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THE PORTRAIT.

This is her picture as she was:
It seems a thing to wonder on,
As though mine image in the glass
Should tarry when myself am gone.
I gaze until she seems to stir—
Until mine eyes almost aver
That now, even now, the sweet lips part
To breathe the words of the sweet heart:—
And yet the earth is over her.

Last night at last I could have slept,
And yet delayed my sleep till dawn,
Still wandering. Then it was I wept;
For unawares I came upon
Those glades where once she walked with me;
And as I stood there suddenly,
All was with traversing the night,
Upon the desolate verge of light
Yearned loud the iron-bosomed sea.

Even so, where heaven holds breath and hears
The beating heart of Love's own breast—
Where round the secret of all spheres
All angels lay their wings to rest—
How shall my soul stand rapt and awed,
When, by the new birth borne abroad
Throughout the music of the suns,
It enters in the soul at once
And knows the silence there for God!

Here with her face both memory sit
Meanwhile, and wait the day's decline,
Till other eyes shall look from it,
Eyes of the spirit's Palestine,
Even than the old gaze tenderer;
While hopes and aims long lost with her
Stand round her image side by side,
Like tombs of pilgrims that have died
About the holy sepulcher.

—[Dante G. Rossetti.

THE DEAD LETTER.

The Curious Things the Clerks Found Out.

It was one of those peculiarly clear, dry mornings in October, when the air seems as crisp and fresh, the sun so stimulating and the city so gay with the butterflies of fashion, just commencing to return from their summer haunts of spring, forests and shores.

All New York was brilliant with the bright full dresses of the ladies—the flashing of swiftly-driven carriages, and the golden autumnal sunshine reflected from the white marble fronts of Broadway, from smoothe, foot-worn flagstones, and from great windows of plate-glass, behind which glowed the products of many lands—the warps and woofs from the looms of many nations.

In the midst of all this splendor, which costs us so many millions of dollars yearly, yet puts just as many millions into somebody's pocket, stood a young man, leaning against one of the stone pillars which ornament the front of the Fifth-avenue Hotel.

He was tall, stout, of rather a comely appearance, with brown eyes and black hair, but his attire indicated a very decided want of the millions above mentioned. His frock coat, of fine brown cloth, was frayed out at the seams and edges. Its buttons were lacking here and there, and its once glossy velvet collar had begun to assume a dim, oleaginous tint, which gave a subdued tone of poverty to his whole personal appearadce.

It is a curious fact, that a worn and greasy coat-collar of black velvet, goes further toward making a man look shabby than almost anything else.

This young man, leaning against the white marble pillar, twirling a cheap bamboo cane with an ivory head, was a very good embodiment of the common abstract idea of respectable indignence—the well-educated, cultivated man, made poor by untoward circumstances, who loses no jot of his native self-respect.

A capital contrast to him was offered in the person of an old gentleman who was coming across the street from the other side. This man was one of those handsome, stylish, elegant-looking old fellows, who seem to have outlived everything but their good looks and good taste.

He was habited in a well-fitting fall overcoat, wore small, natty boots of patent-leather, and an unexceptionable silk hat. His gloves were of the finest lemon-colored kid—his shirt-bosom of an elaborate Paris pattern, with large diamond studs, and his ebony sword-cane had a topaz set in its richly-chased gold head, worth as much as you and I put together, dear reader!

The contrast between these two struck the eye of the young man, and he involuntarily watched the approach of the old gentleman, who was carefully picking his way over the damp pavement, avoiding the muddy spots as a good man would avoid a temptation to do wrong.

At this moment, two carriages, coming from opposite directions, scraped wheels, and both drivers turned to exchange oaths, either from mouth or eyes. Not seeing their course, they drove on with accelerated speed—the old gentleman was caught between them, and in the twinkle of an eye his elegant form was prostrate upon the cold, cruel pavement, his fine-textured coat and Russian sables sopping up the mud, his glossy hat crushed beneath the wheels, and a purple gash inflicted upon his white forehead, showing darkly among his thin, carefully-dressed hair of silver gray.

It was the impulse of a thought, quick as a thunderclap, that prompted the seedy young man to leave his place, and throw himself before the florses of one of the carriages, the hinder wheels of which were about to pass over the prostrate man.

Another moment, and the old gentleman was dragged to the sidewalk, pale and faint, but still in the full possession of all his dignity and savoir faire.

