NILSSON'S CAR.

The Princely Way in Which She Travels Through America.

She Says She Plays Poker, Although She Always Loses the Game.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

Mad. Nilsson and her troupe took their departure on Sunday evening for St. Louis, in which city she will sing this week. All of Sunday afternoon the charming madam was busy receiving calls from friends, and her parlor was full of beautiful floral tributes, sent, many of them, by unknown admirers. An Enquirer reporter gave himself the honor and pleasure of calling upon Mad. Nilsson, late Sunday afternoon to say adieu. He was invited by the lady to accompany her to the depot, and take a look at the palace car in which she has traveled from New York to San Francisco, from San Francisco to New Orleans, from New Orleans to Cincinnati, and will continue to use until the end of the season in April next. Getting into the carriage with Mad. Nilsson, at the Grand hotel, the favored reporter enjoyed a pleasant chat with her as they drove to the depot. Arriving there they found the madam's car brightly lit up, and ready in every way for the journey. Mad. Nilsson travels like a queen. Mr. Abbey certainly takes good care of his famous prima-donna. The interior of the car is made of mahogany, and finished in the most artistic and modern style. Both sides are almost solid plate glass. At one end is the kitchen, with range and all kinds of cooking utensils. This department is presided over by a famous French cook, who prepares the daintiest and choicest of dishes for the distinguished singer. At the other end are roomy sleeping berths, with the softest of mattresses and the cleanest and whitest of bed linen. The center of the car is the drawing-room—or parlor, so to speak—of Mad. Nilsson. It is carpeted with a handsome velvet carpet, so soft that one almost imagines he is walking upon feathers. In it are an abundance of easy chairs, some velvet and some plush; sofas, ottomans and rockers. In the center and on one side stands a magnificent Steinway piano, and over it hangs a tiny cage, in which, as the madame said, is a Japanese canary bird. It is a toy bird that sings when wound up.

"Here we are," said Mad. Nilsson, as she removed her coachman's cloak, in which she looked so handsome. "Take a seat a moment and I'll show you the car."

After removing her bonnet and asking a few questions about her luggage, the madam escorted the reporter through the car. As they reached the kitchen a savory odor reached the nostrils of the reporter, and he said: "How good that smells!"

"Yes," said madam, "this is the best cook in America. I am awful hungry. Jacques, is my dinner nearly ready?"

"It is ready now, madam," said Jaques, bowing low and with great respect.

"Very well, bring it in then, for I am faint."

"Now, here," said the madam, as she moved to the other end of the car, "is where some of us sleep. You know we turn this parlor of ours into a sleeping-room at night, letting down the berths. But shall I play something for you before I say good-by? Very well, what shall it be? O, I know; I have it; something beautiful—not very artistic, but beautiful. Come, Miss Glenn; come, Biorksten, let us sing for the gentleman of The Enquirer before we go." Then she seated herself at the piano, and the three sang most beautifully that old song which nearly every one knows, and especially the boys who were in the army during the late war, who sung it on many a march, "Hard times, hard times, come again no more." And how she did sing it! Well, the reporter won't undertake to describe it. His adjectives have long since been expended on Mad. Nilsson's voice. She was in fine spirits, and let her voice out in such volume that she made the whole depot ring again and again. She soon had an outside audience, for all the brakemen, the baggagemen, and all the employes around the depot stopped their work and gathered around the car to hear her sing.

"I am told you play poker a good deal while traveling, madam," said the reporter. "Is it true?"

"Yes, it is true. I am just that naughty."

"But for money. Do you play for money?"

"Yes, indeed. It would not be interesting if I did not play for money. Do you see that little table there? Well, sir, there is where I lose all my hard earnings. There is where Mr. Pond and Del Puente and Biorksten and Miss Glenn, one and all, take the pot, and I am made bankrupt."

"Why, madam, you astonish me. You must play a big game?"

"A big game? Well, I should think we do. We play a fifty-cent limit!"

"And you win sometimes, of course. A woman as smart as you are certainly don't get beat at anything. Do you never win?"

"No, sir, n-e-v-e-r!"

"How much do you generally lose in a day, madam?"

"Two dollars—that much every day. Del Puente never loses. He always takes in the pot."

"And how else do you occupy your time when traveling?"

"Reading, singing, talking and sleeping."

