THE STORY OF THE GATE.

Across the pathway, myrtle-fringed,
Under the maple, it was hinged—
The little wooden gate;
'Twas there, within the quiet gloam,
When I had strolled with Nelly home,
I used to pause and wait.

Before I said to her good-night,
Yet loth to leave the winsome sprite
Within the garden's pale:
And there, the gate between us two,
We'd linger, as all lovers do,
And lean upon the rail.

And face to face, eyes close to eyes,
Hands meeting hands in feigned surprise
After a stealthy quest,—
So close I'd bend, ere she'd retreat,
That I'd grow drunken from the sweet
Tuberose upon her breast.

We'd talk—in fitful style I ween—
With many a meaning glance between
The tender words and low;
We'd whisper some dear, sweet conceit,
Some idle gossip we'd repeat;
And then I'd move to go.

"Good night," I'd say "good night—good by!"
"Good night"—from her, with half a sigh—
"Good night!" "Good night!" And then—
And then I do not go, but stand;
Again lean on the railing, and—
Begin it all again!

Ah! that was many a day ago—
That pleasant summer time—although
The gate is standing yet;
A little cranky, it may be,
A little weather-worn—like me—
Who never can forget.

The happy—"End?" My cynic friend,
Pray save your sneers—there was no "end."
Watch yonder chubby thing!—
That is our youngest, hers and mine;
See how he climbs, his legs to twine
About the gate and swing.

T. H. Robertson.

AN OLD APPLE WOMAN.

I never think of the geography of Boston without being reminded of a village to which I was once directed by a planter whom I met by the roadside in the back woods of Georgia. "Go street on," said he, "till you come to a shingled house, a black-smith shop and a tobacco barn, standing right round a puddle of water—thet's the village." Boston, to be sure, is something more than a shingled house, a black-smith shop and a tobacco barn; it is, in fact, a town several times larger than the Georgia village; but, for all that, it stands "right round" a puddle—I beg pardon, a pool—of water. This pool is known in history as the Frog Pond, and it probably derived its name from a family of frogs who once had there a summer residence; but why it retains that name is difficult to conjecture, since all the Boston croakers now spend their summers at Newport or Nahant, and their winters in much drier, if not more wholesome quarters.

But a pool of wit has already been shed on this pool of water, and it is not my intention to swell a small pond into an ocean. Abler pens than mine have tried to do that. So I shall content myself with emptying my inkstand upon a little woman who, in rain or shine, week in and week out, for many a long year, kept an apple-stand near the margin of that famous puddle of water.

She was little, and she was old, and I do think about as ugly as any woman who has lived since the birth of Eve—that first of apple-women—but she loved and served her country, and so, in spite of her ugliness, I feel bound to give her "half a dozen pages of general history."

At first she served it by vending green apples and striped sticks of stomach-ache to the hungry lawyers and ragged urchins who congregate about Court Square; and at the same time was sole mistress of a peripatetic shop—a huge willow basket, going about on two legs and open at the top, except in rainy weather, when it was roofed in by a big cotton umbrella.

She was a meagre anatomy, with a sharp nose, a sunken chin, and a hatchet face, covered all over by a shriveled skin of the precise complexion of a peeled potato. In winter she wore a faded hood, a blanket shawl, and a woollen gown—short enough to show a pair of corrugated stockings, far whiter than the snow in the streets of Boston. In summer she was clad in a dimity cap, a calico frock, and a cotton bandana; pinned closely over her bosom; but, summer or winter, she was always elongated by a pair of stout brogans, with high heels and thick soles—thick enough, one would say, to be impervious to all the moisture that human feet are heir to. But they were not impervious to the rheumatism. That, one day, got into the legs of the old woman's apple-basket, and forced her to shut up her peripatetic shop, and to open one of a less roving character.

Then she pitched her tent upon the Common—or, more literally, she planted there a three legged stool, the big umbrella, and a rough pine table, heaped high with russets, pippins, and gilly-flowers, which she was ready to dispense to all comers, at the rate of one cent for one, and half a dime for half a dozen—so several paper placards, floating, like flags of truce, from as many golden pippins, told all and singular who frequented the Common.

Business here throve with the old women; for, in pleasant weather, the Common is a great resort for young couples, who bill and coo under the spreading elms or on the iron-clad benches; and billing and cooing is a decided sharpener of the appetite, as is proved by the lamentable case of the young maiden who died of love and green apples.

