screen of the choir, full upon the sculptured and gem-set alabaster reredos, above and beyond which stood the famed group of windows of the lady chapel, mellowed by the light of the streaming full moon.

Rich in the blended mosaic of the floor, in the dimmed canopy overhead, in the lightly arched gallery of the triforium, in the mellow cross lights of the side windows, in the sombre carvings of the choir, and above all in the marvellous glass of the chapel, it was the very perfection of a worshipful church.

It was too nearly dark to examine the details of the decoration, and we wandered down the aisles, remarking here and there the bruised statues of the tombs, and halting before the sleeping children of Chantrey to marvel how much somnolent repose can be cut in chiselled stone.

"But come," said the gentle brother, "we have only light enough left for the storied glass which alone of all the richness of the old church outlived its desecration, and, as by a miracle, was preserved to tell these later generations of the higher art our forefathers' sons forgot.

As we spoke, we stood within the charmed light of the nine windows of the apse,—windows which have perhaps no remaining equals in the world, and before which one can only bow in admiration and regret for an art that seems forever lost. Holding me fast by the arm, he went on:

"In restoration of the church, the spandrels of the old windows were rebuilt, and the frames were set with plain glass, to the sad defacement of the edifice; and so they stood for nigh two hundred years, no art being equal to their worthy replacement, and no ancient store to the supplying of so large a demand.

"But listen, now, how the hand of Heaven sheltered its own, and how true servants of the church are ever guided to reclaim its lost splendor.

"A few years ago, a canon of the cathedral, travelling in Flanders, wishing to contribute to the renewed work of restoration, visited the dismantled convent of Herkenrode in the ancient bishopric of Liege. Here he sought among the rubbish of the lumber-room for wood-carvings which might be used in the rebuilding of the prebendal stalls. His search discovered many boxes of colored glass, the origin of which no one knew, and whose existence even had been forgotten. Thinking to embelish some of the curious triangular windows above the triforium, he purchased the whole store for two hundred pounds of our money, and presented it to the dean and chapter as a tribute of affectionate devotion to the cathedral. There was more than he had supposed, and the large figures of some of the fragments indicated a coherent design.

"This chapel was fenced off from the aisles, and here the canon's wife and daughter, devoting themselves to the solution of the puzzle, slowly pieced out the varying connections. They worked patiently for weeks, with a steadily increasing excitement of success, until [and here his grasp grew tremulous and close], lying collated on this pavement where we stand, only a bit wanting here and there, marking the exact sizes of the varied openings, the grand old Lichfield windows, perfect as you see them now in this softened moonlight, had come back to enrich forevermore the dear old church to whose glory they had shone in the bygone centuries, and whose sore trials their absence had so long recalled.

"Kind stranger," said he, "this is a true tale. Sceptics have questioned it, but it is true! true! And I thank Heaven that it has been permitted to me, who have grown old in the love of this sacred pile, to live to see, in this crowning act of its restoration, the higher help the hand of man has had in performing its holy work."

His upturned blue eyes were moistened with tears, and his voice trembled with emotion. I led him gently away and to the doorstep of the hospital of St. John the Baptist, where we parted in silence for ever.

Supping at the Swan Inn, I took the late train for Liverpool and home, bringing with me an ideal Lichfield, to which it would perhaps have been rash to hold the light of a Lichfield day.—*From George E. Waring's "Whip and Spur."*

A Big Bill for a Wedding Dress.

The wedding dress of the Infanta Eulalia, the bride of Prince Antoine de Montpensier, appears to be causing her princely father-in-law a good deal of annoyance. It was he who presented the dress in question to his niece and daughter-in-law. It was an elaborate and costly robe of lace, the pattern presenting in its intricacies a representation of the arms of all the provinces of Spain. The Duke de Montpensier ordered the toilette and the veil from one of the leading dressmakers of Madrid, stipulating that every portion of it should be manufactured in Spain, as he wished to encourage Spanish industries. The dress came home, was approved of, and worn, and then the duke received the bill for it, amounting to $23,000! Naturally considering that sum a rather expressive price, even for the wedding dress of a princess, he refused to pay it. The dressmaker sued the duke, and in the course of the trial the fact was evolved that the lace had never been made in Spain at all, but had been furnished by a famous manufactory in Brussels, and had cost just $4,000. The duke has deposited $8,000 in the hands of the presiding judge of the court, and has declared his willingness to stand suit to any amount rather than pay such an iniquitous demand, his indignation at the overcharge being naturally aggravated by the flagrant neglect of his orders. There are some places in Spain where very beautiful lace is still made, though the once celebrated factories of Albufero and Barcelona have lost their supremacy.

