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## Selected Miscellany.

### SPRING FLOWERS.

BY AUGUSTUS WATTERS.

Oh! dainty baby foresters,
That hide in silent nooks,
That linger by the cow-paths,
And peep into the brooks;
To me you are the warders
Of the realm of Long Ago,
At whose soft beck unnumbered forms
Like shadows come and go.

By mossy rocks and nodding ferns
You lift your timid eyes,
And by the wounded maple-trees
In smiling groups arise.
No more the shrieking winter winds
Affright the naked woods,
But all the scented aisles are gay
With Flora's dappled hoods.

Though years have sped since first for me
You made the meadows bright,
And many a sunset-set tinted dream
Has faded into night,
Still do I hail with boyish love
The violets' sweet perfume—
Still joy to see the crocus burst
Like Lazarus from the tomb.

I thrill to see the buds again
Upon the apple-tree,
Where every branch is eloquent
Of glories yet to be;
Where soon the winged Argonauts,
From lands beyond the main,
Will sing their merry love-songs,
And build their homes again.

I trace the tints of deathless Hope,
Sweet flowers, in all your beauty;
You come as meek interpreters
Of man's exalted duty.
You whisper of a dawning heaven
Beneath us as above,
When earth shall melt with poetry,
And man be full of love.

—*Christian Union.*

### A CHICAGO STORY.

HENRY DELARRE is well known in this city. This recital will make him better known. He was and is as much a gentleman of means and leisure as anything else; though when he is busied with any occupation it is that of real estate. His circle of intimate acquaintances is not very extensive. He has a few firm, warm friends; but were he once more to drop out of life as suddenly and completely as is narrated in this story he would be hardly missed. In a fortnight he would be forgotten; for business men forget as water runs—smoothly and swiftly.

Delarre is young and handsome. Likewise he is in love. Combine in a man lucre, love and loveliness, and he becomes irresistible. These very attributes nearly brought him to death. At the same time they unquestionably saved his life. Keeping these preliminaries in mind the reader can understand his adventure.

In the West Division, near the corner of Madison and Halsted, was located six months ago the millinery establishment of Mrs. Albert Larken. Among the employes was Miss Bessie Shannon, a quiet, black-haired and black-eyed girl of twenty-two or three years of age, tall, stately, and remarkably good-looking. If she had not possessed these attractions possibly Delarre in his passing the store, in his meeting her occasionally morning and night as he went from his home to business, might have felt no desire to make her acquaintance and finally to fall in love with her; and she might have become the wife of a commonplace Smith, Jones, or Brown without being the heroine she now is. As it happily transpired, Delarre did become enamored of her and she of him, to their mutual joy and sorrow. Their love-poem ran its rhythmical lines for four months, or until the first day of May. Each was happy according to their temperaments. The man made a business of his affection and thought nothing too good for her. The woman set him up in her heart as an idol and worshiped the lively, generous and whole-souled man.

On the first day of May Henry Delarre disappeared as completely and mysteriously as if he had fallen into a fiery furnace and been consumed. The last person who saw him, so far as known, was Miss Bessie Shannon, whom he left at the threshold of her own home on Friday evening, May 1. She said "good-by," lingered at the door until she saw him turn the corner, and then with a light heart turned away from her departing lover and the fate toward which he was moving. Mr. Delarre did not appear at home that night; nor was he to be found at his place of business or elsewhere the following day. His room was in its usual orderly array. His office showed no evidence of flight. His bank account had no heavy drafts against it, and his business was prosperous. All these facts were discovered within two hours on the morning of Saturday, just two weeks ago. While alarm was felt for his safety by his friends, their apprehensions were kept from Miss Shannon and from the world. It was thought for a time that he might have been unexpectedly called into the country on business; but dispatches sent to the various points where he was most likely to go failed to discover any clew to his whereabouts. And when, in the course of a casual conversation with his betrothed, it was found when and where she saw him last, his friends feared the worst. Advertisements were immediately placed in the Sunday morning papers, and a large reward was offered to both the city and private police, to incite them to every effort to ascertain his fate. In justice to the police it should be said that they worked nobly, for Mr. Delarre was well and favorably known by many on the force. But every effort was in vain. Not a trace could be obtained of the unfortunate man. The river was dragged as a last resort, without other effect than to disturb the body of an unfortunate suicide reposing in its slimy bed.

The wild agony of Miss Shannon, when she learned, Sunday night, of the disappearance of her lover, was indescribable. For a few minutes she sat like a statue, and then burst into lamentations which were in themselves an affliction for those compelled to remain at her side. The whole night long she paced her room sleepless, tearless, and tireless. Then, in very weakness, she sank to sleep. From that slumber she awoke a changed woman, a stern look on her face and in her eyes.