"My dear boy, you have saved my life—how can I repay you?"

"Come into the bar-room," said the young man; "never mind thanks; wait till your forehead is dressed; that is only a cut. How infernally careless those confounded flunkeys get, driving on Broadway!"

The oft man, assisted by his young friend, entered the hotel, and was properly cared for.

"Now, then, come home to dinner with me. I live alone, in Thirty-fourth street, and shall be charmed to make your acquaintance," said the old gentleman, tendering a card. "I may be able to serve you, and if so, will leave no stone unturned to secure any advantage you may desire."

The card bore the name of Colonel J. St. Orme, and the young man blushed for the moment, at not being possessed of such a luxury as a card-case.

"I have no cards about me," said he, "but my name is Gordon, Louis Gordon, at your service."

Col. St Orme placed a valuable gold-rimmed eye-glass astride his nose, smoothed down his clean shaven chin and snowy mustache, with a hand which, in spite of his age, was still white and plump, and regarded Louis closely.

"You are a devilish fine-looking young man, sir," he said in a simple, earnest tone; "I like your style very much, and, egad, sir, you saved me from a bad accident, perhaps death. I don't think my head is hurt much, though at my time of life a small wound may prove serious."

A man was sent to the next corner, where the colonel's carriage had been left, and the vehicle being brought to the door, the antipodeal pair were driven rapidly to Thirty-fourth street.

The dinner was magnificent. There was but little show about it, but everything bespoke the man of taste, the refined epicure, whose palate had been carefully educated, and whose means permitted any extravagance he chose to indulge in.

When the solids of the repast were demolished, a fresh supply of wine was furnished, and the colonel leaned back in his chair, waving his gossamer cambric handkerchief over his face, and inhaling its grateful perfume.

"What is your profession?" he asked.

"I studied for the law," replied Louis, "but it was distasteful to me, and I abandoned it three years since. I have been a little of everything—a book keeper, a copyist, a canvasser, and so on, until, as you see, I am nearly at the end of my resources." And he surveyed his figure, reflected in a pier-glass opposite, with a somewhat trueful expression.

"I see," said the old gentleman, "hard up, like many other young fellows. It is a bad business. A man, sir, in my opinion, is never half a man until he has tasted riches."

"Riches, properly employed, sir, are undeniably—"

"O, hang the properly employed! I am rich; I came honestly by my money, and it is none of the world's business how many choose to spend it."

"No, of course not."

"Well, then, the first idea is, I take it, to make you rich. It is not difficult for a capitalist to amass another fortune. Well, I am the capitalist, and if you want wealth, I will do my best to furnish you with credentials which will put you through the whole route of the road to riches."

"My dear sir—you are too kind! How shall I thank you sufficiently? I am not the only one, sir, who will owe you an everlasting debt of gratitude!"

"You have parents depending on you?"

Louis colored a little.

"No, sir; my parents are not living."

"O, I see; the old story—love and poverty; ah, well, we will soon settle that. How would you like a government appointment; in the custom house for instance—a good fat berth, with plenty of pickings and stealings?"

"I think, sir, that a moderate income would satisfy me, and I should want as little temptation to do dishonest things as possible."

"Very right. Give me your address, and I will keep an eye open for the first vacancy, and write to my Washington friends about you. Some of them are very influential, and I think by the judicious use of a little money, I think I can get you a good place."

At was late when Louis Gordon left Col. St. Orme's house, after many and repeated invitations to call again. He went home, to his cheerless little attic lodging, in a high state of mental excitement, and full of hope for the future, for he believed the old gentleman to be one of those miraculously kind-hearted, benevolent characters who are only found in books and plays, in which latter they invariably come down to the footlights at the finale, to join the hands of the hero and heroine, pat them on the head, and say, "God bless you, my children; take this and be happy!" at the same time shoving a preternaturally well-filled wallet toward them.

"To be sure," soliloquized the young man, as he disrobed himself for the night, handling his frail garments tenderly, lest they might give additional proof of age and decay—"to be sure, he said some very heartless things, and hinted even that he had not yet got over the follies of his early days, but he can not be really bad, or the sentiment of gratitude would never shone out so brightly."

