Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - MISSOURI.

A TRANSFIGURED GUEST.

Dark Sorrow came and stood beside my hearth
With veiled face and sable-shrouded form;
At her approach gay Health and buoyant M rth
Fled trembling, and my household embers warm
Grew ashy white and chill; without, a storm
Began to blow, and clouds across the sky
Swept heavily; the sunlight seemed to die.

In silence sat the veiled intruder down,
And gazed upon me; I could feel her gaze!
Through the dark folds I thought I saw a frown
Upon her brow. As through the gathering haze
The storm-worn mariner sees, with dread amaze,
The cliffs rise dark and threatening in his way,
So did I look at Sorrow's face that day.

And yet, "Draw not thy veil away!" I cried;
"I can not bear to meet thine awful eyes!
If henceforth at my hearth thou must abide,
And in the lore of suffering make me wise,
At least be merciful: keep thy disguise!
So dread the pangs thy hidden features give,
I can not see thy face unveiled, and live."

Day waned, and slowly waned the dreary night,
And still I sat beside my shrouded guest.
Her gaze resistless held my shrinking sight;
Her voiceless lips woke terror in my breast.
A trembling seized me, and my heart, oppressed,
Broke the dread silence with a shuddering cry:
"Oh, let me see thine awful face, and die!"

Then Sorrow rose; her sable garment fell
About her feet, and slowly fold on fold
She put away he veil: I could not quell
The fear that made my heart grow cold.
At length, unveiled, she faced me, and behold!
No grisly phantom was my silent guest,
No shape of terror, but an angel blest.

The light of peace was in her steadfast eyes;
Celestial love and pity made a blaze
Of glory all about her. Rapt surprise
Possessed my soul, and strength for feeble days
Was in me born beneath her tender gaze.
I cried: "Henceforth we will not dwell apart!"
And clasped the Angel Sorrow to my heart.

—Harper's Magazine.

A WIDOW BEWITCHED.

Kitty's Nice Little Scheme, and How It Worked.

I.

"If my relations were a set of parrots," soliloquized Colonel Roslyn Seymour, "with only one set phrase among them, they could not echo more persistently: 'You ought to get married! you ought to get married.' It's dinned into my ears from morning until night, and now positively if Kitty hasn't taken it up—my favorite sister Kitty, who makes it her boast that she can twist me round her finger.

"Pshaw! 'charming woman!' "—his eyes had fallen on a sentence in a letter near him—"they are all charming women. 'Her husband only lived two years.' What of that? Poor Lucy only lived twelve months, and I don't want to get married again. 'We were schoolfellows,' 'and Bob has known her from her childhood.' That isn't saying anything; somebody has known everybody from their childhood, and I haven't such an exalted opinion of Mr. Bob's intimates as my meddlesome monkey of a sister has!"

Colonel Seymour would not have chafed half so sorely under the interference of his family had he not seen that there was some reason for it. His wife, a delicate young creature, as pretty and about as companionable as a wax doll, had died in giving birth to a daughter, who had been left in the care of her grandmother. A year ago the grandmother had died, and what to do with the child was a question everyone had answered except the father.

"You must marry again," they said; but that was just what he didn't want to do, and he had accepted his sister's invitation to Ashridge Manor because Kitty never bothered him about this vexed question.

Traitress! He had not a doubt but the upshot of her letter was that this Mrs. Coventry was to be there to meet him. He had a good mind not to go; but, then, there was the child, who was to go with him. Kitty had asked her down, that she might get better acquainted with her cousins and had arranged that a new governess was to meet them at the station and take care of Bab during the journey.

"Oh, hang the women!" he exclaimed, irritably. "I don't believe another being on earth is bothered with them as I am.

"Hang Mrs. Coventry," he continued; "and, as for Kitty, confound her and her scheme together!"

Now, it happened that on the same night, and at about the same hour, in a cozy little boudoir in Kensington Gore, a very good-looking woman sat all alone, trying to make up her mind to what seemed to her a desperate action. She, too, was soliloquizing; before her also lay a letter, and her name was Mrs. Coventry.

"It's the same thing invariably—always heralded by my money—and that's what is making Kitty so anxious for me to meet her brother. I'm sure she knew how much I admired him before he married, or I either. But your face was your fortune then, my dear," she said, addressing the charming reflection opposite her; "now you're a rich widow, and it's a different matter. I don't see why it should be, though," and she regarded herself more critically; "and as for him, although he does not know me from Adam, I admire him as much as ever."

The little slippered feet were stretched out again, and she sat gazing into the fire. Then, without removing her eyes, she reached out her hand for the letter, and held it so that it may be read over her shoulder.

