BARBARA.

ANNIE ROBERTSON NOXON.

"Was there any mail, Eben?"

And leaning over the little wicket gate, her dark locks falling about her in pretty, careless tresses, Barbara looked wistfully down the shady street and then up at the tossing elms, where the busy birds were chattering. And sad to relate a frown of discontent crept over Barbara's low, white brow.

"No, there were no letters for the Leightons," said Eben, in rather a savage mood. "I made especial inquiries for you, and Eben's lower lip trembled a little, and his voice softened wonderfully for him. "I suppose you are anxious to get away from the old place, Miss Barbara?"

"Yes, I am," said Miss Leighton sharply, with an imperial air. "I am sick of it all. I should be glad to go anywhere away from here."

Eben made no reply. He looked down at the tangled curls, the soft, wistful brown eyes, the dimpled hands clasped over the mesh of honeysuckles—then away over the tops of the snowy balsams toward the great world where Barbara's heart was. He was thinking with one cruel pang which gripped his heart at that moment of what life would be at the farm without Barbara. He had tried of late to live without connecting her in any way with his days and nights, his duties, his hardships and his joys, but he had made sorry work of it. It gave Eben a fright to know how much everything depended on this proud, spoiled beauty, whose dream now was to get away from such as he—the common folks around Lartorough.

The Leightons had a great longing for that gay world of which she had read in summer evenings when sitting under the musky vines in the farmhouse porch, or when lying among the cowslips in the meadow where, under a growing weight of care, Eben toiled with great brown hands in the capacity of *help* to the Widow Leighton. Eben was as much part and parcel of the place as the crumbling headstones in the little graveyard on the hill, where all the dead Leightons were lying. No one ever dreamed of his going away, although his merits were acknowledged and it was cheerfully admitted that the boy had grown into a strong, handsome man, with shrewd capabilities as a financier, and a turn for machinery. A great many at the village had dropped into the habit of addressing him lately as Mr. Hexford, and Eben's muscles commanded respect. He had a little snuggery in the barn he called his workshop, where at odd hours and on rainy days, he tinkered with lathes and pulleys and edged tools. When his farm work had been tidied up and the cows had been milked and turned into the green woodlands again, Eben shut himself up in his workshop and pottered over his numerous inventions and thought of what great possibilities might have been his if he had been born something better than Mr. Leighton's farm hand. He realized sensibly that there were still possibilities for him out yonder beyond the dark line of elms and firs which he could see from his study window. But his benefactor had died and left all the tangled threads of his affairs for young Hexford to unravel, and he could not have deserted Mrs. Leighton and the girls—Barbara and Theo. It would not have been right or manly. Things were going straight now, however; the farm was in a prosperous condition, and even an indifferent manager could have kept the wheels moving which Eben had fixed in their places. But Eben remained on at the farm while the seasons waxed and waned, and the girls were growing into fine, tall young women, with restless yearnings for a busier life than was to be had at Larborough.

He had expected that a girl so pretty as Barbara would be some time leaving so dull a place, but he nevertheless felt a wild, savage pain at his heart, when he learned that a letter had been sent to a distant aunt to see if she would not look after Barbara while she enjoyed the advantages of a finishing school for young ladies. The longest summer days would fade into short summer nights, and by-and-by, when the first yellow leaves would be dropping into pools and hollows, Barbara would go away—perhaps forever.

Eben was too much of a man to sigh, and too muscular to do without his supper, but he fell into the habit of taking long walks alone, or of sitting under the honeysuckles on the porch where he could see the moon rise and where he could hear the young ladies singing rather plaintive songs, accompanied by the cracked strains of the old harpsichord in the best room.

He had just plucked the first round, full rose of May, and, twirling it thoughtfully in his fingers as he strolled down the garden path to his work-shop, when he heard the breezy flutter of a muslin robe and a light footfall behind him on the gravel walk. He turned with a blaze of fire in his black eyes and the rose extended. His hand dropped to his side. It was Theo who came rapidly after him swinging a white sun-bonnet by one string.

Theo was a saucy, petulant, provoking young person of sixteen, whose pranks and whims had often tried Eben's temper sorely—having him stop the harvesting to saddle Rulof her pony, or meddle with his tools and upset his newest invention. But Theo's eyes were such lovely blue and her smile so bewitching that Eben had not the heart to scold, besides he had humored her in all her wilfulness himself, and there was the faintest resemblance to Barbara in the brow and dimpled chin which tied him hand and foot.

"Oh, what a lovely thing!" said Theo coveting the rose and stretching out her plump little hand. "It is for me?"

"No," said Eben rather gruffly. "I've had an eye on this bud for some time. I noticed that your Lady Isabels are in fine condition. You will have a cluster of them by the day after tomorrow."

"Well, you old stingy, I suppose you don't mind running down to the mail for me; I forgot what Barbara asked me to do, and I shall get a scolding from mamma, who can't have Bab crossed in anything, you know."