"I will find him, dead or alive," she said to those at her side. "It is my task, my hope, my purpose in life. My only obstacle will be the shortness of the days."

"The police are trying to find him," said Mr. Delarre, the father.

"The police are stupid," she cried. "Henry has not dropped into the earth. If he has been murdered, his body can be found." And in that belief she began her labors.

Tuesday morning a detective came to Mr. Delarre.

"I think—and it's but a suspicion, sir, mind you!—that your son's body is at a—" The man faltered at the whitening face before him and stopped.

"Proceed!" commanded Mr. Delarre. "Tell the worst!"

"It's a hard thing to say, Mr. Delarre."

"Say it," was the father's reply, as he clutched his chair with an involuntary grasp.

"Well, then, I think the body has been taken to a medical college. As I said, it's only a suspicion. Somebody's body went there very quiet like."

"Prove it," said Mr. Delarre, sternly. "There is my son's picture."

The man did not return. The body was not that of his son. There was hope in that failure. Miss Shannon had not been inactive meanwhile. She had made a mysterious journey to the South Side and called at the office of Mr. Wyndart, a lawyer. "Out of town," was the reply made to her. From that office she sought a detective, in company with an acquaintance, whom she left in an ante-room.

"You will follow this man?" she asked of the detective at the conclusion of her interview.

"Of course. But, if you will permit me the question, why do you suspect him?"

"Because he is a rejected lover, and therefore an enemy of Mr. Delarre. Furthermore," opening a small paper box, "here is a shirt stud which I found in the gutter, nearly half a block distant from the corner. As you may see, it has been wrenched from the fastening, apparently. Try these clews and let me know!" With that much information for a corner-stone for her plan Miss Shannon went to the house of Mr. Delarre.

It was while she was there that Mr. Delarre was summoned to the door by a man who declined to enter. Miss Shannon, suspicious and watchful, contemplated him from a parlor window.

"You have lost your son!" asserted the man, a slim, flashily-dressed young fellow, who kept his hat slouched over his face and his body at a remarkable distance, for conversational purposes, from Mr. Delarre.

"Yes," said the latter.

"And the reward is—"

"One thousand dollars."

The man came a little nearer, but still kept out of reach. "Make it $5,000 and your son shall be here to night."

Unwisely, as it proved, the old gentleman did not exercise his powers of diplomacy, but in the excitement of the announcement thus strangely expressed he made a dash at his visitor, who, however, ran swiftly down the steps and into the street and was out of sight in less than half a minute, leaving Mr. Delarre trembling and speechless with excitement.

Miss Shannon had seen the actions of each without comprehending their purport or hearing the words, and when Mr. Delarre told the story of the interview she upbraided him for his haste.

"But never mind," she said, consolingly; "we shall hear more if Harry is alive. Let us be patient—that is, as patient as we can!"

The next morning there was found under the door a note promising the delivery of Mr. Henry Delarre, alive, for the sum of $8,000, answer to be given in a "personal" in a daily newspaper. That note was handed to the police, and an answer by them placed in the paper named, without result. On Thursday morning another note was as mysteriously delivered, in which the sum was placed at $10,000, and the same request as before was appended. It was committed as before to the police, with the same results. By this time the father despaired. Every one seemed powerless to entrap the seeming kidnapers. Miss Shannon's scheme was proven a failure; for the man she had suspected was in New Orleans, and had been there for a month. As for the correspondents of Mr. Delarre, senior, she believed them to be nothing more nor less than blackmailers. Two days passed away without a letter and without news. Sunday morning came. With it a note. It demanded $15,000, or, if that sum was not forthcoming, the father could have the dead body of his son. The old gentleman was distracted. He raved about the horror of such a happening in Chicago; about the inefficiency of the police; about his son, whom he pictured as dying or dead; about his own powerlessness, and, as a conclusion to his madness, he prepared an advertisement accepting the terms.