"DEAR HELEN—Am I not the most unfortunate person in the world? My cousin's little boy is very unwell with what may be only a cold, or the doctor says may turn out a fever. Of course, I dare not risk the children at Ashridge Manor, but if it proves to be nothing at all, I do not want Mrs. Lambton to be made nervous about having me, so I intend to write and say that I am detained by a sprained ankle—fortunately I have turned my foot; and would you let one of your servants go to Colonel Seymour's, and say from me that I am unable to fulfill my engagement of taking charge of his little girl on the journey? I do not know where to address him or I would not trouble you. My cousin has—"

But at this point Mrs. Coventry's interest seemed to cease, for without reading the rest of the letter she relapsed into her study of the fire. Suddenly she rang the bell. "Send Ellis to me," she said, and in a few minutes later her maid appeared. "I have changed my mind about Thursday. I shall go to Ashridge to-morrow by the 11:50 train. You can come by one later.

II.

"I'm sure, ma'am, nobody, unless compelled to, would leave their home such a day as this," said Ellis, looking out of the window. "It isn't weather fit to send so much as a dog out."

"Then tell John that Rex is to be kept indoors."

Two bare feet were on the carpet, and Mrs. Coventry's decision was announced by "order a cutlet for me before I go, and John is to fetch a good cab to take me to the station."

Ellis retired in injured silence. She had her own opinion of this unwarrantable mystery—it was something to do with that Miss Hamblin, who was going down as governess to Ashridge Manor, who was always made a most ridiculous fuss over. Ellis did not see the way quite clear to punish the two delinquents, but, somehow, revenge she'd have.

"Not that dress, the serge one." Mrs. Coventry's toilet was all but completed.

"I shall take a bag to put a book and the newspaper in, the thick rug, and wear my black bonnet and my sealskin cloak.

Thus attired, behold Mrs. Coventry—already repenting the step she had taken, and half inclined to turn back—entering the waiting-room of the Waterloo station. She wondered should she see Colonel Seymour there. No; the room was empty. Very likely, seeing it was such a bad morning, he had given up all thought of coming.

"Has any inquiry been made for a Miss Hamblin?" she said.

Not this morning; nobody had been inquired for.

Mrs. Coventry turned to go.

"Lady here o' the name o' Hamblin?" called out a porter, against whom she ran.

"Yes; this lady," said the waiting-room woman, beginning to explain. But matters have to go rapidly at railway stations, and before Mrs. Coventry had arranged her plan of action, Colonel Seymour had shaken her by the hand, said he was pleased to meet her, much obliged for her venturing on such a morning, put his little girl under her care, and des red the porter to see them to a carriage while he went to get their tickets. Flight was impossible. She had come so far, and now she must go on.

An hour later the train was crawling slowly past Stillwater. In one corner of the carriage sat Mrs. Coventry, opposite her was Bab, at the far end Colonel Seymour.

The usual civilities had been exchanged, and since then the Colonel had been intrenched behind his paper, keeping it up as a screen, under shelter of which he was taking stock of his fair neighbor.

"Uncommonly fine young woman; remarkably good style, too!" And then he shook his head and sighed compassionately. "Far too pretty to be a governess. If they have some of Mr. Bob's chums down there to stay, there'll be the very deuce to pay at Ashridge Manor."

At this moment Bab took possession of a seat which Mrs. Coventry had offered next to her. The movement attracted her father's attention. What a big girl that child was growing! She would be old enough to have a governess herself soon. Pshaw! What nonsense next? and a single man like him, too! That would indeed set people talking. Colonel Seymour laid aside his paper, moved nearer the lady he was observing and began:

"I hope you are not feeling the cold. That's a famously warm cloak you have on."

The cloak was a handsome sealskin dolman. Good gracious! His voice seemed rather pointed. Did he think it too handsome for a governess to wear? To allay his suspicions, if he had any, she said:

"It is Mrs. Coventry's cloak; she was afraid I might feel cold, and lent it to me."

Of course, he remembered who Mrs. Coventry was; her great friend Kitty had told him that it was she who had recommended her.

Mrs. Coventry rose full fifty feet in the Colonel's estimation. "Ah," he thought, "now that's a very kind action," and he smiled approvingly, as he said:

"My sister tells me that Mrs. Coventry is charming—very nice?" and he looked as if he expected an emphatic affirmation.

"Yes—oh—I have known her so long that I am hardly able to say. She has a great many friends." In what a sad voice she said that. Poor girl! The Colonel felt quite touched, and drew nearer still, and, to explain his reason for doing so, said he felt a draught from the window.

"Won't you have your rug?" she said, taking one from Bab, and wrapping her in half her own. "Your little girl and I will share this one."

Colonel Seymour protested, but allowed his scruples to be overcome.

"I don't think you know Mrs. Lambton, my sister, do you?"

"Is she at all like you?" asked Mrs. Coventry, evasively. The Colonel smiled.

"Some people think so," he said. He was not at all displeased at the way she had asked the question; there was a look in her face which gave point to the inquiry.

"Mrs. Coventry thinks Mrs. Lambton is so handsome," she said, naively.

"Mrs. Coventry herself is very good-looking, isn't she?"

"Oh, she has a lot of money, you know," and she smiled rather meaningly.

