REMINISCENCE OF A MARCH.

Several years ago it fell to my lot to be on the march with a subaltern of my regiment in Ireland. I was taking a detachment into a remote part of the country, where I believe, some disturbances were apprehended, and we had been started off at pretty short notice. I have even now a lively recollection of a long railway journey, the dingy stations we passed, the tedious stoppage, occasional splashes of rain against the carriage windows, and our final exit from the train in a dark, droughty shed with a sloppy platform. From here we had a good long march to our halting place, through a sad-colored waste, past hillsides of black bog, hardly a fence worth calling one to be seen, now and then a tumble-down hovel by the roadside, and off and on the rain pelting down in the sort of searching cold showers one gets in bleak parts of Ireland in the Autumn-time. The town where we were to stay the night was no exception to the general dinginess. After setting the men down into their billets, we "prospected" the principal inn in the place, got a couple of very middling bedrooms, and made up our minds to make the best of the situation. We had divested ourselves of our wet uniform, entered our little sitting-room with its welcome peat-pile fire, examined some hideous sacred prints hung round the walls—among them I remember one of St. Veronica displaying a large handkerchief with the Saviour's face upon it—and were busy planning what to associate with whisky and the jacketed potato, when a note was brought in and handed to me, with a message that some one was waiting for an answer. It was addressed to "The officer commanding detachment, — Regiment;" but one saw at a glance that it was not an official communication, the envelope being a dainty white one, and the handwriting almost unmistakably that of a lady. It turned out to be a very courteous invitation from a Mr. and Mrs. M——, of Innishderry Hall (we will call it), who, having heard that some troops were passing through Moynetown to-day, hoped for the pleasure of the officers' company at dinner that evening. This was realy a timely as well as a hospitable offer, so A——, my subaltern, and I at once agreed to accept it.

Fortunately, when evening came round, and the rickety-looking car that was to jolt us to our entertainer's clattered up to the inn door, the weather had cleared a little. Well do I remember the drive; the cold, keen air; a pale, half-moon lighting up the sombre landscape; dark islands of bog alternating with pools of shimmering water; hill slopes near but mysterious. As far as I can remember, we entered the grounds of Innishderry Hall about a mile and a half from the town. Already the country had begun to wear a prettier aspect; patches of wood appeared; and after passing the lodge gate we began to descend a valley—broken, rocky ground, with clumps of spruce and larch on either side—till suddenly emreging from this, the drive swept round a corner, and we were in view of the sea. A few minutes more and we were looking down over a charming little bay shut in by cliffs, with a boat high and dry up the beach; and from this point till we sighted the lights of the house, copse, park, and heather intermingled one with the other to our left, while on the right great white lines of surf quivered and broke in the moonlight.

It was a beautiful scene as it presented itself to us in the obscurity of the night-time. Possibly by day some of its enchantment might have been missing, but we did not see it in daylight. Such as it was, it probably impressed me and stamped itself in my memory, more on account of the subsequent incidents which ensued than anything else.

The house, as we drew up to it, seemed a large and handsome one. It had a great many windows, a steep-pitched roof, and was partly ivy-clad. Two long ranges of outbuildings were attached to it, one at either end, and from that nearest us as we approached ran out an old wall matted with ivy-stems, and forming an inclosure screened by a row of thorn trees, behind which one could make out the ruined gable-end of a small building. Our driver who had been most uncommunicative all the way out as to our host and hostess, condescended to tell us this was a very ancient chapel, which some ancestor of the family had pulled down and dismantled, "bad luck to him!"

The main entrance hall—I can recall it now—warmed by an ample stove and well lighted up, with a few dressed skins lying about, and a huge ebon cabinet over against the door, made a cheery contrast to the outside car and the surroundings we had just left. Round the walls were grouped a splendid pair of stag's horns, a fox's head and brush, a stuffed seal, and other trophies of a sporting life; and a black buffalo's massive frontlet surmounting a sheaf of assegais, suggested at once what we afterwards learned to be the case, that our host had been in south Africa. "I wonder what sort of people they are, major?" were A——'s words to me, sotto voce, as he gave his sleeves a final jerk and glanced down critically at his boots, while we followed the butler to the drawing-room. A moment more and we were face to face with our new acquaintances.

I do not recollect anything very noteworthy about our host. He was a tall and rather handsome man, but of somewhat faded aspect—quiet and genial in his manner. "I am an old soldier myself," was his greeting to us, and I never like any one in the service to pass our place on duty without our finding him out." But our hostess! As I shook hands with her she at once engrossed my attention. I am at a loss now, as I was then, to define the nature or cause of the peculiar interest she seemed at once to excite in me. Certainly she was a remarkably handsome woman, but my observation of her at the moment of introduction was quickly diverted by the strange demeanor of A——. I had turned round and was in the act of presenting him when he suddenly started, stopped, and without attempting a salutation or advance of any kind, stared at her. For the instant the situation was embarrassing. Was the man going to faint, or was he off his head, or what? There he stood, stock still, facing Mrs. M——, till in a severe tone I said: "A——, this is our hostess." Mrs. M——, allow me to introduce Mr. A——." This appeared to rouse him a little, for he made a sort of backward movement which might do duty for a bow, though a very poor apology for it, and said: "I—I—I beg your pardon," retiring immediately into the background. If this was bashfulness, it was a curious form of it, I thought, and certainly new in my knowledge of A——. This little incident over, I had leasure to look round the room. There appeared to be about a dozen people in all. Mr. M—introduced me to a ralation of his, a baronet, whose name I forget; to a parson, who assured me in Hibernian accents that troops had been down here "repeatedly;" and to a niece, whom I was to take in to dinner. I caught a momentary glimpse of A——, and saw to my surprise that he was furtively but intently watching the lady of the house from an obscure corner. I was quietly slipping up to him to ask what it all meant when dinner was announced.