Miss Shannon, in company with George Delarre, a lad of fifteen, herself carried this acceptance to the office of the paper. It was already dark, and the street-lamps were lighted. The streets were comparatively deserted. The restaurants and lunch-rooms were thronged, however. As she passed one of them a man came slowly forth bearing in his hands a basket covered with a white cloth. As he passed beneath the overhanging lamp she recognized the face. It was that of the person who had attempted to bargain with Mr. Delarre, on his own threshold, for the return of her lover. With a calmness that made every muscle a thread of steel she allowed him to increase the distance between them, while, with a word of caution to her companion, she followed. Down this street and that moved this triplet, one ahead and two in pursuit. The man seemed absorbed in his own meditations, for he never noticed their presence, but hummed and whistled to himself as he went along. He reached Fifth avenue, turned to the north and crossed the street. Miss Shannon followed in the distance, on the other side of the street, nearly a block behind. She hoped, but vainly, for the presence of a policeman. The man with the basket crossed Lake street. She saw him as he crossed, saw him as plainly as she noted the boy at her side; yet, in the twinkling of an eye, the man disappeared. She stopped, confounded by the suddenness of his exit. Had the earth opened and swallowed him? Had he been caught from heaven by an unseen hand? For the first time the woman was afraid. Not a soul was that moment in sight. Yet the man was gone—gone while she was hoping and planning for his arrest. She went a little distance down Lake street, then turned and traveled up the avenue. The jagged ruins at the corner cast gigantic dancing shadows on the flickering gas-lights; but no man with a basket stole forth out of the gloom.

"Heaven help me!" moaned the poor girl. "I have lost him when I would rather have lost my life."

At the alley she stood for a minute irresolute and despairing. Then, thinking the man might have gone that way, she went east in the alley for perhaps 200 feet, all the while in the dark and trembling with fear. Suddenly the boy at her side clutched her arm.

"Look there, Bess!" he whispered, pointing to the pile of masonry which held three or four old vaults, unleveled relics of the great fire. "Look there, quick!" he repeated. In the direction indicated hung what seemed a thread of fire against the ruins. It was gone almost as soon as seen. At the same instant the sound of muffled voices came out of the gloom of the ruins. Instinctively she read the secrets of those vaults. Stooping, she whispered to the boy to run for the police.

"Get as many as you can!" she said. "Be quick!" As the boy sped away at a break-neck speed she crouched in the shadow of a door-way. She watched and listened. No hunted hare was more eager or more vigilant. Once she heard, or fancied she heard, a groan, and a wild cry for help came to her lips. But she bit them savagely and held it back. She would have died before she would have made a noise to alarm whoever haunted that neglected ruin. Suddenly four dark figures stood beside her—three men and a boy—and they were George Delarre and the police.

"What's the matter?" said one of the men, gruffly. She put her hand over his mouth and her lips to his ear.

"Have you heard of Henry Delarre?" she demanded. She felt his head nod an assent. "Then get two more men. You'll find him in the vault. Don't make a noise. Let your comrades stay here and watch. Now go! Hurry!" and she gave him a vigorous push. He was back in a minute with two men.

"They're off duty," he said, "but this is paying business."

A minute of whispering and then the four policemen crept down among the ruins and passed into the darkness. Some minutes of terrible suspense and waiting, and then a sharp outcry, punctuated by pistol shots. Crazed by the reports and by the suspense she dashed down among the debris, stumbling, falling, cutting and bruising herself. More cries, more shots, a glare of light from a suddenly opened door of iron, that clanged back against the brick-work—then a shout of victory. She plunges forward until under the vault, where the light burns brightly. There, looking up, she sees three men bound hand and foot. One of these men is he whom she had followed a few minutes previously. The second man she does not know, but the third is Henry Delarre, blanched as white as snow.

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"I didn't think," remarked Delarre, telling his story in court yesterday, "that they intended any harm until they found who I was, and that I was rich. When I turned the corner after leaving Miss Shannon four men stood by a hack talking and laughing. One of them spoke to me insolently, and I replied. Before I could resist I was thrown into the hack. From that hour until Friday night I ate and slept in that closed hack, under guard, pinioned and gagged, and driven everywhere in the city by day, and concealed in a lonely house on the outskirts at night. Friday these men carried me to that vault, where I lay for two days, nearly devoured by rats and choked with dampness. Nothing was said to me about my ransom. I now believe the prisoners intended to kill me."

The kidnapers were remanded for trial at the next term of the Criminal Court, one of them being recognized as one of the most notorious cracksmen in the country, and just out of a five-year term at the Penitentiary. The second man has been a patrolman. The other two men engaged in the conspiracy will probably be caught, as they have not left the city.

—*Chicago Post and Mail.*

### Regularity.

VERY few persons understand how greatly health and happiness in this world depend upon the regularity of daily habits—the constant recurrence of those events which we are apt to refer to as tiresome and monotonous. During the early and later periods of life this "even tenor" is essential to our well-being; and though we may feel like kicking the traces when at the summit of power and activity, and sometimes fly off at tangents, or get rid of our superfluous energies in odd and eccentric ways, yet we usually come back, or at least try to come back, to our moorings, and gladly accept the treadmill path of daily duty, which, if it brings no ecstatic pleasure, leaves no remorse.

