

PATCHWORK.

My lady's hair is white as milk,
And gleams like silver in the moon;
Her dress is of the richest silk,
Her eyes are tender, bright as blue,
And she sits sewing all day through.

Site sewing with a patience rare
A cushion tinted manifold
Of richest satins, cloth of gold,
And softest velvet wondrous fair;
Of glancing silks and rich brocade,
In cunning skill and beauty laid.

Thus sewing all the long days through,
She makes my story, dear—
A story that is true and true,
Amber and crimson, white and blue,
Bright greens and pinks and purple pale,
Are but the chapters of my tale.

"This dainty square of rosy hue
Is from the dress I wore that day
Your father stole my heart away;
This white, with silver-threaded through,
My wedding suit. 'Twas days divide
The widow from the happy bride!

"This sable velvet, this, this, that,
Are portions of some splendid vest
(Your father still was nobly dressed!);
This circle was a rich cravat;
I had a dress the same that year
He went to Washington, my dear!

"My Harry's tie of sailor blue
And Gables' crimson scarf are here,
And your first ball dress, my dear;
Sweet baby Grace you never knew,
She died so soon—this tiny square,
Is from the bow that bound her hair.

"So, darlings, let me dream and sew;
These scraps of pink and gray and gold
The story of my life unfold,
And as the still days come and go,
The happy Past comes back to me,
In all Love's tender fantasy."
—Harper's Weekly.

"CLUBNOSE."

It was in a hospital at the east end of London that I first made the acquaintance of "Clubnose." An old college friend of mine, who was one of the resident surgeons, was showing me over the wards, and there passed us two or three times a hospital nurse, whose remarkable appearance arrested my attention. She had thick, the most hideous and repulsive face I ever saw on man or woman. It was not that the features were naturally ugly, for it was simply impossible to tell in what semblance nature had originally molded them; but they had been so completely battered out of shape, that one would have fancied she must have been subjected to much the same treatment as the figure-head on which Daniel Quilp used to vent his impotent fury. The hero of a score of unsuccessful prize-fights could not have shown worse facial disfigurement than this tidily dressed, cleanly looking woman.

When we had finished our tour of the wards, I turned to my friend, and pointing to the receding figure of the nurse, who had just passed us again, I said: "What a dreadful ill-looking nurse you have there! Why, it must be enough to send a patient into fits to have that face bending over him."

"O!" said he, laughing, "that's 'Clubnose.'" Then lowering his voice, he added: "She's not a nurse really—she's a detective."

"A detective!" I exclaimed. "Why, you don't mean to say that the police dog the steps of a poor wretch even in the hospital?"

"No," he replied; "I don't think she has his eyes upon any of the patients—it is the friends who come to visit the patients that she watches. It is her way of doing business. Whenever there has been a crime committed in a neighborhood, she goes out as a nurse to the hospital of the district. I don't exactly know what her *modus operandi* is. She has a proper certificate as a nurse, and performs her duties like any of the rest; but it is understood that every facility for getting the information she requires is to be put in her way, without of course exciting suspicion. How she picks up her information I don't know, but I suspect it is by listening to the talk of the patients and their friends on visiting days. At any rate, I believe she has obtained clues under this disguise when others have failed her; and if the game wasn't worth the candle, I don't suppose she'd try it."

"Do the other nurses know her real character?"

"No. They may have their suspicions; but it is kept a secret from all but the authorities."

"Is 'Clubnose' your nickname for her, or is she generally known by that sobriquet?" I asked.

"No; I did not christen her so; it is the name she is known by in the force. Her real name is Margaret Saunders. She has a very queer history, I believe; but she is exceedingly reserved, and I have never had a chance of drawing her out."

"And this was all I learned about 'Clubnose' on that occasion.

Three or four days later two ladies, with whom I was intimately connected were robbed of a considerable quantity of valuable jewelry, and I was intrusted with the investigation of the case. I had paid numerous visits to Scotland Yard, and had had no end of interviews with detectives, but still there was no satisfactory clue to the identity of the thieves. One evening I was sitting alone after dinner, when the servant entered and said that "a person" wished to see me.

"A man or woman?" I asked.

"A woman, sir," she says she wishes to see you, pack-dickler, sir."

"Well, show her in," I said, inwardly wondering who the strange female might be who wanted to see me at so unreasonable an hour.