At the dinner table I found myself on the left of our hostess, the baronet opposite me. A—— was placed some distance down on the other side, so that I could keep an eye on him, which I soon begun to think I must do. I had now an opportunity of noting more particularly Mrs. M——'s personal appearance. Her age I should judge to have been somewhere about eight and twenty or thirty, considerably under her husband's. Her figure was faultless; neck and arms of that nameless tint one has so often seen imperfectly described in novels as "creamy white;" a corona of hair of that deep auburn red which so sets off a fair woman; and a face of singular beauty, of which you forget everything but the eyes the moment you looked into them. Such eyes they were! Their particular size, shape, this or that color, would never occur to one; it was their strange, almost weird, effect when turned on you that one felt. It was as though they divined what you were thinking of and could answer your thoughts. Yet it was not a satisfactory or a restful face. I can recall certain half-disagreeable sensations I experienced as her eyes occasionally rested on mine while we talked, and once or twice a flash as of something almost malevolent seemed to pass out of them.

One incident I recollect. We were discussing pic[tures, when] Mrs. M——, pointing to some fine family portraits hung round the dining-room, said, "My husband and I are distant cousins, Major P——, so that you see we are mutally represented here; and yonder is a lady of by-gone days, supposed to have been very wicked, and to be like me." I looked up, and sure enough there gazed down on me from the canvas a woman's face strikingly like the speaker's—so like, that except for the quaint costume, the portrait might have been taken for her own. It was a finer specimen than usual of the formal yet fascinating style in which our great-great-grandmothers have been depicted for us—a stately attitude, regular but immobile features, and exuberant charms sumptuously if somewhat scantily draped. The lady's figure, as it chanced, was turned toward our end of the table; she held a fan in her hand; and the lips had a disdainful, almost derisive, smile; and the eyes, which in such pictures usually appear to be contemplating the spectator and to follow him about, seemed directed full on our hostess. "There is certainly a likeness," I said, "but the lady on the wall is entitled, I feel sure, to an entire monopoly of the wickedness." Mrs. M—— laughed, and winged a glance at me, and the smile and the eyes were those of the portrait.

Another circumstance I remember discovering in looking round the table, which, had I been superstitious, might not have added to my comfort. We were sitting thirteen. Mrs. M——, I rather think, must have noticed me counting the numbers, for she made some remark as in reply to my thought—"So sorry we were disappointed of one of our party at the last moment."

Meanwhile A—— was again attracting my attention by his extraordinary behavior. His partner, a pretty-looking, lively girl, was evidently doing her best to make herself agreeable, and he was answering her in an intermittent fashion; but I could see he was eating very little, and crumbling his bread in a nervous, preoccupied manner, while every now and then his eyes wandered to Mrs. M——, with a curious, fixed stare that was altogether ill-mannered and unaccountable. Instinctively I turned to the same quarter to see what could be the object of this persistent scrutiny, but in vain. There, indeed, was a beautiful woman, dressed to perfection, and with those wonderful eyes; but what right had he to gape at her like that? I began to wonder if she or any other of the guests would observe A——'s rudeness. I tried to catch his eye, but without success. In a little while I lapsed into comparative silence, and set myself to watch A——'s movements more narrowly, as well as I could, across the table. After a time it seemed to me that the direction of A——'s gaze must be at Mrs. M——'s head, or a little above it; but there was nothing I could see to account for this. To be sure, she wore, fastened into the thick top coil of her hair, a jeweled ornament of some kind that seemed to sparkle at times with intense brilliancy; but still, why this repeated and offensive contemplation at her own table of a married woman, on whom, so far as I knew, neither A—— nor I had ever set eyes before? Could these two have been known to each other in some by-gone love affair, or was the man gone out of his wits, or had he taken too much drink?

How this memorable dinner struggled on to a conclusion I hardly remember. The more fidgety I got, the more irresistibly was I drawn to watch A——. His face wore a pale, scared aspect quite foreign to him, for he was ordinarily a cheery, commonsense fellow, not easily disturbed. At length it seemed that our hostess became aware of the intent observation she was being subjected to, and before the ladies rose from the dinner table, her handsome features had grown very white, there was a visible trembling movement in her hands, and her eyes took an uneasy expression not previously there.

As soon as we men were left alone and almost before we could reseat ourselves, A—— turned to our host, and in an odd, muffled voice announced that he felt unwell, and begged permission to take his departure. Mr. M—— glanced at me with a puzzled air—"He was so very sorry. Could he do nothing? And, of course, the carriage was entirely at Mr. A——'s service." By this time it was evident something was really amiss with A——; so I made some sort of excuse that I feared he had had a hard day's march and got soaked, sent our sincere apologies to Mrs. M——, and rejecting the kind offer of the carriage, we found ourselves out again in the moonlight. The moon was well up, and as we passed the old, ruinous chapel you could see through a little pointed window in the gable, the wall beyond half lit up, and dabbled over with long shadows from the torn trees alongside. We walked for a little while in silence, I deliberating what to say, whether to be stern or sympathetic, but decidedly inclining to the former. Indeed, whether he were well or ill, the extraordinary gestures and demeanor of A—— that evening were unbecoming in the extreme, and, taking place as they did in the presence of his senior officer, could not be passed over, "Mr. A——," at length I began in an official tone, "I must ask what is the meaning—." He had been hurrying on with his face averted from me; but now, as I spoke, he suddenly stopped, turned round, and, grasping my arm, broke in with, "So help me God, major, the devil stood behind her!" "The devil stood behind her!" I said in utter amazement; "what on earth do you mean?" "I mean what I say; the devil was standing behind her all the time." His voice fell almost to a whisper, and he looked back toward the house, which was still in sight. I could have no doubt who he meant by her, but I was so taken aback, that what to go on saying to the man I knew not. It was obvious he was under some strange, mental delusion. We walked on. Presently he spoke again, as if to himself—"behind her by the mantlepiece,"—"behind her chair,"—"that fearful things face,"—"those fiendish eyes, my God!"

As I said before, I am not superstitious, but it was neither quite comfortable nor canny hearing these clear exclamations under the peculiar circumstances; in a moonlight walk, dark, umbrageous thickets on one side of us, on the other black, cavernous cliffs, and the melancholy murmuring sea.