"Not a tenth part so pretty as you are, I'll take odds," thought the Colonel, but aloud he said: "I nominate women with money."

"No, really; do you?" and she sighed audibly. "I thought that was all men cared women to have."

"I'm sure you're not speaking from experience now," said the Colonel, gallantly.

"How do you know?" She spoke sharply, and looked the Colonel so straight in the face that he stammered:

"Oh I am—judging from appearances."

"Very unsound policy. People often are not in the least what they seem to be," and she opened a paper as if she intended to read.

"Oh, oh! we have claws under our velvety paws, have we?" thought the Colonel; and then he betook himself to his paper, and on they went in silence.

"Dear me, the train seems to have come to a standstill!" It was past three o'clock—they had been due at Ashridge an hour ago; Mrs. Coventry felt her courage rapidly ebbing.

"We've chosen a cheerful day to make our journey on," Colonel Seymour said, with a vain attempt to see the cause of the obstruction. The windows were blocked with snow; the carriage was all but dark.

"What can it be?" she asked anxiously. "I really wish we were all back at home again."

"Well, I don't fancy that would mend matters much in my case. My house at present is all sixes and sevens; they're having a general scrimmage there to see who shall be master."

"Is that why Mrs. Lambton wants you to—" She stopped; her eyes had fallen on Bab.

"Quite right—little pitchers sometimes have long ears. So my sister acquainted Mrs. Coventry, did she, with her philanthropic views concerning my future?"

"Yes, and she told you that Mrs. Coventry had lots of money, didn't she?"

"Certainly. Oh, the whole thing is arranged charmingly. You will be asked to witness a *tableau vivant* we shall play together."

"We! What, you and Mrs. Coventry? You are sure of her consent, then?"

"Certain—when I ask it, which, with all due respect to the lady, I have not the slighest intention of doing."

"No? I thought that it was because you had made up your mind to marry that she had been asked to meet you."

"On the contrary, my sister seems to think that the fair widow intends taking to herself another husband, and has so arranged that I should meet her. Wicked little intriguer, it was only at the eleventh hour she permitted her hand to be seen, and then it was too late to change my plans, or I should not have had the felicity of making this journey in your company."

III.

"Upon my word, you are the very pluckiest woman I ever knew in all my life!" Colonel Seymour said, enthusiastically.

He, Bab and Mrs. Coventry were getting thawed before a roaring fire in the waiting-room of Yoebury Station. Although it had struck eight o'clock, they had reached no further; and considering that their last four hours had been spent all but buried in a snow-drift, from which with difficulty they had been dug out, thankful indeed did they feel that they had reached a haven of safety. Bab was the only one of the three who had had anything to eat since the morning.

"We can do better without food than a child can," Mrs. Coventry had said, insisting that her sandwiches should fall to Bab's share—and after this she had taken Bab on her lap to keep her warm, and the child, growing drowsy, had fallen asleep in her arms.

The time, after all, did not seem so very long, and Mrs. Coventry was sensible of a certain amount of exhilaration produced by a spirit of adventure. There was, however, dismay when it was discovered that further progress was impossible for that night. The station was some distance from the town; to get to the hotel was not practicable. "But really, considering all things, I think we ought to look upon ourselves as very lucky to be where we are," said the Colonel, who undertook to make up a bed composed of rugs and wraps in the ladies' waiting room, where Bab and Mrs. Coventry might sleep as snugly as dormice, while he and the porter in charge, who had provided them with tea, kept watch by the general room fire. In the morning the Colonel would start off to find out if they could not reach Ashridge by driving across the country, as no train went on there before eleven o'clock.

Mrs. Coventry shut the door and sat down to consider. Surely no woman in the world had ever done anything so rash, so foolish, so utterly unfeminine before! What could have possessed her? She must have been mad. Oh, if she could but avoid meeting him—get back to London—home—anywhere, so as to escape the denouement which would take place on the very threshold of Ashridge Manor!

Sleep! She never closed her eyes, and the hours seemed interminable before Colonel Seymour set off in quest of a carriage. Some fresh hands had come to relieve the porters who had been on night duty; and, shutting the door on the still sleeping Bab, Mrs. Coventry addressed one of these:

"At what time is there a train to London?"

"The first train will pull up here by signal in twenty minutes, ma'am."

"Can you stop it?"

"Certainly, ma'am." Yes, it was a half sovereign she had given him. "Do you want me to take a ticket for you?"

"I do. There is the money, and presently I will give you a note to give to a gentleman who will come for the little girl in the ladies' waiting-room."

Off went the man, and down sat Mrs. Coventry to scribble the incoherent epistle which she was to leave for Colonel Seymour:

"Circumstances have occurred which make it impossible for me to go on to Ashridge Manor. Will you do me the great favor of not saying that I traveled with you thus far? I shall get Mrs. Coventry to give Mrs. Lambton reasons which I know will perfectly satisfy her."

IV.

"And you say that the lady has gone?"

"Yes, sir, by the 8:40."