The door opened, and a respectable-looking woman wearing a thick veil was shown in. I requested her to take a seat. She did so; and as soon as the servant had retired and the door was closed, she threw back her veil and revealed the distorted features of "Clubnose."

I remembered her in an instant; indeed who that had once seen that face could ever forget it?

"You have come from Scotland Yard?" I said, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," she answered, quietly. "I am Margaret Saunders, from the detective department."

Her voice was harsh and unpleasant; but there was a firmness and decision about her manner, and a look of intelligence and resolution in her keen gray eyes, which at once inspired confidence. The bonnet she wore concealed to a cer-

tain extent the terrible disfigurement of her face; but even then the most reckless flatterer dared not have called her physiognomy prepossessing. It was not a bad face; but one could not look at it without a shudder, so frightfully was it mutilated. The nose in particular I noticed had been knocked into a grotesquely fantastic shape, thereby giving rise to the sobriquet by which she was familiarly known. She had come to inform me of a very important piece of evidence which she had discovered, and which, I say at once, led ultimately to the identification and conviction of the thieves. Into the details of the case I need not enter; it was only remarkable because it introduced me personally to "Clubnose," and enabled me eventually to learn from her own lips the story of her life, which I purpose here briefly setting down.

Some five-and-twenty years ago a crime was perpetrated in London which was marked by such exceptional features of atrocity as to send a thrill of horror through the whole community. A middle-aged gentleman of eccentric habits was attacked in his own house, and not only beaten and left for dead, but mutilated in a peculiarly shocking manner. The miscreants also carried off a considerable quantity of valuable property. The victim of this atrocious crime, strange to say, in spite of the horrible injuries he had sustained, was not killed outright, and though for weeks his life was in jeopardy, he eventually recovered, only, however, to be for the remainder of his days a helpless cripple.

For some time the police could find no clue to the perpetrator of this barbarous outrage; but at last suspicion was attracted to a woman who was known to have been occasionally employed about the house to do odd jobs of cleaning. A person answering to her description, it was discovered, had been seen leaving the house in company with a man on the day on which the crime was committed. Some minor circumstances tended to confirm the suspicion that this woman was implicated in the affair, and she was accordingly arrested and charged before a magistrate. After one or two remands, for the purpose of obtaining further proof, the magistrate decided that there was not sufficient evidence to justify him in sending the case for trial and the accused woman was discharged. That woman was Margaret Saunders. She had all along emphatically protested her innocence, and after her discharge, she vowed that she would never rest until she had proved it by bringing the real offenders to justice. The police, baffled by the failure of their charge against herself, were compelled to confess themselves completely at fault; from them Margaret Saunders could expect no assistance. Alone and unaided she set to work upon her self-imposed task. At the very outset, when it seemed to her that every moment was of value, she had the misfortune to fall down a flight of steps and break her leg. This necessitated her removal to the hospital, and it was as she lay there chafing at the enforced delay and inaction, that there came to her the first ray of light to guide her on her search. In the next bed to her there was a woman who was also suffering from a severe accident. On visiting-day she heard this woman say in a low, anxious voice: "Is Robert safe?"

"Yes," was the reply, also in a woman's voice. "He's in Glasgow, ready to bolt, if necessary; but there'll be no need for that, the bobbies have chucked up the game, as they mostly do when they've failed to fix a charge upon the first person they spotted—unless there's an extra big reward offered, which there isn't in this case."

How it was suddenly borne home to her that this "Robert" was the man she wanted, "Clubnose" told me she never could quite make out. It flashed upon her all of a minute, she said, and she never had a doubt of the correctness of the instinct that prompted her to the conviction. She lay and listened, but could catch nothing more. She got a good look, however, at the woman who was a visitor, and felt certain she should know her again anywhere. Before leaving the hospital, Margaret Saunders had scraped up a speaking acquaintance with the patient who was so anxious about "Robert," and learned enough to find out in what part of London she must look for information about the character and antecedents of the said "Robert."

It was this incident, by the way, that suggested to her afterward the value of assuming the disguise of a hospital nurse.