"Yes," spoke up Miss Glenn; "we sleep pretty well when Del Puente is not snoring."

"Ho-sh!" said the madam, pointing her finger at Miss Glenn, "don't tell that. It will get into the paper."

But it was time to go, as the bell was ringing, and, with many a shake of the hand and a "God bless you" from Mad. Nilsson, the reporter jumped off the car, and the train moved away.

Hickory Wood and a Hearthstone.

Josquin Miller.

I found a place on Broadway, above Madison square, the other day, where a great hickory wood fire blazed day and night on a broad, old-fashioned hearthstone. The world is round. Not a great many years ago, where this same elegant hotel now stands, no doubt some cabin stood, with the wood fire blazing on the hearth, with many children shouting about the room. At least this was the suggestion of a kindly-faced old millionaire as he bowed his head above his applejack at one of the tables in the spacious saloon, and talked with his cronies of the old Kickerbocker days.

Oh, the kindly, friendly fire! How it talks to me of old times, when I cracked hickory nuts at my mother's knee in the Wabash cabin and tried to read out the future in the weird and purple blaze.

Oh, dear and familiar old friend, that warmed and cheered the group of little tow-headed boys on the Wabash, lit up an angel-mother face, and made a tired father glad, I greet you. I hail you with a delight not felt for years and years. No wonder that the old men come to see an old friend, and the young men to make a new one. This is, indeed, an altar. Ten years of stuffy stoves and hissing, snake-like steam-pipes have made me sick at heart. And oh, but to be a tow-headed boy again, squatting before a wood fire in the west cracking nuts.

ADOLPHUS AT THE RINK.

[Courier-Journal.]

Adolphus wore his breeches tight;
  Of this he did not think
When he put on the roller skates
  To show off at the rink.
His first adventure was his last,
  He'll put on skates no more;
He tried to kick the roof all in,
  And sat down on the floor.

When Dolphy dropped the girls all laughed—
  It was an awful fall—
And when they had their backs all turned
  He backed up to the wall.
He called a friend, took off the skates,
  And giving him the wink,
Said, "Jim, lend me that long-tailed coat,
  I want to leave the rink."

A CHAT WITH A TELEGRAPHER.

An Office Boy's Reward---A Sad Story in Skeleton.

Cincinnati News.

"Come inside," and the gate of the railing was swung open and for the time being the reporter became the privileged guest of the telegraph operator in his little office, in violation of a placard which said: "No admission."

"Your profession must be the recipient of many secrets and curious facts that the inquisitive would give a world to know. Do not business secrets frequently find publicity through unemployed operators who may be in hearing of the instrument?" asked the reporter.

"Possibly; but most social and business messages are written in such a manner that no one save the parties interested can understand them. When a business dispatch is not written in cipher, it is usually in an equally unintelligible form like this: 'Offer accepted,' or similar words. The same may be said of social messages. But much news that is not really secret finds its way to the public by the method you mention.

"An office boy, standing outside of a closed office, caught the news of Tilden's nomination as it sped on its way from St. Louis to Washington city, and unintentionally gave a sporting man an opportunity to place a number of bets that won. Many years ago before reading by sound was as universal as now, a messenger boy in the Western Union office in Chillicothe startled the operator and several prominent gentlemen present by exclaiming: "The Neil house is burning." For that offense he was promptly dismissed, but his quick ear could not be dispensed with, and he was reinstated, and now occupies an official position in a rival company."

"Are there many errors made in the transmission or receiving of dispatches?"

"Not many, considering the number of dispatches that are sent. More errors are made in receiving than transmitting, and more by old operators than by beginners. The latter are extra cautious and seldom make a mistake. A messenger boy was sitting in an office while the operator was at supper. The office was called and he answered that the operator was away. 'Who are you?' the answer came back. 'The office boy.' 'Can you take a message?' 'I am afraid to try; I never did.' 'Try it.' And the message came slowly and distinctly on an important matter pertaining to the road, and was signed by the superintendent. The boy repeated it as he had taken it, and the response came back, 'Bully.' A calamity was averted, and a month later the boy had a night office on the road, and is now an expert operator in the northern part of the state."

"Give me some incident which you happen to remember, taken as it passed over the line?"

