

TOLD BY THE WAVES.

I was a child, but the sea was old, Gray and old was the roaring sea...

THE CLERK'S LEGACY.

It Is Inconvenient to Inherit from Living People.

James Wallace, a salesman in the dry goods store of Messrs. Fog & Millet, was electrified one morning by receiving the following letter:

Sir: In accordance with the provisions of the will of my late client, Mr. Anthony Wallace, I am directed to inform you that you have fallen heir to the sum of fifty thousand dollars, not payable, however, until the end of the year.

The delight of James Wallace in receiving this epistle may be imagined. Hitherto he had been confined to a salary of six hundred dollars a year, which, of course, had compelled him to live in a modest manner.

"Fifty thousand dollars! Four thousand dollars a year! Isn't it glorious? Won't I make things fly?"

"What do you mean by making things fly?" inquired his cousin, John Wallace, who was employed in the same establishment.

"Mean, my dear fellow? I mean to enjoy life. That's what I mean."

"Don't you enjoy it now?"

"How can I, cooped up in this shop all my time? No, the first thing I shall do will be to discharge old Fog and Millet. My days of slavery are over."

"I suppose you will go into some other business?"

"Then you suppose wrong. With an income of four thousand dollars a year I don't need to be tied to business."

"Then you will devote yourself to some study and cultivate your mind?"

"Nothing of the kind. I tell you I mean to enjoy life."

"I hope you will—in the right way."

"Not in your way. You're too steady-going for me. My plans are not arranged, except that I shall go to the Belleville Hotel to board, and next week give a grand blow-out in honor of my inheritance. Will you come?"

"I won't promise. Might it not be more proper, considering Uncle Anthony's recent death, to postpone it?"

"Not a bit. I didn't know much of him. I haven't seen him since I was a boy. By the way, I wonder he didn't leave you something."

"He had a right to dispose of his property as he pleased."

"Well, if you don't complain, I don't. That is certain."

James Wallace lost no time in waiting upon his employers, and tendering in a very cavalier manner his resignation of the clerkship which he held.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Wallace, on your prospects," said Mr. Fog.

"If you should determine to go into business for yourself, Mr. Millet and myself will be glad to assist you with any advice in the selection of goods or on other points."

"I shall not go into business," said the young man. "I have had enough of it."

This was all the satisfaction his employers received for their disinterested offer.

James Wallace lost no time in establishing himself in handsome rooms at the Belleville Hotel, which he refurbished in a costly manner.

At the end of a week he received invitations for his "grand blow-out," as he called it. About fifteen young men were invited, his cousin among them. John Wallace thought it might be churlish to refuse, and accordingly accepted the invitation, but withdrew at half-past ten o'clock, finding the entertainment fast degenerating into a drunken revel.

The remainder kept it up till nearly morning, and few of them were in any condition for business the next day. James Wallace, being under no such necessity, did not rise till two o'clock in the afternoon.

As might be expected, his bill for furniture added to the expense of his entertainment, consumed entirely the thousand dollars which had been sent him—and all this in ten days. However, the fact of his inheritance being known, he found no difficulty in obtaining credit anywhere.

Having been accustomed to having his time fully employed, he found in his present idleness that it hung heavily on his hands. His associates not being in independent circumstances, were occupied in the daytime. In the evening, however, a coterie gathered in his rooms, where wine and cigars were always provided.

"I shouldn't think your life would be very satisfactory," said his Cousin John to him one day.

"I wouldn't exchange with you at any rate, John."

"Yet I think I am happier than you."

"You find your happiness in slavery and drudgery—I don't," rejoined James.

"In what, then?"

"In independence, and plenty of money."

CAVALRY RIDING DRILL.

An Ex-Trooper Tells How Raw Recruits Are Put Through Their Paces.

The first riding lesson usually takes place in the "riding-school," where, as the floor is covered with "tan," the recruits who come off will fall softly.

The military authorities don't want their recruits laid up in hospitals. The lesson consists of leading the horse around the riding-school; so that the axiom of learning to creep before walking is slightly modified here, for the recruit learns to walk his horse before riding him.

When he has led his horse around for awhile, the horse's head is brought in from the boards (i. e., the walls of the school), and the recruit is taught to "stand at ease" and to step from side to side of his horse's fore feet in measured paces.

Then comes the "mount," and usually the unfortunate recruit has no sooner got up on one side than he rolls over on the other, owing to the vagaries of his horse, who knows that he has a recruit in hand, and takes advantage of it.

Presently the order is given to "march," and away file the horses around the school walls, many of the pupils thinking horseflesh is very perverse in rubbing its side against the school wall with a recruit's leg for a buffer.