The ingenuity with which she ferreted out the facts which eventually determined her to track "Robert" to Glasgow, was wonderful. And not less wonderful was her dogged patience. Even when she had run her quarry to earth and was convinced in her own mind that she had her hands upon the real criminal, she had to wait until she could piece the bits of evidence together, and above all, until the victim of the outrage, whose brain had been seriously affected by the injuries he had received, had sufficiently recovered his mind and memory to give some intelligible account of the attack upon him. Even when he could do so, he professed himself exceedingly doubtful of being able to recognize or identify his assailants; he knew, however, there were two of them—a man and a woman.

It was nearly eighteen months after the perpetration of the crime before the patience and perseverance of Margaret Saunders were rewarded with sufficient success to justify her in communicating with the police. The Scotland Yard officials were at first hardly inclined to credit her; but her earnestness convinced them at last that there was "something in it." Perhaps they were helped a little toward that conviction by the fact that she solemnly swore she would never finger a penny of the reward. "She had hunted this man down to clear her own character and set herself right with the world," she said, "and not a farthing of the reward would she touch." It is unnecessary to dwell upon the sequel. Suffice it to say that "Robert" was arrested, that his accomplice, who was the niece of the victim's housekeeper, was subsequently taken also; that the pair were tried, convicted, and sentenced, the woman to ten years, the man to penal servitude for life.

Margaret Saunders was highly complimented by the Judge upon the sagacity and astuteness she had displayed, his Lordship observing that she was "a born detective." The press too was loud in her praises; and a subscription was set on foot as an expression of the public admiration for the indomitable courage,

resolution, and patience, and the extraordinary astuteness which enabled her to bring two great criminals to justice.

The journal which had suggested and started the subscription depicted a member of its staff, well-known as a master of the "picturesque" style, to interview Margaret Saunders and write up a sensational article upon her. He applied to the police for her address, and an inspector from Scotland Yard volunteered to go with him—Sir Richard Mayne, the then Chief Commissioner of Police, having expressed a desire that something should be done for Margaret Saunders to show the official appreciation of her conduct. The journalist and the inspector accordingly proceeded together on their visit to the heroine. They found Margaret Saunders among very unsavory society—in one of the lowest of the filthy dens that swarm about the London docks. Not a very inviting subject for interview, and but a sorry heroine for a sensational article. However, they did interview her, and she soon, in language more vigorous than polite, gave them her mind upon the proposed recognition of her services. She wouldn't have anything to do with any subscription or reward—wouldn't touch a farthing.

"Look 'ere," she said, doggedly; "what I done I done for my own sake, and nobody else's. I meant rightin' of myself, and I have rightin' myself. That's my business—not yours. I don't want nobody's money nor praise. Let 'em keep that to themselves. But I'll tell you what," she added, turning sharply to the inspector, "if you mean true by all them fine compliments—"

"Most certainly we do," interposed the inspector.

"Well, then, I'll tell you what you can do to show it."

"What is that?" asked the inspector.

"Why, make me one o' yourselves. If I'm as good as you say, I might be worth something in your line. Make me one o' yourselves—a detective. That's all I ask; and if you won't do that, I don't want to have nothing more to do with you."

It was a novel and startling proposition, and the inspector was somewhat taken aback by it; however, he faithfully promised to lay the matter before the authorities at Scotland Yard, and let her know the result; with that, he and his companion left her. The end of it was that her wish was granted. Margaret Saunders was duly enrolled as a female detective, and a most active and intelligent officer she proved herself to be.

That is in substance the strange history of "Clubnose's" connection with the police, as she herself told it to me. I questioned her also upon her professional career; but here she was more reticent; still, I gathered that it had been marked by many exciting adventures and hair-breadth escapes from death. I learned, for example, that she owed the horrible disfigurement of her face to the polite attentions of two water side ruffians whose lady companions she had been instrumental in consigning to the tender care of the jailer of Pentonville.

"They took it out of me werry hot," she said, in her rough but undemonstrative manner. "I reckon they thought they had done for me, but bless ye, I'm tough, and they got their seven years apiece for me—though mind ye, the Scotland Yard folks would never let on as I was one o' them. They was tried and convicted for assaultin' of me as a ordinary person. The lawyers tried to make out as I was a policy spy; but they couldn't prove it. But I had to keep clear o' that district for a long while arterwards."

