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—Fancy the feelings of a Pennsylvania mother who observed that her child (four months) was breathing with great difficulty in its cradle asleep. Inspection was the work of a moment, when it was discovered that "something like a cord" was round the child's body under its little night-gown! Something like a cord, indeed! It was a snake thirty inches long coiled tight around the frame of the cherub. In fact, the wicked old serpent was so comfortable that it was with a good deal of difficulty that he was persuaded to uncoil; and when he did so, instead of stopping like a fair-minded snake, to have his photograph taken, he bolted hastily into a hole.

—Dr. McCormac read at the recent meeting of the British medical association a paper urging the employment of anaesthetics in slaughter-houses to render animals unconscious before killing them for food. The only question is whether the graduel administration of chloroform would not be more disagreeable to an unreasoning animal than an unforeseen blow on the head which immediately stuns it.

THE OLD STORY.

BY ALICE CARY.

The waiting women wait at her feet,
 And the day is fading down to the night,
And close at her pillow, and round and sweet,
 The red rose burns like a lamp a-light,
Under and over the gray mist leps,
 And down and down from the mossy eaves,
And down from the sycamore's long wild leaves
The slow rain drops and drops and drops.

Ah! never had sleeper a sleep so fair;
 And the waiting women that weep around
Have taken the combs from her golden hair,
 And it slideth over her face to the ground,
They have hidden the light from her lovely eyes;
 And down from the eaves where the mosses grow
 The rain is dripping, so slow, so slow,
And the night wind cries and cries and cries.

From her hand they have taken the shining ring;
 They have brought the linen her shroud to make
O the lark, she was never so loth to sing,
 And the morn she was never so loth to awake!
And at their sewing they hear the rain—
 Drip-drop, drip-drop, over the eaves,
 And drip-drop over the sycamore leaves,
As if there would never be sunshine again.

The mourning train to the grave have gone,
 And the waiting women are here and are there,
With birds at the windows and gleams of the sun,
 Making the chamber of death to be fair,
And under and over the mist unlaps,
 And ruby and amethyst burn through the gray,
 And driest bushes grow green with spray,
And the dimpled water its glad hands claps.

The leaves of the sycamore dance and wave,
 And the mourners put off the mourning shows,
And over the pathway down to the grave
 The long grass blows and blows and blows,
And every drip-drop rounds to a flower,
 And love in the heart of the young man springs,
 And the hands of the maidens shine with rings,
As if all life were a festival hour.

Atlantic Monthly.

A SUPERVISOR'S STORY.

It was at ——, in Yorkshire, that I first met with my friend the supervisor. I had the pleasure of an evening's conversation with him, an evening and a morning, as I may say, for we didn't go to bed that all night, and the tots of toddy reached a total that caused Reason to totter on her throne. We were conversing, among other topics, upon Fenianism; and I remarked to my friend the supervisor, that I felt a little tender in touching on the theme, for that I didn't exactly know, although I was certain he was a Scotchman, whether he mightn't be an Irishman as well. You'll bear in mind that we'd reached the stage of our "toddy tournament" which might be termed the melee, or the mellow, in the vernacular; anyhow, we were getting mixed in our ideas.

And I am not surprised at that same, said Sandy, for I lived many years in Ireland, when I was just a ganger, and I grew so intimate with the Irish, that my tongue got a twist that it's never recovered from to this day. And to tell you the truth, it was the pleasantest country to live in of all the islands of Great Britain. Why, a man who was a crown officer, and had ready money once a quarter, was equal to a lord; and there was something in the air of the country that was wholesome to that degree, that ye might be drinking whisky all the day, and be never a penny the worse for it at night. I was in a wildish part of the country, up among the bogs of Tipperary. I was just a raw laddie then, upon my approbation as it were, and I was gey active, ye may be sure, routing about the country hunting for stills and shebeens, "searching auld wives' barrels," trying to speer out something that might be a feather in my cap, and bring me speedy promotion. But never a drop of potheen or the whiff of a still I could come across, though they were swarming about me the whiles.

But one day, as I sat on the top of a bit hillock, looking over the wild country, and thinking of the braes o' Kirkokyrie, I spied a man coming along a wee bit track over the moor, and he was a fou as the laird o' Craigdarroch.

He was a stranger to the parts, too, and didn't know the face of me, and he came rolling and sliddering along to where I was sitting.

"God save you, friend!" said I.

"The s-saints purtect you!" said my friend.

"It's the decent drop o' liquor you get up there beyant."

"Be me soul, it is."

"And it's a decent gossoon that sells it," I went on.

"Indeed, he is."

"Will there be a drop left in the jug up beyant."

"There's lashings of it."

"Maybe ye like a drop more of that same?"

"Indeed, I would."

"Then I'll be for treating you, friend;" and I linked my arm with his, and away we went over hill and dale, while we come to a lone hut in a bit hag or dingle, where there was a reek of peat-smoke and a bit of bummling noise that was the poor fellows inside singing. Well, my friend gave a sort of countersign that I couldn't see the trick of, and he and I both walked in and sot down on a heap of turfs by the door, and called for the potheen, and I paid for it, and never a one of them was the wiser. But they hadn't got the still there. I found that out; it was up among the bogs somewhere, and I was hoping they'd let drop something that'd give me a line to where it was, when all of a sudden there dropped in a little man, a grocer from the town, and the shine of the door as it opened upon me lit up my face, and in the surprise of the moment he sang out:

"Lads, ye've got the ganger among ye."

There was a great kish of turf just behind me, and before I could stir a hand, somebody had clapped it over me like an extinguisher, and what with the dust of the turf, and a wheen few trifles that was among it, and the reek and the stink, I didn't come to my senses for a minute or two; and when I popped my head out of the basket, never a soul was there but the old grandmother snoring away in her old chair by the fire.

But though they saved their still, they couldn't get over the selling of the drink: that was plain enough against them; against Terence Macarthy, that is, who lived in the cabin. He was just the cat's-paw of the men that worked the still; but he got all the punishment, more's the pity! Well, I summoned Terence, and got him fined £100; and as there was nothing in the world in his hut but the old turf kish as I'd kicked the bottom out of, and his grandmother's chair that had been thatched with a bit oat straw, I took out a body-warrant, as we call it, and made up my mind I'd have to take my friend to Dublin castle.