"I shall have to go down and see Nanson about the wagon gear anyway to-night, and I can just as well stop at the post-office. Is it the letter from—from New Haven?" And Eben very thoughtlessly bit off the leaves of the rose and mangled them with his strong white teeth.

Yes, it was the letter from New Haven, and Eben was charged to bring up a new novel, and some pink sewing silk and eighteen celluloid buttons by Theo, who ran after him to suggest chocolate caramels in case the letter failed.

It was a sort of satisfaction to him that the letter *did* fail. But it hurt him to see Barbara's disappointment. He had remembered Theo's womanish little errands, and he still held the rose, which he laid now on Barbara's clasped hands. For all she had grown to hate the old place, she loved its old-fashioned big fluffy roses as fondly as when a child, and Eben had braided a long garland of them for her out of the finest and best.

She caressed the rose and tucked it in among the curling locks, where it nestled just against her cheek. Eben flushed and paled as he remembered how he had laid his heart in the heart of that rose.

"The letter will be sure to be here to-morrow," he said gently. "I am going down the first thing in the morning. The young ladies around Larborough are not to be without a garland this season. A handsome young man from New York has come down to stay some weeks in the neighborhood; I met him with Dr. Ormsby in the gig."

Eben was not slow to note that this bit of news awakened a faint show of interest in Barbara.

"What was he like?" said Barbara, blushing a little. "I trust he is an acquisition. Did he look like a gentleman?"

Yes, he looked like one, Eben was compelled to admit that he did, and that he wore elegant clothes, and had slender soft white hands, which Eben had not.

Days after this, Eben in an agony of jealous anguish was compelled to accord the stranger a great many other advantages and accomplishments. He rode well, was a good shot, talked fluently, sketched passably, understood women, and was Miss Leighton's most ardent admirer.

Eben foresaw all this, and yet once when their mingled voices floated out to his little den, he brought down a hammer wrathfully and smashed his thumb nail. Morning and night he saddled and brought round horses for Barbara and Mr. Ney, and went away to his work in the hot fields, while they were cantering down the shady roads, and Mrs. Leighton and Theo were beating eggs in the buttery and getting up rare dishes for tea. The letter had come from New Haven and Barbara had answered briefly that she could not go until some time later. She had never looked so animated and beautiful as now. She rarely saw Eben, sending him her requests by her sister, and Eben went on at his inventions feeling as if every blow of his chisel drove out a piece of his heart's core. And, although he would have scorned the idea, Eben had grown wonderfully haggard and pale, with great dark circles under his eyes since Dr. Ormsby had introduced Edgar Ney to the Leightons. He took little pride in the knowledge that he was the better man of the two, but he did know that he could crush Ney with one hand into a limp, shapeless mass, and he wondered sometimes why he did not. One day he was seized with a fit of trembling. He was pruning a pear tree when he looked up and Barbara stood before him, in her habit, switching at the mottled butterflies that fluttered on the hollyhocks, and around Eben's brown hands.

"How pale and ill you look, Eben." It was the least she could say, and it was the truth. Eben's heart beat madly for a moment and then went on slowly.

"I am not one to get ill, Miss Barbara; I am not browned so much as usual, perhaps."

His "Miss Barbara" sounded oddly, and his looks belied his words. She looked down at the ground and said nervously:

"I hope you will not argue with me this morning, Eben, but I've set my heart on riding the colt, Tam O'Shanter, to the falls. I am not in the least afraid."

"But I am," said Eben, calmly. "I cannot permit you to risk your life with that vicious colt."

"Mr. Ney will take care of his viciousness," Barbara answered, a trifle insolently.

"Mr. Ney may ride O'Shanter and welcome, but I cannot consent for you to."

"Then I must do it without your consent. Be so kind as to have the colt around in a quarter of an hour."

Eben finished his pear tree and went into the shop to wash his hands of blood. He had cut himself to the bone. Barbara and Ney sat on the porch reading from the "Princess," when the horses appeared. The colt sheried and reared when Barbara sprang lightly in her saddle. An admirable horsewoman, she held her own finely, and Eben stood as if rooted to the ground until a turn in the road hid them from sight, then like a deer he set off down a footway toward where the railway crossed the road as with horror he remembered that the morning express would come down in ten minutes. The riders had stopped by the way to permit Mr. Ney to dismount and gather the first cardinals for Barbara. As they trotted sharply down the road, the roar of the train was heard just beyond the curve. Maddened with terror the wild, young horse Barbara rode reared, plunged and sprang away from the other horse and darted down the cut toward the train. With a hoarse shout to "sit firm" Eben rushed out from the copse and flung himself under his hoofs. He caught the bit in his hands and pulled the colt on his haunches, and then a violent kick made him drop like a log. Some woodchoppers came to the rescue, and as they lifted Barbara off the train thundered by. Eben was picked up for dead, and even Mr. Ney declared he was a "brave fellow."