I was curious to know how with such a remarkable physiognomy she was not recognized in a moment wherever she went, and I put the question to her as delicately as I could. I at once found that I had touched her hobby. If there was one thing that she prided herself upon more than another it was her power of disguising herself; and indeed afterward I learned from one of the inspectors that she had good reason for being proud of this accomplishment, for there was no one in the force who could compete with her in the cleverness and variety of her disguises. Twice, however, she admitted that her disguise had been penetrated, and on each occasion she nearly paid the penalty with her life.

On the first occasion, she was pitched out of the window and had her leg broken. On the second—which happened not more than a year before my first introduction to her in her professional capacity—she had what she herself called "a precious narrow shave o' bein' sent to kingdom-come outright." She had been for weeks on the trail of a very clever gang of thieves, and had actually been admitted a member of the fraternity, and wormed herself into their secrets, so perfect and artistic was her disguise.

On a certain evening it was agreed that the pieces were to swoop down upon the gang, acting on "information received" from "Clubnose." On this evening it unfortunately happened that there was present for the first time an old member of the gang who had just got his ticket-of-leave. Whether "Clubnose," through over-confidence in the perfection of her disguise, committed some indiscretion or not, she could not tell; but at any rate in some way the suspicions of the returned convict were roused. He communicated them privately to some of his "pals"—a rush was made at "Clubnose"; she was overpowered, stripped of her disguise, and then "welked," to use her expression, about the head and body with pokers, bars, legs of chairs, and any other available weapon, until she was left "a mass o' jelly." She contrived, however, before they knocked her senseless, to break the window and sound the whistle she carried. The police burst in, too late to save her from the vengeance of the thieves, but in time to make an important capture. They found "Clubnose" with her skull fractured, and with hardly a whole bone in her skin. The injuries to her skull were so severe as to necessitate the operation of trepanning, which was successfully performed; but, she said, she had never been herself since, and was constantly troubled with terrible pains in the head.

"Ay," she added, with the rude kind of philosophy which was a curious trait in her character, "that was a gallus bad job, that was. They nigh done for me; but if might ha' been worse. Supposin' now, they'd ha' smashed me up afore I spotted their little game, eh? That would ha' been somethin' to grumble at."

"It was a worse 'job' for poor 'Clubnose' than she imagined. Within six months after my last interview with her she was dead; the cause of her death being an abscess in the brain, produced by the frightful injuries to her head on the occasion when "they nigh done" for her. She must have been missed in the force; for she was—as the Judge described her at the trial which first brought her remarkable qualities into prominence—"a born detective;" and it will be long before the police of this or any other county obtain the services of a woman possessed of the nerve, the astuteness and the dogged resolution of "Clubnose."—*Chambers' Journal.*

Women in Afghanistan.

The dress of Afghan women, especially those whose husbands have rank or wealth, is extremely picturesque. A short tightly-fitting bodice of green blue or crimson silk confines the bust, and buttons closely up to the throat. The bodice is generally embroidered with gold, and then becomes so stiff and unyielding that it is virtually a corset. In this cold weather the short arms of the sari are continued down to the wrist, and the vest itself is padded with wool for the sake of warmth. Trousers are a la Turc, baggy and flowing as Fatima's, and tightly fastened at the ankles, a broad silk kummbund of almost endless length, with the ends so disposed that they become skirts, dainty white socks, and a tiny slipper or shoe, gold embroidered—such is the indoor dress of a Cabulese lady while covering and hiding all save feet and ankles is the voluminous white garment drawn over the head and face, and falling to the heels. These veiled beauties have jewelry scattered over their arched hands, wrists, arms and ears; while handsome gold loops secure the yashmak at the back of the head; the hair being lightly drawn from the forehead, and tied tightly into a knot, Grecian fashion. The length of a silk kummbund which circles a lady's waist is sometimes astonishing; one I saw must have been twelve yards long by eighteen inches broad, and the end was even then not forthcoming.