There is no telling the quantity of stomach-ache and cholera-morbus that the old woman daily dispensed to hungry lovers; but it must have been large, since it was often noticed that however high her table was heaped in the morning it was always low down at night, when, with her basket on her arm, she ambled homeward.

One evening a gentleman passing that way just at dark found the table almost untouched, and the old woman in a great deal of trouble. It had rained all day, and few lovers had come upon the Common, so with apples and clothes weeping in sympathy with her sorrow, she sat there with no one to help her home with her basket.

It is said that evil loves the dark; but it is quite as true that many good things avoid the daylight. Other's eyes are then open, and the fear of what "men may say" often sends us sneaking by on the other side, like the Priest and the Levite in the parable. But now it was dark; so the gentleman shouldered the apple basket and went home with the old woman. She lived in a small room, on the top floor of an old rickety house at the north end; and as he went up the stairs the gentleman was in mortal fear of their tumbling down, and spilling both him and the apples. At last, however, he reached the room, and setting down the basket, sat himself down to rest his tired legs and shoulders. It was a narrow, mean apartment, and so low that, when he stood upright, his head almost hit the ceiling. Two young children, a boy and a girl, who were spreading the table for the evening meal, and a thin, emaciated women, with sunken eyes and pallid features, who was lying on a bed in a corner were its occupants. The floor was bare, the furniture plain and poor, and everything indicated that its tenants lived on the verge of starvation; but on all their faces was a cheerful look that showed that somehow they had imbibed of that divine elixir that gives to the most wretched comfort and contentment. Curious to get at the secret of their happiness, the stranger asked the old woman about her history. Twenty years before, she said, her two sons and her husband had died, leaving her destitute and alone with one remaining child—a little daughter. Too weak to work, and unwilling to beg, she then resorted herself to street vending, and, by hours of daily toil, managed to support herself and bring up her daughter. At twenty the latter married a worthless fellow, who broke her heart, and then cast her penniless upon the world with a young son, the little boy who was then setting the table. The old woman took them in, and about this time also adopted the little girl, who was an orphan child of a poor neighbor.

"And were you able to support them all by vending apples?" asked the gentleman.

"No, sir," she answered. I tried to, but I could'nt. My darter was sick, and could'nt do nothing, and we got into debt twenty dollars. Then, as if to make bad worse, I was took down with the rheumatics. I was down with them for a fortnight, and when I got up, couldn't get around like I could afore; so, not knowin' what to do, I went with my basket onto a bench nigh the frog pond. Folks come to me amazin' that day, and at night I had two dollars clean profit. Then I saw the Lord's hand; he know'd I couldn't make a living going round, so he gave me the rheumatics, to show me it was best to open a stand on the Common."

"And since then you have made both ends meet?"

"Yes, sir; since then I have been prospered wonderful. I've paid off the debt, and now when I want to I can lay in a stock of ten dollars, and that you know brings apples cheaper."

"But have you no fear for the coming winter?"

"No, sir. It's two months off; I can make thirty dollars afore it comes, and that with what sewing and washing I can do will take us round to the fine weather."

"And how old are you?" asked the gentleman, looking at her furrowed face and white hairs, which seemed to say a century.

"Seventy next Christmas. But ye would not think it to look at me. I feel a'most as pert as when I was thirty."

"And at your age in such poverty, can you always look hopeful at the future?"

"Yes, sir. 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.'"

The stranger looked at her in wonder. He had heard those words before, but now they had to him a new sound and a new meaning. All at once it dawned upon him that "the poor are blessed," because of their faith; which, of itself, is "the Kingdom of Heaven." Drawing a roll of bank-notes from his pocket, he handed one of them to the old lady. She took it, held it up in curiosity to the candle, and then said, with a smile that made ugly features absolutely handsome:

"It's more money than I ever saw at once afore; 'twould take us clean through the winter. Ye is a good gentleman, and I thank ye; but we can get along, and while we can I don't like to take money from nobody."

This she said in a gentle way, as if she feared to wound his feelings. He made no reply, putting the note back in his pocket, rose and bade her good evening." When he reached the door he turned, and saying, "I forgot the children," took both of them up in his arms, and kissed them. Then he went down the long stairs, and walked slowly homeward. He had groped in the dark for thirty years, and this old woman had given him his first living revelation.

After that he kept his eye upon her. Every morning and evening he passed her stand on the common, and never went by without saying cheerful words, or pausing to ask after her sick daughter and the children.