In an agony of grief and remorse Barbara hung near him all those tedious days, when Eben's mind wandered and he muttered troubled, incoherent sentences, in which, poor fellow, he told all his hopes and fears. He was now indeed haggard and ghostly pale, with an ugly scar in his left temple, and his hands lay weak and nerveless on the coverlet. The first moment of sanity and consciousness which came made him sigh and wish that he had remained oblivious to life and its miseries. It was Barbara who leaned on him while her great brown eyes filled with tears.

"Oh, Eben; how can you bear to look at me? You can never forgive me!"

"You would not say that if you knew what is in my heart."

"Can not you tell me, Eben? I am so wretched."

"I am sorry for that; I must not tell you, Barbara. I cannot suffer more than I have."

"Then shall I tell you something?" and she hid her face in the pillow. He put out his hand and touched her head caressingly.

"I have been very wilful and blind and very unhappy, Eben. I would have given my life to save yours, as you gave yours for me."

"But, Barbara; oh, Barbara, my darling, I gave mine because I loved you better than life, than Heaven. I would rather have died than live to lose you forever."

"But you will not lose me." Her arms stole tenderly around him and she laid her cheek against his. "I owe my life to you and it is yours."

"Barbara, think what you are saying. I shall be mad enough to think that you care for me!"

"Eben, my love, you are all the world to me. Cannot you see that this is so?"

"My own!"

With one great effort and a spasm of his old strength Eben pressed her to his heart.

"And you never meant to marry Ney?"

"I am afraid I only meant to make you jealous," said Barbara, with her old sauciness.

"I shall mend now fast enough, but not until you have promised to abide by what I say, my darling."

"I promise solemnly."

"Then we shall be married to-morrow."

MUSIC IN THE NIGHT.

When stars pursue their solemn flight
Oft in the middle of the night
A strain of music visits me
Hushed in a moment silvery—
Such rich and rapturous strains as make
The very soul of silence ache
With longing for the melody.

Or lovers in the distant dusk
Of summer gardens, sweet with musk,
Pouring the blissful burden out,
The breaking joy, the dying doubt;
Or revelers—all down with wine,
And in a madness half divine,
Beating the broken tune about.

Or else the rude and rolling notes
That leave some strolling sailors' throats,
Hoarse with the salt spray, it may be,
Of many a miles of rushing sea;
Or some lack-minded dreamer strays
Late through the solitary ways,
Nor heeds the listening night nor me.

Or how, how whence those tones be heard,
Hearing, the slumbering soul is stirred,
As when a swiftly passing light
Startles the shadows into flight,
While one remembrance suddenly
Thrills through the melting melody—
A strain of music in the night.

Out of the darkness bursts the song,
Into the darkness moves along;
Only a chord of memory jars,
Only an old wound burns its scars,
As the wild sweetness of the strain
Smites the heart with passionate pain,
And vanishes among the stars.

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Two Stories of Lamb.

[Morford's New Monthly Magazine.]

Lamb was invited to meet a somewhat mixed company. One was Mr. D——, a retired cheesemonger, who had been for years in some commission connected with the poor laws. He was a pompous man, with a grand affectation of having been born to the exalted position. At one time in the course of the dinner, opinions ran at variance as to the proper method of dealing with pauperdom, and Mr. D—— assumed a very high manner. "Gentlemen," he said, thrusting his thumbs into the arm-holes of his vest, lying back in his chair, and inflating his lungs to their utmost capacity—"gentlemen, I should know what I am speaking of, with all my years in the public service, and with my opportunities for studying the dispositions of these miserable and troublesome paupers! Gentlemen, they are as worthless and ungrateful as they are and have been improvident! The time has been, gentlemen, when I had some of the milk of human kindness in my breast for these wretches; but now—" and he paused for a moment in order to let the conclusion come in more overwhelmingly. "N-now," broke in Lamb, with his poor thin face all childish innocence—"n-now, Mr. D——, I sup-p-pose that m-milk is all m-made up into ch-ch-cheese!" Lamb received an invitation on a certain evening to be present at a breakfast at Rogers' the following morning, to meet a young author, whose first volume of poetry left the press that day. He went a trifle early and reached the waiting-room while it was vacant, Rogers not having come down, and none of the other guests having arrived. On a table lay a copy of the young poet's new book. Lamb picked it up, ran through it, saw that it contained nothing of any special mark, and then, in a few minutes yet remaining, amused himself by committing to memory three or four of the short poems it contained. The guests arrived—among them the young aspirant for honors. Some of the leading men of the London world of letters were among the number. Rogers descended, the young man was introduced, and the breakfast was served. Some literary matters came under discussion, pending the after-introduction of the young poet's book. With the gravest of faces, after a few moments Lamb said: "I d-don't think, g-gentlemen, that I h-have ever r-repeated to you one of my b-best poems. What s-say? Will you h-have it?" Nobody quite understood what was coming, but all could read the mischievous flash in the eye that was usually so kindly; and the demand for the poem was general. Lamb quietly repeated, word for word, one of the poems from the young man's book. The key was furnished to the rest, when they saw the young poet pale, then redden, and then fall back in his chair, as astonished as if thunderstruck, and as helpless as if paralyzed. Loud cheers, clapping of hands, and demands for more. Lamb bowed his thanks, pretended not to remember anything else that he had lately written, and then, under urging, repeated another, and yet another—of the poems from the young man's book—the budding poet manifesting symptoms of doubt whether he was himself, whether anything on the earth was real, whether he had really written the poems that up to that time he had believed that he had—until he heard a man declaiming them and claiming them for his own; a man who could not even have seen his unpublished book. Louder cheers, and a still louder demand for yet another. The fun, with all the "old uns" now thoroughly instructed, began to grow "fast and furious." Lamb, who had previously retained his sitting position, now rose, and said:—