The slippers and shoes are of Cabulese make, and are very pretty. On a pale green background beautiful patterns are worked with gold and silver thread and parti-colored silk, until the effect is more that of a fairy slipper than one fit for daily use. But a stout leather sole is put on, with high heels rudely bound with iron, and then the work of art is complete. The stalls in which their slippers and shoes are made are the gayest in the whole bazaar. A Cabulese lady's foot is small, almost to deformity, and the baggy trousers by contrast make them appear exceedingly petite. From the few faces seen and those chiefly of old or passe women, it is difficult to judge of the famed beauty Cabulese are said to boast of. The children are certainly, as a whole, the prettiest I have ever seen. Their complexions are red and white, with a tinge of olive pervading the skin, eyes black and lustrous, well-shaped features, teeth to make a Western beauty envious, and bright, intelligent looks that sadly belie the race to which they belong. Their mothers must be beautiful, for their fathers are generally villainous looking; the men losing all the pleasing traits which as boys they possessed. The lady I have described as seen in the zenana for a moment was certainly handsome and was far lighter in complexion than a Spaniard; her eyes were really worthy of the praises sung by Hafiz, but the sensuous lips were a little too full and pouting. It was just such a face as one imagines in a harem, and would be in keeping with the languorous life of a voluptuary to whom sensuality is a guiding star. Such faces always lack character, and would soon prove insipid in the eyes of the West. The Cabulese lady, when journeying, is either carried in an elaborate wickerwork cage covered with the inevitable flowing linen, or rides, Amazon fashion, on a pony behind her lord.—*Calcutta Pioneer.*

The Animal in the Box.

There is a sad young man up Michigan avenue to-day. He got up very early on the morning of the 1st and rigged up a box and hung upon it a sign reading: "Don't annoy the baboon." A great many people looked into the box and were annoyed by hoots and yells, and the inventor of the sell was waxing fat, when along came a six-foot farmer with his weather eye open for living curiosities. When he saw the box and the sign he hitched his team and made an inspection. There was no baboon in the box. No, sir; there wasn't even the faintest trace of one. The young man was leaning against the fence and laughing his sides sore, when the farmer approached and asked:

"Did you have any baboon in that box?"

"No, of course not."

"Then why that sign? If there is no baboon there how can he be annoyed? I'd lick a man who'd annoy a baboon of mine."

"Why, it's only a sell," explained the young man.

"What's a sell?"

"Why, to-day is April-fool day."

"Never heard of any such day in my life. Young man, don't you dare lie to me! I can take a joke as well as the next man, but I can't be babooned to-day or any other day. Where's that animal?"

"Never had any."

"Never had a baboon in the box, yet you hang out a sign that people mustn't poke him up and annoy him! Boy, that's false pretenses!"

"But can't you take a joke?"

"A joke? Where is the joke in forbidding us to annoy the baboon when there isn't a baboon within a thousand miles of us? Other folks may not resent it, but I can't be imposed on without a rumpus!"

He hauled the box down, kicked off the slats, and then he picked up the young man, turned him end for end, twisted him up, and jammed him into the baboon box. It was an awful close fit, and there was a heap of kicking, but the baboon got there all the same, and after the farmer had driven away they had to pull the box apart to get the living curiosity out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—There are 34,400 lay preachers in the Methodist Church of England. They do ten times as much preaching as the ordained clergy.

The Hittites.

One of the most interesting parts of Chas. Justice Daly's annual review of recent progress in geographical exploration, is the New York Geographical Society, was that touching the important discovery of the seat of empire of the ancient Hittites. Judge Daly said:

The readers of the Bible will remember the frequent mention that is made of the Hittites, a people occupying Canaan, who are described in the biblical narrative as being commercial and military, and in whose country Abraham bought a piece of land for his burial place. The scattered accounts in the Bible simply indicate an ordinary tribe of people, with whom the Israelites had intercourse, but information derived from the researches made in Egypt and Assyria show that the Hittites, whom the Egyptians called the Kheta and the Assyrians the Khatti, were a powerful confederacy occupying the country which was the highway between Babylonia or Assyria and Egypt—a people actively engaged in commerce, their principal city being a place to which merchants from all parts congregated, and who were at the same time a warlike people, who for a long period kept the Assyrians in check, and who proved the most formidable antagonists the Egyptians ever encountered. They were not only commercial and warlike, but had evidently at a remote period made great advances in civilization and in the fine arts and early Greek art, as found in the discoveries of Dr. Schliemann at Mycenae; and the early art found in Cyprus by our associate, Mr. Di Cesnola, is supposed to have been largely derived from them.