"It is difficult to recall them at will, but one incident made such on impression on me at the time that I have never forgotten it. I was the night operator at a little station on one of the roads leading into Cincinnati. There was little business to be done except reporting trains, and on that evening there was nothing to break the monotony. The Cincinnati operator had announced the departure of 'No. 5,' and for three hours all I had heard was the regular report as the train passed reporting stations. Then there was a press dispatch giving the state of the river at one or two points, when my attention was attracted by a call from an office which is usually closed earlier in the evening. To my surprise the call was answered, and a message was announced for a little town some distance from the telegraph office, with instructions to deliver at once, regardless of cost. The message was brief and in these words: 'Mamie is dying; come at once'; signed with a single word. Who Mamie was I had no idea, but I pictured her in my mind as a little girl, and the message as from her mother to her father. I found myself watching for a return dispatch, and as the night wore away I became anxious. The train by which the father could reach his dying child would soon pass that station. Would the operator remain in the office to send the answer which I knew would be expected. About 4 o'clock in the morning I called at his office and received no answer. I knew then that the operator had gone home. As the hour approached for my relief I became more anxious, and asked the day operator to watch for the return dispatch. I went to the office earlier than usual that evening, and was given the dispatch for which I had been waiting. It announced the inability of the father to start before that night, and asked for news. I then knew instinctively that he would be too late, and would never see his child alive again. But I watched the wires, and was rewarded early in the evening with the expected intelligence that Mamie was dead. That was all I ever knew of the circumstances, but it made a lasting impression upon my mind. I am not much on sentiment, and would not have related this incident if you had not asked for something, and I could remember nothing else. Some other time I may give you something better. Call and see me often, and if I can give you anything interesting I will be glad to do so."

How a Town Grows in Texas.

Youth's Companion.

Phenomenal growths seem characteristic of the far west, and have no parallel in the previous history of human immigration. Take for example the new town of McGregor, Texas. On a certain day in September, a little over a year ago, it was decided and announced that the new line of the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe railway would cross the Texas & St. Louis railway at a certain point.

This was in the afternoon. By 10 o'clock the next morning, the entire section about the proposed juncture was staked out in house lots, streets and projected public squares. At noon that day the sale of lots opened; and in three hours $5,000 worth had been sold. Before sunset 442 lots, covering over three hundred acres, were taken up.

The next day the building of houses and moving in of the people began, and began in earnest. From far out on the prairie, upon all sides, the shanties and houses could be seen coming on rollers! Before night twelve houses were up, and as many more had arrived. Twice this number of tents, too, had been pitched.

On the third day stores, "saloons" and a "hotel" were opened; and before night the necessity of a municipal government and a "lock-up" was keenly felt and promptly provided for. Thus day by day McGregor "boomed."

Within a few weeks the new "city" has been spoken of as "one of the most thriving towns" of the southwest frontier. It had given birth to a vigorous newspaper, The McGregor Plaindealer, a recent number of which gives, as an item of the town's business, the statement that fifteen thousand bales of cotten had been exported from that town within the last two months.

Fence Posts that Will Last.

A writer in an exchange says: "I discovered many years ago that wood could be made to last longer than iron in the ground, but thought the process so simple that it was not well to make a stir about it. I would as soon have poplar, basswood or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when first put in the ground. Time and weather seemed to have no effect on them. The posts can be prepared for less than 2 cents apiece. This is the recipe: Take boiled linseed oil and stir in pulverized coal to the consistency of paint. Put a coat of this over the timber, and and there is not a man that will live to see it rot."

A Cart-Load of Prayers.

An old story is being revived of a prayer meeting held for a poor fellow's relief who had broken his leg. While Deacon Brown was praying, a tall fellow with an ox goad knocked at the door saying: "Father could not come but sends his prayers in the cart." They were potatoes, beef, pork and corn.

TROPICAL COURTSHIP.

The First Stealthy Love-Making and the "Iron-Chewing" Period.

A Marriage of Bankrupting Pomp, then Age, Ugliness and Independence.

Ferd. C. Valentine in The Continent.

Courtship—all the world over a mark for the shafts of wit—is certainly most amusing in Central America, except to the parties interested, and they follow out their ridiculous method, as did their forefathers, apparently unconscious that they are at all observed.