To infancy, absolute regularity in habits of food, sleep, clothing and cleanliness cure many ills and lay the foundation of a useful and honored life. This is the task of the intelligent mother, and to no person less competent should it be delegated. Feed a child with healthful food, cooked in precisely the same way, at exactly recurring intervals; put it to sleep with faithful minuteness in regard to time; have its clothes uniformly protective and comfortable, not too cool, and not exhaustive from warmth; give it fresh air, either in well-ventilated rooms or outdoors every day; bathe it at night in tepid, in the morning in cold water, and the child will grow thriving and healthy and happy.

But there must be no cessation by even so much as the failure to scald a cup or a saucepan in the routine; there must be no careless use sometimes of warm, sometimes of cold water, or, again, the omission of the bath altogether. The food must be prepared in the same way, with the same nicety of proportion, or evil results will, as they do, most surely follow. Only faithful intelligence can work itself out by such exact processes, though we all enjoy more than we think, being subjected to them.

Everyone can understand how disagreeable it would be not to be able to make sure of one's dinner; to be deprived of bed and sleep; to lose the enjoyment of abundance of good water, a daily bath and a daily paper; but upon the recurrence of how many more and much smaller *minutiæ* do we depend for our daily comfort? We like certain kinds of bread at every meal, we want meat always cooked in certain favorite ways, and we expect to find it so as naturally as we expect the sun to shine. We get used to seeing certain things in certain places, and we would not miss them upon any account. A tree, a bush, a picture or a chair which occupies the same place for years acquires a value to our consciousness which only the habit of seeing it can give it. The world seems very large in growth and full of many and varied interests, but it contracts as we grow older and the objects of value to us narrow themselves down to those which we know to be real and which form our lives. Naturally, as these grow fewer in number they grow dearer, and the more we dislike to miss them from sight and sense. No lives are so happy as those that are so well ordered that there is little to resign, and to which, therefore, every year brings added interest and added enjoyment in the regular discharge of individual and social duty.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

AN Iowa jury decided in a breach of promise case: "We find him guilty and think three steers will cover the damages."

### A Courland Peasant-Wedding.

Courland is inhabited by a mixed people: the nobility and middle class are almost wholly German, while the peasants are for the most part Lettonians, or, perhaps more properly, Courlanders. This race belongs to the Lithuanian family, whose branches are found in East Prussia, North Poland, and West Russia; they all have a language peculiar to themselves, as well as a common origin. And, in many things, the customs also of these peasants are very different from those of their German neighbors. Indeed, in those districts inhabited exclusively by themselves, they still live quite as their fathers did generations ago; which, in many particulars, to us seems strange enough. For example, according to our notions of propriety, marriage proposals may be made by men only; the Lithuanians think differently. Among them the girls, as well as the young men, select their partners for life, and it is not looked upon as at all improper or indelicate for the girl to propose. Nor is she in any degree disgraced or made a subject of ridicule if she is so unfortunate as to be rejected among the many from whom she can choose. She readily finds another, provided always that her pretensions are supported by something of this world's goods, but here a little suffices. The ownership of a cow, in most cases, is sufficient.

Preliminaries being settled between a couple who are disposed to make the matrimonial venture together, the ceremonial begins. The bridegroom chooses two so-called "good-men" and one of the other sex, with whom he approaches the residence of his lady-love, who, when she sees him coming, hastens to run away and hide. Meantime the lover waits at the gate, while his escort enters the house, where they are received most cordially, and shown into the best room. There their spokesman makes a formal speech, in which he says that on the way they saw a beautiful bird (sometimes a handsome fox), which, however, they suddenly lost sight of; and as they have looked everywhere else for it in vain, they are convinced it must have concealed itself in this house. The parents and relations of the girl protest that they have seen nothing of the kind, and that their neighbors must be in error. The neighbors, however, are not to be convinced, and justify their persistency by stating that they have seen the animal's tracks on the premises. The parents are greatly surprised, and no longer hesitate to allow an immediate and thorough search to be made. And now the chase begins. The girl will appear very bashful and coy; she runs from room to room, her pursuers close after her. Finally she is driven into the most remote corner, when she surrenders, but not wholly. The woman who is one of the pursuing trio now puts a silk kerchief around her neck, which she spitefully tears off and throws as far away from her as possible. Again it is put around her neck and again she tears it off; but the third time she allows it to remain, thereby intimating that she finally yields to her suitor's oft-repeated importunities.

Now she is led to the room where the parents wait, and where now the lover makes his appearance. Here the couple exchange *breezen*, that is, silver or tin buckles, which serve to hold a cloak or shawl together, and the bridegroom receives from his lady-love either a pair of stockings or mittens, of her own knitting, of course.