As far as my memory serves, we were still a little way from the lodge gate, when A—— stopped again an instant, and said: "Listen! what's that?" I could hear nothing, but in a few seconds came the distant clatter of a galloping horse along the drive. "Something has happened to her," whispered A——, laying a chill hand on mine. "Anything the matter?" I shouted to the groom who passed us on the horse. The man called out something which we were unable to catch, and then galloped on. We could see him pull up at the gate and a woman come out to open it; but by the time we reached her, horse and rider were out of sight. She was standing staring down the road after them, and I asked her if anything was wrong. "Jesu save us, sur!" she exclaimed, crossing herself, "the man says mee lady is dead—she has taken her life!" "Dead! taken her life!" was my ejaculation. "why, we've only just left the house." Here was indeed a climax to my bewilderment! But what an announcement! I was utterly unable to realize it—it seemed too monstrous. My first impulse was to run back at once to the hall and see if we could be of any use; but on second thoughts it seemed better not. Then, as we hurried out of the park through the tall massive gateway I heard my companion mutter, evidently still possessed with his hallucination. "Did she see it too!?"

About half-way to Money-town we met our car coming out to fetch us, and mounted it, "I see M——s' man ridin' by jist now like smoke," was the remark of our whilom, taciturn jarvie; "there's somethin' up, I belave. They tells quare tales of that house, an' the ould chapel, an' the lights seen about it o' nights, an' the sthrange noises people hears thereabout. Och, thin, shure an' there's bad luck in that house, sir!" I was too stupefied to stop the fellow's gabble till his words were out, and they have often recurred to my mind since. When we got back to our inn, the ill news was already in the air. I sent for the landlord, inquired for the principal medical man in the town, and dispatched an urgent mess age to him intimating what we had heard, and begging him to go out to the hall immediately. Word was brought back that the doctor had already been sent for, and gone. This done, I felt I hardly dared ask further questions of any one just then. Yet the whole thing seemed like a horrible dream, hardly credible. We two sat up late into the night in the little inn parlor—I absorbed in the occurrence of this eventful evening, and in painful anticipaiton of hearing more: A—— speaking not a word, but glowering into the fire.

Next morning we were to make an early start. Before the fall-in bugle sounded the little bustling landlady had communicated to us all sorts of rumors concerning the terrible event that had taken place the night before. Clearly the tragedic story was all over the town by this time, but the only coherent upshot of the matter we could extract was that the poor lady down at the hall had gone up to her bedroom immediately after dinner, and then and there taken poison—that they found her stretched on the floor quite dead, the face turned to one side, as if averted from something, and with an awfully fearsome look upon it.

It may be imagined I was anything but sorry when I and my men mounted the steep hill overlooking Moynetown, on the road to our next billets, with our backs turned upon the scene of this ghastly and mysterious business.

I never heard of the M—— family again, nor did I ever revisit Monetown. I believe there was an inquest, and a verdict of temporary insanity. A few months afterward I chanced to see something in a local newspaper about Innishderry Hall being to let; and "that dreadful affair down in County ——" was talked of for a while in Dublin in a certain circle of society. As for A——, he, too, passed out of my observation very soon after, as he applied for leave, and got an exchange. He never told me more than what I have told the reader, and never again spoke to me on the subject.

I suppose some would maintain that A—— was gifted with what is called "second sight." Be that as it may, the mystery of how or why "the devil stood behind" that singularly beautiful and facinating woman—an acquaintance of an evening only—will, I suspect, never be cleared up.

You Can Smile.

The vice of gambling is everywhere. Young men meeting do not hesitate to shake for drinks in saloons. Yesterday two ague-looking chaps were in Alex Finlay's drug store shaking for quinine.

"You dog of a printer," cried the enraged poet, "you have not punctuated my poem at all." "Yes, but you see, sir, I am not a pointer, I'm a setter," replied the printer.

Archbishop Whately was one day asked if he rose early. He replied that once he did, but he was so proud all the morning, and so sleepy all the afternoon, that he determined never to do it again.

Senator Vance has a story of a kind old man who lives at the top of a hill in North Carolina. One day a wagoner came by, and, unluckily, got his team "stalled at the foot of the hill. To the old man's house he went, asking the loan of a pair of mules and a "fifth chain" to help him up the hill. Said the kind old man: "My friend, I have not got a pair of mules or a fifth chain to save your life. But I am always anxious to help a man in distress; I can lend you the best fiddle you ever drew a bow across."

You must beware of indirect expressions be ore a Caledonian. Clap an extinguisher on your irony if you are unhappily blessed with a vein of it. Remember, you are upon your oath. I have a print of a graceful female after Leonardo da Vinci, which I was showing off to Mr. ——. After he had examined it minutely I ventured to ask him how he liked my "Beauty" (a foolish name it goes by among my friends), when he very gravely assured me that "he had considerable respect for my character and talents" so he was pleased to say), "but he had not given himself much thought about the degree of my personal pretensions."

Some Fun.

The difference: Lighthouses are better appreciated by sailors than by actors.

Female rights: A North Carolina hen has the hysterics, thus boldly asserting the prerogative of her sex.

The sensitive milkman: Never insult a milkman by asking him what watering-place he is going to this summer.

Financial: "They tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown." "Yes," replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."

Social etiquette: Next we shall have a coattail flirtation code. Having the tails covered with mud will mean "I don't like her father."

A Maryland joke: What is the difference between the Smyrna steamboat and the Leipsic steamer? One is made of iron and the other is Maid of Kent.

Why she powders: Miss Lilliphace says she uses powder merely to take the shine off her face, but Fogg thinks she uses it to to take the shine off the other women's faces.

Cornell after Cæsar: Governor Cornell, after his defeat at Saratoga, may properly telephone to Dwight Lawrence: "I came, I saw, I concurred." That's about the way it will be.

How to Swim.

From the London Truth.

There really is no mystery in learning to swim—an accomplishment which is possessed in perfection by the most stupid of frogs. More than once I have explained how any one can teach himself. The trunk, less the arms, is heavier than water; with the arms, it is lighter all, therefore, that a person has to do is to acquire the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make a stroke, and expelling the breath when he is making it. Let any one do this and keep calm, and he will find that he can swim. But, perhaps, it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and whenever the body sinks low, slowly to fill the lungs with air.

Letter From the Pope.