The Baby's Prayer.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence
Rose softly the baby's prayer,

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said.
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint on the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in the spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May;
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care,
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

—*Alice M. Eddy.*

DRIFT.

THE man of one book, against whom the old Latin proverb warns us, is inferior to the man of one literature only in the degree of the one-sidedness and incompleteness of his culture. As an eminent American writer says, "An intelligent comprehension of our needs in the choice of books should certainly include due attention to the literature of France, or Germany, or Italy, or Greece, or Spain;—or, in other words, such a comprehension should never forget that good literature is not an insular affair, bounded by the limits of one country, or by the letters of one language. Of course it is both natural and proper that the greater part of our reading should be of books of American or English authorship; but our culture and training will be greatly impoverished if, because of a partial or complete unfamiliarity with the languages in which they wrote, we take no account of Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Goethe."

THERE is perhaps some excuse for the prevalent great neglect of the contemporary literature of other lands in the fear, only too well grounded, that in reading translations of its works we are apt to be grievously led astray. The objection is not against translations simply because they are translations. I believe on this subject most of us agree with Emerson, who declares, "I should as soon think of swimming across Charles river when I wish to go to Boston, as of reading all my books in originals, when I have them rendered for me in mynative mother tongue." But we have so many instances of conscienceless translations that we have become timid and disgusted, we are afraid of being cheated, of getting only the style and even sentiments of some second-rate hack-translator instead of the genuine expression of the original author's own mind and heart.

AND it must be confessed that there is just ground for such fear. I have an instance before me of a simple translation from a German prose work, Prof. Scherer's excellent history of German literature, lately published by the Scribners in New York. In it the translator, Mrs. Conybeare, has not only missed most of the grace of the author's style, but has taken some inexcusable liberties with the original, such as the omission of entire sentences, and whole specimen quotations from German authors. It is but just to say that in this case the absolute historical value of the work is not affected, but its literary valuecertainly is. It is, however, only a very mild example of unfaithful translation. A worse one is found in the case of Zeller's Outlines of Greek Philosophy, a recent publication by Henry Holt & Co., of New York. The translator is a Miss Alleyne, who has done enough such work to know how to do it correctly. Yet she in numerous places not only makes the author say what is untrue and what he never said, but often makes him assert the very opposite of what the original has. Where, for example, Prof. Zeller says of a certain philosopher that "of his *life* we know nothing," the translator makes him say "of his *doctrine* nothing is known to us," probably carelessly reading and translating the word *Leben* as if it were *Lehren*. Again where the original correctly says that the Sophists expressly declared their departure from the older philosophy, the translator makes him declare that "the Sophists never expressly declared * * that they had broken with the previous philosophy"! Is it a wonder that we don't trust translations?

IF such simple translations from the German are thus erroneous, what can we expect when it comes to translations from a language like the Russian, or still worse, translations of a French translation of the Russian? What sad work has thus been made of some of Turgenell's masterly productions is well known. But a writer in *The Nation* points out that the treatment of Count Tolstoi's War and Peace, in the translation from a French version, recently brought out in this country by T. Y. Crowell, of New York, is even worse. "A number of short sentences are constantly welded into one long phrase; paragraphs are turned upside down; conversation is changed into description, and *vice versa*. Sentences belonging to two separate individuals have been united, thus putting the conversation which follows into the mouths of wrong persons. Omissions, ranging from a significant adjective to a page in length, and inexcusable interpolations, are equally common." The blame for all this seems to rest about evenly on the French and the American translator. Thus the former makes the princess play a sonata from Dreyschock, which composer was not born till 1818, fourteen years after the time of the scene described! Dussek was the composer named in the original. So the Frenchman transforms a "Dragoon" of the Russian into a "Dreadful Dragon!" But the American translator is just as culpable in the creation of anachronisms. When Tolstoi speaks of Bonaparte's success as due to the fact that "there were no longer any Potemkins and Suvaroffs," he is made to say in the English that Bonaparte's success was owing to "the incapacity of Potemkin and Souwarow," both of whom were dead long before the time referred to. The American's forte seems to be the interpolation of phrases and sentences of which neither the Russian original nor the French version knows anything, and the most of them are slang or vulgarisms, probably introduced to make the book "take" better in this country.