They are now husband and wife. As for the church ceremony, that sometimes does not take place till months afterward.

The weddings are usually in the autumn, because the peasants are then, after the harvest, best off, and because their cattle are the fattest. The day before the wedding ceremony the relations of the bridegroom meet at his house, and, after having fortified themselves with "drinks all round," they mount their horses and ride to the house of the bride. Here they find a numerous company assembled, and now, until late in the night, they feast, dance and make merry. Early the following morning they all start for the church, which not unfrequently is several miles away. The procession is led by a so-called *dischias weddeis*, i. e., a chief-leader. He is followed by the marshals, each with a white kerchief tied over his shoulder like a sash. Behind the marshals come the guests on horseback or in wagons, well provided with pistols or loud-cracking whips, in order that they may make themselves heard. They finally arrive at the church, when, after the sermon is over, the ceremony takes place. Here, as in all countries and at all times, on like occasions, all eyes are on the bride, who, among the bedecked, is most bedecked. On her head she wears a crown-like structure of tinsel and her face is thickly powdered with rye-flour, through which, however, the sun-browned skin can be plainly seen.

As soon as the ceremony is over, the bridegroom seizes his bride firmly by the hand, as though he were fearful some one might rob him of her, and leads her out of the church. The procession now starts back in the order it came to the house of the bride, where the wedding feast is celebrated.

While at the table all try to rob the bride of her wreath, and, if the attempt prove successful, it is hung on a nail, which, for this purpose, has been driven into the wall behind her seat. A deal of cunning and cleverness is displayed in this endeavor, and the repeated failures make good sport for the guests and win round after round of applause for the wary bride. After a time the marshals, who have not been at the table, enter the room carrying in each hand three or four lighted candles and sing a stanza the burden of which is: "We come to you politely and modestly, modestly and politely we hope you'll receive us. To all we wish well, to no one ill; long life and good health to the bride and bridegroom! *Heisa! Viva!*" At the last words each one takes his bridesmaid and waltzes with her around the room, still holding in his hand the burning candles, one of which he throws aside at the end of the dance. After the young couple have been complimented in this manner, the song and dance are repeated in honor of the guests, one after the other, according to their social position; meantime the poor girls are compelled to submit to having their best frocks daubed with candle-grease from head to foot. This ceremony ended, the dancing becomes general among the young people, while the papas and mammas remain at the table.

A similar merry bout takes place at the house of the bridegroom, whither the whole company usually repair toward evening. When the bride arrives there, she is first driven to the *klete*, an out-house, in which grain, farming utensils, etc., are stored. The *dischias Weddeis* cuts, or rather hacks, three crosses in the door, after which she enters to glance hastily at the valuables her marriage gives her an interest in. From there she is driven to the house, where, after springing out of the wagon as quickly as she can, she loosens a certain portion of the horse's harness. The more quickly she does this, the more happiness she is likely to have in her married life.—*Appletons' Journal.*

### The Wrong Overcoat.

When Dr. Smith was a schoolboy the copies in his writing-book must have been: "Time and tide wait for no man;" "Procrastination is the thief of time," and those other proverbs about "taking time by the forelock" and using time as it flies, for he always had the habit of being "on hand" bright and early, whether the occasion were a journey, a wedding, or a dinner party.

Once when he was going to see some friends a day's journey from home he practiced not only the spirit but the letter of all the injunctions as to the procrastination proverb and the other. His traveling bag was packed about a week before the day's journey was to be taken; and oh, how much in the way that bag seemed to be! How dusty it became and how many scratches it received as one person would stumble over it, then another; and every time it would be moved out of the way, until at last, when it was put in one corner, Buff, the house dog, seemed to think it was a black cat and barked at it most fiercely at a distance, as he always did at real cats, for fear of their spitting at him and tearing his long hair.

After the traveling-bag was packed it was decided in family council that the doctor needed a new overcoat. So the cloth was bought, the coat cut, taken to a tailoress and at last begun, nothing remaining to be done but to wait patiently until it could be finished. At last the doctor's fears were at an end, his desires and hopes realized and the coat was brought home. It was tried on, and after it had been pulled up here and jerked down there it was pronounced a fit by all the spectators.

How fresh and clean it looked! What a pity that it should be covered with the dust and smoke of travel! And how long it was; "just the latest style," daughter Bessy remarked, thinking of her father's old, old coat that had served many a good *turn*.