"The children are well thank you, sir, and Eliza is as well as can be expected," was her almost invariable answer. But one sultry day in August she said; She seems to be sinking fast, sir. Way up where we live we don't get none but hot air, and the sun don't come in till into the afternoon. 'Pears to me we need sunshine as much as the plant's and the flowers."

The next day the gentleman went home earlier than usual, and as he came near the old woman's stand he caught sight of the invalid daughter, seated in a hand wagon, propped up by a pillow, and shaded by the big umbrella. The attention of the old woman was engrossed by a juvenile customer; but the daughter noticed his approach, and called to him as he made as if he would go by without speaking.

"Sir, sir," she said, please to stop, I want you to see! I shall soon be well: for now I can go out every day in fine weather!"

"And who got you down the stairs, and upon the Common?"

"The man that lives on the lower floor—he carried me down; and Tommy drawed me here before school time."

"And *who* sent us the wagon?" asked the old woman, her ugly face lighting up with a smile that, this man always made it handsome.

"The Lord, I suppose. All good things come from him; and this seems to be a good wagon," answered the gentleman, taking the vehicle by the wheels and shaking it as if to test its quality.

The old woman looked at him for a moment, without a word. Then she said. "The Lord will say to them on his right hand, 'Ye did it unto me, in as much as ye did it unto one of these, my poor children."

The man turned and walked away, in his eye a tear, and in his soul another revelation. He had learned the whole of religion—faith and works—at the cost of carrying an old woman's basket, and buying for her daughter a cheap hand-wagon.

Every pleasant day for a month after this he found the sick woman seated there in the wagon under the old umbrella. She always had a smile for him, and he always lingered awhile to get the smile and a little of the old woman's sunshine. But one morning he went by, and found there neither the apple-stand nor the handsome wagon. It was so too when he went by again at evening; and then, without going home, he made his way to the home of the old woman. Softly opening the door he entered the dingy apartment. A few rays from the setting sun came through the open window, and by the dim light he saw the old woman and the two children kneeling by the low bed in the corner. She was holding the hand of the young woman, who lay with her eyes upturned to the fading sky, as if looking in the clouds for some one coming. He had come, the Great Angel, and he had already taken her to the bosom of the All-Father.

For several years after this the old woman's life rippled along as smoothly as a gentle stream flowing on over a sandy bed to the great ocean. The old umbrella got many a patch, and the new bonnet grew old, and the black silk gown that she first wore at her daughters funeral was turned and re-turned to fit to appear on Sundays: but she never begged, and never borrowed, and the winter was never so hard but she had enough ready-money at command to buy her small wares "by wholesale."

Little by little the young lads and hungry lovers who frequented the Common came to know her; and though many a rival apple stand from time to time disputed her right to monopolize the trade, in stomach-ache they had to eat their own candy, and to "fold their tents like the Arabs, and silently steal away."

One day the gentleman who had learned of her his first lesson in Christianity passing her stand, noticed some new flags of truce floating from her pippins. "Who wrote these, Aunt Betsy?" he asked, pausing to look at the placards.

"Oh, Tommy did them sir. He's amazin' smart at such things. He can write like any schoolmaster."

"And how old is he now?"

"Going on fifteen; and I'm thinking, sir, it's about time he was doing something. I might support him some longer; but he's larned all he can larn outside of college."

"What does he take to?"

"Well, he wants to be a merchant. I suppose he gets a hankerin' arter it from my bein' in the business; but there's a world of wickedness between buyin' and sellin'. Don't ye think he'd better be a lawyer?"

"A lawyer! There's not an honest lawyer living. Let him be a merchant. Send him down to my counting-room to-morrow."

Tommy went, and so became under clerk in a large commercial house on Central Wharf. When he drew his first month's pay he brought it home, and pouring it into his grandmother's lap, threw his arms about her neck, and said:

"Now, grandmother, you shall shut up shop. I won't have no more of your selling apples."

But the old woman was not so easily lured from the "walks of commerce." She still kept her stand on the common; but in summer she staid at home on rainy days, and in winter laid by, like the frogs, doing neither washing nor sewing.

So three years passed away, and then Fort Sumter fell, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the rebellion. When Tommy went home that night with the news, his grandmother was thoughtful for a time; then, looking in his face, she said: "Tommy, the country has done everything for you; hadn't you ought to do something for the country?"

"You mean I ought to volunteer," said Tommy.

"Yes; if Mr. Speegle is willing."