I HAVE referred to these most recent examples of mistranslation and misrepresentation of foreign authors, not to discourage the reading of translations by any means, for I think that as a general rule we all can better become acquainted with the literature of other lands, ancient and modern, by the use of translations than by wrestling with it armed with grammar and dictionary. But I want to caution against accepting any and every translation that appears: more than this, I want to warn against nearly all the translations of contemporary foreign works. If we wish to read only or chiefly for the sake of the literature, we really have no need whatever to run the risk of being misled by translators. The best specimens of foreign literature, the cream of it, we have in exceptional versions by masters of our own. Indeed America has produced some of the most perfect translations of the ancient and modern masters in existence. Where can we find anything more perfect than Bryant's Homer? I believe that we can get a more true conception of the old Greek spirit and the old Greek literature as such from a careful reading of this version than from years of what has been called a "mere verbal grubbing over the grammar and dictionary." Where is there a better translation of Dante than that of our own Longfellow? With so faithful a transfer of the spirit and letter of the great Italian accessible to all, there is no excuse for any one to be ignorant of the best in Italian literature.

I want, however, particularly to call attention to what is perhaps the most nearly perfect specimen existing of translation from one language into another. Goethe's Faust by Bayard Taylor, which Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, have just published in a new and beautiful edition of Goethe's Select Works in six uniform volumes, comprising Faust, Wilhelm Meister, Correspondence with a Child, and Lewes' Story of Goethe's Life, the most satisfactory edition extant of these greatest works in the entire realm of German letters. So great are they indeed that, like Homer, Virgil, Dante and Shakespeare, they really do not belong to any merely national literature, but to the world's literature—to those few works of which it can be said that acquaintance with them is essential to everyone making any pretence to literary culture.

THIS is certainly true of Faust. Hence it is all the more a cause for gratitude that we have so faultless a rendering of the original into our tongue as this of Bayard Taylor. He was particularly well equipped for undertaking this great and peculiarly difficult work His long residence in Germany, his marriage with a highly cultured German lady, his special study for years of all the literature bearing on the subject, originally with a view to writing a biography of Schiller and Goethe, and above all his profound and enthusiastic sympathy with his subject, enabling him to enter into its innermost spirit, these made him absolutely the best translator of Faust the world has yet seen, or will probably ever see.

"The characteristics of Taylor's Faust," says Mr. Stedman, who certainly is a competent critic, "are sympathetic quality, rapid poetic handling, absolute fidelity to the text. Now and then his realistic version of the first part has an unusual or quaint effect, detracting from its imaginative design. Hence some of the best portions are those not in rhyme, such as the Cathedral scene, where Margaret is harassed by the Evil Spirit:

'How otherwise was it, Margaret,
When thou, still innocent—'

which is reproduced with thrilling power. The regular verse also is well rendered, Goethe's 'Dedication' never having been so well given by any other translator. Its firm, sonorous stanzas are in harmony with Taylor's own manner and poetic feeling." Of the full notes, which are so necessary to every reader of Faust, whether in German or English, this same critic says, "Taylor's notes and commentary are the best we have, learned and intelligible, equally marked by poetic feeling and good sense. His critical views of the second part should be more authoritative than those of others less conversant with the subject or less truly poets. * * In disputed passages he asks for light from his master's other writings, rather than from German and English commentators. The result of this course is excellent, and I do not believe that any other translator has so nearly reproduced both the text and spirit of Goethe's life-long work."