The note had been delivered, and Colonel Seymour was striving to combat with an intense desire to kick somebody.

What on earth was the meaning of it? Why couldn't she stay? Why must she go? What had Mrs. Coventry got to do with it? If it hadn't been for Bab the Colonel would have gone back to London, too. Oh, hang the woman! How he hated these mysteries! If she didn't want to go on, what did she come for? And in a very bad humor with everything and everybody he bundled his little daughter into the carriage, and away they went to Ashridge Manor.

If Colonel Seymour had anathematized the snow before, he now had reason to bless it; for the interest caused by their adventure—the anxiety expressed and the affection shown—did away with all the necessity for deception. Miss Hamblin's name was not mentioned, nor was any allusion made to her until luncheon.

"I say, what has become of the new governess?" asked Mr. Lambton. "I though she was to have arrived with you."

"My dear Bob, who could expect her in such weather? I suppose," and Kitty turned to her brother, "you didn't even inquire for her at the station?"

"I told Stevens to," was the Colonel's answer.

"Oh, I never expected her! If she is staying with Mrs. Coventry, I know she wouldn't let her come. She's quite a treasure," she added, triumphantly; "very highly educated, and so nice and clever!"

"And awfully good-looking, we hear." This was from Mr. Lambton.

"That's nothing to do with it," said his wife, trying to speak severely.

"Oh, hasn't it, though! Charteris wants to know if, instead of going to a 'coach,' she could give him some lessons here."

Kitty began to laugh, but stopped suddenly on her brother saying: "Is that fool of a fellow idling about here still?"

"He's not doing any harm," said Kitty, apologetically.

"Only ready to burst out all the stronger when opportunity occurs," put in Bab, maliciously. "Kitty shouldn't have let out that Mrs. Coventry was coming."

"By the way," asked the Colonel, "when do you expect her?"

"To-morrow. I hope she won't be stopped by this weather. Perhaps I had better write to her?"

Although the words were said as a question, Colonel Seymour vouchsafed no answer. He seemed preoccupied and professed himself tired.

"I think something's up with Roslyn," Bob ventured to say, going into his wife's room before dinner. He does not seem himself, does he?"

"I don't know," she said, holding out a telegram. "Read that from Helen Coventry—isn't it too provoking?"

"Miss Hamblin has sprained her ankle and can not come. Her sister's children have the measles. I must defer my visit for fear of giving infection. Will write later."

"Whew!" said Bob. "What does Helen mean? Is she with them, or are they with her?"

"Who can tell? And Roslyn, here! The pains I have taken to bring these two together! I always dreaded that he wouldn't come, but I felt certain of her."

"Oh, Roslyn," said Mrs. Lambton, in the drawing-room, "I have had such a disappointment," and she handed the telegram to her brother. "Isn't it provoking?"

"Very."

Just as she thought. It was nothing to him, and she had best not say too much about Mrs. Coventry, or he'd take a dislike to her. However, she launched into a history of Miss Hamblin, which lasted until they went down to dinner—such a nice girl; so well connected; Mrs. Coventry was so fond of her.

And now those tiresome children must go and catch the measles. What was she to do?

"Could I be of any service to you in seeing about her?" Surprise made Kitty's eyes open wide. "I have to go to London on some business, and I might go on to Mrs. Coventry's and inquire from her."

Kitty's feet went pit-a-pat under the table; her inclination was to jump up and execute a saraband.

"Oh, but I don't like to trouble you," said the little deceiver; "it's very kind. No."

"But why no?" put in the Colonel, energetically. "I have nothing much to do, and supposing it to be an exaggerated fear, well, I might bring Mrs. Coventry down with me."

Kitty dared not look up, because that wretched Bob, under pretense of picking up something, contrived a violent pull at her gown. Fortunately the Colonel went on with his dinner while waiting for an answer.

"I might give you a note to Helen," Kitty began.

"Or to Miss Hamblin," put in the Colonel. "Wouldn't that be better?"

"When did you think of going?"

"Oh, it must be to-morrow."

A diversion was here effected by Bob suddenly choking—something had gone the wrong way, he said. His recovery led to the recital of various similar calamities, and without returning to the former subject Mrs. Lambton left the dinner-table.

V.

"Pull up here. That will do."

Colonel Seymour was indicating the Albert Hall with his umbrella. A few steps would bring him to the door of Mrs. Coventry's house, and for the first time it seemed to strike him that he did not quite know what he was going there for. True that in his pocket he had two letters, but to deliver them was certainly not the purport of his visit. No; the thought of that aggravating young woman had bothered and worried him so that he felt, come what might, he must know why she had not gone on. Was she angry, annoyed? A consciousness which he wished to ignore, reminded him of the holding of the hand and the parting look he had given her; but, then, pretty women must know that men look at them. Only he wished to feel that he had not offended her—to assure her that it was quite impossible for any one to have witnessed such courage and self-command as she had displayed without feeling intense admiration, more particularly himself, because he had been always brought in contact with such very helpless women.