Louis forgot, as nine young persons in ten are apt to, that every man, no matter what his vices, has his virtues also. It was really no trouble for Colonel St. Orme to invest a few thousand dollars for a short time in a speculation which would pay no interest. The trouble he asserters was not a matter of any great difficulty, and although the Colonel was far from being an archangel for goodness, he was still very willing to do these services for any one who had saved his life.

The young man became a frequent visitor at the house, and was shortly employed to copy a quantity of law-papers for his new-found friend, at a high rate of remuneration.

One day, while busy at his occupation in the study, he heard voices in somewhat angry discussion outside.

"Let me go in, I tell you," said a female voice, broken by sobs.

"The Colonel has given orders that you shall not be admitted to his apartment," replied the gruff tones of a servant.

A rustling sound, as of a brief struggle, followed this, and a tall, handsome, middle-aged lady made her appearance at the door of the study, holding a charming little boy by the hand. She hesitated when she saw Louis.

"I beg your pardon; I wished to see Colonel St. Orme."

"He is in his private room, within, madame."

The Colonel came to the door communicating between the study and his cabinet.

"Well," he said, "what do you want?"

"O, James," replied the lady, her eyes again filling with tears, "O, James;"

"Well?, repeated he, contracting his brows.

"Will you always treat me so? Have you forgotten those happy, happy days, James? Have you no affection left for our boy here, or for his mother?"

Col. St. Orme cast a glance toward Louis, who seemed to be perfectly absorbed in his copying.

"Madame," said the old man, in a voice like the sharpening of a knife against a steel. "Madame, you are too much excited to listen or to talk. I desire you to leave my house."

The poor lady seemed about fainting.

"I think I told you to go," said the colonel; "did you understand me?"

He pointed his finger at her, and advanced a step. She tremblingly recoiled a step; he advanced again and she again recoiled, until, obeying the will which centered in that stern, immovable forefinger like a hard, cruel fate, she shrank back, out of the door and out of the house.

Col. St. Orme set his glass upon his nose, glanced over Louis' work, and once more returned to his cabinet as if nothing had happened. He spoke, however, as he passed the door, in an injured, offended tone:

"Women are so cursedly unphilosophical!" said he.

Although this scene was in itself very shocking. Louis could not but think that the colonel had some justifying cause for his behavior. He appeared so thoroughly satisfied with the action, and continued in such an unruffled good humor all day, that the young man felt sure that remorse could not be preying upon him.

Very likely it was not.

As might naturally have been expected, a great confidence grew up between Louis and his patron. That is, the young gentleman told the old gentleman everything, and the old gentleman told the young gentleman—nothing.

The curious words and actions of the colonel were laid to that sort of cynical eccentricity which is affected by so many men who have lived long in the gay world, and all his excellencies, for he had many, were magnified, till Louis regarded him almost as a father. He introduced the colonel to his betrothed, with some pride in both, and made him promise to give her away, when they should be married.

The colonel willingly promised. He seemed to take quite as great a fancy to fair Jessie Steyne as to her lover, and frequently thereafter, made her costly and elegant presents, as mementoes of the friendship he bore such a well matched couple he said.

One day, while Louis and the old gentleman were sitting at breakfast; for Louis was now a regularly installed inmate of the house, the servant brought a letter postmarked "Washington, D. C."

The colonel read it. "Louis," said he, "here is good news for you. There is a vacant place in the postoffice department, with a good salary and not much work. It is in the dead letter office, and requires merely a trustworthy, clear headed man. How would you like it?"

"Very much indeed, sir, except that I would rather live in New York than Washington."

"O, the post will not be confining. You can often take a run back here, for a few days, to say 'how d,ye?' and kiss Jessie, you know."

That very day Col. St. Orme wrote to his friends of the lobbies to secure the vacant place for a capital young man, a particular friend and protege of his.

It was done, and in a brief time Louis Gordon was in Washington, ensconced, four hours per diem, in a dusty recess, behind a tall desk with attenuated legs, having very little to trouble himself about, while money flowed into his pockets faster that ever before.

Thus six months rolled away.

Col. St. Orme was not much of a letter writer, but he contrived to keep Louis posted up concerning matters of interest in New York, and especially concerning Jesse Steyne. Louis returned, once or twice, to see his benefactor and his betrothed, and everything seemed more and more couleur de rose to the young man.

For some weeks, however, the letter from New York had been irregular. Jessie had not written once and the colonel made no mention of her, futher than to say that he had not met her lately. Much troubled, Louis decided to fathom the mystery. He wrote a long letter to Jessie, begging her to reply immediately, and telling her that if he did not hear from her within three days, he would visit New York again, as soon as possible.