The day when I got my first riding lesson many of us started off by pulling on our horses' mouths, and got (to quote our rough rider) "all over the shop like a pack of sheep."

After a few turns round—the "rough" taught us the aids to horsemanship in the preliminary stages of the "walk"—we learned that we were not to "pull our horses' heads off," but to handle them gently by feeling them with our wrists and not with our whole arms.

All we had to do (we were told) was to sit there and keep our bodies upright with our chests forward, by holding the back and drawing in our stomachs, as well as to keep our "chins off our stocks" and our heads up. We began to see that learning to ride was no trifling job.

When it came to fixing our legs, getting them well back, raising our toes and sinking our heels, we got more to do than we ever bargained for.

Your teacher is a hard man to please; and I'm sure that by sheer practice recruits at Canterbury have got all their stomachs pressing up against the diaphragm.

Otherwise how do they muster such small waists and such pigeon-chests? The fact is that lungs, heart, liver, stomach and spleen are all packed together chestwards, like a tin of Australian mutton.

Whether nature ever intended such a cramming is a question that the military authorities don't study. Make your men as wooden as possible—never mind nature, is their dictum; and certainly they are listened to.

After we had done a little walking around the riding school we got more confidence; and thought, no doubt, that we should like a bit of a "trot," just to see what that was like.

When it did come to trotting many of us fell off, or nearly fell off, and went hobbling around the school—to quote our rough—riding again "like a lot of stuffed dolls riding up horses from nose to croup."

And certainly many of us were more often on our horses' withers and haunches than on the centers of their backs, and we had our arms more often round their necks than holding our reins.

The "rough" called us to a halt, and even here we were at fault. Some of us pulled too much, or we pulled too little, or we pulled awry, with the result that our horses were "all over the shop."

At last we had stopped, our friend the "rough" again let us know a bit of his mind about our first appearance as cavalrymen.

He never saw such a blooming lot of asses in all his born days; my old mother could ride better than you, etc. He had probably told the same yarn to generations of recruits; but really we believed that we were a set of out-and-out duffers.

After a few months' riding drill the cavalryman learns to ride his horse at all paces; and when he can take him through the turns, circles and windings of the manege drill, and knows how to use his "arms" mounted, he is fit to call himself a real cavalryman, and is ready to go on and fight his country's wars when he gets the chance.

If the reader wants to learn more of cavalry equitation, he had better join. A few months drill will teach him all he will care to learn.—London St. James' Gazette.

THE ARBOR DIABOLI.

Discovery of a Third Specimen of the Carnivorous Devil's Tree.

I have taken much interest in the study of botany during my sojourn in this country, the flora of which presents one of the richest fields for the scientist in the world, and have wandered some distance from town on several occasions in my search for specimens.

On one of these expeditions I noticed a dark object on one of the outlying spurs of the Sierra Madre mountains, which object excited my curiosity so much that I examined it carefully through my field-glass. This revealed that the object was a tree or shrub of such an unusual appearance that I resolved to visit the spot.

I rode to the mountain, the sides of which sloped sufficiently for me to make my way on horseback to within a few rods of the summit. But here I was stopped by an abrupt rise so steep that I despaired of reaching it even on foot.

I went around it several times seeking for some way to climb up, but the jagged, beetling rocks afforded not the slightest foothold. On the top of this knob stands the tree I had seen.

From the spot on which I now stood I could see that it somewhat resembled in form the weeping willow, but the long, drooping whip-like limbs were of a dark and apparently slimy appearance, and seemed possessed of a horrible life-like power of coiling and uncoiling.

Occasionally the whole tree would seem a writhing, squirming mass. My desire to investigate this strange vegetable product increased on each of the many expeditions I made to the spot, and at last I saw a sight one day which made me believe I had certainly discovered an unheard-of thing. A bird, which I had watched circling about for some

THE COFFIN TRUST.

One of the Oldest and Most Astute of the American Combinations.

The coffin trust is one of the oldest of the obnoxious combinations of capitalists for the advancement of prices in their wares, and is also one of the strongest. In fact, every attempt during the past few years to get into the business without first knocking down to the trust has proven a failure.

The only undertaker in Chicago who has succeeded in continuing in the business without paying tribute to the trust is one who does his own manufacturing and finishing.

When the trust was first formed it consisted only of a combination of firms manufacturing and dealing in the bent wood used in manufacturing coffins.

Year after year the trust has been gradually enlarged until it now includes the hardware, cloth, metallic and in fact every thing, and the manufacturers refuse to sell any unfinished coffins.