A letter from the pope to the Irish bishops, dated August 1, is published in Rome. His holiness expressing his profound regret tranquility has not been restored to Ireland, and the murders continue to be committed, says: "The Irish people, by following the advice of their prelates, may hope for the alleviation of the ills from which they suffer. A just cause must be upheld by just means. Secret societies must be shunned, in the words of Saint Augustine, 'the first characteristic trait of liberty is the non-commission of crimes.' The priests ought to be active supporters of public order during the present troubles." The letter concludes by expressing the hope that the English government will do justice to the equitable claims of the Irish people, remembering that the pacification of Ireland constitutes an element of tranquility in the whole empire.

ECHO.

How sweet the answer echo makes
To music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes.
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.

Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star.
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh in youth sincere,
And only then—
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again!

—Thomas Moore.

A MINER'S STORY.

Me an' some of the boys was out prospectin'. After a week of the cussedest luck we come back aggravated and disgusted with everybody and everything. It was nigh onto midnight when we struck camp, and just about as chilly as you'd care to have it. Jim Curry, or Big Jim, as we most generally called him, was a standin' outside with his arms folded across his chest looking lonesomer than I'd ever seen him afore, though Jim was one of the lonesome kind, always mooning by hisself. If you'd ask him what he was thinking about he'd say jest one word, "Home."

"Wait a minit, boys," says he, taking the pipe out of his mouth. "Don't go in yet—there's something in there."

He spoke in a skeered kind o' way, and we all gathered round him wonderin' what had happened.

"Sit down, for I know yer tired, and I'll tell ye what's up," says Jim, in the solemnest tone.

We dropped on the log outside the tent and waited, curiously, for him to speak.

"Well, boys," says he, heaving a long sigh, "night afore last I was sittin' jest where you are, feeling awful blue thinking o' the little ones East, when all of a sudden I saw a mite of a thing standing near me. I tell you I was skeered for a minit. Thought sure 'twas the ghost of one of my—"

He kind a gulped something down afore he could say children.

"I put my hand out, touched the critter, and found 'twas alive. Where did ye come from, sonny? says I, at a venture, not knowing whether 'twas a sonny or a sissy. It ketched my hand and says in a sqeaky voice, 'Tome, mamma.' I went with it and it wandered around; 'peared to be looking for something. Purty soon I spied a woman, sittin' on the ground, leaning agin a tree. Well, you might have knocked me over with a straw I was that astonished. Good evening, ma'am, says I, as polite as if there was a hundred eyes looking at us instead of only the big shiny moon and a thousand twinklin' stars. She didn't answer, so I went a step nearer and saw her face was white as—as—I was goin' to say sheet, but it was whiter'n any sheet I've seen lately. Then I picked her up—there warn't no more heft to her than to a baby—and brought her into camp, the mite trotten along after me.

"Abe was doubled up on the buffalo skin, snorin' like all forty. I give him a kick. He jumped up and began rubbin' his eyes.

"'Trapped some game, Jim?'

"'Get a light and you'll see,' says I laying the limp critter on the rug.

"He made a light, and when he caught sight of my game he gave a yell like a wild Ingin.

"'Holy poker, Jim! whare'd ye find it?' says he.

"'Out there sittin' agin a tree. Bring the whisky, and let's see if it's dead.'

"We rubbed her hands, soused water in her face, and put raw whisky in her mouth. Abe was for ontightenin' her frock, but I said no, if she comes too she'll do it herself; if she's dead—well; we thought of our own wimmen folks, an' kind o' covered her up an' waited.

"'After awhile she gave a sigh, opened her eyes and stared around.

"'It's all right ma'am,' says I, 'you're with friends.'

"Then she put her hand out, an' I knew she was feelin' for the mite. I looked 'round the tent. There the little thing sat, staring with its big eyes not saying a word. I brought it over and put it where she could touch it, and you'd jist felt sorry to see the look that came into her white face. I got a bit of old ven'son an' put it in her mouth but she shook her head.

"All right, ma'am,' says I; 'if you can't eat that I'll give you spoon vittils.

"I got some hard tack, soaked it in whisky, and she swallowed a little. Abe took the mite on his knee and fed it. You jest ought to see it stow away the ven'son and biscuit. Then he put it 'long side its mother, an' they both fell asleep."

"'Let's look over in that corner,' whispered Abe.

"'Not both of us,' says I, pointing to the woman's white face; 'it isn't safe.'

"So we took turns watching. The mite slept like a tired kitten, but she moaned all night. In the morning we made her a cup of tea. Maybe she didn't gulp it down! Then I brought a basin of water and asked her if she'd like to take a wash. She raised her hand, but it fell helpless to her side.

"'P'raps I'd better do it for you.'

"She looked kinder grateful, an' while I bathed her poor, thin face, Abe stood in the door snickering. 'When I finished he took the basin away. After a while the mite came in with its hands and face clean and its hair slick as a coon; then I knew he had been tryin' his hand at nurse, too. During the afternoon the woman brightened up a bit and told us her story.

"It 'pears she an' her husband come from Ohio more'n two years ago, and settled on government land. Their nearest neighbors lived in a cabin some three miles off. About six months ago they got disgusted, picked up their traps and left. Soon after, her husband was taken down with rheumatics, so she had to do all the chores and 'tend her baby and sick husband. Next their one horse died. The husband worried and grew worse; twarn't mending matters, but, poor cuss, I s'pose he couldn't help it. At last the rheumatiz struck his heart and he went off all of a sudden, leaving her and the mite alone, not a living soul within twenty miles of them. For a day or two she was nearly wild with fright and lonesomeness; then she dug a grave and she with the mite buried the dead man. Boys, your hearts 'ud jest acked if you'd seen the skeered look in her face when she was tellin' of it. After that she picked up a few duds and what grub was in the cabin and started for Cheyenne, but saw the gate of Heaven open and concluded to step in. Abe went up the hills to invite you all down to the funeral; he isn't back yet, so I s'pose he missed you."

Jim looked lonesomer than ever when he stopped talking. His heart was nearly as big as his body, and that was six feet long. He put his hand over his eyes, and I saw something shinin' on the tip of his nose. It might 'ave been a drop of dew that fell from the trees over our heads, only dewdrops ain't hanging around frosty-nights!

"Come in and have a look at her," says he.

We bared our heads and followed him into the tent. On the buffalo skin lay the woman, or girl, for she was quite young, and the child near her, sound asleep. Jim had stuffed his coat between them, to draw a line between the livin' and the dead, as he put it.