Just as he finished this epistle, and was about to seal it, he was called by an older clerk.

"Mr. Gordon!"

"Well?"

"Here are friends of yours."

He looked and saw a gentleman and lady—the former an attache of one of our daily papers, the latter his wife. They called to took about the office, and being acquainted with Gordon, desired him to act as guide.

They visited the various departments, talking pleasantly, and expressing much curiosity, which, in the gentleman, gave rise to a large number of brief notes in shorthand, from which he intended to get up an article for his paper. To the lady, the desks where the desks where the dead letters are opened and examined were the most interesting. Few women have the firmness to withstand the temptation of reading other people's letters, when they can do so with impunity.

"What becomes of all these letters?" asked she.

"If they contain valuables, they are returned to the writers. If not, they are burned. Here, John, hand me a few of those opened letters."

The clerk passed a half-dozen missives to Louis, who glanced over their contents, and gave them, one by one to the editor and his wife.

The last one he read, he did not show them; it was blotted with tears, and written with a trembling hand:

"NEW YORK, May 13.

"JAMES:—Why do you not come, as you promised? Have you, then, really abandoned me at last—me, who gave up everything for you? Was it not enough that I should throw my friends, my position—aye, my honor—upon the altar of your love, and see all consumed with a smile? Was it not enough that I should resign that single hearted, honest man, Louis Gordon, to make way for a less holy tie than he offered me? What greater sacrifice could you ask of me, to strengthen the bond between you and your heart-broken, but still-loving. JESSIE."

Louis turned the letter over. It was addressed to "Colonel J. St. Orme, No—Thirty-fifth street." The colonel lived in Thirty-fourth street, and the letter, being misdirected, had, of course, gone to the dead letter office.

In an instant, the true character of the old man flashed upon him. He felt dizzy, faint, and was forced to support himself against the office railings. "Isn't it odd?" said the editor's wife, "doing nothing all day but reading letters? You must find out some curious things, you clerks?"

"We do," gasped Louis.—[New York Mercury.

Advice to a Young Man.

Another thing, son; you want to remember that wearing twenty-two inches of coat propped out across sixteen inches of shoulders doesn't make a gymnast of you by any means, any more than a straight back, a measured step, and a Burnside hat with a cord and acorn give you a war record. There have been young men, aye, and old men, too, before your time, who owed their tailor fo their chest and shoulders, and owed for them a precious long time, too. There have been young men who could waltz for an hour and sixty-eight minutes without once sitting down to rest, who couldn't saw enough wood to warm a flannel-cake, not if starvation stared them in the face, and tried to drive them to it. Don't worry about your shape, son. Men will admire your crooked legs if your trousers are paid for, and if your back is so lopsided that you have to keep your helm hard a-port all the time to keep from walking around the block to starboard when you want to go straight ahead, you'll never think of it if you don't owe for the coat that lies in such ungainly, honest wrinkles across it. The man who doesn't owe a dollar is a rich man, even if he hasn't a crust to eat in the house. And don't borrow. If you can't get along without having more than you've got, don't borrow; steal. You'll feel better about it, and, as a general thing, you will be more respected and less ornamented.

Don't judge a man by his clothes. Can you tell what the circus is going to be like by looking at the Italian sunset pictures on the fence? Do you value a turkey for its plumage? And isn't the skin of a mink the most, and, indeed, the only valuable part of him? There be men fair to look upon, who wander up and down this country, and sit in the coolest places on the hotel piazzas, who are arrayed in fine linens and cardinal socks, and who have to hold their hand over their scarf-pin when they want to see the moonlight, who, unassisted and unprompted, do not possess the discretion to come in when it rains, and don't know enough to punch a hole in the snow with an umbrella, new, soft snow at that, without any crust on it. Now and then, son, before you are as old as Methuseh, you will meet a man who wears a hat that is worth twice as much as the head it covers. On the other hand, don't fall into the error of believing that all the goodness and honesty and intelligence in the world goes about in shreds and patches. We have seen a tramp, dressed in more rags than you could rake out of the family rag-bag, and with more dirt and hair on him than would suffice to protect a horse, who would step up to the front door and demand three kinds of cake, half a pie, some black coffee and vanilla ice-cream, and then steal every movable thing in the yard, kill the dog, choke up the pump with sand, tramp on the pansy bed and girdle the cherry-trees because he couldn't carry them away. Good clothes or bad, son, they are never an infallible index to the man that is in them.—[Burlington Hawkeye.