A young gentleman never visits young ladies; but manages to pass the residence of the object of his affection shortly after nightfall. She, by intuition, appointment or a smuggled letter conveyed by a suborned servant or other intermediary, is "watching the southern cross," although she has but a faint idea of astronomy, as she leans from her heavily-barred window, which looks like a small balcony, and there is no light in her room. In the finest summer nights, as in the most severe winter rains, Juan stretches his little body so that he may hold Margarita's not unwilling hand, or finger, if the bars be too inconveniently close together; and as he whispers sweet nothings the hours slip away, and only the chanticleer's early crow, which she assures him is the nightingale, warns him that he should be gone.

Although the parents of the young lady and and gentleman cordially approve of the match, he is never admitted to the house, except on rare occasions, and then only with a large number of other guests, to whom all attention must be shown. The feint of surreptitiousness is kept up, although all the town knows of the courtship. Foreigners call this the "iron-chewing period," perhaps because of the bars against which lovers may have been seen to press their faces. During this period, which undoubtedly is fraught with interest and catarrhs to the young people, the parents do not hesitate to insult their daughter by double-locking, barring and chaining up all possible entrances to their house. Is it not almost natural that a girl whose contact with the men has ever been suspiciously watched should sometimes become a party to the manufacture of false keys, which burglars in Central America as yet rarely use? This lack of confidence goes even to the extent of opening the lover's letters, if during courtship, he should be called away. Only the least lover-like ones are given the young lady. Yet, if it be remembered that in most parts of Central America it is nothing unusual to open a suspected person's correspondence, this is not so surprising, especially when the suspicion with which lovers are viewed is considered. The adored one rarely if ever answers her future husband's letters.

A week, or at most a month before marriage, all romance ceases. The friends of the family receive cards in which the parents announce that their daughter is soon to marry Mr.———. After this he visits his affianced bride, but never is left alone with her for an instant.

In due time marriage, with all possible and frequently bankrupting pomp, occurs, and henceforth real marital happiness is the exception. A peculiar feature in Central American marriages is that the groom provides the entire trousseau, even to minor details. Marriage for a woman means that she has only her husband to watch her suspiciously, and the consoling consciousness that as soon as age and ugliness relieve her of attractiveness she is her own mistress. Her independence comes early, as these tropical flowers fade very soon.

Archbishop Hughes.

Chicago Times.

While the memory of the archbishop will be cherished especially by members of his own fold, Americans generally will sometimes remember his ardent patriotism during the war of the rebellion, and the readiness with which he accepted Mr. Lincoln's commission, suggested by Mr. Seward, who, as a New Yorker, was well acquainted with the talents and temper of the archbishop, to accompany Mr. Weed to Europe, and especially to labor with the government of France to withhold official recognition of the confederacy. It was his modest report to Mr. Seward upon his return: "I am not certain that any act or word or influence of mine has had the slightest effect in preventing either England or France from plunging into the unhappy divisions that have threatened the union of the once prosperous states. On the other hand, I may say that no day, no hour even, was spent in Europe in which I did not according to opportunity, labor for peace between Europe and America. So far that peace has not been disturbed." It will be remembered, also, that when demagogues in New York had wrought an illiterate and passionate people to the commission of violence by false representations of the purpose and the effect of the draft, during the war of the rebellion, he exerted himself to the utmost of an influence that was considerable to prevent the destruction of the city.

In the lighter phases of a character that was earnest without austerity and busy without brusqueness of deportment, the angler will be glad to recognize a devoted fellow-disciple of Walton. Like St. Peter, the archbishop was a fisherman, but he was too ardent a sportsman to approve Peter's method of pot-fishing. He caught his salmon with a hook, allured his black bass with a fly. Musicians will be glad to know that his hand was often on the keyboard of the organ, and that his voice was heard in the choir as well as in the pulpit.

A Realistic Parisian Drama.

Cincinnati Enquirer.

A new Parisian drama contains a balloon ascension. The heroine of the play, after she has reached the flies in her aerial carriage, suddenly loses her balance and falls into a large sheet of water (representing the ocean) from which she is rescued. Another play in preparation is even more realistic. In this drama a woman is drowned, and the plot depends upon the identification of the body. Accordingly one act is set in the morgue, which is modeled after that in Paris, with a number of marble slabs upon which the dead bodies are placed. Upon these slabs the author proposes to "lay out" a number of first-class specimens—men and women made up to represent dead people. A sheet is to cover the body up to the chest, and above the head is a little water-spout from which tepid water falls upon the face of the supposed dead. The general effect of all this is assisted by an electric light, and if the corpses only remain perfectly still, the dramatist predicts the most realistic scene ever seen upon any stage.