The combination is now so strong that any firm attempting to engage in the business without first depositing a forfeit and signing the iron-clad agreement of the trust is at once boycotted, and manufacturers of the various articles used in making and finishing a coffin are prohibited from selling goods to the outside firm on pain of being included in the boycott.

From year to year, at the annual meeting of the trust, the price of the various articles used has increased until at the present time a coffin, which cost eighty cents more than it did eight years ago, and there seems to be no remedy for the evil.

At least a number of the undertakers in Chicago who were talked with by a reporter claim this to be a fact. One of them said: "If I should buy a single article manufactured outside of the trust, and the fact became known, the trust would in the future refuse to sell me any goods."

Experiences of the past have proven so conclusively that the trust has every thing so completely in its own hands it wouldn't be safe for me to incur its displeasure by encouraging a new outside enterprise.

Not long ago a company was organized in Indiana to go into the coffin manufacturing business, and a member of the firm came to Chicago to look over the field.

They agreed to furnish coffins nearly fifty per cent cheaper than we are at present paying for them, but failed to get sufficient encouragement to go on with the enterprise, as every one appeared afraid to deal with them, and the enterprise was abandoned.

We hear a good deal about the Whisky Trust and other combinations, but none of them are as strong and arbitrary as the Coffin Trust.—Chicago Globe.

THE AMERICAN CROW.

How His Several Caws Differ from Each Other.

I am sorry the character of the crow is so irremediably bad, for there is much that is interesting about him. In some respects he is even useful.

He acts to some extent as a scavenger, he eats a few grubs in the meadows and pastures, and is said to be in much demand occasionally for furnishing forth the tables of disappointed, disgruntled politicians.

His glossy, blue-black color is fine enough to give a certain amount of grace to his somewhat ungainly form. But the chief point of interest about him is his voice, which on certain occasions is wonderfully expressive and human.

If you come suddenly upon the place where a company of marauding crows are committing their depredations the one that has been placed as sentinel will fly over your head on discovering you, crying ha! ha! ha! with a force of expression which Edwin Booth could scarcely equal.

He gives the "h" sound with a strong aspiration and prolongs the vowel sound to give it its full force. "Ha! ha! ha!" he will cry from above the streets with startling effect, just as if he had caught you in some villainy, and just as you might say the same word if you had caught some one else in a villainy, and at first you will make you feel as if you yourself were the culprit.

I know of no bird elocution equal to this. His ordinary cry is the same syllable repeated more rapidly in a not unmusical voice. But without any attempt at forcible elocutionary expression, and sometimes varies the "haw" to "caw."

His call to his mate is the syllable couk, couk, couk, couk, usually four times repeated. But his faculty of speech seems to be limited to the vowel sounds a and ou and the consonant sounds h, k and r. In this respect he is by no means equal to some of his foreign relations.

He is, however, a much smarter bird than his English cousin, the rook, but unfortunately his smartness all runs to mischief.—Hartford Courant.

Marvelous Feat of Memory.

Mareus tells us, and had the statement solemnly attested by four Venetian noblemen of undoubted honor, how in Padua he met a young Corsican who had gone thither to pursue his studies at the university.

Having heard that the young man was gifted with an extraordinary memory, so that he could retain and repeat as many as 36,000 words, read over by him once only, Mareus and some distinguished friends asked if he would allow them to test the accuracy of what report had stated.

He willingly consented, and there was read over an almost interminable list of words, strung together without any consecutive meaning, in every variety of language, even many of them mere gibberish.

The young Corsican stood all the while with his attention deeply fixed and his eyes cast down upon the ground. When it was time he looked up cheerfully and repeated the whole uninteresting catalogue of words without a single fault.

Then, to show how carefully he retained every word, he went through the list backward, then taking every alternate word, first, third, fifth, etc., till he quite tired out and perfectly satisfied Mareus that he was the most extraordinary man he had met in all his travels.—London Public Opinion.

The American's Tips.

The tips given by Americans in England are almost always too large, and by this they add to their expenses in a manner which greatly astonishes English people, who regard all tips as an exaction, not to be inflated in a spirit of liberality, but to be reduced to a minimum in a spirit of economy.

An American always likes to seem to be a tip-giver. An Englishman does not care a button what the porter thinks of him, and gives the man what he thinks such a man ought to expect, and no more. In the same way Americans always increase their expenses by traveling first-class, on a sort of noblesse-oblige principle, a habit which causes infinite amusement among the more economical English, and gives point to the old joke that no one travels first-class except fools and Americans.

HE GOT DISCOURAGED.