"G-gentelmen, I have only been g-giving you s-some l-little bits of m-my p-poetry. But I h-have one p-poem that I am a little p-proud of. I wr-wrote it a g-good m-many years ago. This is h-how it begins:

"'Of m-man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden t-tree, whose mortal t-taste
Brought d-death into the world, with all our woe'—"

The recitation was doomed to go no further. For the previous few minutes the young poet, crazed with wonder, and yet aware that in some unaccountable manner he was being robbed—had simply been tearing his hair. But at this juncture he could restrain himself no longer. He sprang to his feet, his face ablaze, and burst out:

"Gentlemen, this is too much! I have sat here, gentlemen, and heard that man repeat poem after poem of mine, claiming them for his own, and I have borne it. But when I hear him attempt to claim the opening lines of Milton's 'Paradise Lost'——"

That address, too, was doomed to be cut short like the recitation. Rogers averred that never, beneath his roof, with all the merry mischiefs that that breakfast table knew, had such a storm of laughter and applause gone over it, as finished that speech and sent the young man to his chair, for the time little less than an absolute maniac, under the pressure of Lamb's crowning atrocity.

THE IOWA RAILROADS have suffered loss and annoyance by the habit of farmers in appropriating iron rails lying along the roads to crush down cornstalks, and forgetting to put them back. Agents are now looking up these stray rails, and when one is found on a farmer's premises he is notified to return it. If he fails, an action of replevin and damages is begun, and the farmer has to dance to the tune of $5 or $10. The Chicago and Northwestern have recovered nearly $2,000 damages in this way and the companies propose to stop this larceny.

☞ There are said to be at this moment more editors in than out of prison in Russia.

☞ More than twenty celluloid companies in this country are doing a successful business.

☞ A young darwinian.—Jack (to his married sister)—Hi! Polly!! Look!!! Here's your baby trying to walk on its hind legs!!!!

AN OLD BUT UNKNOWN COUNTRY.

An Observant Jew Makes a Journey Through Arabia Felix.

[The Athenæum.]

On an expedition I undertook last summer into the interior of Yemen proper, in order to study the history and literature of the Yemenite Jews, as well as to collect as many of their most interesting manuscripts as possible, I was enabled to take some notes of the general character of the surface of this classical land—the Seba and Theman of the Bible, Arabia Felix of the Romans, well known to the old world, but nowadays a *terra obscura*, although a small part of the southeastern corner belongs to the English crown—and to use the barometer and thermometer in the valleys and mountains during my four months' traveling in that mountainous land, passing some of the most savage and fanatical tribes.

Yemen proper is rightly called Arabia Felix. It is the most fertile and the most temperate country on this side of Asia, owing its happiness chiefly to the absence of the great curse of Syria, Arabia, and north and central Africa, the Shumum winds (destruction), which are called in Syria "Shuroccow" (east), and in Egypt "Hamsin" (fifty.) True, Aden and its neighborhood know of hot eastern winds, but they are not the terribly destructive Shumum. In the valleys and the narrow chain of mountains, all along the southern side of Yemen, from Babel Mandab as far as Aden, such a wind is unknown, and even in the plain near the western coast of the Red Sea.

It owes its prosperity to its having two rainy seasons of no less than four months each, and consequently two harvests in the year. It rains in Yemen proper regularly from June to September and from December to March. It rained last summer in the more elevated plateaus, from 6,000 to 8,000 feet high (so far as my own observation did not reach I must depend on reports), a few times in the month of June, and from the fourth quarter of June until about the middle of August every day nearly without exception, in Sanaa and the neighborhood (Sanaa is 6,700 feet above the sea, and the neighborhood rises to 8,200 feet). The mornings are in general clear; at about 12 o'clock it begins to be cloudy, lightning and thunder follow, and nearly every day it begins to rain at about 2 o'clock and goes on with some interruption until 4 o'clock. There is less rain in the lower parts, somewhat more in the western valleys, very little southward, and nearly none in the valleys east of the mountains of Yemen.

The elevated mountains make the climate temperate and healthy. Yemen has an area of about 50,000 miles, more than half of which belongs to a series of plateaus from 4,000 to 8,500 feet above the level of the sea, and not reckoning the eastern side on the slope of the mountains toward the land of Hadhramaut, &c., which, if reports are true (I gathered the best I could), must be very bare, and inhabited only by nomad Bedouin tribes, Mohammedans as well as Jews.