They occupied the whole country of Southern Syria, from the Mediterranean to the desert, dwelling chiefly in the fertile valleys of the Orontes, a river rising to the east of Baalbec and flowing into the Mediterranean, and had two principal cities—Kadesh, or the Holy City, and a great commercial emporium, which was their capital and the center of their power, called Carchemish. They were finally overthrown by the Assyrians, B. C. 718; and had so completely disappeared that they are scarcely ever referred to by Greek writers. Great interest was felt to discover the site of their commercial capital, Carchemish, and many conjectures have been made, none of which, however, could be verified. A few years ago Mr. Skene, the British Consul at Aleppo, discovered a huge mound of earth covering a large area on the western shore of the lower Euphrates, near a ford of that river on the route still traversed by caravans. This great mound was surrounded by ruined walls and broken towers, while the mound itself was but a mass of earth, fragments of masonry and debris. It had frequently been seen by previous travelers, but they identified it with other lost places. Mr. Skene called the attention of the late George Smith, the eminent archaeologist who brought so much to light from the ruins of Nineveh, to this mound, and Mr. Smith found here the long-lost capital of the Hittites. The present British Consul, Mr. Henderson, has been during the last two years engaged in the exploration of the mound, and has already sent important remains with inscriptions to the British Museum.

A few years ago a stone which had formed part of the wall of a house at Hamath had an inscription upon it which excited great curiosity, because it was neither Assyrian nor Egyptian, but something between both languages. It may be remembered that I called attention in one of my former addresses to the discovery of this stone and one or two others containing like characters, which were then called the Hamath inscriptions, with the suggestion that this might probably be the language of the Hittites, which is now proved to be the fact. The inscriptions found by Mr. Henderson in the exploration of Carchemish are not only of the same character, but the same language which Mr. Layard found impressed upon seals discovered by him in the ruins of the record chamber of Sennacherib's palace, and which greatly excited his curiosity, as the writing was unlike any ever noticed before. Another inscription was afterward discovered at Aleppo, by Mr. Davis, a missionary; and it also turns out that the famous figures sculptured above the roads from Ephesus to Phoea, and from Smyrna to Sardis, which are mentioned by Herodotus, and were supposed by him to represent the Egyptian King Rameses II., the Sesostris of the Greeks, had inscriptions in the same character as that recently found in Carchemish, showing that these figures also are Hittite monuments. It is supposed that this language was the source of what is known as the Cypriote syllabary, found in Cyprus, and which was probably the language in use among commercial people throughout Asia Minor until it was superseded by the simpler and more practical Phoenician alphabet. This discovery is exceedingly interesting, as the Hittites belong to the same race of people who perfected, by the invention of the alphabet, that greatest of human inventions, a written language. We have now, in the discovery of Mr. Smith, the memorials of a lost people, in neighboring proximity to the Phoenicians, of whom also we know so little—a people who had an important part in the early progress of ancient civilization, with respect to which an eminent Egyptian scholar expresses his conviction that future discoveries in the course of this exploration will afford convincing proofs that this civilization, which was of the highest antiquity, was of an importance which we can only guess at.

A writer in the London Times has said, in respect to these discoveries, that they have opened up to us an extinct civilization that existed before Rome or Athens was founded, of which nearly every trace and memorial had been lost until these discoveries were made a few years ago; that they have opened a new and earlier page in the history of mankind—in that of religion, science and of the arts—by the discovery of the remains of this library, which Abraham may have consulted in what was the land of his nativity.—*Scientific American.*

—The prohibition of the importation of potatoes into Norway from the United States will remain in effect until the close of the year 1885. This is in consequence of the continued prevalence of the potato bug or potato-beetle in the United States.

A Wedding in Old Kentucky.

In the early days of the State, a Kentucky wedding was an affair in which the whole community joined. The ceremony took place just before noon, at which hour dinner was served as a nuptial feast. On the morning of the wedding-day, a party of young men and maidens gathered to escort the groom from his father's house to the bride's dwelling. The forest path was narrow—there were no roads then—and so they rode in double file, a young man and a maiden, side by side. Their horses were caparisoned with old saddles or old blankets, and guided by old bridles or halters. The men were dressed in their best moccasins, leather breeches and leggings, and in the famous Kentucky hunting shirt. This was usually made of linsey or coarse linen, and sometimes of a dressed deer-skin. In the breast was a pocket for holding food, tow for wiping the rifle, and other articles. A belt, tied behind, confined the shirt to the body, and held the bullet pouch, the tomahawk and the knife in a leather sheath. As picturesque in their array were the ladies, in linsey petticoats, then gowns, coarse shoes, knit stockings and buckskin gloves. If one belonged to an old Virginia family she displayed a ruffe, a buckle, two or three metal buttons and a ring—the relics of old times, handed down as heir-loom. Sometimes the march through the woods was disturbed by jocular neighbors. Forming an ambuscade they would fire their guns, for the pleasure of seeing the horses spring, and the chivalric young men trying to save the shrieking maidens from falling.