WHAT an inexhaustible theme for study this wonderful Faust is! What lofty thought, for instance, in this grand confession of faith by the hero to the simple, trustful, devout maiden, and how perfectly rendered by the translator:

"Who dare express Him?
And who profess Him,
Saying: I believe in Him?
Who, feeling, seeing,
Deny His being,
Saying: I believe Him not?
The All-enfolding,
The All-upholding,
Folds and upholds he not
Thee, me, Himself?
Arches not there the sky above us?
Lies not beneath us, firm, the earth?
And rise not, on us shining,
Friendly, the everlasting stars?
Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,
And feel'st not, thronging
To head and heart, the force,
Still weaving its eternal secret,
Invisible, visible, round thy life?
Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,
And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,
Call it, then, what thou wilt,—
Call it Bliss! Heart! Love! God!
I have no name to give it!
Feeling is all in all:
The Name is sound and smoke,
Observing Heaven's clear glow."

Margaret cannot compass the thought, indeed; she feels, however, its lofty truth; and yet by the pure intuition of her devout heart she feels that there is some insincerity, sophistry, hidden in it too. She is not satisfied:

"To hear it thus, it may seem passable;
And yet, some hitch in't there must be
For thou hast no Christianity."

With equal felicity is rendered the expression of her instinctive revulsion of soul against Mephistopheles, purity's recoil at the presence of impurity:

"I feel his presence like something ill,
I've else, for all, a kindly will,
But, much as my heart to see thee yearneth,
The secret horror of him returneth;
And I think the man a knave, as I live!
If I do him wrong, may God forgive!"

Scene XXIII, in which Faust's agony, frenzy of remorse and loathing for his temptor, are depicted with such lurid power, is unsurpassed by anything of the kind ever written—not excepting Shakespeare's Macbeth. And for intense pathos, and heart-melting power, where shall we find anything that can surpass the last scene, where Faust visits the hapless girl in prison ere she dies? But why point out any single passages? The whole work is a marvel, one of the most perfect works of art yet produced by the human mind. In my estimation Taylor's safest and highest claim to immortality as a poet rests on his translation of Faust. By it more than by any of his original work has he proved himself one of our great poets. UNCAS.

TO STOCK AN OSTRICH FARM.

The Strange Tropical Cargo of a Norwegian Schooner.

The Norwegian schooner Praecis Stavange has arrived in Galveston, Texas, after two months' voyage from Africa. She brought a strange cargo to the New World, consisting of ostriches, monkeys, parrots, tropical birds and last but not least, among her curiosities are five natives of Madras, India, including one female. The entire outfit is destined for California, and belongs to Dr. C. J. Sketchley of Los Angeles, the well-known ostrich farmer. Dr. Sketchley sailed from Port Natal, Africa, on January 24. He had 65 full-grown ostriches when he started, but only 36 survived the passage. While on the African coast, between Natal and Cape town, the Stavange encountered three days of pretty rough weather, and the giant birds all became very sick from the motion of the vessel, and two-thirds of the loss occurred during the first ten days of the voyage. The doctor says that after the ostriches got their sea legs no more deaths occurred. The ostriches are the finest lot ever taken from Africa, as each bird has a pedigree, which enhances its value among ostrich breeders, just as the pedigree of race horses and cows enhance their value. Sketchley says they are the best breed of ostriches known to the natives.

The birds range from 8 to 10 feet high, and are about 10 years old, having just attained their full growth. They are not wild. While unloading them from the vessel to-day, one unusually big ostrich became frightened as he was drawn up the hatchway, and when a couple of sailors approached to move him from the box he gave each one of them a gentle kick on the breast that hurled them against the side of the vessel as though every bone in their bodies would break. The Malay in immediate charge of the birds said that if the ostrich had struck the men with the full swing of its leg it would have killed them sure. The natives spoke to the bird and visibly calmed its excitement, very much as we control a horse. The ostriches will be given a rest here in the park for several days, then loaded on cars specially prepared and taken to Sketchley's ostrich farm, four miles from Los Angeles.