The boundary line of Yemen is as follows: Western side, along the eastern side of the Red sea, from Babel Mandab south to Lohaya north; then north side, from Lohaya northwest to Saada northeast; then from Saada northeast to Aden southeast; then from Aden southeast to Babel Mandab southwest, so that it forms an oblong square of about 110 to 150 miles wide and 450 long.

The country near the sea coast is flat, and it is very hot—about 95° to 102° F.—near the sea coast in the middle of the day or afternoon at 3. The plain is about forty to sixty miles wide, and is crossed by many brooks and rivers on the western side, and there are large old open cisterns as well as well-springs. Not so the southern side, which has very little water beyond a few wells and the small river Lahaj, twenty-five miles north of Aden, and two or three little brooks at Der el Shaban, about fifty miles north from Aden.

The plain is often interrupted by low hills, and so the ground rises gradually to an elevation of about 2,500 feet, where the steep granite mountains begin. At about 3,500 feet we reach the first wide and fertile plateau, where plenty of water is found. The second plateau, the widest and largest, is from 6,000 to 7,000 feet high. This plateau is full of wells, cisterns, and small brooks at every thousand paces, and marshy ground. The chief and largest towns of Yemen, as the capital, Sanaa, Jarim, Seta Demar (which was razed to the ground, town as well as walls and fortress, the day I left the place by the Turkish authorities), and Tais, stand upon this plateau. The third plateau is 8,000 feet high, and upon it Jebel Kakuban and Jebel Nakum rise to a height of 9,200 feet. They yield extremely white marble, of which all the windows of Sanaa and neighborhood are made instead of glass. The fortified towns of Amran, Sewila, Mathna, and many others are upon this plateau.

The chief mountains I passed on my way from Aden to Sanaa Amram are, first, about seventy-five miles north of Aden, Jebel Mashuwar, 4,200 feet high, second, Jebel Asab, 4,800 feet, about one hundred miles from Aden, and about ten miles further on Jebel Howta, 7,000 feet high; Jebel Nakum, 8,200 feet high; Jebel Kakuban, 9,200 feet high; and on my way from Sanaa to Hodeide are Jebel Mathna, 8,000 feet high; Jebel el Hamish, 7,000 feet high, and Jebel Haras, 7,200 feet high.

The rivers I met on the way are only two; first, about 120 miles from Aden, the river Bina, about 150 to 200 feet wide, and only two to two and a half feet deep. Its springs are between Seta and Jarim, 6,800 feet high. The second large river is midway between Sanaa and Hodeide, about sixty-five miles from each, and had to pass this river in one day more than twenty times—the El Kebla, about 100 to 200 feet wide, and two to three feet deep, very rapid and noisy. The Bina is sweet and clear; not so the Kebla. I met also a large river falling into the sea between Hodeide and Mocca, but I am not certain if it were not again the Kebla, falling into the Red Sea. I was not able to get any information from the people I met there. The small sailing boat with one sail, which is called by the Arabs "Jambrook," with which I went from Hodeide to Aden, took there water for the whole of its proposed journey of two months. Small vessels should take notice of the fact, especially as the small boat was able to get in from the sea right into the river. The place can easily be known from afar by the many palm trees which grow there and look from the sea like a mass of black lava.

Up to about 3,000 feet high, in Yemen, the chief grain is the red dura, the common white dra, also called dura, the maize twice a year, and a few small beans.

In the upper regions the winter crop consists of excellent wheat, called there *ber* (the "bar" of the Bible), then barley, then a kind of millet which grows upon stalks sixteen feet high (it is called *mohan*, the "dohan" of the Bible), and many different peas and beans as well as large lentils. The summer crop has less millet, wheat and barley, but more red dura.

The lower regions and first plateau, up to an elevation of 6,000 feet, are full of dum trees, *Sesd Arabica*, brushwood; and in some parts, as, for example, between Manakha and Hodeide, the stone palm, and between Hodeide and Mocca the date palm, are found in abundance; also some garden trees, as coffee trees, in the valleys of about 5,000 feet and more high, where there is a regular temperature of 80° in the daytime and 70° to 65° in the night. In open plains the coffee tree suffers from the great heat or cold. Coffee trees are most numerous in the Jebel Haras, and they need much water. There is in Yemen another small tree called kahad, the leaves of which are chewed by the rich the whole day. They are the dearest leaves I ever met; a small bundle of wet leaves, not more than about four hundred grammes weight, costs two shillings. It is to them the most delicious thing in the world—no paradise without it. One kind of it is said to keep off sleep, and the inhabitants use it when traveling in the night or when they have to watch. I could find little taste in it. These small trees of kahad need also an abundance of water. In the upper plateaus there is no wild wood of any kind to be met. Besides many northern garden trees, grapes (not good), figs, almonds, pears and pomegranates are common in Sanaa.