We sat down and talked in a sort of whisper about the time when the ones loved went away from us forever. First thing we knew a streak of light shot up in the east, then a couple of us went out to prepare the grave, while others tided up the tent. No one thought of breakfast; at least no one had the heart to speak of it.

"Look here, boys!" says Jim, coming over to our new cemetery. "Do any of you know what them preacher fellows say at a buryin. It's something 'bout 'He that believes in Me shall live even though he be dead.'"

We shook our heads and Jim went on: "It isn't Christianlike to drop her inter that hole without a word. I vote that we all kneel down and say the Lord's prayer afore we dump her in."

The boys agreed to this, and we filed back to the tent. A couple of us lifted the purty little critter, as keerfully as a mother 'ud lift a baby, and carried her out. Abe took the mite in his arms, and the rest followed, like a sure enough procession.

"Here, yonker, wake up, and take a last peep at yer ma," says Abe. Then we knelt down, and I reckon we looked about as sheepish as any half dozen fellers ye ever see'd. You can jest bet our hearts was thumpin' agin our sides. and if we didn't cry it wasn't 'cause we didn't want'er. At last I sed, "Jim, you're runnin' this thing' s'pose you begin the prayer." He did, and we all jined in, some peared to forget the words, but we got through after a fashion, then dropped the body into the grave as tenderly as we could. As Jim threw the first shovel full of dirt in he said in a choking way, "Rest in Peace." Each of us took a hand at it, repeating the same words. There warn't any blubberin' at that funeral, but you bet 'twas awful solemn. It took us a whole week to get straightened up agin, and get the kinks out of our hearts.

The little critter the dead woman left us was a living sermon to all on us. P'raps we didn't love her; and p'raps we didn'd try not to swear when she was around. We all chipped in and sent Abe to Cheyenne to buy black frocks for her. All claimed a share in her, and nights when she was sleeping like a kitten we'd tell what we'd do when she was big enough to begin larnin. When we'd go to bunk we'd take turns holding her in our arms so as to keep her warm. Ah! she was the cutest, lovinest, little thing you ever see. We never knew her name, so we always called her "mite." When we went up Mountains we'd take her along, and she'd play 'round 'till she got tired, then some one 'ud put her to sleep. Each man had his own pet name for her. She was Abe's sunshine, Jim's blossom, and my birdie. I s'pose you'll smile at my tears, but I can't keep them back when I think of her. You see there was a lot of love 'cumulatin' as it was, in our hearts when she dropped into camp, and we poured every bit of it right out onto her.

The next winter she took cold, no one could tell how it happened for we were very keerful of her. It was terrible sudden—only lasted three days—then she just skipped into the open gate after her mother. Well maybe there wasn't blubberin' at that funeral! If you'd been thar you'd a thought the queen of England an all her ancestors was dead. We dressed our mite in a little black frock so her mother 'ud know we'd done the square thing by her. Jim was the hearse, and when we reached the cemetery each man took her in his arms an' held her 'till the next had to take her from him almost by force. Last of all Abe got her. He kissed the dear little face 'bout twenty times, then said all in a tremble, "I can't do it, boys; some one else 'ill have to put her in." "I'll do it, Abe, says I," reachin' for her; for 'tween you an' me I was glad to get her in my arms once more. He walked away sobbing like a woman.

We sed the Lord's Prayer same as at her mother's buryin'; then lowered her into the tiny grave with our hands. We covered the innocent little face, so dear to every man of us, with a clean handkerchief; 'twas Abe's best; and Jim turned his head aside when he dropped the earth on her, saying in a shaky voice: "Now I lay me down to sleep." Somehow, Jim could always think of the right kind of prayers. You bet there wasn't no stones in the earth that covered her little body, for every grain of it was passed through a fine seive before 'twas used for filling up. Abe made a cross of wood, an' carved on it:

"Sacred to the Memory of Our Little Mite,"

and planted it at the head of the grave. Jim made one like it, and jest put the words

"Mite's Mother,"

on it. We made a fence of logs for our cemetery, and used to sit on them at night, smoking our pipes an' talking about our baby. But we couldn't stand the lonesomeness after she was gone, so we pulled up stakes and left. Before going, each man laid a bunch of evergreens on the graves of Mite and her mother, and I wouldn't like to swear that our eyes were tearless, when we left them to their everlasting rest.

Irish Bulls.

An Irishman once said, "Talk of Irish 'bulls.' Ye'll find the people in ivery country makin' Irish 'bulls,' jist as much as the Irish!" Although he made a bull himself, yet there is a degree of truth in his assertion. Even the ancient Greeks made "bulls," for in Lucian's Timon we find the following dialogue:

Guatho—"I will summon you before the Areopagus for injuring me thus."

Timon—"Stay but a short time, and you will have the opportunity of accusing me of your murder, too!"

Here are a few specimens of "bulls" taken from Chambers' Journal:

The man who on tasting an apple-pie with some quinces in it, burst out with the exclamation: "How delicious an apple-pie would be if it were made entirely of quinces!" gave a good specimen of an Irish bull. So also the sailor who had taken a dislike to a ship, when he was told that he might safely trust himself to her as she was finely copper-fastened answered: "Thank'ee, sir; I would not sail in her if she were coppered with gold;" thus making a genuine Irish bull.

Here we have in perfection a contradiction of meaning; just as in a newspaper announcement that tells us that the "temporary works round Hassell are intended to be permanent;" and in the passage in a book of travels which informs us that in some French inn the maid-servants are men.

But after all, the best bulls comes from Ireland. Take, for example, the following genuine notice on an Irish church-door: "This is to give notice that no person is to be buried in this churchyard but those living in the parish. Those who wish to be buried are desired to apply to me, Ephraim Grub, parish clerk."

Here is another: "Notice—The church-wardens will hold their quarterly meetings once in six weeks, instead of half-yearly, as formerly."

The Center of Population.

Philadelphia Record.