The Hindus were greatly excited when they came in sight of Galveston, the city being visible 30 miles off. The captain says they ran from one end of the vessel to the other, carried away with the sight of land again. The woman has a man's brass scarf-pin neatly hooked through the right lobe of her nose. A red glass gem ornaments the pin and her nose. Her hair is coal black, and hangs below her waist when down. Her features are clear cut and irregular. The men wear white turbans, and were the centre of attraction for several thousand people, who gathered to watch the unloading of the ostriches. The Madrasses will accompany Sketchley to California and reside permanently with him.

The Dress of Tulle.

The tulle ball dresses, which fashion autocratically declared to be the only correct thing for buds this last season, have an unpleasant trick of dropping away thread by thread, and leaving the wearer with a singularly picked and plucked expression. "I come home from a party in ribbons," says a gay society girl, who has gone through a dozen tulle costumes during the winter. "I leave tags of myself tied around the coat buttons of every man I dance with, and pieces of me float from every doorknob and keyhole, every mantel shelf and chair leg." A pretty girl with golden hair, dressed very *decollete*, in a mass of azure tulle, was described by a fond, enthusiastic youth as "an angel dressed in blue sky," and it was a sour and crabbed old maid who said, unpleasantly, that she "hoped the clouds wouldn't melt."

IF by any device or knowledge
The rosebud its beauty could know,
It would stay a rosebud forever,
Nor into its fullness grow.

And if thou couldst know thine own sweetness,
O little one, perfect and sweet,
Thou would'st be a child forever,
Completer whilst imcomplete.

—*F. T. Palgrave.*

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TRAVELER'S GUIDE.

LANCASTER AND MILLERSVILLE R. R.—TIME TABLE.
Cars leave Lancaster for Millersville at 7:00 9:00 and 11:30 a. m., and 2:00, 4:00, 6:00 and 8:30 p. m.
Cars leave Millersville for Lancaster at 6:00 8:00 and 10:00 a. m., and 1:00, 3:00, 5:00 and 7:00 p. m

READING & COLUMBIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES, AND LEBANON AND LANCASTER JOINT LINE R. R.
On and after SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1885
TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Columbia and Lancaster at 7.15 a. m., 12.00 noon and 6.10 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
For Chickies at 7.15 a. m. and 6.10 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE COLUMBIA
For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 12.35 and 3.40 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster at 6.25 and 7.15 a. m. and 2.35 p.
For Reading at 6.25 a. m. and 2.35 p. m.
For Lebanon at 2.35 p. m.
LEAVE KING STREET (Lancaster,)
For Reading at 7.30 a. m., 12.40 and 3.40 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6.40 a. m., 12.40 and 5.00 p. m.
For Quarryville at 9.25 a. m., 4.40 and 8.20 p. m.
LEAVE PRINCE STREET (Lancaster,)
For Reading at 7.40 a. m., 12.50 and 3.50 p. m.
For Lebanon at 6.47 a. m., 12.50 and 5.08 p. m.
For Quarryville at 9.12 a. m., 4.30 and 8.00 p. m
TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.
For Lancaster at 7:20 a. m., 12:30 and 7:30 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7:20 a. m.
SUNDAY TRAINS.
TRAINS LEAVE READING
For Lancaster at 7.20 a. m. and 4.00 p. m.
For Quarryville at 4.00 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE QUARRYVILLE
For Lancaster, Lebanon and Reading at 7.10 a. m
TRAINS LEAVE KING ST. (Lancaster,)
For Reading and Lebanon at 8.05 a. m. and 3.50 p. m.
For Quarryville at 5:50 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE PRINCE ST. (Lancaster,)
For Reading and Lebanon and 8.16 a. m. and 4.05 p. m.
TRAINS LEAVE LEBANON.
For Lancaster at 7:45 a. m. and 3:45 p. m.
For Quarryville at 7:45 p. m.
For connection at Columbia, Marietta Junction, Lancaster Junction, Manheim, Reading and Lebanon, see time tables at all stations.
A. M. WILSON, Superintendent.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD SCHEDULE.—Trains leave Lancaster and leave and arrive at