In those days whisky was the beverage, and when the party arrived at a mile from the bride's cabin, there was a race for a bottle of that liquor. Two young men, selected as champion riders, would bestarve with an Indian yell. The worse the road the better the race. Over logs, through brush and muddy hollows, across streams they would dash. The winner of the prize distributed it among the company. The conclusion of the marriage ceremony was the signal for dinner. It was a substantial feast of beef, pork, fowls, venison, bear meat, potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. After dinner dancing began, which was kept up till late in the night. If seats were scarce every young man not engaged in the dance was expected to offer his hip as a seat to one of the girls. The offer was sure to be accepted.

The next thing after the wedding was to "settle" the young couple. On a piece of land given by one of the parents, the party assembled to erect a cabin. The choppers felled the trees and cut them in proper lengths. A carpenter selected a tree suitable for making clapboards for the roof, while others hewed out puncheons for the floor. Getting out the timber was one day's work. The "raising," in which all the neighbors joined, occupied the next, and on the third day the cabin was furnished. This was a simple job. The carpenter smoothed off the floor, made a clapboard door, a table, some three-legged stools, a bedstead, two or three shelves—and the cabin, after the "warming," was ready for the bride and groom. Shelves were made by driving wooden pins in the logs and laying on them narrow boards. A split slab with four auger holes, in which four logs were inserted, formed the table. The bedstead illustrated the art of making the best use of the materials on hand. Two forked sticks, fastened to the floor and a beam, supported poles, which were held in place by being inserted in the cracks of the log walls. On these boards were placed to form the bottom of the bed. A few pegs around the walls for woman's things, and two small buck's horns in a joist for the rifle, completed the house. Then came the "warming," which was a dance and a feast. The following day the young people established their home in the new cabin.

In these plain log-cabins were reared some of the great men of Kentucky—eloquent lawyers, able statesmen and renowned soldiers.—*Youth's Companion.*

Assurance.

The Duke of Argyll, who not long since visited in Canada his son, the Marquis of Lorne, and the Princess Louise, his daughter-in-law and the daughter of Queen Victoria, is chief of the great clan Campbell, and can boast of a lineage as ancient and more honorable in character than that of the Guelphs, the ruling family of England. In spite of this fact, the Marquis, it is said, has been made to feel sharply the disparity of rank, by snubs from his royal brothers-in-law, who were opposed to his marriage with the Princess Louise.

Apocryphal to this, a story is told of the visit of one of the royal princes—the Duke of Edinburgh—to this country. While in Washington, at a State dinner, some supercilious remark which he made gave offense, by its ill-taste, to the lady who sat at his side, a woman noted for her beauty and wit.

Presently the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise was spoken of, and Mrs. S—, turning to the Prince, said with the apparent naivete of a child:

"I am a member, by the mother's side, of the clan Campbell, and so is Senator H—;" glancing at a gentleman on the other side of the table; adding gravely, "O, Your Highness can assure Her Majesty that so far as the American branch is concerned, her daughter is marrying into a very suitable family."

The Prince fairly gasped for breath, utterly at a loss for a reply, and a covert smile of amusement passed round the table, while Mrs. S— calmly went on with her dinner.

A similar story of American "bounce" is told in relation to the Russian Grand Duke Alexis. While passing through the streets of New York, which were gaily decorated in his honor, he looked inquiringly at a magnificent building draped with a peculiar flag.

"I do not recognize the colors," he said. "Is that the Embassy of a foreign power?"

"It represents a power stronger in this country than that of any King or Czar in his dominions," said his companion. "It is the office of a daily newspaper."

Americans were long noted in Europe for their exaggerated habit of boasting, but they are fast learning more self-respect and better manners. Just as an individual or nation really deserves respect, are they less likely to arrogantly assert their claims to it.—*Youth's Companion.*