Mr. Speegle was willing; and so, soon afterwards, a queer scene was witnessed on the common. The whole parade ground was in commotion. A regiment, which had been under review, was marching out of one of the gateways, and the old woman, perched on her three-legged stool, was wildly waving her umbrella, and, at the top of her lungs cheering the departing soldiers. At her back sat a little maiden, holding her head in her hands, and trying to hide her tears in her handkerchief. This was Rose; and Tommy was going away with the regiment. He was the only stay of his grandmother; the only hope of her eighty years; but cheerfully, and at her own prompting, she had given him up to the country. "The country had done everything for him; he ought to do something for the country."

He was away several months, and then came back, re-enlisted, and went away again, leaving his bounty with his grandmother. After this he was often heard from, and always with honor; and the old woman seemed to grow young again, in recounting his daring deeds to some patient listener at her apple-stand. "Just to think," she would say, with tears in her eyes, "that such a poor woman as me should rear such a brave boy for the country!"

At last news came of a great battle. Thousands, it was said, had fallen on both sides; and every morning with a beating heart, the old woman went to the mail for a letter form Tommy. But no letter came, and a few days later she found his name among the list of those who, in the great struggle, had given up their lives for their country.

She went home that night, and the next morning did not go as usual to the Common. Noticing her absence, Mr. Speegle went to her humble home at nightfall. The curtains were down, but in the dim light he saw her stretched upon a bed, and Rose kneeling by her side weeping. He took her hand, but something in her face kept back the words he would have spoken. After a moment she said: "Mr. Speegle, I'm glad you've come. I owe *you* and you owe *me;* but I guess the balance is in my favor. Pay it to Rose."

"I will," said the man, his voice husky.

She made no reply, but lay for many minutes without speaking. Then, clutching the young girl's hand, she said: "Rosy, I'm going; but love the Lord, and some day you will be togethe again forever."

Then her head sank back, and she went—went to live in a home even higher above the earth than the top floor of that dingy old house at the north end of Boston.

And now, all of her that was ugly, and all that was old, is at rest in a narrow grave not a hundred rods from where I am writing, at its head stands a simple stone, and on it is this inscription:

BETSEY SANDERS.
Aged 82.
She was poor and friendless; but she loved God and her country.

A Year With Malay Pirates.

From the London Globe.

A very curious tale is about to be told in all its details to the Societe de Geographie of Paris. The narrator is a Mr. Ten Brink, belonging to the naval medical service of the Netherlands, who has, as it seems, passed a year in captivity among the Malay pirates. These celebrated freebooters, about whom so many horrible tales have been told, are, as Mr. Ten Brink proposes to show, by no means belied by such reports. Indeed, the lecturer will present the most certain occular proofs of their barbarous cruelty. He has lost his nose and one of his ears in the course of his adventures; and the audience will scarcely refuse to believe his account when backed by such material evidence. According to the tale, as it has been told to one of the Paris editors, Mr. Ten Brink was on an exploring expedition for scientific purposes when he encountered these perils. He had chartered a native ship, or "ataps," which was one night attacked suddenly by a band of marauders, who killed the greater number of his men, seized the baggage, and finally set fire to the vessel. He was defending himself as best he could against the assailants, when a chief clad in gorgeous apparel came up and waved them back, taking the European under his protection. Mr. Ten Brink congratulated himself on his escape, and was still more inclined to think himself lucky when he heard the great chief, or pamantuah," address him in pure English, and inform him that he had been to Calcutta, and was introducing into his own country, all the benefits of civil government and civilization. The Dutchman felt quite at his ease until he had arrived at the hut of the enlightened savage, who then, to his great surprise, informed him that he was to remain there as his slave. He protested somewhat vigorously against this order, but was gently warned not to repeat such audacity, as the "pamantuah, brought out a beautiful "parang," or sharp-edged sword, with which he sliced off his new slave's nose. Thus admonished, Mr. Ten Brink went to work with humility, and fortunately escaped without further correction than the loss of one ear, until such time as a Dutch vessel sent in search of him happily arrived and rescued the slave, condemning the master, however, to be shot without delay.

A few days ago a stranger of respectable appearance died under somewha mysterious circumstances in a Long Island hospital. Subsequently he was identified as the Rev. George H. Poole, but nothing could be learned as to his family connections. It now transpires that he left an estate valued at $500,000. If he has any blood relations in the world, this will bring them to light.

HOME SONG.

Stay, stay at home, my heart and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home my heart rnd rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—H. W. Longfellow.

UNCLES AND AUNTS.

BY S. L. M.