"Well, how do the fish get along this weather?" Governor Gear asked one of the Iowa fish commissioners. "Oh, swimmingly," was the cold-blooded reply. And now an intelligent people rise up and demand the instant decapitation of that official.

We don't believe these spots on the sun have any influence on the weather at all, we don't care what the astronomers say. We believe they are pasted on the sun just like the liver-colored spots on a cloud blue meat hound, for ornament and variety.

A Frontier Character Who Runs a Populous Private Graveyard.

It was our fortune to fall in with a peculiar character the other day. That is a character peculia to the frontier. He is known all over the West as Texas Frank, but why the Lone Star State should thus be honored we do not know. He was moulded by nature in symmetrical proportions, and although he has a life of hardship and exposure his form is erect and his actions easy and rapid. His proper name is Frank Whitefield, and he came to the frontier from Pennsylvania in 1865, since which time he has been one of the chiefest of arabs. He dresses in long hair navy revolvers and full grown spurs. He writes a good hand spells correctly, but his capitalizing and punctuating clearly show that he never learned the art preservative. He uses good language, slightly tinctured with frontier provincialisms and profanity. Where the wildest, most turbulent and ungovernable crowds gather Texas Frank is in their midst to make a stake. By nature too lazy to work, and by education too proud to beg, he swings from point to point "holding down" a saloon here, "bracing up" a game there, and scouting for the "reds" when an opportunity is presented. Famous things are reported of him by admiring followers. If he has killed half the number of men credited to him his victims would make a populous graveyard. We undertook to draw him out on his killing scrapes, when he lost his cheerfulness and refused to talk. A reporter was circling before our protruding eyes by a drunken man, a resident of Larned, who swore he would finish our useful existance then and there for insulting Texas Frank. At the word of command from Frank the six-shooter disappeared and quiet reigned on the placid Pawnee. Notorious people are peculiar people. Now we never minded telling anyone all about the men we have killed, when, where, what for, and all about it; why he should be so grum about affairs so common with him we can not comprehend. Frank says that dime novel published about him is absurdly ridiculous and not a word of truth in it. People in Rice county have been talking about him being ring leader of a band of horse thieves, and it reached him out West that fifty dollars reward was offered for his arrest, so he was going down to claim the reward and clear the matter up. Couldn't afford to have such reports in circulation. Then he is going to Oklahoma "because there's going to be mighty interesting times and a 'lay out' might come to sight."

Women's Growing Independence of Men.

"Perhaps," says the Boston Transcript, "it is because of the growing scarcity of available men, perhaps it is because of the increasing independence of the fair sex—whatever the reason, it is a fact patent to all who frequent places of amusement that ladies venture abroad in the evening without male escorts far more frequently than they did ten years ago, and it is greatly to the credit of our city that they can do so with impunity. A lady may now go out alone of an evening, but if accompanied by another of her sex, especially if one of the pair be tolerably along in years—it is not necessary to give exact figures—both feel comparatively safe. The result is that young men are not quite so much of a necessity as they once were, and are made to feel that they are no longer indispensible. Time was when a young man, simply because he was a man, was permitted to feel that he was an important creature, but now that a male escort can with propriety be dispensed with on occasion, he has been made to descend from his high horse. He was wont to impose his 'cheap horse' and slang on his lady friends, and was permitted to parade his conceit and ignorance, simply besause he was a necessary evil; but times have changed all that, and he now often finds that unless he can command respect by his knowledge, his character or his gentlemanly deportment, his room is considered more desirable than his company. All of which is having an excellent effect upon the average young man of the period."

One Lucky Bullet Saves Hundreds of Lives.