Confound it! The knocker wasn't out of his hand before the door was opened. Who should he ask for?

"Is Mrs. Coventry at home?"

"Yes, sir."

Good heavens! what should he do? The man decided for him by shutting the door and leading the way up-stairs. "Beg your pardon, ma'am, I did not know you were here," and as an apology for entering the room rather abruptly, he drew back and announced "Colonel Roslyn Seymour."

Mrs. Coventry started as if to get up, and then sat down. Colonel Seymour halted to give the servant time to withdraw, and then came hurriedly up to her.

"This is good luck, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I came to see you, but I hadn't a hope of finding you alone. And now, before any one comes in, tell me what made you go off in that mad way? I have not been able to rest since; I'm so awfully afraid that by some unlucky means I managed to offend you."

A shake of her head was the only reply; she had not looked up, so could not see how fixedly he was looking down at her.

"I hope you are assured I would not do that," he continued. "I can not tell you how the bare idea has distressed me. My sister was in despair at the telegram, and I was only too happy to make it an opportunity of seeing you. You can imagine my anxiety to come, when I offered to take back with me Mrs. Coventry."

Two pretty white hands were put up to cover the confusion of a very red face. "I am Mrs. Coventry," came forth in a whisper.

The Colonel drew back and stared at her, while she, feeling a straightforward confession was the only way of maintaining the little rag of her dignity left, stood up and began speaking hurriedly:

"Colonel Seymour, I don't know what you must think of me, but the whole thing was, on my part, a sort of bad practical joke. Your sister, you know, wrote to me, and Miss Hamblin was to have traveled down with you. At the last moment she was unable to go, and some madness prompted me to pass myself off in her place. Oh, you don't know how distressed I was! I couldn't tell you what I suffered! I shall never forgive myself—never! Of course Mrs. Lambton must know, and what will she think? What can you think of me?"

And the heightened color and the brown eyes swimming in tears made her seem so lovely that the Colonel was forced into saying: "Well, I'm afraid if I told you now it would make you very angry. But you are making a great deal too much of nothing at all. Why need any one be told? I am the only one," he continued, "who ought to be distressed to think I have fallen a victim to the charms of a lady who does not exist."

"Yes, but she does—there is a Miss Hamblin."

He shook his head dismally.

"Alas!" he said, "there is a Mrs. Coventry!"

And then they looked at each other, and both began to laugh.

"Oh, that Kitty!" said the Colonel.

"Isn't she shameful? I know now that she made us both believe each of us was dying to marry the other."

"And I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Colonel. "Let us in turn play her a trick, without informing her that we've ever met before—go down there together."

"It would serve her right, but—" and then there came a recapitulation of repentance for her escapade, and this led to the motives each had for distrust and suspicion, so that by the time one o'clock struck they had grown quite confidential. Colonel Seymour had heard how, when years ago he had come to see Kitty at school, all the girls had straightway fallen in love with her brother!

"Yes, but you were not among them?" he asked, pointedly.

"Oh, indeed I was, and did my very utmost to make myself most conspicuous. Of no use; you passed without throwing a second glance in my direction."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing of the sort. Besides, after that, we met many times in society."

But this the Colonel denied at all risks. No earthly powers would induce him to believe he had ever met Mrs. Coventry; if so, he must—he should—he could not help remembering her.

He stayed to luncheon, he came back to afternoon tea, and sat hour after hour chatting, in the vain hope that Mrs. Coventry might be driven into asking him to dinner; but, as she was resolved not to do this, he had to frame an excuse for reappearing early on the following day, when she consented to travel again to Ashridge Manor in his company.

And to prove him equal to profiting by opportunity, when, radiant with the hope that her cherished scheme was beginning to work satisfactorily, Mrs. Lambton ran to embrace him, a whisper made her exclaim:

"You don't mean it's settled? No, not really—its isn't possible. Nelly, say it's true! Why, how did it happen?"

"Oh, quite in the usual way." And Colonel Seymour began laughing, while Mrs. Coventry murmured something unintelligible.

"But I never knew anything so delightful, so romantic! Love at first sight evidently!" And then, with another shower of kisses on the fair face before her, she added: "I must say, Roslyn, that you are a bold man."

"Certainly, my dear; it's my trade—I'm a soldier."

"Yes, but to propose like this, at once—and to Nelly, who is so particular. Well, if I'd been asked, I should have said you were mad!"

"So I am. Haven't I reason to be?"

"Yes, but Nelly?"

"Oh, I've been bewitched evidently!" said Mrs. Coventry. "I feel that I must be somebody else, I don't know who, but it can't be Helen Coventry."

"Why, there, that's her!" exclaimed ungrammatical little Bab, whom the sound of her father's voice had brought down. "She's the lady who was in the train—didn't I tell you so?"

Mrs. Lambton stretched out her hands, more mystified than ever.

"What does it all mean?"