I did not meet any wild beast in all my travels, except thousands of baboons. Of domestic animals there are many camels, oxen, and cows, small in the plain and larger in the mountains; but cheese is never heard of. The camels are not good, and are only used for tilling the ground, with a hard piece of wood instead of an iron plough, which last is met only in large towns. In the plains the sheep have no wool at all, on the first plateau short wool, but in the higher mountains the wool is quite long. Goats are scarce. There are very few horses and mules, and only in the mountains. The horses are of no good race; many very spirited donkeys, especially the gray ones at Sanaa; a few chickens and doves, no geese and ducks, a few dogs and cats of a very strange form, and many beautiful wild birds.

I met only a few flowers, but plenty of fine grasses and ferns; hay three and a-half feet high, and many different kinds of clover. The indigo plant grows everywhere wild. The women use it when they are washing. They pick a few leaves, make a little blue, as much as they need, and care nothing more about it. It is no market article. There are many aromatic grasses in Yemen.

M. W. SHAPIRA.

Stephens on Webster.

A Washington letter to the Chicago *News* reports the Hon. Alexander H. Stephens as saying:—"I think Webster was the worst-slandered man I ever knew. It is the general impression in the country to-day that Webster was a great drunkard. You hear it spoken of even now whenever his name is mentioned, but it is an outrageous slander. I will tell you what I know myself. For six years, while we were both here in Congress, I lived next door to him. His house was as familiar to me as was my own garden. I was in there a great deal, and he was as often in mine, and, in all the time of my acquaintance with him, I never saw Webster when he was in the least affected by liquor, or under the influence of it in any way. I have dined with him at his house and at mine; I have met him at dinners and affairs outside, and I never saw him in the least inebriated. I never heard of his being intoxicated but twice, and on one of those occasions—a dinner—he was said to have made a speech that was grandly eloquent. He was, as I say, one of the worst-slandered men I ever knew. Why, a friend told me once that he had known Webster for 20 years, and in all that time he never saw him intoxicated."

☞ Didn't Venor say there was to be a snow storm about this time.

CONGRESSMEN AND THEIR RESIDENCES

LIST OF SENATORS.

W. A. Wheeler, President, Riggs House.
Allison, W. B., Iowa, 1124 Vermont ave.
Anthony, H. B., R. I., 1807 H st. n.w.
Bailey, J. E., Tenn., 1209 K st.
Baldwin, H. P., Mich., Arlington Hotel.
Bayard, Thomas F., Del., 1413 Massachusetts ave.
Beck, J. B., Ky., 1307 F st. n.w.
Blaine, J. G., Maine, 821 15th st. n.w.
Blair, H. W., N. H., 205 East Capitol st.
Booth, Newton, Cal., 601 13th st. n.w.
Bruce, B. K., Miss., 909 M st. n.w.
Burnside, A. E., R. I., 1823 H st. n.w.
Butler, M. C., S. C., 210 North Capitol st.
Call, Wilkinson, Fla., 1329 M st. n.w.
Cameron, Angus, Wis., 137 East Capitol st.
Cameron, J. D., Pa., Wormley's Hotel.
Carpenter, Matt H., Wis., 822 Connecticut ave.
Cockrell, F. M., Mo., 138 Pennsylvania ave. east.
Coke, Richard, Texas, 921 G st. n.w.
Conkling, Roscoe, N. Y., Riggs House.
Davis, David, Ill., National Hotel.
Davis, H. G., W. Va., Arlington Hotel.
Dawes, H. L., Mass., 1409 K st. n.w.
Eaton, W. W., Conn., 1322 L st. n.w.
Edmunds, G. F., Vt., 1411 Massachusetts ave.
Farley, James T., Cal., Arlington Hotel.
Ferry, T. W., Mich., National Hotel.
Garland, A. H., Ark., 519 2d st. n.w.
Gordon, J. B., Ga., 9 B st. n.w.
Groome, J. B., Md., 1328 I st. n.w.
Grover, L. F., Oregon, 1015 L st. n.w.
Hamlin, Hannibal, Me., Willard's Hotel.
Hampton, Wade, S. C., 209 East Capitol st.
Harris, I. G., Tenn., 515 11th st. n.w.
Hereford, Frank, W. Va., National Hotel.
Hill, Benjamin H., Ga., 1115 G st. n.w.
Hill, N. P., Col., 1407 Massachusetts ave.
Hoar, G. F., Mass., 919 I st. n.w.
Ingalls, J. J., Kansas, 611 13th st. n.w.
Johnston, J. W., Va., 666 13th st. n.w.
Jonas, B. F., La., 1329 M st. n.w.
Jones, C. W., Fla., 1116 G st. n.w.
Jones, J. P. Nev., cor. N. J. ave. and B st. s.e.
Kellogg, W. P. La., Willard's Hotel.
Kernan, Francis, N. Y., 1312 N st. n.w.
Kirkwood, S. J., Iowa, 1314 10th st. n.w.
Lamar, L. Q. C., Miss., 9 B st. n.w.
Logan, John A., Ill., 812 12th st. n.w.
McDonald, J. E., Ind., 610 14th st. n.w.
McMillan, S. J. R., Minn., 211 North Capitol st.
McPherson, J. R., N. J., 1409 Massachusetts ave.
Maxey, S. B., Tex., 413 4th st. n.w.
Morgan, J. T., Ala., 401 G st. n.w.
Morrill, J. S., Vt., cor. Vermont ave. and M st.
Paddock, A. S., Neb., 1323 H st. n.w.
Pendleton, G. H., Ohio, 1301 K st. n.w.
Platt, O. H., Conn., Arlington Hotel.
Plumb, P. B., Kan., 1121 I st. n.w.
Pryor, Luke, Ala., 1116 G st. n.w.
Randolph, T. F., N. J., 1326 Massachusetts ave.
Ransom, Matt W., N. C., 826 13th st. n.w.
Rollins, E. H., N. H., 145 East Capitol st.
Saulsbury, Eli, Del., 606 13th st.
Saunders, A., Nebraska, National Hotel.
Sharon, William, Nevada, Arlington Hotel.
Slater, J. H., Oregon, 1117 G st. n.w.
Teller, H. M., Col., 1011 M st. n.w.
Thurman, A. G., Ohio, 1017 14th st. n.w.
Vance, Z. B., N. C., 525 6th st. n.w.
Vest, G. G., Mo., 610 14th st. n.w.
Voorhees, D. W., Ind., 1827 I st. n.w.
Walker, J. D., Ark., 519 2d st. n.w.
Wallace, W. A., Pa., Willard's Hotel.
Whyte, W. P., Md., Baltimore, Maryland.
Williams, J. S., Ky., Riggs House.
Windom, William, Minn., 1116 Vermont ave.
Withers, R. E., Va., Alexandria, Va.