My maternal grandfather resided in an old-fashioned dwelling, situated at about a mile from the sea-coast. He had several children all married, who with their families generally spent part of every summer under his hospitable roof. Sometimes two or three thus would be assembled, and then the walls of the old mansion would witness many a scene of merriment.

My mother had since her marriage resided at a great distance from the paternal roof, and it was not until I was about fifteen years old that I made one at the summer reunion. I had heard my elder sister describe the old mansion, its wide halls, grand staircases and deep oriel windows, and its spacious grounds and vine-clad arbors, where she had pleasant tete-a-tetes with her favorite cousins, and my girlish imagination pictured the spot as the realization of all the beautiful I had read of in works of romance. It was with very joyful spirits I started on my journey to the scene of my many day-dreams. The first few days after my arrival I spent in exploring the house and its vicinity, and when that novelty was over I began to interest myself in observing my new relatives, most of whom were entire strangers to me. The characters and dispositions of those around me always afforded me much amusement, and the aunts, uncles and cousins by whom I was now surrounded presented a wide field for reflection.

My Aunt Jane first attracted me by her easy, assured manners, and her bright, intelligent expression. I soon observed that everybody paid her marked attention, and that her opinion was often consulted and her advice called for. There was something fascinating in her dignified, confident manners, which quite won the respect of my young, timid mind; but it was not many weeks before her true character was exposed to me. In many respects it was a very laudable one; she was a good wife and a pattern of a mother, for she had some very sound ideas upon education, which she fully carried into practice. It would be a profitable lesson to many mothers could they learn her method of teaching and disciplining her children. She was, moreover, a woman of excellent education and varied accomplishments; but there was one great fault in her character which dimmed all her acquirements and good qualities. It was selfishness—a very common fault, truly, but seldom so prominent as in my aunt's character. She received attention from all around—for she demanded it, though in such a way that you could hardly doubt that it was not voluntary on your part. She was a woman of the world, and seemed fully to understand herself and everybody around her. But though she succeeded in exacting attention from all, especially from strangers, I believed that no one really loved her but her affectionate old father, her husband and children, who certainly would have loved her more had she been less selfish. She had four daughters with whose education she had taken unwearied pains, and who, as far as mental acquirements went, certainly did credit to her exertions. But it was on their account that my aunt chiefly displayed her selfishness. If they gave evidence of any superiority over their cousins, even her tact and self-command could not conceal her satisfaction.

But what most annoyed me was her habit of relieving herself of their charge. If possible, to throw the burden on others, if we, her elder nieces and nephews, were about to take a quiet ramble in the woods or on the beach, she was sure to say, "Kate, dear," or "Lucy, love, do take little Emma with you; she wants to walk so much." At first we were very willing, but when we found that she charged us with the toublesome little one that she might enjoy her owe walk in quiet, we felt as if our good nature was imposed upon, and when we could we stole out unperceived to avoid the troublesome charge. Sometimes she had a headache and could not join in the dancing and merriment in the large saloon, where we met every evening, and then she would not scruple to call upon one of us to sit and read to her, never considering at how great a sacrifice. She never required her own daughters to do this unless no one else could be prevailed upon.

But it would be impossible to enumerate all her selfish actions; each day brought new examples. No one came near her who was not called upon to do her some service, though she never dreamt of putting herself out to serve anyone else.

Very different was my obliging Aunt Mary, whose generous disposition appeared the lovelier as it was daily contrasted with the selfishness of Aunt Jane. She never considered what would be agreeable to herself; the comfort of others was her constant attention. She did not seek admiration and deference as did her less amiable sister, but the homage she did not ask was paid, for no one could be long under her influence without loving her. Though in delicate health, she never complained, but the slightest indisposition of others aroused her sympathy and attention.

The dispositions of my two aunts gave rise to many new reflections in my young mind. I saw that the selfish person in his attempts to gain all, loses more than he gains; and I learned to think that if we be careful to do justice to others, Heaven will see that justice is done to us.

My Aunt Mary's husband I called my inconsiderate uncle, though he deserved the title selfish as well as Aunt Jane, from whom he only differed in that she gained attention by her fawning manners; he did not scruple to call upon every one, especially his wife and children, to wait upon him—and he did this at all times when he had nothing to do but sit still and be served. "Wife, run up stairs and get my hat;" "Here Sue, give me that book—put down your drawing and cut the leaves for me;" "Look for my gloves, James—I don't know where I left them." In some such way each one who came near him might expect to be saluted. And his children were not little ones who had nothing better to do, but were all grown up, and being industrious and always usefully employed, it was inconsiderate and selfish thus to call upon them. In fact he seemed to think that wife, children, nieces and nephews were good for nothing but to minister to his caprices. But no one could be a better companion than he in his best moods, which unfortunately were very rare.