But Colonel Seymour had caught up the child, and was holding her toward Mrs. Coventry, saying that this lady had promised to be her new mother; then, grasping his sister by the arm, he said: "Don't ask any more questions now, Kitty. You shall be told the whole story; only keep in your curiosity until we three can sit down quietly together, and we'll let you into the whole mystery."—*Temple Bar.*

GREELEY'S HABITS.

The Great Editor Not the Kind of a Man to Grace a Fashionable Dining-Room.

"Horace Greeley was a great eater; he didn't care much about quality, but went in for quantity," said John Schlosser, caterer for the Duquesne Club, while talking of some of his experiences the other day. Mr. Schlosser was at one time caterer of a famous New York hotel, and afterward held the same position at Welcker's, in Washington, and naturally he has a large fund of anecdotes of distinguished men.

"How did you become acquainted with Greeley's habits?" asked the writer.

"I was caterer at the —— house when Greeley lived there," replied Mr. Schlosser. "He was a very queer old man and a good natured one generally. He would sit in his room dressed in a dirty old dressing-gown with an old pair of slippers on, and read the papers early in the morning. It was wonderful the number of papers he would read and throw in piles all around the room, and if any of them were lost or were taken away when his room was cleaned up, he would be furious. He was a great eater of fruits. Nearly every day baskets and even barrels of fruit were sent to him. He was very fond of pineapples, and some friend sent him two and three barrels at a time, which he enjoyed with great relish."

"Was he a good liver and fond of delicacies and French cooking?"

"Not at all. As long as a dish pleased his taste he never stopped to inquire what it was called, or what it was made of. If he wanted a repetition of it he would say: 'I want some of that you gave me the other day,' and that would end it. He was an enormous eater, but was too much of a farmer to care to go into details. He never gave any banquets or dinners to his friends. Sometimes one of his intimates, Mr. Bardsley, the lawyer, would give Mr. Greeley a dinner, but Greeley never gave him any in return. Mr. Greeley was in bad health then, and I think that his manner of eating did not make him any healthier."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—To counteract the effect of a fatal dose of poison accidentally administered to a man near Beattyville, Ky., and there being no emetic remedy on hand, Mrs. Crawford thought the nicotine found in a pipestem would answer the purpose. She slit open an old stem, scraped out the inside and gave in to the patient, who died in ten minutes.

COLORADO CENTAURS.

Extraordinary Feats of Horsemanship by "Cowboys."

We had a fine-looking herd of horses, they having been well cared for during the winter, to get them in perfect condition for this season of hard work; but they were all full of the vicious broncho tricks. Some bucked only when the saddle was put on, others bucked with mounting, while the larger number bucked at eccentric intervals, whose recurrence could never be accurately calculated upon.

When the horse bucked the saddle only, it was the custom of the boys to worry him into his little performance with all dispatch, giving him plenty of rope and urging him to "have it out" with the saddle before mounting. All the horses were very skittish about being saddled, and to manage it successfully required no little tact.

The horse caught up by the lariat over his head was cautiously approached, winding up the lariat as one advanced—"walking up on the rope" in the cowboy idiom. The horse's head reached, a loop, called a "hackamore" was twisted around his nose, and he was led to where the saddle and bridle lay waiting upon the ground, and the bridle put on very gently over the rope that still encircled his nose; then firmly holding the bridle reins and rope in his left hand, with his right the cowboy cautiously laid the saddle blankets over the horse's back, and if the animal jumped and shook them off, the cowboy simply swore and laid them back again. If the horse persisted in refusing to have anything to do with the blankets, he was blinded with a handkerchief, which always had the effect of keeping him still. The blankets adjusted, the stirrup and cinchas of the right side of the saddle were laid over the top, that there might be nothing hanging loose from that side, and the saddle was lifted by the pommel and laid—never thrown—across the horse's back. Then the cinchas were gently but very firmly tightened, the left hand still holding the rope and bridle, and the reins were knotted to the rope at full length or passed over the horse's head and fastened to the saddle-horn. Taking hold of the extreme end of the lariat the cowboy would remove the blind from the horse and make a jump at him, when, if the animal had any inclination for bucking, he generally began with great promptitude and vigor. All this modus operandi, so long in detail, required but a few minutes in the accomplishment.

When the horse finally became tired of the exercise so that he could seem to be worried into bucking no more, he was again cautiously approached by walking up on the rope, and it was sometimes necessary to again blindfold him before mounting. With the coil of rope and the reins in the left hand, with the same hand the rider grasped the check piece of the bridle, and seizing the saddle-horn with the other hand, his left foot in the stirrup, quickly swung himself into the saddle. In mounting in this manner if the horse jumps the rider is sure to land in the saddle instead of behind it, as in the case of getting on "parson fashion," so called, with left hand on the horn, and right on the cantle. The horse's head was held down in mounting, so that if he were inclined to buck his capacity was limited, and the coil of the rope was kept well in hand, so that if one was thrown he could still prevent the horse from getting away.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SNOW-SHOE PARADE.

A Canadian Entertainment Which Has the Charm of Novelty to Those Living in the States.