Now, Ireland's a different country altogether from this; and after we'd had our sessions, and the magistrates had signed the warrant against poor Terence, we went into the public house close by—the whole lot of us, magistrates and all—and began to drink whisky like fish.

"Sandy, me boy," said Mike Hachett—ye remember Mike?—"Sandy, isn't it trembling ye are with apprehension? He was very particular in his conversation, was Mike. "Isn't it shaking ye re, from the crown of your occupit to the very phalanxes of your pedals at the job you've got in hand to incarcerate Terence Macarthy?"

"They say 'twas he shot the bailiff," shouted one.

"Divil a one than he murthered the sheriff's officer," cried another.

"O he'll take a detachment of dragoons from Killoo," called a third.

"Come," I said at last, getting rather cross the way they was chaffing me; "come, I'll bet a gallon of potheen with any sportsman in the room, that I'll take the boy to Dublin castle all by myself."

"Done with you!" cried a dozen voices.

And I was booked for about a hogshead of whisky before I knew where I was. But I wouldn't go back; only when the excitement of the drink was out of me, I felt as if I'd a deal rather have left it undone, for they were a wild lot, were the Macarthys, and it was a wild country they lived in.

The weather came on wet, I remember; and it was nearly a week before I could get across from Shillaloo to Terence Macarthy's cabin, which was in the barony of Tullabardine, though where the barony went to, and who was the baron of it, was a matter I never could get to know the bottom of.

It was just the dusk of the evening I got to the top of the hill that looked over Terence's cabin; and a dismal hole it seemed, that same little hag or dingle. There was a bit pool of black bogwater at one end of it, and at the other was Tim's cabin—just a heap of turf, with a hole for the smoke to come out.

"Sandy, my boy," I said to myself, "you'll never come out of that hole alive." And I looked round to see if there wasn't some living creature near me; if it had been only a sheep or a pig, it would have been a comfort, just for companionship. There was a red streak of light in the sky, and just across it, I remember, there was a line of wild geese flying, their long necks stretched out and their wings beating a slow time in the air, and I could just hear the whang of them; and the sea-birds screamed and whistled over my head, though it was too dusky to see them. Eh, mon, my heart was like to sink into my feet with the loneliness and the desolation and the danger I judged I was in.

If it wasn't for being laughed at, I'd have gone back. Well, I dropped down into the hollow, and walked up to the cabin. The door was open; and the thought came to me for the moment that they'd all gone off; and pleased I'd have been for that. But, no; there was a bit of fire in the corner, and in the darkness I could just see some people crouching down, and the old grandmother sitting in her chair by the peat fire.

"God save all here!" I said, as I walked in.

"Save ye kindly!" replied a gruff voice from the corner.

And with that I sat down on the old kish that had been filled with turf, and pulled out my pipe and began to smoke. I could distinguish objects now in the gloom. There was just a heap of children in the corner, with an old rag covering them sleeping just as sweetly, too, as if they'd been wrapped in down; and there was the mother of them with the babe at her breast, and Terence lying doubled up with his head in his bosom; but never another soul in the hut.

"Take a draw of a pipe, mon," said I; "and don't be down-hearted."

I gave him my bag of tobacco, and he found a pipe in the corner, and began to smoke.

"Ye'll no have a wee drap whisky in the house?" I said.

"Divil a drap your hanner's left us," said the man, dryly.

"Take a pull at my flask, then," said I.

And Terence took it and drank. Somehow I felt more comfortable then. I was safe as long as I was inside the cabin.

"I suppose you knew what I've come here for, Terence?" I said, after a while.

As though this had been a preconcerted signal, the wife here burst out with a loud lamentation: the old grandmother raised a feeble "wirru, wirru!" rocking herself backward and forward in her chair; the children in the corner, aroused by the noise, began to wail and cry; and the little babe at the breast howled dismally in concert.

"Whisht, whisht!" shouted Terence, angrily; "would ye take all the heart out of me, and bring me to shame before his hanner?"

"O what will we do, what will we do! O Terry, Terry, will ye leave the children to starve and the babe that hangs to me breast? O hone! O hone!"

"Whisht, woman, d'ye hear? Mayhap it isn't so bad as we think. Mayhap his hanner will give us a week or two, while the praties come out of the ground and"—

I shook my head.

"I can't do it, Terence; it's a queen's job, you know."

"And if the queen were spoken to, yer hanner," said the woman—"she's had babes of her own, she wouldn't take the husband away from me, that wasn't to blame at all, except with being too good natured with those two black villians"—

"Hold your tongue, Bridget!" shouted Terence, interrupting her.

"There is a way," I said. "If Terence will show me the road to the still up among the bogs, he'll be let off his imprisonment, and happen get twenty pounds into the bargain."

"O Terence darling, do you hear that? Do you hear what his hanner tells you? Go on to your knees, Terence, and thank his hanner!"

But I saw Terence was not to be shaken; he thrust away from him the clinging arms of his wife.

"Do you know that it's an informer he wants me to be? I'm ready to go," he said, getting up and coming toward me. "Come along, yer hanner, afore my heart breaks entirely."

"All right, Terence; we must walk across to where the Dublin road crosses the tail of the bog. We shall have plenty of time to catch the coach."

"Is it the coach I'll have to go by? Won't it cost a power of money?"

"Seventeen shillings the fare, two shillings the coachman, a shilling for refreshment; you'll cost the country a pound altogether, Terence."

"A pound, your hanner! a whole pound! a goolden sovereign, to take the likes of me to prison! O your hanner," said Terence, his face lighting up all of a sudden, "if ye'd only give the pound to the misthress, to keep the childer and the babes while I lie in the jail, I'd run by the side, yer hanner; ye should never take your eyes off me. Ah, I'd bless your hanner all the days of my life, and the childer should learn to pray for you, and the old mother, that's almost in the grave, shall entreat the queen of Heaven for your soul."

I was young and soft-hearted then: I couldn't withstand the sight of so much distress. I gave him the sovereign, which he handed over to his wife. "Now, Terence," I said, "I shall trust to your honer. By 10 o'clock tomorrow morning you must be at Dublin castle gate if you fail me, I am ruined by my kindness to you."

"I'll be there, your hanner, by the holy cross," said Terence, crossing himself devoutly, to give effect to his words.