I sometimes thought his indifference to the comfort of others proceeded rather from thoughtlessness than ill-nature. Perhaps his mother was a fond, foolish woman, who ministered to her spoilt boy's imaginary and capricious wants at the risk of making him a troublesome companion in after days.

Happily Uncle George, my selfish aunt's husband, was very different. He was the light of the house. Whenever he appeared he was heartily welcomed for he had universal sympathy—he would listen approvingly to the music of one, inspect the drawings of another, kindly criticise the compositions of another, and for all have kind words and delicate attentions. Happy were his children to have such a director to their studies and amusements! Oh, I often thought when I compared his character with that of my other uncle, how great and unlimited is the power possessed by the father of a family over its comfort and happiness. If of a family over its comfort and happiness. If its most insignificant member be able to create much discomfort, how much more he whose will governs them all, and on whom all are dependent! If he be capricious and ill-natured, what a poisoned spring of sorrow he must be; and if kind and considerate, what a dispenser of comfort and happiness.

Words to be Remembered.

The last words of President Lincoln's first inaugural can not be printed too often. In connection with President Garfield's first inaugural, they are worth reading again:

"I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature."

Personalities.

Dr. Arthur Clifford, a son of ex-Governor Clifford, of Massachusetts, while returning home from a short trip to New York with Dr. Ira Russell, shot himself through the heart in a Ware River train, between Barre Plains and Winchendon, Mass. He was partially insane.

The Rev. Dr. Withrow, of Boston, has no faith in Mother Shipton, bases no calculation on the perihelia of the planets, has no confidence in the dread forebodings of the Jamaica professor, but he does agree with the great students of Scriptural prophecy that we are near the end of the world.

Congress has passed a special act placing Mrs. Elizabeth Upright, of Rockland, Iowa, on the pension rolls, because she had eleven sons in the Federal army. There is no other instance in the country of a mother having eleven sons, all in the army.

George Graham, a venerable resident of Cincinnati, has been gathered to his fathers. He delivered the address of welcome to Lafayette, in 1825; was the founder of the water-works and public schools, and one of the prime movers in the Louisville canal.

When the late Justice Nelson was presiding in the supreme court of the United States, the winter that Chief Justice Chase was on the bench, he was in the habit of inquiring when a lawyer was presented for admission "whether the applicant qualified under the rule?" Carpenter at this time introduced Mr. Sleeper, an old friend from Chicago, and without waiting for the acting chief Justices usual question, remarked: "And I may add, your honor, that my brother Sleeper is not only qualified under the rule, but far beyond the rule."

Although Elizabeth of Austria is now an elderly lady, with a son about to be married, she still, upon ceremonious occasions, wears her beautiful hair hanging loosely over her shoulders. She went to a ball in Vienna not long ago attired in a gown of black velvet, with a collar of diamonds and pearls, and in her soft streaming hair she wore a brilliant diadem.

Among the insane convicts in the eastern (Pa.) penitentiary is a middle-aged man who has a propensity for burning barns and houses simply because he thinks that no one is entitled to have more property than himself. Recently one of the inspectors was engaged in conversation with the incendiary and inquired his name. "Well, sir," replied the convict, as he pressed one of his hands against his forehead as if to refresh his memory, "you have got the best of me. I did have a name once—I think it was Jack—but the fact is I am now too miserably poor too have a name. But sir,"—and there was a look of earnestness in the man's eyes—"I wish you would please inquire among those who know me, and if you can find out what my name is tell me. It's frightful to be without a name."

The Rev. Dr. Allen Tibbits, aged seventy-seven years, who now lives at Coldwater, Mich., makes this remarkable statement: "I never swore an oath, never took a chew of tobacco, never smoked a pipe or cigar, never drank a drop of whisky, never sang a song, never played cards, billiards, checkers, croquet or any game except the innocent games of childhood; never struck a blow, never met with an accident, though I have travelled 100,000 miles, and never did anything of which I felt ashamed. I can repeat more of the bible than any man living of whom I have any knowledge. I have given away more real estate in this city (Coldwater) than all its other inhabitants. I preached for over fifteen years, and travelled over five hundred miles attending funerals, and all the salary I ever received was a pound of tea worth 75 cents."