Writing and Speaking.

Ida A. Harper in Terre Haute Mail.

To write well is a far grander gift than to speak well, for there comes a time when the eloquent tongue is dumb, and when the multitudes, who listened to the impassioned voice, can no longer hear its music; but a noble thought, caught in its flight and impressed upon the paper by the sunlight of the pen, will never know death or decay or oblivion. The speaker exists for this day and this generation, the writer will live in beautiful communion with all the countless thousands of men and women yet to come, and upon the altar of his eternal fame they will love to place the fresh and fragrant offerings of affection.

Criticism on Adam and Eve.

When Dubufe's celebrated paintings of Adam and Eve were on exhibition, Mr. McNab was taken to see them and was asked for his opinion. "I think no great things of the painter," said the great gardener. "Why, man, Eve's temptin' Adam wi' a pippin of a variety that wasna known until about twenty years ago!"

Brooklyn

Was there
than the youn
I do not wonder
low as to be almo
to be simply tragic,
I find myself most an
ure of sitting in a car o
road on Thursday, when
strode in and discovered
the person of a young New Y
posite me.

"Well, fur charity's sake!"
from Yale, "When'd you blow i

He was tall, was the youth fro
sharp nose, very tight trousers, a
mustache, a very short coat, and
hat.

"Some one's left the door open," h
ued, looking around with a broad and c
hensive smile at the passengers, "and thi
iosity has blown in."

This brilliant sally was received by the N
York young man with grins of delight. H
retorted with epigrammatic brilliancy:

"Ah, go chase yourself around your feet."

Upon this they shook hands warmly, made furtive blows at each other's ribs, and sat down together. They both stared at the passengers for some time, expecting them to go into transports of merriment, but somehow the passengers did not look joyful, but gazed at each other sadly, and with apprehension.

"Oh, you coy darling!" piped the New Yorker, in a voice supposed to mimic femininity. "Why have you not written me? Morn, noon and eve have I longed for a word from thee, gentle Joe."

"Yas, an' you got left, Orlando."

"When d' you come down?"

"Last eve. Got on awful bat with the boys, and went to bed at fourteen o'clock A. M., with a head the size of a balloon jib on a nobleman's yacht. When I fell out of bed for breakfast this morning, what do you suppose I got?"

"Got left."

"No, my dear son; I got a note from a gay deceiver, asking me to call around and take her and her mamma to the polo grounds to see the foot ball match."

"D'you take her?"

"Bet cher sweet life I didn't. Sent a note saying 'I'm no hog. I'll take you, but I draw the line at the old woman.'"

"Nothing mean about you, if you are beautiful."

"Well, she must think I'm a blooming chump to lug the whole domestic establishment to the game. By the way, Rosalind, get on to this hat, will you?"

"Oh, you sassy devil, it's English, and your mother is hungering for bread. However, you're bound to keep up with the style, I see."

"Well, there's snow in bed when I get left. It was quite chilly a while ago though. I was going down Madison avenue when my eyes lighted upon a coy and giddy dame—a perfect fairy, by George. I said, 'I will have recourse to a wily plot. Oh! ha!' so I crossed the street, forged ahead, came back to the near side again and wandered casually back, so as to give her an opportunity to view me in all my native grandeur and beauty."

"Oh, you sweet thing!"

"Well, I gave her a good chance to get mashed on my shape, an' then raised my new tile and said, 'Pleasant evening?' Well, sir, she just raised her eyes slowly and gave me the coldest, cruelest cut you ever saw in your life. Phew, it makes my head swim to think of it.

"What d'you say!"

"I did the brat act again and gently murmured 'Good evening.'"

After this the New York young man recounted several thrilling experiences with beautiful girls who had been madly in love with him at various times, in a voice distinctly audible throughout the whole car. They were evidently the sons of wealthy parents, and had been given every advantage but that of careful training. I should imagine that the best thing to do with them would be to give each one a thorough spanking and put him to bed until he has learned to speak the English language.

What Nations Say of Each Other.

Youth's Companion.

The London spectator recently contained the vehement protests of an English traveler against the want of polish in the manners of the Germans.