Walter Water a Poor Reward for a Lie as Well Told as This.

"Pretty rough, this Oklahoma business, but no rougher than Texas was when I first went out there," said the man with the sandy goatee, as he laid aside his paper.

"Were you ranching?" asked one of the group.

"No, sir; I was a railroad station agent."

"Must have seen a great deal of lawlessness?"

"Oceans of it, sir; oceans of it. I had to kill five men in the year 1866."

"You did!"

"Yes, sir, and wound as many more. Didn't want to do it, you know, but it was kill or be killed. The crowd let me alone after awhile, but the Indians were a great nuisance. I was just counting up how many I killed in twenty-eight months, and I was greatly disappointed."

"How many did you make out?"

"Only thirty-four, but I am satisfied that I have left out seven or eight somehow. When such a thing as that is once off your mind it is hard to recall exact figures."

"You have had some narrow escapes?"

"Over a hundred, sir, and been wounded sixteen different times. The boys once put up a rattlesnake job on me to try my nerve."

"How was it?"

"They caught five big fellows, and turned 'em loose in my office while I was at supper. When I returned I was very busy thinking, and so walked right in on them without warning."

"Mercy on me! And then?"

"I got seated at my desk, and the serpents began to rattle and menace me. Three of the boys were looking in at the window, and I was determined not to show a sign of weakness."

"But you might have been bitten."

"I was bitten. Three of the snakes struck me in the left leg."

"And you didn't die?"

"As you see."

"But—you—you—"

"I had a quart of whisky, and I drank it and counteracted the poison. It wasn't quite enough, however, and there are days now and then when I feel very queer."

"What is the exact sensation?"

"Very dry in my throat, and I always make bold to ask any gentleman near me if he carries a flask. If any of you gents happens to have such an article with you I shall be ever so grateful. I think I feel the premonitory symptoms."

"But we haven't. We are all delegates to the temperance convention at Dubuque."

"You are. Well, I took my chances and lost. That's the last time I tell that lie unless I see the bulge of a flask in some one's pocket before I begin. That's the third time to-day, and I haven't got the first smell of any thing but ice water."—N. Y. Sun.

HINTS TO MOTHERS.

Some Useful Suggestions About the Care and Training of Children.

All children possess imagination in a greater or less degree, and in the management of the nursery this faculty may be ranked among the important ones. In trifling matters where no real principle is involved I always consider the easiest way is the best way, as, for instance, this morning, when my three-year-old girl took it into her head not to be dressed as usual, and curling her tiny pink toes beneath her gown declared mischievously she "wouldn't have any 'tockin' on at all."

For a minute I was nonplussed. Baby had not been well for several days and was just in the humor to rebel vigorously against enforced obedience. Papa was in the sound morning sleep that befalls a night worker, a cry must be avoided, if possible, so as a thought struck me I held the small stocking invitingly open, and said, pleasantly: "The naughty little foot said it wouldn't go into this stocking, but the stocking said 'I'm going right on that foot to keep it warm all day, and the stocking went right on,' as sure enough it did, while baby looked up with a laugh and the question: "What other 'tockin' say, mamma?" and the difficulty was over, though each article of clothing had to say something as it was put in place.

Long ago I devised a somewhat similar method for nail-cutting and hair-combing processes, neither of which give me any trouble, though some of my more prosaic neighbors, who do not believe in such things, have a continual howl from beginning to end of the operation. My oldest was an only child for several years, and a very delicate one, so in winter she was housed a good deal, but I had scarcely any difficulty, for imaginary playmates visited us for weeks at a time, assisted in the doll-housekeeping, slept and ate with her and gave her as much happiness as real ones could have done. She was a timid child, disliking to go into a dark room or upstairs alone, so I made use of the imagination that caused the fear to aid in conquering it, for she would cheerfully go anywhere as long as the pretended visitor accompanied her.

A capricious appetite that refuses a plain slice of bread and butter will relish the same if cut into small squares and called "caramels," as I know from experience; and so in a thousand and one ways a mother can use her child's imagination as a factor for good in its education, and by ingenious devices rely upon it to assist her in various nursery dilemmas.—Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The largest compressed air establishment in the world is at Paris. It has a plant with 5,000-horse power. Begun in 1831 to distribute the power necessary for the driving of pneumatic clocks, it was not long before it was discovered that the air could be profitably used for two other purposes—to distribute motive power to manufacture by day and to produce electricity by night.

The works, for lighting by night, of Belleville, which are on the heights of Belleville, on the edge of the city, now occupy an area of 107,500 square feet, or two and a half acres, two-fifths of which is covered with buildings.