The center of population in the United States was twenty-two miles from Baltimore in 1780, and has moved westward at an average of fifty-one miles every decade, never deviating to the extent of a degree north or south of the thirty-ninth parallel. The greatest progress was between the years 1850-60, when it traveled eighty-one miles from a point in Virginia to twenty miles south of Chillicothe, O. This movement was caused by the settlement of the Pacific coast. The center of population in 1870 was forty-eight miles north of Cincinnati. According to the last census, the center had advanced westward fifty-eight miles, and deflected to the south about eight, being near the village of Taylorsville, Ky., about eight miles from Cincinnati. It is anticipated that the next census will find it in Jennings county, Ind. Supposing the westward movement of population to continue, the central point should cross the Mississippi about 1950. not far from the Missouri. It is considered probable, however, that it will never go so far westward, as there are large areas in the west which are only adapted for mining and grazing pursuits, and will support but a scanty population. The increase in the region beyond the Mississippi, after the close of the present century, may not much more than counterbalance that of the rest of the country, in which case the center of population will remain almost stationary in southern Illinois.

A West Virginian farmer recently sold a single black walnut tree for $600, which was but little less than the sum he paid for the tract on which it grew.

FARMERS' COLUMN.

Notes for Farmers.

Cut off the tips of the new raspberry or blackberry canes. Nothing is gained by letting them grow too tall. Cut out the old canes as soon as they have borne their fruit.

Many of the new potatoes which are now described as best in quality are entirely tasteless. The flesh is white, cooks mealy, etc., but there is no flavor. Is tastelessness an essential constituent of the "best quality" in potatoes?

A novelty in the shape of a strawberry bed is to be seen at Westfield, Mass. It is a hogshead filled with loam and stones, and from its sides are growing from holes bored through the wood into the loam, over 100 thrifty strawberry plants bearing a profusion of large, luscious fruit.

If it is intended to cure a restive horse he must be used solely by one and the same person and caught young, and let the rider or driver bear in mind that with both restive and nervous horses the voice will prove more effectual than the whip. Stick to your nag, under all circumstances, for, rely upon it, if he can once get away from you he will redouble his efforts to do so again. Unfortunately there is always a risk in buying a once wilful steed, for in fresh hands he may revert to his tricks.

The Pittsburg Stockman has the following: "The warfare in which fine stock breeders need to engage is not among themselves, but in common against the ignorance and fogyism behind which scrub stock raising is so strongly intrenched in many parts of the country. There will be plenty of good fighting all along the line in this direction for a generation to come. It will be time enough to pitch into each other when the common enemy is driven from the field. Neither the combatants nor the country at large get any good out of personal quarrels."

Seeing inquiries in your paper for the way to treat a kicking cow, I send mine. Take a snap ring, attach a half-inch cord about a dozen feet in length, put the snap in the kicker's nose, draw the cord around her, letting it rest on her gambrel joints or below. Let a person stand at her shoulder and hold the cord just tight enough so that it shall not slip down to the floor. Any one can then proceed to milk her without trouble. This course of treatment pursued for one week has never failed to cure the most obstinate kicker, and without any struggles or harness.

Setting Milk for Cream.

Of the various methods of setting milk for cream, there is none that produces more butter than another. The temperature, of course, affects the rising and separation of the cream, but this is not dependent upon the manner of setting the milk either deep or shallow. The separation of the cream from the milk is due to an inviolable law of nature, viz., that light fluids will float on heavier ones; it is a matter of specific gravity alone, so that so long as all the cream is separated from the milk the dairyman gets all the butter, whether he uses deep pails in cold water of 45 or shallow pans in the air of 62. After several years use of both systems, side by side, in the writer's dairy, no difference in the regular product of butter from the same quantity of milk and the same feeding has been perceived. But when deep pails are used the best results are reached with a temperature of 45 degrees and with shallow pans at 62 degrees. It is, in short, a matter of convenience. Deep pails take up less room than pans, but a supply of cold water is needed for it.

Eat Your Breakfast First.

Dr. Hall is authority for the following thoughts upon breakfasting before much exercising in the open air, particularly in districts where fever and ague are abundant: Breakfast should be eaten in the morning before leaving the house for exercise or labor of any description; those who do it will be able to perform more work, and with greater alacrity, than those who work an hour or two before breakfast. Beside this, the average duration of life of those who take breakfast before exercise or work will be a number of years older than those who do otherwise. Most persons begin to feel weak after having been engaged five or six hours in their ordinary avocations; a good meal reinvigorates, but from the last meal of the day until the next morning there is an interval of some twelve hours; hence the body in a sense is weak, and in proportion cannot resist deleterious agencies, whether of the fierce cold of mid-winter or of the poisonous miasm which rests upon the surface of the earth wherever the sun shines on a blade of vegetation or a heap of offal. This miasm is more solid, more concentrated, and hence more malignant, about sun rise and sunset than any other of the twenty-four, because the cold of the night condenses it, and it is on the first few inches above the soil in its most solid form; but as the sun rises, it warms and expands and ascends to a point high enough to be breathed, and being taken into the lungs with the air and swallowed with the saliva into the stomach, all weak and empty as it is, it is greedily drunk in, thrown immediately into the circulation of the blood, and carried to every part of the body, depositing its poisonous influence at the very fountain head of life. If early breakfasts were taken in regions where chills and fever and ague prevail, and if in addition, a brisk fire were kindled in the family room for an hour, including sunrise and sunset, these troublesome maladies would diminish in any one year, not ten fold but a thousand fold, because the heat of the fire would rarefy the miasmatic air instantly, and send it above the breathing point. But it is "troublesome" to be building fires night and morning all summer; it being no "trouble," requiring no effort, to shiver and shake by the hour, weeks and months together.

Milk Room Methods.

Of milk room methods Rural Home says: "The creamery was in a small, well finished room, and only occupied a good sized box of what one might call a two-story chest. In the upper story was a zinc-lined water-tight box nearly filled with ice-water. Immersed in the water were several large tin cans, with the tops projecting above and in the tops fine wire ventilators. These were filled with milk on the 'Wooster Creamery' system. Mrs. Vallance leaves milk in the creamery twenty-four hours, believing that it requires less labor and attention than attempting to keep the water all the time ice-cold, as is required to raise it in twelve hours. A pipe connected with the reservoir supplied with cold water from the well by a force-pump, operated by windmill, discharges water into the creamery by simply turning a faucet. When the cream has risen, doors are opened into the lower story, a pail placed under a can, a faucet turned, and the milk drawn off. a glass in the tube shows when the cream has reached the bottom, and the faucet is closed. A twelve-year-old girl could skim the milk. After the cream is churned the buttermilk is washed and worked out, and the salt worked in without crushing the grain. The milk of ten cows is here cared for with the smallest possible amount of labor."