At last the anticipated day arrived, and everything was in readiness. Breakfast had been eaten and the different members of the family had assembled "to drop the parting tear." The bag that had been packed so long was placed by the front door, and Buff barked at it again, still thinking it was a cat; the new overcoat was on a chair with the doctor's Sunday hat, ready to be put on when the time came. In the pockets of the coat were the articles that were considered indispensable for pleasure, comfort and convenience during the journey—a bunch of cigars and a box of matches; a railroad guide and the morning paper; the key to the traveling-bag; a clean handkerchief and a spectacle case; all were safely stowed away and nothing more was to be done until it was time to go. Louisa remarked that if she only had on her boots instead of her slippers, and had her hair arranged nicely, she would go to the depot with her father. Suddenly a whistle of a locomotive was heard, loud and clear and shrill, as if a train was close at hand! Such a commotion ensued! Dr. Smith snatched up his bag, cane and umbrella, and what he supposed was his new overcoat, lighted his cigar, kissed whoever presented herself and rushed out of the house as if his life depended on his utmost speed.

Daughter Bessy looking out from her chamber window, where Buff was barking a farewell, saw her father rushing out of the gate, his coat-skirts flying, his bag, cane and umbrella in hand, and in his mouth the inevitable cigar, which sent out clouds of smoke, the whole figure looking like a locomotive well under way.

"But what is the matter with the new overcoat?" Bessy said to herself. "It is about a foot shorter than the under one, and I noticed particularly the proper length of the skirt when the coat was tried on!"

Just then a cry of dismay, regret and perplexity arose from the members of the family down-stairs, who were bringing order out of chaos in the doctor's room, where there seemed to have been an earthquake. "Pa has taken the wrong overcoat!" screamed Louise below to Bessy above, and the mystery was solved as to the peculiar appearance of the "locomotive."

Another representation of a locomotive dashed out of the gate!

Louise, although with slippers on her feet, longed more for a *spring* in her gait than for boots; and what if she hadn't the last style of waterfall on her head, if she had a notion in it that she could reach the depot with the coat before the train could, even if a *creek* in her back was the consequence! So, away she ran, without hat or shawl, laughing at the strange appearance she presented, and still more at the flying and smoking figure before her.

Wings seemed to be lent to her feet, and she hastened on, calling, "P-a-a!" while the locomotive, which was all this time advancing rapidly, seemed to take up the refrain and to scream, "Pa-a-a-a!" like the cock in a famous riddle that spoke one word and all the world heard it. Nearer and nearer came the screaming engine and thundering train; faster and faster ran the doctor, while visions of the tableaux "Too late for the train;" "John Gilpin," and "A race for a sweetheart" were forcibly presented to Louisa's mind. As the train came around a curve that was quite near the depot Louisa, almost exhausted with running and screaming and laughing, made a final trial, and nearly equaled the locomotive with her screams. Her father stopped and looked around; took in the whole situation at a glance; tore off the wrong overcoat, threw the right one over his arm and rushed on again, at last reaching the depot just in time——to see the train go by; to find that it was a freight train and that the one he was to go in would be on time in fifteen minutes!—*Hearth and Home.*

—About eleven o'clock one night a policeman met a negro carrying a trunk along the street, and, thinking he had discovered an item, he collared the negro and told him to drop that trunk and explain. "I kin do it, sah," replied the stranger as he put the trunk down. "De family what was boarding me has been axing for money, and as dey was gwyne out to-night I thought I'd git into some family whar dey respected de panic." He was allowed to go on.

### CURRENT ITEMS.

TO PLEASE a woman let her do as she pleases.

DIAMONDS are cheaper now than ever before.

A SMALL gold hand holding a pearl is new in ear-rings.

EXPENSIVE marriage ceremonies are pronounced snobbish.

WHAT three letters denote strength and activity? N. R. G. (energy.)

NECESSITY knows no law, but law knows a good deal of necessity.

THE spanking period is appropriately called the palmy days of childhood.

AN anti-cremation philosopher living near Lake Erie thinks the dead should be drowned.

LEISURE is sweet to those who have earned it, but burdensome to those who get it for nothing.

ADVERTISEMENTS printed in Chinese characters are beginning to appear in the California papers.

MAPLE-SUGAR is so plenty in Vermont this season that the girls are 20 per cent. sweeter than usual.

A LADY lecturer believes that women ought to retain their own names when they get married. She has retained hers thus far.

INVISIBLE purple gloves are worn by ladies in mourning in preference to the dead black gloves that are so apt to crack.

QUIZ believes in cremation, for the benefit of the soap trade. He knows lots of people whose ashes would make splendid lye.

THE business of swallowing needles, long monopolized by human beings, recently commended itself to a Vermont heifer, which ate a glove needle and died.

THE last smart old man lives in Augusta County, Va. He is ninety-one years of age, and made his own coffin the other day.