During the past twenty years there have been granted in the United States 328,716 divorces.

PITH AND POINT.

A fool must now and then be right, by chance.

Not every one who has the gift of speech understands the value of silence.—Texas Sittings.

Why not reverse the ancient order of things? Let trouble go to protest and borrow happiness once in a way.

It takes genius to tell a good lie that will stand the test of investigation. Any simpleton can tell the truth.

If one would be with words as with sunbeams, the more condensed the deeper they burn.—South-ern.

Gayety is to good humor as perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, the other recreates and revives them.—Dr. S. Johnson.

Some men are smart because of what they say. Others are a great deal smarter because of what they don't say.—Merchant Traveler.

The power to hate truly what is evil must be involved in the power to love truly what is good, and must, indeed, usually precede the growth of the highest kind of love.—Newman.

There is a sweet pleasure in contemplation, and when a man hath run through a set of vanities on the decision of his age, he knows not what to do with himself if he can not think.—Blount.

Duty ought never to wait on feeling; but feeling ought always to wait on duty. A man ought never to pivot his duty on his feelings; but every man ought to conform his feelings to the demands of duty.—S. S. Times.

Many confess that they are proud; some will even confess that they are vain; some will sigh frankly over their passionate tempers; and others will admit that they are careless dispositions. But who tells, who confesses how mean she is, or how slow, or how envious?—Jean Ingelow.

What maintains one vice would bring up two children. You may think that a little tea or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes perhaps a little finer and a little entertainment now and then, can be no matter, but remember many a mickle makes a mucker; and further, beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a large ship.—Franklin.

Any body can soil the reputation of an individual, however pure and chaste, by uttering a suspicion that his enemies will believe, and his friends never hear of; a puff of the idle wind can shake a million seeds from the thistle and do a world of mischief which the husbandman must labor long to undo. Such are the seeds of the slanderer, so easily sown, so difficult to gather up, and so pernicious in their fruits.

No man can maintain himself in a position of great prominence suddenly thrust upon him unless by instinct and education he has been prepared for the responsibilities of the place. Nor can a man bear the strain of temptation in such circumstances, and in a position of trust and confidence, unless his conscience has been educated and his sense of responsibility to others has become a rule of action in his daily life.—Once a Week.

VANDERBILT'S KITCHEN.

Where a \$10,000 Chef Prepares Food in Silver-Lined Cooking Utensils.

Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt's chef has such renown that the temple in which he moves and the altar at which he officiates must be of interest. Both are worth his cost to import and worthy his talents. Mr. Vanderbilt's kitchen is really very beautiful to the eye. The purity of marble, the luster of tiles and the gleam of metal are what one sees. The floor is of marble, the shelves, the tables, the sinks, all of the things that are rarely moved are of marble and cut with the precision of jewels. The walls are lined with cream enameled tiles and all the angles are covered with brass mouldings. Where these meet the doors and windows they are covered with these metal moldings, dispensing even with wood on trim. The ceiling is made of white enameled tiles set in cement. But one does not imperil the head of a \$10,000 cook with a loosely-set brick, so each tile is also secured with raised metal bolts.

Accounting all this gleam of white and metal is the large double range. It is set in one corner under a large semicircular hood enriched with embossed copper ornaments and swung from iron bars wrought in spirals and foliations. This hood is so powerful an agent in carrying off the odor and greasy steam that it will waft from the hand a newspaper held under it.

The cooking utensils are in keeping with all this splendor. They are of copper with wrought-iron handles, many of them ornamented, and some of them have been copied from special pieces in the Cluny and other museums. Luxurious cooking utensils are indeed the thing of the moment, and a wedding present not disdained is a set of copper silver-lined, such as are now displayed among gems and gold at the jewellers.

Leading from the kitchen to the butler's pantry are spiral stairs entirely inclosed in glass to shut out possible odor, yet retain the light. And this is so successfully done that, although the kitchen is directly below the dining-room and butler's pantry, nothing disagreeable makes its way aloft.

Before referring to another attachment of this kitchen, allusion should be made to the drains and hose outlet in the center of the marble floor, for it is by a hose which may play fearlessly in any part of the room that the kitchen is kept clean. Connected with the kitchen, and built under the sidewalk, is a series of vaults. These are for ice, meat, vegetables, milk and eggs, and are built in three sections of hollow masonry, that they may be kept free from damp, and have perfect ventilation. The heavier articles, such as ice and meat, are put in hoists, which relieve the kitchen of a good deal of unpleasantness, as every housekeeper may imagine.—N. Y. Ledger.