I didn't feel comfortable, either, but I wouldn't go back from my word; so I made my way across the hearth. Terence showed me my route till we came in sight of the Dublin road, a white streak in the darkness, and then he went loping on his way by some inscrutable tracks across the hills.

After I'd waited some time the coach came up; the front seats were full and I took my place behind, where there was nobody but an old woman, who was fast asleep, propped up by some boxes. I seated myself beside the old woman, and went to sleep too. The coach stopped at Montmellick to change, and that roused me, and then I heard my own name called.

"McAlister! Saunders McAlister! are you there?"

"Sure enough I am," I said, jumping up and rubbing my eyes; "who wants me!"

A man clambered up to the roof of the coach with a dark lantern in his hand, which he flashed full upon me and the old woman—still asleep.

"You've got your prisoner all right, then?" said the man.

"What do you know about prisoners?" said I, sulkily; "and what do you mean by routing a fellow about just as he's comfortably settled?"

"O" says he, loftily; "no hairs with me; I'm your new supervisor."

Now I'd written just a note to our supervisor, old Blathery, a decent old fellow as ever lived: "Dear Bladder, I'm going to take a prisoner to Dublin, to-night, and as I come back I'll come and see you, and we'll have a gey willie waught for auld lang syne."

"Yes," said the man, a tallow-candle-looking kind of chap, with big teeth, that made quite a shine, as you may say, "Yes, I'm your new supervisor, and I'm astonished that you should make so free with your superior officer as to write such a letter to him as that I got, to-night. But I'm glad to see you've got your prisoner all right. I'm going up to Dublin, too. I've got a prisoner, and there's nobody else to take him, so I'm going myself."

"Why, where's Blathery?" said I.

"Suspended; sure to be dismissed."

"And Tomkins and Jones, the officers?"

"Suspended, too."

"Gude save us!" said I; "and what's that for?"

"I can't tell ye all, but I can tell ye this much: They were constantly taking prisoners to Dublin castle, and getting paid for their coach-fare and expenses, and all the while they'd be driving them up in carts they'd borrow from their friends for nothing; and there was one impident fellow made his prisoner walk, and claimed his fare just the same."

"And was it for that they suspended 'em?"

"Wasn't it enough—to be defrauding the revenue? I'm glad to see ye've got your man safe alongside you, for by jingo, if I'd caught you at those tricks, I'd have been the dismission of you."

Well, I felt my heart go down into my boots. What on earth was I to do? Sure enough, the next time the old woman woke, I'd be discovered, and then what would be the end of it! I'd be dismissed in disgrace; and ruin my prospects for life; and then poor Katie Stewart, who was waiting for me up in Kirkcaldy, waiting till I'd get my next rise in my salary, O whatever would I do? Just catch me doing a work of mercy and charity again! "O Lord!" I said, breathing a mental prayer, "let me off this once; I'll never offend any more."

The supervisor, Chandler, his name was, queer enough, seeing he was, for all world, as I've said before, just like a tallow candle, he clambered up with his prisoner, to where I was sitting, and took his place just opposite me, at the very back of the coach, you know, with his face to the horses. Just the jerk of starting the coach woke up the old woman, and she, looking about in wonder for a moment, threw her arms up and began to cry,—

"O sure I'm past the place entirely! O sure I'm left behind! O I'll never find my way back!" and she tried to jump off the coach.

I threw my arms round her and held her down; but the more I held her the more she struggled, till, in the end, I managed to pinion her arms; and, fairly overpowered, she became quiet at last.

Mr. Chandler was all of a shake.

"W-what's the meaning of that extraordinary scene?" he cried.

"Prisoner trying to escape," I said.

"Bless me, that was a very courageous resistance on your part. I'll make a note of that," and Chandler pulled out a big note-book; but between the jerking of the coach and the shaking of his hands he couldn't write a word. However, it wasn't long before we were at Portarlington, which I was thankful to see. I was tired of hugging my old woman. What I'd do after that, I didn't know. But as luck would have it, the moment the coach stopped Chandler leaped down.

"I'll get a drop of something hot," he cried, "to stop this shivering. Look after the prisoners, McAlister."

"Mother, aint't you thankful to me that I saved your life?" I said to the old woman, unclasping my embrace. She gave me a look and a curse, and stepped off the coach. And then a bright thought came into my brain. "Come over here," I said to the prisoner opposite, who had been stolidly looking on; "you'll be warmer and more comfortable in this corner, and you'll get a bit of sleep, perhaps."

The man came over, and sat down in the corner the old woman vacated.

"What's your name?"

"Andrew Macarthy."

"How much have they given you?" I asked him.

"Six months."

"Now, my lad," I said quickly, "would you rather take two months' imprisonment as a crown debtor, living on the best of everything, or your six months on prison fare?"

"Why, I'd take the two, av coorse."

"Then you've only got to change your name from Andrew to Terence. Will you do it?"

"That I will, your hanner," said the man with a grin. I think he divined my purpose.

"Hi! hi! hi! Hallo! hallo! Stop! stop!" I began holloaing and shouting with all my might, and all the passengers and coachman, and Chandler among the lot, came tumbling out of the inn.

"He's gone!" I cried; "your prisoner's gone!"

"Why the——didn't you stop him?"

"How could I hold the two of them?" I roared.

Andrew, entering into the spirit of the scene, began to struggle violently, and I threw my arms about him and held him down.

"Which way did he go?" roared Chandler.

"Down Montmellick way!"

Away went Chandler, his long legs flying out behind him, his skirts fluttering in the breeze, till he disappeared in the outer darkness. I need hardly say that the sympathy of the public was with the escaping prisoner.

"What should we wait for him for?" said the coachman, clambering up into his seat, and looking over the back of the coach; "we can't stop the coach for him."

"Go on!" shouted all the passengers.

My heart began to beat once more, as the coach moved slowly on. Not till we had cleared the lights of Portarlington, not till the shouts of the mob which the escape had collected had died away, did I feel perfectly secure.

It was gray dawn as we reached Dublin, and clattered along its streets to the castle gate. Just by the gate there stood a solitary figure, a masculine figure, dressed in a long, tattered frieze coat and battered caubeen; he had a cudgel under his arm, and was leaning in melancholy guise against the weather-worn walls. He brightened up when he saw the coach, came forward, and recognizing me, offered to help me in my descent. It was Terence Macarthy.