OFFICERS OF THE SENATE.

J. C. Burch, secretary, 1025 Vermont ave.
R. J. Bright, sergeant-at-arms, 201 East Cap. st
Henry E. Peyton, executive clerk, 613 13th n.w.
F. E. Shober, chief clerk, 521 12th st. n.w.
Isaac Bassett, assistant doorkeeper, 18 2d st. n.e.
W. P. McMichael, postmaster, Metropolitan.

LIST OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Samuel J. Randall, Speaker, Pa., 120 C st. s.e.
Ackles, J. H., La., 207 East Capitol st.
Aiken, D. W., S. C., 721 12th st. n.w.
Aldrich, N. W., R. I., Arlington Hotel.
Aldrich, William, Ill., Arlington Hotel.
Anderson, J. A., Kan., 615 E st. n.w.
Armfield, R. F., N. C., 603 F st. n.
Atherton, Gibson, Ohio, 223 East Capitol st.
Atkins, J. D. C., Tenn., 419 6th st. n.w.
Bachman, R. K., Pa., Metropolitan Hotel.
Bailey, J. M., N. Y., Arlington Hotel.
Baker, J. B., Ind., 525 13th st. n.w.
Ballou, L. W., R. I., 511 9th st. n.w.
Barber, Hiram, Ohio, 502 East Capitol st.
Barlow, Bradley, Vt., 1601 I st. n.w.
Bayne, T. M., Pa., 1640 Rhode Island ave.
Beale, R. L. T., Va., 455 C st. n.w.
Belford, J. B., Col., 1212 G st. n.w.
Beltzhoover, F. E., Pa., 519 13th st. n.w.
Berry, C. P., Cal., 608 13th st. n.w.
Bicknell, G. A., Ind., 211 North Capitol st.
Bingham, H. H., Pa., 1330 L st.
Blackburn, J. C. S., Ky., 917 New York ave. n.w.
Blake, J. L., N. J., Wormley's Hotel.
Bland, R. P., Mo., 1310 I st. n.w.
Bliss, A. M., N. Y., Willard's Hotel.
Blount, J. H., Ga., 26 B st. n.e.
Bouck, Gabriel, Wis., Ebbitt House.
Bowman, S. Z., Mass., cor. Pa. ave. & 1st st. s.e.
Boyd, T. A., Ill., 1412 G st. n.w.
Bragg, E. S., Wis., Ebbitt House.
Brewer, M. S., Mich., 814 12th st. n.w.
Briggs, J. F., N. H., 123 B st. s.e.
Brigham, L. A., N. J., 614 13th st. n.w.
Bright, J. M., Tenn., 511 13th st. n.w.
Browne, T. M., Ind., 144 A st. s.e.
Buckner, A. H., Mo., Metropolitan Hotel.
Burrows, J. C., Mich., 814 12th st. n.w.
Butterworth, Benjamin, Ohio, 1222 New York av
Cabell, G. C., Va., 617 11th st. n.w.
Caldwell, J. W., Ky., 1013 E st. n.w.
Calkins, W. H., Ind., 1221 New York ave.
Camp, J. H., N. Y., Arlington Hotel.
Cannon, J. G. Illinois, National Hotel.
Carlisle, J. G., Ky., Riggs House.
Carpenter, C. C., Iowa, 810 12th st. n.w.
Caswell, L. B., Wis., 1407 F st. n.w.
Chalmers, J. R., Miss., Riggs House.
Chittenden, S. B., N.Y., cor. Vt. av. & H st. n.w.
Claflin, Wm., Mass., 1409 K st. n.w.
Clardy, M. L., Mo., Willard's Hotel.
Clark, A. A., N. J., Willard's Hotel.
Clark, J. B., jr., Mo., 1325 F st. n.w.
Clymer, Heister, Pa., 723 15th st. n.w.
Cobb, T. R., Ind., 711 14th st. n.w.
Coffroth, A. H., Pa., Metropolitan Hotel.
Colerick, W. G., Ind., 623 Pennsylvania ave.
Conger, O. D., Mich., National Hotel.
Converse, G. L., Ohio, Willard's Hotel.