Miss Beulah's Bonnet.

By Rose Terry Cooke.

The strife of tongues, however, did not spare Aunt Beulah, if the deacons did; and for a long time Miss Beers, who had the key to the situation, did not hear any of the gossip, partly because she had been ill of low fever, and then gone to her sister's in Dartford for change of air, and partly that, during July and August, the sewing circle was temporarily suspended. But it renewed its sessions in September; and Miss Beers was an active member, sure to be at the first meeting. It was then and there she heard the scorn and jeers and unfounded stories come on like a tidal wave to overwhelm her friend's character. She listened a few minutes in silence, growing more and more indignant. Then, for she was a little woman as far as stature went, she mounted into a chair, and demanded the floor in her own fashion.

"Look a-here!" said she, her shrill voice soaring above the busy clapper of tongues below. "It's a burnin' shame to say a hard word about Beulah Larkin. She's as good a woman as breathes the breath of life, and I know the hull why and wherefore she hain't ben to meetin'. She hain't had no bunnit. I made her as tasty a bunnit as ever you see last spring; and that jackanapes of a boy he chucked it under the rocker-cushion jest to plague her, and Miss Blake she come in and sot right down on it, not knowin', of course, that 't was there; and, as if that wa'n't enough to spile it [an involuntary titter seemed to express the sense of the audience that it was], that other sprig, she took and upsot a pitcher of milk onto the cushion, and you 'd better believe that bunnit was a sight!"

"Why didn't she get another?" severely asked Deacon Morse's wife.

"Why? Why, becos she's a-most a saint. Her dividends some on 'em didn't come in, and she'd promised that biggest girl fifteen dollars to help her get out to her feller at Chicago, for Sary told me on't herself; and then she gives five dollars to hum missions every year, and she done it this year jest the same; and she's took that widder and them orphans home all summer, and nigh about worked her head off for 'em, and never charged a cent o' board; and therefor and thereby she hain't had no money to buy no bonnit, and goes to prayer-meetin'in her calico slat."

A rustle of wonder and respect went through the room as the women moved uneasily in their chairs, exchanged glances and said "My!" which inspired Miss Beers to go on.

"And here everybody's been talking bad about her, while she's been a real home-made kind of a saint. I know she don't look it; but she does it, and that's a sight better. I don't b'lieve there's one woman in forty could ha' had the grit and the perseverance to do what she's done, and hold her tongue about it too. I know I couldn't for one."

"She shouldn't ha' let her good be evil spoken of," said Mrs. Morse with an air of authority.

"I dono as anybody had oughter have spoken evil of her good," was Mrs. Beer's dry answer; and Mrs. Morse said no more

When Mr. Edward Wymper was on this side of Chimborazo, in the course of an exploration of the peaks of the Andes, in Equador, he saw a grand eruption of Cotopaxi. Ashes rose in a column not less than 20,000 feet above the rim of the crater, and then expanded over an area of many miles. Two million tons of matter were ejected in this single eruption, and the particles of the ashes were so fine that, in some samples, it required not less than 25,000 to make a grain in weight.

MARK TWAIN ON BEES.

Vs. Bees on Mark Twain.

I was down in Caliveras county one day when I met Bill Smith. We had been chums, and I was talking about his affairs generally like the beauties of farming, and so forth and fifth. "Mark," says he, "you must come along to my place and see my apiary."

"Pears," says I, "I like pears—they're nice."

"Oh, no," says Bill; apiary—bees, you know. That's what you should go in for, Mark, there's money in 'em."

I begged to be excused. I remembered something about sitting on a bee and not being able to set on another thing for days. Bill would have me go so I plucked up courage and went like a man, (going to prison). We reached Bill's place in time for dinner. Mrs. Smith was a chipper little woman, with very good taste in setting table. On the table was some honey, clear, nice, and not bad to take; also some comb honey, from a habit the industrious female bees have of combing their back hair to save time when they are making it, like enconomical boarding-house keepers—killing two birds with one stone, as they say. Well, it already killed me! I got a lot of poor chewing gum out of it. I rolled it round my mouth but couldn't swallow it. I concluded to reject and pocket it and trade it off at our store for a genuine old chewing plug. Well, after dinner we went out to see Bills hives and honey bugs—pets he called them. They were in little boxes a small hole at the lower edge was the door for'em to go in and out of. The roofs were loose, and Bill lifted one off to let me see them at work—but I didn't see any working worth a continental. They were running around as if they had let a drop of honey to some bee and couldn't find her.