The first view of the palace on reaching the square was enchanting. It was brilliantly illuminated with electric lights, which shone through its sides and gave it the appearance of a large structure of ground glass. A band of music was playing inside, and thousands of people in their warm furs and gayly colored head-dresses were crowding about it. A slight snow was falling, the air was cold but dry, and the whole scene made us think of pictures we had seen of winter sights in Moscow and St. Petersburg. Soon there was a cry of "Here they come," and then at the northern end of the square the torches of the snow-shoe clubs were seen approaching. On they came, and after several hundred had filed by, and their torches had surrounded three sides of the square with a line of light, at a given signal a shower of rockets ascended from the middle of the square. Roman-candles were let off from the whole line of snow-shoers, and the ice palace was brightly lighted with colored fires, one tower being red, another green and another blue. The effect was almost magical. We were well acquainted with Fourth-of-July fireworks (as what American boys are not?), but to see such effects in a snow-storm was novel indeed. We watched the whole parade—a thousand snow-shoers in their picturesque white suits—and then returned home, and from the window watched the line pass and repass across the top of the mountain and then wind down its side, doubling back and forth in the descent four or five times, until finally we saw it as it sank into

"the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid."

—*George A. Buffum, in St. Nicholas.*

Two Painter Slaves.

A great point of resemblance between Murillo and Valasquez was their desire to help others; for, to individuals and to all that led to the advancement of art, they were equally generous and unselfish. It chanced, singularly enough, that their two slaves and color-grinders became painters, and were treated with equal kindness by their owners. The slave of Velasquez was Juan de Pareja, a native of Spanish America. He secretly practiced painting, and on one occasion, when King Philip visited the studio of his master, Pareja showed the King a picture which he had finished, and throwing himself on his knees, begged his Majesty's pardon for his audacity. Philip and Velasquez treated him with kindness, and gave him his freedom, but he served his master as long as he lived. The works of Pareja are not numerous; a few are seen in the Spanish galleries, and there is one in the Hermitage, in St. Petersburg.

The slave of Murillo was a mulatto, named Sebastian Gomez. He painted in secret until he ventured to finish a head which Murillo had sketched and left on his easel. The master did not resent this freedom, but was happy to have made Gomez an artist. The works of Gomez are full of faults, but their color is much like that of Murillo. He died soon after his master, and but few of his pictures are known.—*Clara Erskine Clement, in St. Nicholas.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Bank of England now covers three acres of ground.

—Canton, China, with a population 1,500,000, does not publish a newspaper of any kind.

—In Paris a benevolent society called a "Mouthful of Bread" has been organized, the object of which is to render temporary assistance to those out of employment.

—An Un-anniversary Society is the latest English invention, founded for the express purpose of not celebrating Chr stmas, New Year's Day or other notable occasions.

—Russia makes annually 126,000,000 wooden spoons for the Central Asia market. The common grades are made from birch and poplar, and the best qualities from boxwood.

—"I never allow business of any kind to enter my chamber door," said Mr. Gladstone recently. "In all my political life I have never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in Parliament."

—Two human monsters—a man and a woman—have been arrested in France for enticing two boys of eight and ten from their homes, and then subjecting them to tortures, in order to make cripples of them for begging purposes.

—One can hardly imagine an Englishman dining on a leg of mutton which came frozen from Buenos Ayres, but the thing can be seen any day now. Shipping frozen carcasses of sheep is now a regular business, and as there are 100,000,000 sheep in the Platte district, it is likely to grow.

—Some men of France keep two or three hundred fowls simply on the oats gathered from between the stones where they are dropped by the horses at the cab-stands, and Mons. Imbert mentions one collector who not only supplies his poultry yard, but sows annually two or three acres of oats by this means.

—A singular example of method in madness was afforded in Yorkshire recently. A railway signalman went out of his mind suddenly, so far as those about him could judge, and departed from the scene of his duties. Before doing so, however, he had put all the signals at "danger," and thus rendered an accident impossible.

—A chemist in Munich has, it is stated, succeeded in obtaining from distilled coal a white crystalline powder which, as far as regards its action on the human system, can not be distinguished from quinine, except that it assimilates even more readily with the stomach. Its efficiency in reducing fever heat is represented as quite remarkable.

—An old country 'Squire, who never looked at newspapers, came up all the from Cornwall recently to attend way the sexcentenary of his college at Oxford. As he entered the college gates he was politely presented with a bill for goods that had been supplied to him as an undergraduate forty-five years previously. He turned on the dun with indignation, not altogether speechless. "God bless you, sir!" he roared. "Lord love your heart! do you think I come up here once in every six hundred years to be dunned?"

INDIAN DANCES.

Something About the Old Custom of the Aborigines of Yucatan.

From time to time, during such festivals as the Izamal fair, Carnival, and the like, an opportunity offers itself for learning something about the old customs of the aborigines. The Indians still remember some dances of their ancestors, as well as a few ceremonies, which they perform on the sly, because formerly the Spaniards punished them for what they called idolatrous and superstitious rites.