"I'm ready for you, captain," he said, with a bright smile.

I was no little embarrassed by my two captives. I had only a warrant for one, for Terence, and the governor of the castle would not take the custody of two prisoners upon that warrant; and how could I get rid of Andrew? or, if I took in Andrew, how dispose of Terence? O if Andrew would only run away!

"Rin, man, rin!" I wispered in Andrew's ear, as he descended from the coach.

"Would I abuse your hanner's kindness?" whispered the man in reply.

"Go! get out!" I said, nudging Terence with my elbow.

"Sure, your hanner's got me faster than wid chains of iron wid your hanner's treatment of me."

There was a little public house hard by the castle gate, and to that I led my embarrassing charge.

"Now, look here, Terance and Andrew," I said, after we'd each had a cheek-full of whisky; "her royal majesty has taken your case into her gracious consideration, and she's come to the conclusion that the interest of justice will be sufficiently subserved if one of you goes to prison. Now you choose between yourselves."

"I'll go," said Terence.

"I will," said Andrew.

"The devil save you!" said Terence.

And so they went on with their aggravating language, that I'm not Irishman enough to describe to you, and from words they came to blows; Terence had his cudgel with him, Andrew broke the leg off a stool; I crept under the table to be out of the way, but the table was upset among 'em, a heavy oak table, the edge of which hit me on the nose and tapped my claret, as the saying is. The fight lasted a quarter of an hour, at the end of which Andrew was on the floor, bleeding profusely.

"I've bate the soul out of him," said Terence, breathless. "A dirty little omadhaun like that to be taking the paw of me, and to be going to be staling the very prison away from me. Come along quick, yer hanner."

When we once more reached the castle gate, there was a post-chase standing there; and in the governor's office was my friend Mr. Chandler, the wreck of the smart supervisor I had last seen. There were great gaps in his row of shining teeth, his tall hat was knocked into the shape of a pancake; his neat frock-coat was hanging in tatters at his back.

"O man!" he groned, as I came in; "how could you leave me in the hands of those barbarians? See how I've been treated! Why, I was mobbed in that horrible place! Why did you suffer that man to drive away and leave me?"

"How could I help it?" said I. "Haven't I had desperate work to keep my own prisoner? Look at my face;" it was blood-stained, certainly. "Look at my prisoner;" his head was a mass of bruises. "If I hadn't fought to the death, I'd have lost him."

"And is this the way they generally go on about here?" said Chandler.

"Pretty much about," I said.

"Then I'll never return to that horrible place, never, I'll go straight back to Somerset house and tell 'em they must send a prize-fighter to take charge of the district. I shall report very favorably of you, McAlister, and your desperate courage."

So he did, I'm glad to say, and I got my district soon after, and a rise in salary, and married Katie Stewart. Terence and I were fast friends from that time, and when the old grandmother died I helped him to emigrate to America, where I hear he's doing very well in the public line; but I never met with such another adventure.—*Belgravia.*

The Spinning of the Silk-worm.

The silk-worms change their skin four times. After the fourth moulting comes a redoubled appetite, which permits them to attain their full size in a few days. Then other phenomena appear. The caterpillar ceases to eat, and empties itself entirely; it seems uneasy, wanders here and there, and seeks to climb. Warned by these symptoms, the breeder constructs for it with branches a cradle or bower, into which it mounts. It chooses a convenient place, hangs itself by the hind feet, and soon, through the spinner of which I have spoken, we see come out a thread of silk. This is at first cast out in any direction, and forms a collection of cords destined to fix the cocoon that is to be spun. Soon the work becomes regular, and the form of the cocoon is outlined. For some hours we can see the worker performing his task across the transparent gauze with which he surrounds himself. By little and little, this gauze thickens, and grows opaque and firm; finally it becomes a cocoon like these I place before you. At the end of about 72 hours the work is done. Once it has given out its first bit of silk, a worm in good health never stops, and the thread continues without interruption from one end to the other. You see that the cocoon is in reality a ball wound from the outside inward. The thread which forms this ball is 11 miles in length; its thickness is only one-twenty-four hundredth of an inch. It is so light that 28 miles of it weigh only 15¼ grains. So that 2 1-5 lbs. of silk is more than 2,700 miles long. Let me insist a moment on the prodigious activity of the silk-worm while weaving its cocoon. To dispose of its silk when spinning, it moves its head in all directions, and each movement is about one-sixth of an inch. As we know the length of the thread, we can calculate how many movements are made in disposing of the silk in 72 hours. We find in this way that a silk-worm makes nearly 300,000 motions in 24 hours, or 4,166 an hour, or 69 per minute. You see that our insect yields not in activity to any weaver; but we must add that it is beaten by the marvelous machines that the industry of our day has produced.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A Methodist Labor Reformer.

Joseph Arch is by this time on his way towards Canada and the United States. In both, his special mission will derive aid and influence from his religious character. He goes out as president of the National agricultural laborer's union; and the fact that he is an accredited preacher of the gospel to the poor in connection with the most useful body of Methodists on the face of the earth, has gone out before him. That body possesses recognized ministers and churches in most parts of British America; and in the great republic no sect of Christians is more numerous or more widely influential than are those bearing the Methodist name. On both sides of the territorial line, we feel sure, he will meet with a hearty and brotherly reception; not only from those who bear the same name, and had the same common origin, but also from all denominations in that grand region. All Americans, and nearly all Canadians, will admire and sympathize with the self-denying man who has left home and country, family and friends, for the sake of that down-trod million of his fellow patriots, who, with their wives and families, have been too long at the mercy of landlords and employers considering them as serfs, and under the nominal care of religious teachers who, living in luxury, have, for the most part, reproached them with ingratitude for not being contented to slave and starve. He goes out to judge by the sight of his own eyes whether the happy union of liberty with plenty and social happiness, of which he has heard by the hearing of the ear, really exists on the other shore of the Atlantic ocean; and he pledges himself beforehand that if he find the picture to be true he will spend five years upon the spot, in either bringing the landlords and the farmers of England to a juster sense of their relative duties, or transplanting his fellow-laborers to a soil which invites the outlay of their honest and industrious toil for the sole benefit of themselves and their families.—*Beehive, London.*

—The most accurate estimates state that China possesses coal-fields to the extent of over 400,000 square miles, one province (Shausi) having no less than 31,000 square miles with veins from 12 to 30 feet in thickness.