THE adventurous fellow who attempted to steal a red-hot stove must take a back seat, since William A. Meyers, of Pleasantville, Pa., is on trial for stealing nitro-glycerine.

MR. JNO. S. JONES, of Stafford, N. H., says that the fire in his house has not gone out for forty-five years. Mr. Jones uses an open fire-place and covers the fire at night.

IT is an old saying that every pound of sugar made from the maple in the spring robs the farmer of a bushel of wheat. That is, good sugar-making weather is bad for the wheat crop.

LOVE your neighbor as yourself—borrow his plow, hoe, or horses whenever you can; but if he wants to borrow yours, tell him that you are very sorry, but you were just going to use it yourself.

THE newest ear-rings in Paris are of bone. They are cut in the form of many-pointed stars tipped with different colors. A small star fastens in the lobe of the ear, and a larger one hangs underneath. They are very odd and very pretty.

AND now it is Mrs. Betsey Hobbs, of Clinton, Me., eighty-two years old, who, "during the past eighteen months, with the assistance of her daughter, has made between 900 and 1,000 pairs of pants, besides doing the work necessarily falling upon a farmer's wife."

THERE is an elm eighty-four years old and about six feet in diameter at Franklin, N. H., and the man near whose house it stands says that when he was a boy he pulled it up, which made his father so mad that he walloped him with it and then set it out again.

THE public have got so accustomed to hearing these disagreeable weather stories that they won't mind somebody's recalling that sixteen inches of snow fell at Middlebury, N. H., May 15, 1834, and it snowed all day at Brandon on the 11th of June, 1842, the whole fall being five or six inches.

A CONNECTICUT teacher, who has seen the thing tried, says that the best plan for promoting good order, tidiness and ease in conversation among the pupils in a school is to place one of each sex at the same desk, allowing them to assist each other at their lessons and to select new partners at the end of each month if they desire it.

A MAN recently visiting one of the cemeteries in Portland, Me., overheard a thrice-made widow, not yet old or homely, who was standing beside three mounds, remark to a gentleman, who was known to have been attentive to the widow in her youth: "Joe, you might have been in that row had you possessed a little more courage."

A BLUSTERING stranger dropped in at a Broughton street store yesterday, and, after asking for a number of articles not in the stock, finally inquired of the proprietor if he had a goose-yoke. The merchant returned a negative reply, but informed the stranger if he would wait long enough to have his neck measured he would accommodate him. The stranger simmered.—*Savannah News.*

THE sphygmiograph is the hard name of a new medico-scientific instrument. Its presence is to mark and register the pulsations of the wrist. It is a very delicate and intricate piece of mechanism, propelled by clock-work, and by the tracking of a pencil on a piece of paper the force of the heart-beats is recorded. It is chiefly useful in showing the effect of different medicines on the nervous system.

THE meanest man in Newport, R. I., so far as heard from, is a landlord who tried to drown out one of his tenants who was sick with consumption. The tenant fell four months in arrears, but his friends made up the money, whereupon the landlord demanded an increase of the rent, and, on their refusal to pay, went into the story above the sick man and deluged the floor with water, which ran down into the sick man's room.

MRS. WILLIAM DINSMORE, of Sutton, Vt., has spent several years' labor on a quilt, which now contains 2,334 pieces, each of which differs in color and figure from every other, and some of which show the various fashions from Queen Elizabeth's time down to the present day. Nearly every State in the Union and some of the Territories, the British Provinces, Mexico and most of the South American States are represented in the quilt, while the flags of many countries are pictured, and one square of the quilt was made in Brigham Young's family.

THE Springfield *Republican* collects some tough May weather stories from the Massachusetts papers. Chairman of the Selectmen Hall, of Tyringham, was called upon on the 10th to help the Becket town Fathers clear two miles of road, more impassible from snow than at any time during the winter, while lumbermen in Peru were hauling logs on sleds on the 9th. At Otis one of the common schools is said to have been unable to commence on the 11th because the children couldn't get over the snow-drifts. Mt. Washington reported the snow "hub-deep" in many places on the mountain road on the 9th, and travelers had to turn into the fields in spots, while ten-foot snow-drifts were in order on the 11th.

A QUEER MISTAKE.—The Oswego *Times* says: "A prominent 'moneyed man' in this city who had invested quite largely in the bonds of a neighboring town cut off the April coupons of his bonds of a certain denomination and placed them with a bank in this city. The bank, of course, sent them to New York for payment. In a few days the bank officers were surprised by the return of the coupons with word that they 'would be paid when due.' On examining them it was found that they were payable in 1887. The same mistake, of course, occurs in all the bonds of that denomination of that issue. The printer made a mistake by the use of wrong figures, and that is how a certain rich man must 'hold on' for a while before he gets his April interest."