Wasp Waists.

Wasp waists, about which a good deal of unnecessary fuss is being made, are not produced by tight lacing, though undoubtedly there are women who will always wear their clothes tighter than is well for their health. It is owing entirely to the present style of dress that the figure now looks out of proportion about the waist line. Paniers, long bodices, tight sleeves set high in the shoulder, with fullness that stands up like a puff, are sufficient causes to make even an ordinary waist waspish. At a certain summer resort, the other day, a fashionably dressed girl was being much criticised for her "tight lacing," when she very good-naturedly asked the ladies who were offering their kind remarks what in their opinion ought to be the right number of inches of her belt. With one accord they agreed, considering her height and size, it should be twenty-two inches. It proved, on actual measurement, to be twenty-four, whereupon the "wasp waist" was voted a delusion, if not a snare, and some of the party thought they had made a slight mistake.

A Good Wife at Home.

A good wife is to a bad man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which counteracts indolence, extravagance, and folly in a home. No spirit can long endure bad influence Man is stiong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil home, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his soul renews its strength and goes forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds no rest, and there is met with bad temper, jealousy and gloom, or assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes, and he sinks into despair.

Meddlesome Neighbors.

Love your neighbor as yourself is Scriptural advice, and it is also very wholesome. But the most amiable man or woman in the world will find it almost impossible to follow at all times. For instance, it is out of all reason to expect a lady to love her neighbor who is eternally finding fault with her children and saying unkind things of her to a mutual friend. It is also a little too much to expect a man to adore an old maid in an adjoining house who keeps him awake night and morning shrieking in cracked tone that she has "no one to love," and accompanies herself at the same time on a piano that is very much out of tune and in the wrong key. A man may try to love his neighbor if she is good looking and kind; but it is impossible to even respect meddlesome neighbors.

Advice to the Girls.

Be industrious, daughter. Thus the best women have ever found the best husbands at the post of duty. Rebecca went to the well to water the camels and caught Isaac's matrimonial agent. Rachel went out with the sheep and found Jacob and a kiss waiting for her. Ruth wrought in the wheat field and married rich. Abigail hustled around and baked 200 loaves of bread, and loaded up a whole commissary train, which she personally led out to David, and got a second husband within a week after her first one was petrified, and if you persistently buckle down to a wash tub, you feel assured that no man will marry you for your money.

GIRLS IN THE WATER.

The Bold New York Miss, the Coquettish Boston Lass and the Quakeress.

A Long Branch correspondent says it is very amusing to watch the bathers, and a keen observer can readily perceive to what cities the different people belong by closely watching their bearing when "under fire." The New York girl travels across the narrow stretch of sand to the water in a miniature gallop Her graceful gait is an admiral imitation of the shamble of a foundered hack-horse. As she skips across the strand her swaying robe unconsciously gives a peep of cardinal hose, etc. Gleefully she enters the surf, and is clutched at voraciously by her Ahmand or Reginald, and snuggles close to his manly bosom. As the first breaker strikes her, she cuddles up closer still to the brawny breast, and, with chattering chin, says: "Reggie, dwah me nearah!" and thus she takes a dip in the surf. The "dwawing me nearah" process continues unabashed, and as each succeeding briny baptism dashes over the devoted pair, Reginald or Ahmand stands at the post of duty like a martyr, and he hugs her closer and closer. This is the pretty little New York dame, who is such a firm believer in the doctrine of compound pressure. And thus the couple stand cleaving to each other until chilling limps and chattering teeth give warning that human beings are not fishes, and their "dream of love is o'er." And the sedate mammas, under the gaudy parasols on the white sands, gaze serenely at the blissful scene as if they did not forget the fact that they were also once young.

Now the Boston girl operates entirely differently when she is "under fire." She walks demurely, but yet rather coquettishly, across the strand, with both hands clutching modestly at the skirt of her dress, as if endeavoring to pull it down. She darsen't look down to see how much of her limbs are visible, although she wants to real bad. But you look reader. If you are of the male persuasion, it will not be necessary for the writer to inform you what the long stretch of red scenery is. Their terminal are what on other people would be feet. With the Boston girl they are called feet, but that is the only resemblance to the human pedestal bearing a similar name. O such feet! The very sands seem to blush with shame at sight of the colossal masses of quivering flesh, whose undulating surface is a long line of hills and valleys, formed by pet corns, bunions and other nicknacks and scarcities. But nevertheless, the Boston girl finally succeeds in dragging the arks across the burning sand to the water's edge. She looks suspiciously at the curling waves as if in mortal fear that they are damp and not to be trusted, so she sitteth down in the landwash just out of reach of the breakers, and throws sand and water over her friends. The next thing Miss Boston is aware of is that a giant wave strikes her, and as she goes curveting and tumbling upon the beach with the wave her nose plows a deep furrow in the sand, and her under lip transformed into a road scraper, her eyes filled with sand, and her feet entirely uncontrollable, she is finally left high and dry away up on the beach' where she puffs and sputters like a porpoise, and looks like a defeated candidate the morning after election. She then declares the fun over and goes to the house. Later in the day the Boston girl can be seen on the hotel piazza, with a piece of black court plaster on her nose, as she tells her friends her bath was "just splendid."

The Philadelphia girl is the favorite in the surf. She is so pretty and sensible, and then it is nice to see a real modest little maiden in bathing. She comes out of her dressing room clad in a neat, well-fitting costume, and walks as if not trying to attract attention. As the first breaker strikes her she does not scream nor say "Reggie, dwah me nearah," but takes the duck like a little lady, and disports in the cool water as though she enjoyed it immensely. And then the Philadelphia girl is so brave, too, "under fire," and never alarms the bathing master with blood-curdling screams for help if a small crab gallantly pays a little attention to the pretty foot. When she comes out of the bath her cheeks are pinker than ever, her eyes sparkle more brightly than ever before, and she is even sweeter and more lovable than when she entered the surf.