—A Lonisburg, Ark., relict has started a private cemetery with ten defunct husbands.

MADRID.

The City and its Parks.

The climate of Madrid is such that it has become a household word all over Europe. "As hot as Madrid," "As cold as Madrid." Alexandre Dumas says in his "Esquisses d'Espagne:" "For the meanest climate on earth, recommend me to Madrid;" and Alphonce de Lamartine speaks of the "horrors of Madrilene heat and the distressing chills of Madrilene cold." Nevertheless, you must not talk to a true child of Madrid about all this. For, if ever people passionately loved their native city, it is the Madrilenos. The Napolitans invite strangers to see their incomparably beautiful city, and then die; the Viennese talk and sing about there being but one imperial city, and that the one on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube. The Russians say that Moscow is holy, and that St. Petersburg is the city of palaces. The Swede calls his Stockholm the Venice of the north, and the Germans point with the greatest pride to the magnificent city of Berlin. The Saxons may well boast of their beautiful city of Dresden, which is, as they call it, the second home of all Americans. But what is all this in comparison with the extravagant praises bestowed by the people of Madrid upon their beloved city? According to them, who has ever seen a more magnificent metropolis than theirs? Who has ever feasted his eyes on a more magnificent marble palace than the Alcazar? Who has ever seen finer galleries than those of the museum? Who has ever sauntered up and down a more splendid avenue than the Puerta del Sol? Who, finally, has ever recreated himself better in any public garden than in the parks of Madrid? Yes, the parks of Madrid. There are three of these public walks, the famous Prado, nearly two miles in length, from north to south, on the eastern outskirts of the city, with superb and regular rows of trees and several fountains of surpassing beauty; the Pasos de las Delicias, along the banks of the Manzanares, on the west side of the city, and the Buen Retiro gardens to the east, beyond the Prado. Without these three gardens, it is safe to assert, life in Madrid would almost be intolerable; and none of the monarchs of the unfortunate Iberian peninsula not even those who seemed to take a special delight in oppressing their people, ever ventured to interfere with the inhabitants of Madrid enjoying themselves in their peculiar manner in these three public resorts. But these gardens you must never visit in the day time. Then everything looks deserted, the trees and plants hang their leaves under the depressing influence of a pitiless sun; the very grass on the lawns looks yellow and drooping, and in the ponds the water, receding as it is always, is covered with a green film, indicative of sluggishness and stagnation. Pedestrians you do not meet anywhere; only now and then a lazy waiter lolling in front of a restaurant, whom you must call five times before he will answer you with a "*Si, Senor!*" At the end of a fifteen minutes' walk, you will ask yourself in surprise, "Is this the famous Prado?" He who would dare to compare it with the Parisian Bois de Boulogne, with Hyde Park in London, the Prater in Vienna, or the Thiergarten in Berlin, would absolutely appear to you an idiot. But wait until the bells of the innumerable churches of Madrid have rung their vespers, and wait until the fiery sun has sunk behind the bleak crests of the Sierra Guadarama, and until the myriads of stars, with wonderful clearness, sparkle in the deep-blue southern sky, wait until then, and you will find a new, a most enchanting and fascinating life in the Prado. The balmy night air seems to infuse fresh vitality into the sluggish blood of the hidalgos. They hasten to their beloved park, and long before 9 o'clock it is thronged with the beauty and fashion of the capital. Poets have often sung of the charms of the fair daughters of Madrid. If you want to admire them in all their surpassing grace, if you want to bask your eyes in the dark depths of orbs lustrous and unfathomable, and arched with magnificent brows, just saunter through those alleys of the Prado, and look and listen, such sylph-like forms, such faultless contours, such sweet accents of one of the noblest tongues that Providence has given to mankind! But do not believe that only the aristocracy of Madrid is to be found of evenings in the dark, delightful recesses of the Prado. The plebeians are there likewise, and the beautiful and characteristic costumes of the working girls, who still adhere to the mantilla and the rebozo, lend a special charm to the animated scene. And, O the delights of the great pond! No city in the world is more destitute of water than Madrid and the pleasures of yatching and sailing are unknown to the Madrilenos. It is only the mirror-like surface of the grand pond of the Prado that they can enjoy a boat-ride of over 1,000 yards in length. It costs money to enter one of these famous barques, and those whose poverty prevents them from riding on the watery deep can buy, for a penny or two, a seat on the estrade, where hundreds of spectators feast their eyes upon those who, more fortunate than themselves, navigate on the only decent sheet of water in New Castile. For three or four hours the scene in the Prado is animated. The rich and the poor congregate there as if the society of Madrid were the most democratic in the world. That old gentleman, with a lovely blonde girl on his arm, is the Marquis de Medina-Sidoni, in whose veins flows the blood alike of the ancient grandees of Spain and of the Moorish kings of Granada. The handsome young fellow who passes him is Senor Escuviaz, the president of the Internationalists of Madrid. At that round table sits Gen'l Daniel Sickles, the ambassador of the United States. The tall, bald gentleman, who jokes with him, and who for the world looks like grim old Bismarck, is no other than Emilio Castelar, the foremost orator of Europe, and the noblest patriot of his own country. And then there is music, not Spanish music though, for, strange to say, the Spaniards of our times have hardly any national music worth speaking of. The band plays the plaintive notes of Verdi's Miserere from "Il Trovatore;" and next follows "The Watch on the Rhine." Enthusiastic applause covers the stirring German hymn, for you must bear in mind that Spain and Germany are fast friends, even though the Emperor William has not yet recognized the Spanish republic. The air is fragrant with floral odors and with the equally fragrant emanations of cigars; for one thing is certain, and that is, that the nicotian weed is nowhere smoked more fastidiously than in Madrid. The Madrilenos will put up with any thing but bad cigars. You may oppress them, you may starve them, you may quench their thirst with the most abominable wine, but never dare to offer them a cigar that does not come from La Vuelta Abajo. And, strangely enough, everybody in the Prado smokes good cigars, and the restaurants have but one quality. It is near midnight, and the crowd begins to thin out. Lovers escort their darkeyed Pepitas and Juanitas home. The band plays the "March of the Republic," the stars pale away, the hum in the Prado ceases, and Madrid goes to bed.—*Appletons' Journal.*

—If persons about to wash new calico, especially black, will first soak it in salt water, it will prevent the color from fading.