### A Terrible Story.

MR. WEBSTER, Broughty Ferry, near Dundee, has received a letter from his son, who was second mate of the Clyde ship Arracan, burned at sea on her voyage from Shields to Bombay with coals. The Arracan left Shields on the 11th of September last. On the 14th of February her cargo ignited. On the 20th she was on fire from stem to stern and the crew were compelled to abandon her. They left in three boats. The first, under the command of the Captain, was picked up by the City of Poonah, and the men were landed at Aden; the gig, commanded by the chief officer, made the land at Cochin; but the pinnace, under the charge of the second mate, Mr. Webster, provisioned for only seventeen days, drifted about in the Indian Ocean for thirty-three days until fallen in with by the City of Manchester and landed at Calcutta. When picked up the poor fellows were 600 miles from the nearest land and were in a sad condition. Mr. Webster, in his statement, says:

"In addition to myself there were three men and a boy on board on the 10th of March. The men cast lots as to who should be killed, and the lot fell upon the boy. I would not allow them to kill him, and threatened to shoot the first man who should lay a hand upon him. Things went on in this way for two days, when one of the men tried to sink the boat, and said he would have the boy's life in twelve hours. I presented my gun at him, and had no sooner done so than a bird flew over the boat. I fired and killed it. It was instantly secured and devoured—feathers, bones and all. We subsisted after this on barnacles, which adhered to the sides and bottom of the boat, and on sea blubber, which was ravenously laid hold of as it floated past. Delirious with hunger, one of the men, named Layford, asked to be killed. Another, named Davies, struck him on the head with a belaying pin. The blood was caught in a tin and eagerly drank between the two. I threw the tin overboard. The same day these two men fought and bit one another, then shook hands and laughed and kissed each other like madmen. At last" (says Mr. Webster) "we were, through the mercy of God, picked up by Captain Hardin, of the City of Manchester, by whom we were very kindly treated, and brought to Calcutta."

The surgeon of the steamer which rescued the men says they were in a wretched condition. They could not stand on their feet, their eyes started from their sockets, and they were perfect skeletons. Altogether they presented the most painful sight he ever beheld. The most cautious treatment had to be employed in bringing about their recovery.—*Manchester (Eng.) Guardian.*

### A Cure for Hydrophobia.

The *Salut Public*, of Lyons, says Dr. Buisson claims to have discovered a remedy for this terrible disease, and to have applied it with complete success in many cases. In attending a female patient in the last stage of canine madness the doctor imprudently wiped his hands with a handkerchief impregnated with her saliva. There happened to be a slight abrasion on the index finger of the left hand, and, confident in his own curative system, the doctor merely washed the part with water. He was fully aware, however, of the imprudence he had committed, and gives the following account of the matter afterward: "Believing that the malady would not declare itself until the fortieth day, and having various patients to visit, I put off from day to day the application of my remedy—that is to say, vapor baths. The ninth day, being in my cabinet, I felt all at once a pain in my eyes. My body felt so light that I felt as if I could jump to a prodigious height, or if thrown out of a window I could sustain myself in the air. My hair was so sensitive that I appeared to be able to count each separately without looking at it. Saliva kept continually forming in my mouth. Any movement of air caused great pain to me, and I was obliged to avoid the sight of brilliant objects. I had a continual desire to run and bite—not human beings, but animals and all that was near me. I drank with difficulty, and I remarked that the sight of water distressed me more than the pain in my throat. I believe that by shutting the eyes anyone suffering from hydrophobia can always drink. The fits came on every five minutes, and I then felt the pain start from the index finger and run up the nerves to the shoulder. In this state, thinking that my course was preservative, not curative, I took a vapor bath, not with the intention of cure, but of suffocating myself. When the bath was at the heat of 52 centrigrade (93.3.5 Fahrenheit) all the symptoms disappeared as if by magic, and since then I have never felt anything more of them. I have attended more than eighty persons bitten by mad animals, and have not lost a single one." When a person is bitten by a mad dog he must for seven successive days take a vapor bath—"*a la Russe*," as it is called—of 57 to 63 degrees. This is the preventive remedy. A vapor bath may be quickly made by putting three or four red-hot bricks in a bucket or tub of water, and let the patient sit over it on a cane-bottomed or willow chair, enveloped in a large blanket, for fifteen or twenty minutes. When the disease is declared it only requires one vapor bath, rapidly increased to 37 centrigrade, then slowly to 53, and the patient must strictly confine himself to his chamber until the cure is complete.