In the hive was a lot of sticks, nailed like slate frames; they were full of holey sheets of gum—just the same pattern as the tripe formerly supplied to the ancestors of our aristocratic house by the pork butchers (see illustration "a feast in ye older time, opp. page 848 of "Ye Twain Family their Lives and Breeding," by Nathan Muggins D. O. F.: X. Y. K.; A. S. L.) With passing tear at the departed glory of our house. let us return to Smith's bees. Smith wasn't afraid of the critters, though they flew around him and crawled onto him. He proceeded to explain how they done their work." "You see Mark"—

"By the jumping Joe," I shouted.

"Keep still," says Bill; "it's ouly a bee sitting—taint nothing."

"Tain't nothing?" said I; "tis something, something like a red hot darning needle?"

I caught the bee in the act and lynched him on the spot. Bill put on the roof, and pulled out the string, telling me at the same time that a mosquito bite is far worse than a bee sting." I have heard them say that before and I believe it—to be and—I—. That is I regard it in a *different light.* Another bee jumped a claim on my nose but died quick—whach! One went for my eye. I missed, he didn't I was very energetic in my language just then, very decidedly emphatic, using words not benefitting a Y.M. C. A. secretary, or a superintendent of a Sunday school. Had I stayed a little longer I wouldn't have known myself. When I got back to town next day my creditors fortunately did not know me—tailor excepted. I was a pretty looking object, my eye bunged up, my nose looked like a good sized potatato, and I had an illigent squint, and if I tried to speak I suffered agonies. I couldn't chew anything, but lived on sanction like a snipe. As for keeping bees, I won't. No more bees for me. I don't want to sit on them. I don't want them to sit on me. I have no desire for renewing or improving their acquaintances. They have no attraction for your humble and much bewildered friend.

MARK TWAIN.

Discipline in the French Army.

From the St. James Gazette.

It would be interesting to get exact statistics as to the number of men shot on the French side during the war, together with details of their offenses. Unfortunately the war office cannot, or will not, give any information on this head. Possibly no record has been kept of these executions; but this much is certain, that every officer who served through the war is ready with stories of how summarily certain generals went to work to establish order among their troops. Gen. Clinchant, the present military governor of Paris, was terribly strict, but popular all the same; for he was known to be just, and kind, too, when he could afford to be so. Having the command of the raw levies inclined to be insubordinate, he resolved to show them promptly that he was their master. Once he issued a stringent order against robbing fruit and vegetables from the fields and gardens of the peasants in the Loire valley. A few days afterward a couple of zouaves stole out of camp by night and gathered a basketful of potatoes. These two soldiers happened to be veterans who had served in the Italian war, and they were brave fellows, much liked by their colonel; but this only made their offense worse in the general's eyes; "for" said he, "if old soldiers set the example of disobedience, how can we expect the young ones to obey?" So the two Zouaves were shot.

On another occasion three young soldiers took it into their heads to go out of camp without leave on a Sunday, in order to dine with some friends who lived in the neighborhood. They returned in time for tattoo, thinking probably they had committed only venial offense. They were shot the next morning. One more example will show what stern justice has to be meted out where flogging is not available. Gen. Clinchant had issued orders that on the march no soldier was to climb into the ambulance-vans or store-wagons unless certified lame or ill by the army surgeons. The reason of this order was that a number of lazy soldiers used always to swarm to the wagons in order to get a lift instead of marching. One youngster who was in perfect health clambered inside a van, and was discovered there by a sergeant, who ordered him to get out. The soldier alighted, but, determined to have his drive, he slit open his boot and inflicted a slight cut on his foot to make believe he had gone lame. A corporal, saw him and by-and-by the lad was reported for the double offense of disobedience and malingering. When he had been court-martialed, the general gave him a chance of his life by calling upon him to confess that the injury to his foot was self-inflicted; but the foolish fellow, thinking to save himself by a lie, maintained stoutly that he had gone lame by stepping on a flint. He was accordingly handed over to the provost-marshal and shot.

Prof. Bouchardat attributes to the vine powerful sanitary properties. He asserts that wherever it is cultivated to any considerable extent there is a very sensible diminution of intermittents. The virtue is attributed to the action of the vine on the effluvia which cause fevers.

Mr. A. B. Rogers, who has so long and efficiently filled the position of chief engineer of the Milwaukee & St. Paul road with headquarters in Minneapolis, has tendered his resignation, with a view to entering the service of the Canadian Pacific railway.