He declared that the wisest of men and the fairest of women were to be found among them, but that they all ate with their knives, and sipped their soup noisily. He had seen, he said, a whole family eating soft-boiled eggs with knives and forks, and that, say what you would, speak to whom you might, the answer was a stupid, staring "Was?" (What?) "The English 'I beg your pardon?' and the French 'Plaitil?' which indicate that you are not understood, are trying enough to a foreigner, but this blunt 'Was?' is intolerable. No wisdom, no domestic virtues, will atone for it. It meets you everywhere like a slap in the face."

Thus for the Englishman. Now hear the German. Herr C——, a savant, who visited London a year ago, and was admitted into the highest circles, waxes indignant at the coarseness of English manners.

"It is the habit in the clubs for gentlemen to 'chaff' each other; a vulgar, school-boyish trick. The Englishman is arrogant even in his hospitality. He patronizes you, if he is your equal, or is sycophantic if an inferior."

An American in Paris complains that the French eat untidily, champ their food, and leer at women whom they pass on the street.

Each nation criticises other nations sharply to an exaggerated degree, to be itself in turn condemned.

The lesson which our young American readers may learn from these remarks is that a man or woman is usually judged by strangers not from his real worth, knowledge, piety or wit, but by those unconscious small habits at the table or in the drawing-room that are acquired in childhood, and which probably seem to him insignificant.

The manners of well-bred people are easily acquired in youth, and will serve us as a letter of introduction to such people through life. But, if neglected by the boy or girl, the man or woman will find it almost impossible to gain them.

Flowers for the Poor.

Peck's Sun.

Dean Stanley was the founder of a society in London which has done a great deal of good among the poor classes, in a very quiet and unostentatious manner. It supplies any applicant with flowers in pots, or stands, with a few simple directions for taking care of them.—[Exchange.

Dean Stanley deserves a leather medal. If there is anything the poor classes in a great city like London are panting for it is a few vases of flowers. Nice flowers placed in a low hovel, whose occupants are obliged to work eighteen hours per day to keep from starving may be just the thing in London, but in America there is another kind of flour that is more needed. Some great men have queer notions of the needs of the poor, and when a poor family is famished for the want of bread, they are just as liable to get from such great men a bottle of smelling salts or perfumery, as a loaf of bread or a sack of flour. Dean Stanley must have done a great deal of good.

She Kept Ahead.

"Mamma," said a wee pet, "they sung 'I want to be an angel' in Sunday-school this morning, and I sung with them." "Why, Nellie," exclaimed mamma, "could you keep time with the rest?" "I guess I could," proudly answered little Nellie; "I kept ahead of them most all the way through."

His New Pants.

Youth's Companion.

Mamma had put some large patches on Robbie's first pants. When he put them on, he said, "Mamma, if the patches were a little bigger, I would have some new pants."

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sweetly and
Savannah, wl ...ing
shores near th ...e cages
gently swung. ...e precious
warblers are not ... of consideration
for the family pr..., but for identification
one may be called Tommy and the
other Timmy. The reader, fancying
he hears Tommy singing in the
porch of Mrs. Manning and evoking strains
responsive from Timmy in the porch of Mrs.
Mitcherson, may form a faint idea of the ineffable bliss filling the heart of each lady as
she reflected how utterly harsh and discordant
were the notes of the bird she did not have the
misfortune to possess. The birds were both of
the top-knot species, and were so much alike
in size, color, and ensemble that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other.
Indeed, as the worthy minister of the two
families remarked: "They were so much apart
that you couldn't tell 'em alike." However,
in the month of October, 1881, Tommy got lost
and a shadow hung over the Manning mansion. In the December following Timmy got lost, and a cloud hung over
the Mitcherson piazza. But on the joyous
New-Year morning of 1882 a male inhabitant,
name not given, of the isle of Doboy, while
strolling on the strand under the over-hanging
magnolias, captured a canary bird, which he
at once recognized as the long lost Tommy,
and turned it over to Mrs. Manning. Learning of this important happening, Mrs. Mitcherson gazed upon the little captive and was
convinced that it was none other than her own
dear little lost Timmy. This Mrs. Manning
denied, and when Mrs. Mitcherson demanded
the bird Mrs. Manning refused to surrender
it, claiming it as her property, whereupon Mrs.
Mitcherson had recourse to the majesty of the
law and forthwith sued out a possessory warrant to recover the alleged Timmy.