In the middle of the fight at Rorke's Drift, when the Zulus had fired the hospital, a rush was made by a band of the enemy to fire the storehouse, the other building which outlasted the defense. As fast as these Zulus came on with firebrands they were shot down, but one managed to escape the fire and got in close to the wall of the storehouse. The defenders, with their rifles through the loop-holes, could not slope their weapons to kill him, and it seemed as if his purpose of firing the thatch on the roof of the house should succeed. Fortunately, a young corporal of the army service corps named Atwood, bethought himself of a plan to rid the camp of the Zulu. As luck would have it, there was a small square hole in the wall which had been used as a window, and the Zulu happened to get below this. Atwood, with his carbine, made his way to this hole, and pushing out his weapon, let it hang pointing to the ground. It was impossible to take aim in his awkward position, so he trusted to fate. The Zulu had by this time stuck a firebrand on the end of his assegai and was in the act of rising up to set fire to the thatch when Atwood, not seeing the Zulu at all, but knowing about his position, fired the carbine with his thumb. The shot probably, in fact, saved Natal from an invasion of the Zulus. The Zulu at daylight was found at the spot with his skull smashed in, and the assegia, with the firebrand stuck on the end of it, held tightly in his dead hand.—[Durban letter in Edinburgh Scotchman.

Two Valuable Lessons Taught at West Point.

Two valuable lessons, not from text books, are taught at West Point—strict honesty and truthfulness. A cadet guilty of lying is expelled. There is no hope for him, and there ought to be none. Of all mean and detestible vices falschood is the meanest and most detestible. A cadet guilty of dishonesty is expelled. Dishonesty and falschood go hand in hand. They are twin vices. No young man who should show the taint of these vices goes through West Point if the authorities can help it. By extreme circumspection a youth whose imagination is too lively for his judgment may occasionally get through, and even rise to comparatively high command in the army afterward; but he certainly must walk with great care while passing through West Point; and, as to the honesty of its graduates, as a class, that, fortunately, is beyond a doubt.

Cornstalk's Bonanza.

We are having considerable excitement over lead and silver discoveries in one of the old Indian mounds on the Patterson place, two miles south of Guntersville. An Indian by the name of Cornstalk, son of an Indian of the same name, and well known to many of our old citizen, came here from the Nation, claiming, when a boy, he saw large quantities of ore taken from the mound. He told Mr. Patterson that he would soon come to white sand and fire coals where they had a furnace to refine the crude ore The white sand and fire coals were found just as he had stated they would be, and several pieces of the ore, some of which has been sent to New York for analysis. One piece of the ore was taken there by Mr. Weil, of Huntsville, and was found to contain 12½ per cent. silver, most of the rest lead. Mr. Patterson has been very liberal in his terms and proposes to give the Indian two-thirds of the profits as he is the discoverer. Cornstalk seems to have no doubt at all of the complete success of his project.—[Gadsden (Ala.) Times.

TALK WITH A SHOWMAN

Great Changes that Time Has Brought About in the Circus Business.

"Why," said Mr. George F. Bailey, a veteran showman and Barnum's manager, "to run this show is the easiest thing in the world. Every thing moves along without trouble or fuss of any kind, and it is much easier to look out for our own concern now than it was to run a circus twenty-one years ago. We have more people connected with this show to-day than there was engaged in the business throughout the entire country at that time. I first went into the business with my father-in-law, Aaron Turner, of Danbury, in 1848, and our show was considered one of the best that traveled. Our tent was about the size of the tent we now use as a dressing tent, or for our menagerie alone. It was a ninety foot round-top canvas. When we started out we had twenty-four horses, who not only dragged the wagons containing the paraphernalia from ten to fourteen miles a day, but worked in the ring at two performances. Now this show travels by rail, and yet we have to carry with us nearly two hundred horses to do our work and carry out the programme. The ring and trained horses don't do any work at all, excepting such as they do in the ring, and our goods are transported to and from the trains by the rest of the animals.

"In those days a circus used to take our only eight men as performers, in addition to the canvasemen and apprentices, but here we have on our pay-roll fifty-five persons who are drawing salaries for ring work only, and all of them performers, though some of them do not appear in the performances. For instance, Mrs. Dockrill and Mrs. Jeal, our leading riders, have their husbands with them, but they do nothing but appear in the ring as ringmasters while the ladies are doing their acts. In olden times we took out eight performers, because we had to have eight for the grand entree act. If any of them left some of the baggage-men would be put in their places and do the riding in the entree. We never hired new ones to take the places of those that left. These eight men would give the entire show, and I have often seen it done by fewer men than that. They would appear as tumblers, riders, ringmasters, and in the minstrels with which a circus always ended in those days. The great features were a good clown and ringmaster, and the more fun they could create the greater the attraction. Then tumblers were a great feature and riding only a secondary attraction. In those days all the riders used a pad, and it was very easy to be a rider. A man that could ride on a pad and turn a somersault was a star, and sometimes commanded $35 a month, salary, though usually not over $30. The tumblers received from $8 to $10 a month for their services, and musicians from $15 to $18, and they helped in erecting and taking down the canvas. Now we pay our people by the week, and some of our stars receive weekly ten times the salary we paid our best people for a month's work. A week's salary list in this show to-day is larger than the whole capital invested in a season at that time. It takes what would form a good sized regiment to run our show to-day. Mr. Barnum has on his pay-roll connected with this show about five hundred and fifty men.