—According to the latest definition, a bachelor is a man who has lost the opportunity of making a woman miserable.

Killing Time in Saratoga.

["John Paul" in the Tribune.]

Great wonderment is expressed as to how we pass away the time now that the races are done. I have discovered that after reaching a certain period in life one is very little troubled about passing time, all one has to do is to stand still and time slips by you, faster than you wot of, faster than you wish. You do nothing in particular, perhaps, indulge in no diversion; but getting up is necessary, eating is a duty, and going to bed at some hour of the night is fashionable; so, before you know it, one day is gone and another is lapping on. But for amusement, what would you have anywhere other than we have here? There are bowling-alleys for ladies and gentlemen, and couples can go there and indulge in "the flowing" to their heart's content, and come away better for the exercise by far. But it is not necessary to bowl merely because you go the alleys; some couples go to "bowl," others go to "spoon," and nobody seems to notice the difference. Then there are two Indian encampments, with shooting galleries and butts for bow and arrow practice at both. The guns in use are what a Cockney would probably designate as hair-guns with 'air-triggers, and the target is a woman in Scotch costume who drums, a rabbit that keels over, and a lion that roars, if you hit the bull's eye. Paulina was excessively anxious that her papa should make the lion roar, and to please the child I took a shot at it. I didn't make the lion roar exactly, but I take pride in recording that I made an old gentleman, who posted himself in what he seemed to consider a safe position, a few rods away on the right of the target, howl most fearfully. This was better than hitting nothing. The archery business is meant for ladies, but they do very little of it. Nor do the Indians encourage them much in the practice of archery, having found by experience that the few arrows that get away from the bow generally stick in the live Indian who attends, instead of in the stuffed one that is ostensibly shot at. Women, I notice, shoot bows and arrows very much as they play whist—having drawn the arrow back, they hold on to it just as they do to a trump, and won't launch it; if they do let one go by accident it generally hits the wrong party in the wrong place. After the ladies have practised a half hour, the attendant Indian from a distance might be mistaken for a porcupine, all quills. But the passion that little girls have for bows and arrows is strange; it almost passes that for dolls. Paulina urged papa to buy her an equipment. I refused. Shooting fathers is rather encouraged by the Saratogian sentiment; but in this case it seemed to me unadvisable that I should become an accessory before the fact. But baskets and such things are innocent and harmless, and of these both encampments will sell you as many as you wish to buy. But is is only the old encampment that boasts of a "Beautiful Indian Girl." This dusky damsel is one of the pillars of the camp, for the young men all invite her to shoot, and Sarah is never beaten. It would surprise you to know how many arrows this young lady can put in the target at a cent apiece in the course of an afternoon. But my surprise has been awakened by something stranger to which my attention was called. Sarah has a grandmother in camp, an aged, respectable, and I will venture to say, virtuous female; she sits behind the counter all day long, and I do not hear any young men asking her to shoot with them. Neither do they seek to engage her in conversation, notwithstanding their avowal of an ardent ambition to learn Indian, and the palpable fact that the good grandmother has more Indian in her, and, from the seventy or eighty years of practice she has had, should talk it better than Sarah. But there are many very strange things in life. Then we have besides the circular railway, a lot of wooden horses that revolve around a common centre to the lascivious pleasing of a hurdy-gurdy, giving their riders an opportunity to spear iron rings from a post and bear them triumphantly away on the point of a skillet. Or you can have a weigh for five cents, if you've a will to. Or you can have your fortune told. Or you can walk out to the battle ground. Or for ten cents you can get some boy to pound you over the head with a club for as many minutes. There is no end, in fact, to the amusements which Saratoga offers to visitors. Then, in the early part of September, so close upon us, there is to be a regatta, which ought, whether it does or not, to draw people from all parts of the country, for there never was a better course than the lake offers, and some good pullers are entered for it. It has been rather cool for two days back, and this morning a good many guests left. Each to his liking, but this weather suits me exactly. And if people only knew it, September is the pleasantest month of the year to be at Saratoga or anywhere else. That there are fewer here in that month is one of the principal reasons which makes it more enjoyable, for better accommodations are to be had at the hotels, and you are not jostled about and trodden under foot by the multitude. But the majority seem of a different way of thinking, and generally stampede together. And now that the guests begin to thin out and business becomes less pressing, I suppose the proprietors of the principal hotels go to writing certificates again of the skill with which their corns were cut by the champion corn-cutter of the village. For these certificates of theirs, written in the early spring, probably, when business was dull, are the most displayed articles that strike your eye on opening the Saratogian at the breakfast table. Now, since corn-curers are looming up as public benefactors, I'll furnish a prescription that will cure the worst corn going, if it be faithfully followed, and I don't want a certificate from the cured, either. A ten-cent stamp will do for me, if grateful convalescents insists on sending something. Listen: Pare all around the corn with a very sharp knife, and be careful to draw no blood. (It is better to soften the corn somewhat with warm water before beginning to operate.) Prepare a salve of pure white wax, mutton tallow and resin, in about equal parts, and anoint the corn well with this at intervals during the day. On retiring to bed at night, draw the thumb of an old kid glove over the troubled toe, cutting a hole in it sufficiently large to permit the corn to protrude. Tie a piece of black silk thread carefully round the corn. Now wrap the toe well up in a strip of red flannel, saturated with a mixture in equal proportions of turpentine and sweet oil. Then amputate the toe below the first joint, and if you set it on fire your corn will disappear at once. Or, if you throw it out of the window, toe and all, and Appleton's dog comes along and thinks he has got a good thing, and chokes in endeavoring to swallow it, that is his misfortune and not your fault, and two nuisances are got well rid of at once.

—The Anchor line of steamers is exporting considerable quantities of live cattle to England, and arrangements are making to increase their facilities for transportation. Mr. Bell of Glasgow, an extensive dealer in cattle, is engaged in this enterprise, and, though selling better and cheaper meat than the English, he claims to make nearly $75 from each creature, after paying all its cost.

—A tombstone-maker in Boston chisels C. O. D. on a large portion of his tombstones. He says it stands for Coal Oil Death. One of his headstones reads: "Biddy Fisherty, C. O. D. Let her R. I. P."