One of their dances, called *Ixtol*, is especially interesting, being a vestige of sun-worship. Men and women take part in the dance; provided the number of each is equal, it matters not how many. All have on masks, anciently well made, to-day mere square pieces of deer-skin with three holes cut for eyes and mouth. Often these holes are so much awry as to produce a most ludicrous appearance, and none can guess what the features beneath may be like. All wear sandals. The women have necklaces, principally of large red beads, and earrings, formerly noose-rings too, but since the conquest these have been prohibited. The chief, or *master*, as they call him, wears a circular cap, stuck all round with peacock's feathers, making a lofty, waving head-dress. In front of him, from his waist, hangs a representation of the sun. In its center is an eye, inclosed by a triangle, from which depends a large tongue. All these things are symbols of a most ancient freemasonry. One carries a white flag with a sun painted on it and a man and woman worshipping it. Another has a *sacatan*, a kind of drum, used also in Africa; another a flute; another a *sistrum*, a sacred instrument among the ancient Egyptians. With the sistrum he beats time for the dancers. In the other hand he has a small three-tailed whip, calling to mind the Egyptian *flagellum* of Osiris. This is to chastise the dancers if they step badly. A necklace of large seashells hangs half way to his waist.

Each dancer has in the left hand a fan made of turkey feathers, with the bird's claw for handle. In the right hand each has a sistrum, not quite like those used by the Egyptians, but exactly like those of Central Africa, as described by Du Chaillu. Those in Yucatan are made of small calabashes, ornamentally painted, and secured to the handle by pieces of bamboo; they have pebbles inside to rattle. The flag is held upright by the bearer or planted in the ground. Beneath it sits the drummer, cross-legged, his drum on the ground before him. Close to the flag-staff stands the master, the conductor, and the flute-player. With the flag for center, the dancers go round three times, bodies bent forward, and eyes on the ground, as if groping in the dark; the drum meanwhile beats a peculiar quickstep. Then the flag is unfurled—the sun appears! All draw themselves up to their fullest height, and raise eyes and hands with a shout of joy. Then the dance commences round and round the flag with various steps and motions, at the same time energetic and solemn, imitating the course and movements of our planet, among other things. Meanwhile the chief sings, and the people answer in chorus, over and over again the same thing, in Maya tongue.

CHIEF. "Take care how you step."
DANCERS. "We st.p well, O master."

The melody is both mournful and stirring. The rattling of the sistrum is very effective, now imitating the scattering of grain, now, by a sudden movement of every arm, giving forth one mighty rattle as of a sudden rainfall and clap of thunder, together with a shout raised by the dancers after each chorus is sung. The fans are kept in motion as symbolical of the wind.

There is a *pig's-head* festival, now much fallen into disuse. At a certain season of the year the head is cooked, decorated with many-colored ribbons and flowers, and, with an orange between its jaws, placed upon an altar prepared for the occasion by a man who dances meanwhile. In this manner it is borne by a procession of people to some chosen individual. Various other presents are also given, such as fowls, cigars, sweet-bread, and so forth. The more numerous the gifts, the worse it is for the recipient, because on the following year he is expected to give just twice the amount received.—*Alice D. le Plongeon, in Harper's Magazine.*

A LOGGING-CAMP BOSS.

A Thrilling Incident in the Pineries of Northern Michigan.

"For a young man I have done some pretty tough scrapping in the Rockies and mining regions of New Mexico and Arizona, but a few days ago I had the worst scare of my life in the lumber districts of Northern Michigan." The speaker was a young man of some twenty-seven years, dressed in rough-and-ready style and wearing a frizzy tow beard. He shifted the position of his broad shoulders as he lounged back in an easy chair in the Sherman House office, puffed his cigar vigorously, and then continued: "It was one of those bitter cold days we've just been having, and I had got up at three o'clock to rouse the men and get their sprinkles out. The air seemed full of blue steel and cut to my marrow like a razor. One of the teamsters got scared out and played off sick. So I had to take his place. When we had got a good, big load I took the reins and sat down on the butts of the logs, leaving the two loggers on behind. Of course about twenty feet of the load hung off the last bob. The road was a sheet of ice, for the sprinkler ran over it every morning, and the horses were sharp-shod, so we slid along smoothly until we got to the slide—a pretty steep incline ending in a turn which was mighty sharp for a road sixty feet wide. As soon as we started down my hair began to stand on end, for the horses galloped like fury to keep ahead of the bobs which were slewing all over the road. I got so paralyzed and nervous that when we approached the turn I reined in too suddenly. I felt the front bobs jump one way and the back bobs the other. The hind ends of the logs whistled through the air like willow switches, and I heard the loggers yell: 'For God's sake, —— ——.' The next thing was a loud snap! snap! snap!—like three tremendous paper-crackers—as the big log-chains broke like so many cotton threads. Did you ever use a switch sling? Whirl it round and round your head, you know, till a sudden twist