"Then look at our chariots, cages and wagons. I won't undertake to say how many we have, but it's in the neighborhood of two hundred. A dozen to twenty would have sufficed to carry us all over the country when I went into the business, and now it takes two hundred when we travel on the cars. Why, we didn't have any street parade in those days, though once in a while when we came into town our band, seated in a rickety old band-wagon, would play us into town and up to the tavern, but this was not always the case, particularly when we made a long jump—that is, fifteen or twenty miles—between two days. Twenty-one or twenty-two hundred miles' travel was a big thing for a season that extended from the 1st of April to the middle of November. Now we run all over the Northern and Southern states and the Dominion of Canada between May and October, traveling thousands of miles and giving nearly the same number of performances.

"There is, too, a vast difference in the capital employed, millions being used now in the circus business where thousands sufficed then. When I first went into the circus business six or eight thousand dollars was the capital invested, and if we took in $75 to $100 gross receipts daily, we were doing a good business. Now it takes $3,000 a day to run the show, and we can only take in the largest places, and can't stay there but one day at a time, whereas in the old times, if a place had three or four thousand inhabitants we would stay two or three days, and if it was a fair-sized city, two weeks would often be the length of a visit. In those days there were no newspapers, excepting weeklies, to speak of, and we did no advertising then, while that is a big item now. In those days there was no distribution of big bills all over the country, and to-day our 'paste brigade,' who do nothing but post bills, numbers 20 men. The way we used to advertise then was to send a man out in a single team with a small bill announcing the particulars of the show and the name of the performers. One of each of these was generally tacked up in the office of the tavern in the town we were to visit, and that was an end to our advertising, trusting to the gossip of the town for the rest. The horses we used to have cost $60, and for the same kind of animals now we pay $250, and there is the same ratio of increase in the expenses in all other departments. When the first menagerie that was good for any thing began to travel, my father-in-law, Aaron Turner, was proprietor, and when he started in 1844, he rented his animals, which were few in number, from the proprietor of a menagerie; but after he had traveled a couple of years, he began to purchase his animals, and owned a host of them during his life. When he first went out his whole menagerie was carted around in eight wagons, and now it takes fifty or more to carry the animals.

"I tell you it's fun to travel with a show like this. A man gets his meals and sleep regularly, and it's no worse than traveling as a drummer or with a theatrical company. When I went into the business we often had no chance to sleep more than an hour or two, and then get a breakfast at two o'clock in the morning and start on a trip to the next town. It used to be tough once in a while when it was dark and stormy, and we had to go through a country that we knew nothing about. Many a time I have had to take a circus, Turner's or my own, through a country when we have had to use torches in order to see our way over the roughest kind of roads, and I myself have often gone ahead of the wagons on foot, walking many miles at night and in early morning, finding the way for the teams to follow. Often my men have had to stop and repair roads and build temporary bridges so that we could go along and reach our destination and the times I have met with such annoyances and surmounted all sorts of obstacles are almost innumerable. In those days we always used to have a great many young people traveling with us as apprentices. Nowadays you don't see them in circuses, because it is against the law to use the children in most of the States in this country, and also in France, Germany and England, where many of our best performers come from. These law-makers think it is cruelty to children to make them do such work. That is the veriest bosh, and while there may be instances where children are cruelly used by their trainers, the rule is directly contrary."—[New Haven Register.

Bringing the Dead to Life.