THE WINDS.

The south wind sings of happy springs,
 And summers hastening on their way;
The south wind smells of cowslip bells,
 And blossom-spangled meads of May;
But sweeter is her red, red mouth
 Than all the kisses of the south.

The west wind breathes of russet heaths,
 And yellow pride of woods grown old;
The west wind flies from autumn skies,
 And sun-clouds overlaid with gold;
But the golden locks I love the best
Outshine the glories of the west.

The north wind sweeps from crystal deeps,
 And Arctic halls of endless night;
The north wind blows o'er drifted snows,
 And mountains robed in virgin white;
But purer far her maiden's soul
Than all the snows that shroud the pole.

The east wind shrills o'er the desert hills
 And dreary coasts of barren sand;
The east wind moans of sea-blanched bones,
 And ships that sink in sight of land;
But the cold, cold east may rave and moan,
For her soft warm heart is all my own.

Chambers' Journal.

Conductor and Vice-President.

At a certain period, some six or eight years ago, the officers of one of our principal railroads had good reasons for believing that some of the conductors upon a particular section of their road were in the habit of rendering inaccurate returns of their receipts from "way passengers;" and as they were unable to fix the defalcation upon the particular individuals, Pinkerton was employed to investigate the matter, and test the accuracy of their suspicions. For the execution of this delicate service he selected a sufficient number of his best men to furnish four for every car in a train, one to be seated at each door and two in the centre of the car, the latter facing to the front and rear, so as to see every person who went in or out. These men were directed not to recognize each other, but to pay their fares, and otherwise deport themselves like ordinary travelers. Each one was provided with pencil and paper, and instructed to keep an accurate record of every person that entered or left the cars, noting the stations to and from which they traveled, etc., so that if at the end of the trip their notes were in accord, it would be good evidence of accuracy. In this manner the major was enabled, in the course of a few days, to make a detailed report which showed conclusively that nearly every conductor upon the section of road under surveillance had been guilty of swindling. He also ascertained that one of these delinquents owned property to a large amount in Philadelphia. Whereupon, as I was informed, Col. S——, the vice-president, sent for the man, and the following dialogue ensued:

"Mr. ——, how long have you been employed as conductor on our road?"

"About seven years, sir."

"What pay have you received during that time?"

"Eight hundred dollars a year."

"Do you own the house No. — upon —— street?"

"I do, sir."

"Have you other property in this city?"

"I have."

"What is its value?"

"Well, sir, I can't tell precisely, but it is considerable."

"What estimate do you place upon your entire assets?"

"Something like forty thousand dollars."

"Were you the owner of any portion of this property when you entered our service?"

"Not a dollar's worth, sir."

"You have a family to support, I understand?"

"I have a wife and three children."

"Will you do me the favor to inform me how you have been able in seven years to support your family and accumulate a fortune of forty thousand dollars upon a salary of eight hundred?"

"I have not the slightest objection to answer your question, Col. S——, provided you will suffer me first to propound a few pertinent interrogatories to you."

"Very well, sir, I've no objection. What are they?"

"Will you, then, be so kind as to inform me how long you have been connected with the —— railroad?"

"Something like ten years."

"What, allow me to ask, has been your salary during that time?"

"I suppose it may have averaged about $5,000 a year."

"You have a family to support, if I am not mistaken?"

"Yes, sir, I have a family."

"If it is not an improper question, Col. S——, will you suffer me to ask what is the amount of your fortune?"

"Well, sir, I don't know precisely, but it is something handsome."

"Would you estimate it at half a million dollars, colonel?"

"Yes, I dare say it is."

"That being the fact, sir, if you will do me the favor to disclose to me the secret of the process by which you, in ten years, have been able to transmute $50,000 into ten times that amount, without any visible means outside your salary, I will most cheerfully tell you how I have managed by turning an honest penny now and then, to amass the comparatively insignificant amount I have named."

"That is all very well," replied the imperturbable vice-president, "but you seem to have forgotten that there is a slight difference between your status and mine upon the —— railroad, in that you are responsible to me for stealing the company's money, whereas I am not accountable to you for my transactions. In view of this fact, it now becomes my duty to inform you that your services are no longer required upon our road."

The facetious conductor probably anticipated this result, and with his characteristic coolness remarked: "In that event, sir, it may at some future time become necessary for me to seek employment upon another road. Would it be asking too much for you to give me a letter setting forth your estimate of my ability to perform the duties of conductor?"

"If you desire it, I certainly have no objections to giving you a testimonial to the effect that I look upon you as the most unscrululous and unblushing knave that has ever disgraced the catalogue of our employes, and that any company having any thing to do with you will be morrally certain to be robbed."—*Harper's Magazine.*

SHOPPING IN TWO LANGUAGES.—It is great fun to barter with a French or Italian shopkeeper, after you are quite sure he does not understand a word of English, if you can keep your countenance and make it utter one thing while your voice says another. Anxious to oblige, anxious to sell, and not understanding your words, he watches cadence and expression, and frames his replies from that. I approached one in Turin, and affecting to greatly admiri a scarlet neck scarf, said to him with a gesture of appreciation and a tone which indicated delight: "This scarf is, I suppose, a wretched, ill-made, shoddy affair?" "*Oui, monsieur.*" "And the price you ask—six francs—is, perhaps, double what would demand of me if I were not a stranger?" (With finger and thumb in my right vest pocket, as if in the act of producing the money to purchase it.) "You are doubtless a great scoundrel in most of the relations of life?" "*Oui, monsieure*" (with emphasis,) "Certainement." "Permit me to tie the miserable thing about the weak-eyed, gaping, shriveled, honey-combed, weather-beaten face of madame—ah! does not this enhance her natural and acquired ugliness?" "*Oui, oui*"—a pause, a glance at the enraged countenance of the learned person, a dim suspicion of a hoax, and the sentence ended with an indescribable shrug.—*Letter from Europe.*

In the Tower of London.

[Prentice Mulford's letters to the San Francisco Bulletin.]