Cook, Philip, Ga., 219 North Capitol st.
Covert, J. W., N. Y., 1104 F st. n.w.
Cowgill, Calvin, Ind., 1312 F st. n.w.
Cox, S. S., N. Y., Riggs House.
Crapo, W. W., Mass., Wormley's Hotel.
Cravens, J. E., Ark., 407 G st. n.w.
Crowley, Richard, N. Y., 1421 Iowa Circle.
Culberson, D. B., Texas, Imperial Hotel.
Daggett, R. M., Nev., 717 14th st. n.w.
Davidson, R. H. M., Fla., National Hotel.
Davis, G. R., Ill., 1304 F st. n.w.
Davis, Horace, Cal., 1816 I st. n.w.
Davis, J. J., N. C., 203 A st. s.e.
Davis, L. H., Mo., 821 13th st. n.w.
Dearing, N. C., Iowa, Riggs Hotel.
De La Matyr, Gilbert, 113 C st. n.e.
Deuster, P. V., Wis., 2209 Pa. ave. n.w.
Dibrell, G. G. Tenn., 408 6th st. n.w.
Dick, S. B., Pa., 1310 F st. n.w.
Dickey, H. L., Ohio, National Hotel.
Dunn, Poindexter, Ark., 914 F st. n.w.
Dunnell, M. H., Minn., National Hotel.
Dwight, J. W., N. Y., Arlington Hotel.
Einstein, Edwin, N. Y., Wormley's Hotel.
Elam, J. B., La., 621 F st. n.w.
Ellis, J. E., La., 1233 New York ave.
Errett, Russell, Pa., 222 1st st. s.e.
Evins, J. H., S. C., 721 12th st. n.w.
Ewing, Thomas, Ohio, 937 N st. n.w.
Farr, E. W., N. H., cor. 1st and East Capitol sts.
Felton, W. H., Ga., National Hotel.
Ferdon, J. W., N. Y., 1413 K st. n.w.
Field, W. A., Mass., 1405 F st. n.w.
Finley, E. B., Ohio, 1407 F st. n.w.
Fisher, H. G., Pa., 1312 F st. n.w.
Ford, Nicholas, Mo., 709 8th st. n.w.
Forney, W. H., Ala., 1116 G st. n.w.
Forsythe, A. P., Ill., Metropolitan Hotel.
Fort, G. L., Ill., Riggs House.
Frost, R. G., Mo., 1325 F st. n.w.
Frye, W. P., Maine, 922 14th st. n.w.
Garfield, J. A., Ohio, 1227 I st. n.w.
Geddes, G. W., Ohio, 7 Grant Place.
Gibson, R. L., La., 1325 K st. n.w.
Gillette, E. H., Iowa, 142 A st. n.e.
Godshalk, William, Pa., 1322 G st. n.w.
Goode, John, Va., 1405 H st. n.w.
Gunter, T. M., Ark., Mades' Hotel.
Hall, J. G., N. H., 115 Maryland ave. n.e.
Hammond, John, N. Y., 1415 Mass. ave. n.w.
Hammond, N. J., Ga., Metropolitan Hotel.
Harmer, A. C., Pa., 1310 F st. n.w.
Harris, B. W., Mass., 18 Grant Place.
Harris, J. T., Va., Metropolitan Hotel.
Haskell, D. C., Kan., 1311 H st. n.w.
Hatch, W. H., Mo., Congressional Hotel.
Hawk, R. M. A., Ill., 810 12th st. n.w.
Hawley, J. R., Conn., 312 C st. n.w.
Hayes, P. C., Ill., 810 12th st. n.w.
Hazelton, G. C., Wis., 21 Grant Place.
Heilman, William, Ind., 2209 Pa. ave. n.w.
Henderson, T. J., Ill., 211 North Capitol st.
Henkle, E. J., Md., 457 C st. n.w.
Henry, D. M., Md., National Hotel.
Herbert, H. A., Ala., 230 1st st. n.e.
Herndon, T. H., Ala., 515 13th st. n.w.
Hill, W. D., Ohio, 415 2d st. n.w.
Hiscock, Frank, N. Y., Arlington Hotel.
Hooker C. E., Miss., 2501 Pennsylvania ave.
Horr, R. G., Mich., 817 12th st. n.w.
Hostetler