The London correspondent of the Manchester Examiner says: It is danger. our nowadays to laugh at any of the wonderful stories which are from time to time narrated in the columns of the press, because the stories have acquired an awkward habit of turning out to be true, and to make those who mocked and jeered feel small. Therefore, it will be well to wait before smiling at the extraordinary account of a recent discovery which the Times of this morning copies from the Brisbane Courier. For the benefit of such of my readers as have not seen this account, I may explain that it announces that a certain Signor Rotura, a gentleman who knows a great deal about South American botany, has found out a method of suspending animation in living bodies for an indefinite time, and of bringing them to life again whenever he likes, unless certain accidental circumstances prevent the success of the experiment in hand. Aided by a Mr. James Grant, Signor Rotura has been operating on dogs, cats and sheep with most marvelous results, is the story is true. He makes a slight puncture in the animal's ear, and pours in a few drops of some South American vegetable extract now known only to himself, and the dog or sheep immediately becomes rigid, and, to all present intents and purposes, dead. Then the animal is put away on a shelf to keep. Not in this state, however, for it is said that the resemblance to death is so complete that decomposition soon sets in. This, therefore, is to be avoided by freezing the subjects into the hardness of stone and brittleness of glass, and in this state the beasts are to be sent over to England or any other country which may want them. As soon as they arrive another little hole is to be made in the neck, a few drops of the poison injected, and the animal will immediately regain consciousness and begin to skip and frolic about. Sometimes, it is said, the subject succumbs to the operation of freezing, but not often. For even such delicate creatures as newly-born lambs have been resuscitated after being apparently dead for nineteen days.

The immediate object and application of the discovery is the transmission of the surplus stock of Australian sheep and cattle to Europe, but Signor Rotura expects to work still greater marvels than that. He has not yet experimented upon a human being, because, I suppose, no human being, not even himself, has been found who cared to risk martyrdom in the interests of science, but application is said to have been made by Sir Henry Parkes to allow the next felon condemned to death in the colony to be operated upon. I suppose the criminal would not object. At the wort, he could only die, and if the experiment succeeded he would probably receive a pardon for his services. If Signor Rotura gets the man, he proposes to inject the poison, put the felon in a refrigerator for a month, and then take him out and bring him to life again. The most extraordinary part of the story is that the signor believes that the time the person or animal experiment upon remains unconscious, and this time may be years, if not taken out of his ordinary life, because no bodily change will ever take place while the trance lasts, so that a person who was tired of life now, and wanted to leave the world and come back another day, would only have to get himself entranced and frozen up, and be brought back to active existence at an appointed time. If all this is invention it at least shows that the world possesses a writer of romance before whose astounding imagination Baron Munchausen himself must pale his ineffectual fires.

Unhappy Marriages.

The truth is that these too frequent "unhappy marriages" are the offspring of ignorance quite as much as of actual sin or wrong. Fools, and especially vicious fools, have no right to get possession of an honest woman's life and soul which they cannot comprehend, and the elevating influence of which they throw away even more by stupidity than by willfulness.

A woman, by her sex and character, has a claim to many things besides shelter, food and clothing. She is not less a woman for being wedded; and the man who is fit to be trusted with a good wife recollects all which this implies, and shows himself perpetually chivalrous, sweet spoken, considerate and deferential. The fools and brutes who abound among us may think such demands hard; but they are not nearly as bad as to live the cat and dog life, missing the dearest possibilities of human intercourse.

What right has a man to expect happiness in a household who brings no sunshine into it? What right has he to look for the graces and refinements of early love when he violates them by rough speech, ill-manners and the disregard of those little things upon which the self-respect of a wife is built and maintained? The cynic who rails at marriage is generally one and the same with the thoughtless egotist who flies into the presence of his wife careless, stubborn and sour-tempered, though he never went to his mistress except on his best behavior.

The fate is horrible which a pure and faithful girl may endure by encountering in him whom she wede not mere actual cruelty or injury, but stupid incompetence to understand a woman's needs, dull forgetfulness of the daily graces of life and oblivion of the fact that while men have the world women have only their home. Grossnesses of masculine ingratitude do not, indeed, often lead to visible catastrophe nor grow into absolute tyranny, but they equally tend that way. They drag down a wife's soul to the point where she must despair; they change the sublime meaning of marriage to vulgarity and weariness; they spoil the chance of that best and fiuest of all education which each man obtains who wins a reasonably good woman for his companion, and they cost more to a million households than money or repentance can ever pay back.—[Yonkers Statesman.

Not More Than One Christian Name.

In looking through so many volumes of records I have, of course, seen many thousands and tens of thousands of proper names, belonging to men of all ranks and degrees—to noblemen, Justices, clergymen, witnesses, s