The case was brought before a justice of the
peace, and many witnesses were introduced on
both sides. The question was one purely of
identity, and the testimony was wonderfully
conflicting, a score swearing to the best of their
belief that Tommy was Timmy, and an equal
number attesting that Timmy was Tommy.
"But Timmy had his topknot parted exactly in
the middle," triumphantly asserted Mrs.
Mitcherson, and the Mitcherson wing of the
litigation were about to take possession of the
bird, when the Manning faction came to the
rescue armed with a number of oaths that
Tommy also parted his hair exactly in the
the middle. The justice, after a night of mental agony, gave his decision, and delivered the bird to Mrs. Mitcherson. Mrs. Manning's lawyer at once
resorted to a certiorari, and the case
was appealed to the superior court, in
which, after an exciting contest, the decision
of the justice's court was affirmed. But firm
in the conviction that it was Tommy and not
Timmy, and in the belief that justice had been
thwarted, the representatives of Mrs. Manning
appealed to a higher tribunal, and the case of
Manning against Mitcherson—Tommy or
Timmy—found its way to the supreme court,
the controlling question in the argument being
whether the bird was fera natura (wild by nature). The case had already cost over $500.
Mrs. Mitcherson, it is true, had Timmy, or
Tommy, but she was obliged to give a bond for
double the value of Tommy, or Timmy, to relinquish him if he was not hers. The case was
to have been decided on Saturday last, as appears from the stenographic report of its analysis by the learned judge, who said:

"In this cause it appears that two ladies of
Savannah, Mrs. Mannerson and Mrs. Mitching,
had two canary-birds, that belonging to Mrs.
Mammy being named Tommering, and the one
belonging to Mrs. Timmering being named
Mitcherson. Mrs. Tommerson loses her bird
Mitching, and a short time ago Mrs. Timmerton loses her bird Mannington. As I understand it, Mrs. Tomming and Mrs. Timmington
entered the justice's court with one of the recovered birds in dispute as to the ownership,
the justice deciding for Mrs. Timmyton, whereupon Mrs. er-ker Mizzes-er Tommyting.
Ahem! As I said, Mizzes Tomytimmy. This
court reserves its decision until next week,
owing to a press of other matters."

To-day Mrs. Mitcherson was made happy,
the learned judge having, by a period of rest,
recovered the use of his faculties, penetrated
the intricacies of the case and given a decision
in her favor. Ere this Timmy is probably
warbling sweetly upon the Mitcherson porch
in consonance with the happy thoughts animating his mistress, while no responsive strains
come from Tommy's empty cage.

A Few Quaint Paragraphs from John Adams.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.

A Tribune reader sends me these quaint
paragraphs, he says he traced to old John
Adams, our second and one of our clearest-
headed presidents. He pitched into the slave-
holding lords in a letter to Gen. Horatio Gates
as early as March, 1776: "My dear friend Gates,
all our misfortunes rise from a single source,
the reluctance of the southern colonies to re-
publican government. This can only be done
on popular principles and axioms, which are
so abhorrent to the inclinations of the barons
of the south and the proprietary interests in
the middle states, as well as to that avarice of
land which has made on this continent
so many votaries to Mammon that I
sometimes dread the consequences." He paid
this tribute to Washington on his death: "Mis-
fortune, had he lived, could hereafter have sul-
lied his glory only with those superficial minds
who, believing that characters and actions are
marked by success alone, rarely deserve to en-
joy it." A little previous to this he wrote to
his wife: "I have no idea that I shall be chosen
president a second time, though this is not to
be talked of. The business of the office is so
oppressive that I shall hardly support it two
years longer. To-night I must go to the hall,
where I s..pose I shall get a cold and have to
eat gruel for breakfast for a week afterward.
This will be no punishment."

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's Lonely Mansion.

Golden Argosy.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart's New York house has
become like a mausoleum. Those who have
passed it day after day for years have never
seen one of the window-shades drawn up. In
fact, but for the smoke that curls upward from

...erdant do...
...ut here?"
...om," replied the host,
... truth if he could play a joke.

... a party of youngsters, ripe for fun, start... at once. All sorts of stories were told the young physician about the elephants. Every kind of advice was given him as to the best method of hunting them, and he was again and again sent into thickets and among chaparel to seek the huge animals.

At last the party came to a thicket of "Wait-a-bit" thorns. The tree is appropriately named, for it stops the most eager hunter. It is a bush about twelve feet high, whose branches spring out thickly and are covered with thorns bent like fish-hooks and as sharp as needles.