The Chicago girl's feet give her dead away. When she crosses the strand the very sands shriek out in agony, and, as she plants her feet in the surf, the tide rises suddenly and the wave beat tumultuously at the feet of the bluff. The waters dash wildly about in strange commotion, and awful groans and sobs arise

further the project by every means in their power, as it will open up for settlement on their lines a large extent of land now useless. There seems to be no good reason why water should not be struck if the boring is carried on in a business like way by a practical man. If he succeeds, Mr. Beach will perform a service to the country which will go far to redeem the bureau of agriculture from the odium which now rests upon it on account of the wasteful vagaries of the former commissioner.

Personalities.

Sir W. Owen, Lawyer, colonel on Sir Garnet Wolseley's staff was married, says a London correspondent, just before leaving England, to the youngest, and, it may be added, the best looking daughter, of Mr. Joseph Moses Levy, of the Daily Telegraph.

General Ducrct, whose death at Paris was announced on Thursday, was one of the heroes of the war between France and Prussia. He participated in all the battles, and when General Whimpfen assumed the command at Sedan and surrendered the army, he refused to be paroled, and soon after escaped to Paris, where he commanded the Thirteenth and Fourteenth army corps, displaying great courage.

Mrs. Susan Claflin, of Hopkinton, Mass., celebrated her 89th birthday on Wednesday, at the old Claflin homestead, in which she was married when 18, and has lived ever since. There were present four sons—the oldest 70—James and Isaac, of Chicago; Jefferson, of Fall River, and C. Winslow, of Hopkinton, and two married daughters, nine grand-children, three great grand-children; also, Mrs. Mary Parker, a sister of Mrs. Claflin, 76 years of age. Mrs. Claflin is in remarkably good health.

The secret of Mrs. Langtry's beauty is out, for the lady recently told an American interviewer that she was the only girl in a family of seven children, and shared the out-of-door sports of six stout brothers. Noting this the New York Hour remarks: "Most American ladies whose beauty has survived their 30th birthday can tell similar stories, and so a few red-cheeked, bright-eyed women, who, though past three-score, are daily getting more enjoyment and solid comfort out of life, at home and abroad, than their over-indulged daughters can ever hope to do."

Miss Risley Seward, daughter of ex-solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with William H. Seward while he was secretary of state, and subsequently accompanied him during his tour around the world. Mr. Seward in his will bequeathed her $30,000 on condition that she would adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted the name, and now refusses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy studying the old monasteries of Tuscany.

George Washington Harris, the oldest resident born citizen of Harrisburg, Pa., died suddenly last Sunday morning. Mr. Harris was born June 23d, 1798. He was a son of Robert Harris, who was a son of John Harris, the founder of the city of Harrisburg, and grandson of John Harris, the first settler. His mother was Elizabeth Ewing, daughter of the celebrated John Ewing, D. D., provost of the university of Pennsylvania.

The Rev. David Haliburton, of Ruthford county, Tennesee, one of the oldest baptist ministers now living, could not see with his right eye until he reached his seventieth year. By the use of double eyeglasses to assist the sight of his left eye, which was becoming impaired with age, sight was gradually restored to the other, out of which he can now see reasonably well, while the left eye has become sightless. His eyes never were sore.

Cholera Infantum.

Youth's Companion.

One-third of all who are born die before reaching their fifth year. A large percentage of these die of cholera infantum and kindred complaints. It is generally supposed that the chief causes are improper feeding, bad milk, teething and impure air.

A paper on the subject, read before the American Medical association, takes different grouud. We give its leading ideas.

The above causes are in operation equally the year round. But statistics show that the mortality in the case is mainly confined to July, August and September, and that three-fourths of these have the origin of the attack in July; that these diseases are much more numerous and fatal in our large cities than in the rural districts; and that, even in our large cities, with a warm climate, they do not greatly prevail, if these are characterized by cool breezes at night.

The proportional mortality is in Boston five times, and in Chicago six times, as great as in San Francisco; and even in New Orleans it is not one-fourth of what it is in Chicago.

The real cause seems to be a succession of hot days, unbroken by cool nights and with but little stir of air. The air being thus heated and stagnant, there is less oxygen to breathe, while the ability of the blood to take up oxygen, and thus get rid of its carbonic acid, is lessened by profused sweating.

Indigestion, instead of being a cause of the complaint, is itself an effect of the over sensitive and relaxed condition of the whole inner surface of the digestive canal.

The remedy is fresh air and a toning-up of the system. During the heated months the dwelling, and especially the nursery and the sleeping-room, should be kept thoroughly ventilated. Where it can be done mothers and nurses should take their children to elevated locations, or to floating hospitals, etc.

To tone up and soothe the relaxed and sensitive system, there is nothing better than sponging the body night and morning, but especially at night, with cool water. This should be done whenever the temperature does hot fall at night below seventy degrees.

China's Opium Supply.

India is not the only foreign country from which opium is sent to China. It is sent from Persia and also from Turkey, but to a small extent and of inferior quality as compared with the Indian drug. In China itself the cultivation and manufacture of opium are said to have been steadily increasing of late years; and it is sometimes argued that for this reason the revenue which the government of India derives from the drug is so precarious that in the interests of India, as well as in those of China, it would be wise to suppress the trade and to devise some more staple mode of raising a revenue equal to that which is now drawn from opium. In 1871 one of the Anglo-Indian witnesses examined before the parliamentary committee already referred to expressed a confident opinion that the opium revenue would be less in the decade then commencing than it had been in the previous decade. This anticipation has not been realized. The aggregate net revenue derived from opium during the ten years ending on the 31st of March, 1881, exceeded by £11,632,165 ($58,909,825), the aggregate net revenue yielded by the trade during the ten years which ended on the 31st of March, 1871. The net receipts from opium during the earlier of these decades was £58,909,635 ($164,545,175), while the net receipts during the later period were £70,541,800 ($352,709,000).

It is always unsafe to prophesy, but so far as it is possible to form a judgement from experience, the probabilities would seem to be opposed to any considerable diminution of the Indian opium revenue, unless the opposition to it in this country shall be allowed to prevail.

Ex-Gevornor Smith, of Virginia, who is known to fame as "Extra Billy," has reached his eighty-fifth year. He says that he is still blessed with a sound head, whole heart and faithful stomach.