I made my first visit to the tower of London a few days since. Its a fearful risk I've run, that of remaining in London over a year and never seeing the inside of the tower. The staircases are verry narrow. In ascending them I had my eye nearly poked out by an old American gentleman who would persist in carrying his umberella on his shoulder. The warders who show the place are arrayed somewhat in the costume of "Metamora." They take visitors about in squads of twelve to a warder. Admittance one shilling. From eight hundred to a thousand visit the tower daily. At this rate the establishment ought nearly to run a prince. Of course, you have read all about the knights in armor, the guns and swords. The instruments of torture, the headman's block and ax, the spears and shields, and dungeons and names carved on the wall, which are shown and explained to you. I saw the crown jewels. Two rusty, faded, sour looking women have them in charge. One delivers the explanatory lecture and the other takes the tickets and watches to see that no one runs off with the spoons. There are spoons in the lot, gold salt spoons. The crowns and other royal gimcracks are kept under a great glass case. It is merely a royal jewel show. When the faded lady who looks as if she had been dying by inches of envy and covetness, because of her inability to own any of the vast wealth, besides which her daily life is passed, and which Tantalus-like, daily mocks her eyes; when she says, as she always does, at the close of her oration: "And that's the crown of Queen Victoria and is worth a million of pounds sterling," everybody is expected to go down on their knees. Remember this when you visit the tower.

"No gratuities allowed to attendants" is conspicuously posted up in the waiting room. This means simply that they do expect a fee. Sixty-five thousand stand of arms are stored in the tower—Snyder rifles, which in a few years more will probably be changed into some more improved arm. They arrange on the armory walls beautiful designs in swords, ramrods, muskets, bayonets and pistols. For instance, there is a beautiful flower, all of triggers. The trigger flower, Order Bellingerentia; two stamins, six pistils. There is also a blossom of bayonets, Order Langingenterio Apex Musketivus up Guards and at Them.

The ax which cut off Lord Lovat's head, in 1745, looked to me unsafe to rely upon for chopping a pumpkin in halves at a single blow. There are some interesting dents on the head block wheroon three English lords saw the last of their own cranial terminations. I would like to have stolen the dents, but could not do so without bringing away the block.

Henry the Eigth's armor is enormous. I think that Michael Reese and Mr. Friedlander might both get inside of it, and there still be room left for some "live paper" reporter to smuggle away in the helmet and watch whatever they might be up to.

They showed us one queer weapon of warfare—a sort of rake, eighteen feet long, with curved claws, with which footmen were in the habit of darting out at horsemen and "raking them in" or "raking them down."

The Miserere at St. Peter's.

There is one grand and sublime ceremony, the Miserere of St. Peter's. The music is exquisite, the effect surprising. Rome saw, in the sixteenth century, that Protestantism in the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. To prevent this inferiority, she naturally sought a master of song, and found the sublime Palestrina, the Michael Angelo of the lyre. The pope forbade the reproduction of his Miserere, in order that it should be heard only in that church whose gigantic arches were completely in harmony with its sublimity. One day a noble youth heard, entranced, the miserere. This youth, who may be called the Raphael of music, learned it by heart, and divulged it to the world. He was Mozart. The German genius came to steal the secrets of the Latin genius in the eternal war between both races. No pen can describe the solemnity of the Miserere! The night advances. The Basilica is in darkness. Her alters are uncovered. Through the open arches there penetrates the uncertain light of dawn, which seems to deepen the shadows. The last taper of the tenebrario is hidden behind the alter. The cathedral resembles an immense mausoleum, with the faint gleaming of funeral torches in the distance. The music of the Miserere is not instrumental. It is a sublime choir admirably combined. Now it comes like the far-off roar of the tempest, as the vibration of the wind upon the ruins or among the cypresses of tombs; again, like a lamentation from the depths of the earth, or a moarning of heaven's angels breaking into sobs and sorrowful weeping. The marble statues, gigantic and of dazzling whiteness, are not completely hidden by the darkness, but appear like the spirits of past ages coming out of the sepulchers and losing the shroud to join the intonation of this canticle of despair. The whole church is agitated, and vibrates as if words of horror were arising from the stones. This profound and sublime lament, this mourning of bitterness dying away into airy circles, penetrates the heart by the intensity of its sadness; it is the voice of Rome supplicating heaven from her load of ashes as if under her sackcloth she writhed in her death-agony. To weep thus, to lament as the prophets of old by the banks of Euphrates, or among the scattered stones of the temple, to sigh in this sublime cadence, becomes a city whose eternal sorrow has not mared her eternal beauty. Thus she is enslaved. David alone can be her poet. Her canticle is majesty and unequaled. Rome, Rome! thou art grand, thou art immortal even in thy desperation and abandonment! The human heart shall be thy eternal alter, although the faith which has been thy prestige should perish, as the conquests that made thy greatness have departed? None can rob thee of thy God-given immortality, which thy pontiffs have sustained, and which thy artists will forever preserve.—*Emilio Castelar.*

Alaskan Mythology

The natives of certain secluded Aleutian isles retain a tradition concerning the origin of the latter which if already published, is worthy of repetition together with the embellishment naturally accruing after the lapse of a year or two. It is asserted that, in the primeval days, when the waters of the north Pacific surrounded not a single isle among the vast ranges of the interior continent, a mighty giant lived. Dwelling in harmony with a giant bride, each morning he ascended the mountains from which the summits were plucked for their daily food. Lakelets formed their evening drink. At peace with all the outside world, they reigned whilst ages went their course. But finally a change occurred and discord entered the mountain home. Whilst absent on a distant summit, the giant felt the mountain quake beneath his feet and, casting upon his wife the fault of all the earthquake uproar, hastened down with a frown of vengeance in all his mien. The giantess, perceiving this and fearing for herself, ran leaping into Bearing sea, and toward the distant Asiatic shore. He, collecting mountains, followed the frightened spouse, hurling them after her with all his strength. For a time, not one of these did harm, and midway in the sea the "stock-on-hand" grew small; so throwing one out, now and then, he hastened on. Approaching the Kamtchatka shores and summoning all his remaining strength, he sent the last one whirling through the air and beneath it sank the luckless wife. Exhausted by exertion, despair and rage, the giant, also, no longer held himself against the waves, but sank into the sea, above which, till this day, appear the summit of all those sunken Alaskan mountains known as the Aleutian isles. From the gradually decreasing numbers of the latter on approach to the Asiatic coast, can we doubt the truth of a legendary tale that accounts so plausibly for the singular "melting away" or comet-like extension of the Aleutian chain?