The doctor was told that an elephant was likely to be hidden in that thicket. Frantic with eagerness to shoot such game, he plunged in, and the party waited his return, expecting to see him in a sad plight.

Suddenly they heard a shot, and loud cries for help. The doctor's cousin instantly galloped through the glades, and came upon an acre of prairie-opening, around which his cousin was running his pony, while a few yards behind, rushed a wild bull in full charge.

The officer was a bold fellow, though a joker, and without a moment's hesitation dashed to his cousin's relief. Firing a pistol, he wounded the bull. In an instant the bull turned, and thrusting his horns into the side of the horse, endeavored to toss both animal and rider into the air. Down they came, horse, rider, and bull, in a heap.

The horse was dead. The bull's horns had both of them pierced the body of the horse, and in some way were held there. One leg of the rider was between the horns of the bull, pinned fast between its head and the body of the horse. The horse's body resting on the bull's head, fastened the animal to the ground, while the rider, his leg fast, was lying on the bull's back.

The officers gathered about the heap, but were afraid to shoot the bull, lest in his struggles he might do more injury to the pinned man. At last some one cut the animal so that he slowly bled to death. His horns were then cut off, and the now nearly dead man carried on a litter to the fort.

The loss of a fine horse and several weeks of severe suffering made him a wiser if not a sadder man. He never again hunted "elephants" with a verdant civilian.

John Adams' Ideas on Religious Matters.

"Broadway Lounger" in New York Tribune.

Mr. Adams, while a good churchman, despised the narrow views and bitter temper common among the sects in his day, and used to often repeat a story concerning a gentleman who replied thus to a petitioner for a missionary fund: "There are in and about the town of ——— ministers of nine congregations. Not one of them lives on terms of civility with any other, will admit none other into his pulpit, nor be permitted to go into the pulpit of any other. Now, if you will raise a fund to convert these nine clergymen to Christianity I will contribute as much as any man."

As the ex-president approached death his serenity of mind and sweetness of temper only increased. His young friend one day reading to him that passage of the "Senectute" where Cicero anticipates happy meetings after death, the old gentleman exclaimed: "That is just as I feel. Nothing would tempt me to go back. I agree with my old friend, Dr. Franklin, who used to say on this subject: 'We are all invited to a great entertainment. Your carriage comes first to the door, but we shall all meet there.' Who would think such an old age a burden, honored in this world and hoping soon to depart for a better, where he believes he shall meet not only the friends he has lost, but all the great and good who have gone before him."

Few traces of militant spirit remained in the kind old man, though once in a while it flashed forth. "For my own part," he said one day, "I should not like to live in the millennium. It would be the most sickish life imaginable."

A Modest Tale of Battle.

Youth's Companion.

The following is a sketch of how the late Admiral Bailey, at a dinner given him, "explained" the capture of the forts below New Orleans:

"Mr. President and gentlemen—hem, thank ye." And then, after a long pause, "Well I suppose you want to hear about that New Orleans affair?"

"Yes! yes!" echoed through the hall.

"Well, d'ye see, this was the way of it," resumed the orator, hitching up his trousers.

"We were lying down the river below the forts, and Farragut he—he signaled us to go in and take 'em.

"Being as we were already hove short, it didn't take much time to get under way, so that wasn't so much of a job as you seem to think; and then the engineers they run the ships, so all we had to do was to blaze away when we got up to the forts, and take 'em according to orders. That's just all there was about it."

And the modest narrator, feeling that he had accomplished everything demanded of him, sat down in the midst of thunders of applause.

Thinning Out the Middle Class.

"Gath" in New York Tribune.

A sign of the times is the considerable number of girls of moderately prosperous families leaving the public schools to attend New York pay schools. The improved nature of the latter, their growing numbers and not increasing rates of tuition, and the crowded state of the public schools, partly account for the reaction, but it also marks the thinning out of the strictly middle class of families in this expensive city and the dawn of a time but yesterday predicted when the metropolis will be inhabited only by the independent and the poor. The seminaries of this city obtain the élite of girls from every part of the country, and Chicago furnishes a large contingent.

The Ruling Passion.

A little girl on being asked what God made made her for, replied: "To wear red fedder in her hat."

IMPERFECT PAGE