



No Letters. I say at noon "I shall have one to-day;" I say at night, "I shall have one to-morrow;" But day and night go creeping slow away, And leave me with my sorrow.

THE FAT MAN'S DILEMMA.

An English gentleman of true John Bull proportions—weighing some eighteen or twenty stone—had occasion some years ago, anterior to the railroad car, to travel in summer by stage-coach from Oxford to London.

These youths, being lighter than our modern Lambert, reached the stage before he did, and each snugly possessed himself of a corner seat, leaving a centre seat on each side vacant.

"I do not dispute your titles," said the other, "but I trust to your politeness, seeing how the case stands, to enable me to pursue my journey."

"My good sir," said a pert young law-student, "possession is nine-tenths of the law. You engaged two seats. There they are, one on each side. We engaged one each, came first, entered regularly into possession, and our titles to the seats we occupy are indisputable."

"Will you accommodate me?" he asked; "this is the last stage that starts for London to-day, and business of urgent importance calls me to town."

"May I be poisoned if I do!" replied the student of medicine. "In a dissecting-room, he'd make an excellent subject; but in a coach, this warm weather, too! Old gentleman, if you'll put yourself under my care, I'll engage in the course of six weeks, by a judicious course of depletives, to save you hereafter the expense of a double seat."

By this time, the patience of coaches, who had listened to the latter part of the dialogue, was exhausted. "Hark, gentlemen," said he, "settle the business as you like; but it wants just three-quarters of a minute of twelve, and with the first stroke of the University clock my horses must be off. I would not wait three seconds longer for the king, God bless him."

"Come hither, my lads," said the corpulent gentleman; "what say you to a ride?"

daring to trust the evidence of his ears. "Well, then, hostler, open the stage-door. In with you! And, d'ye hear? be sure to take the two middle seats; so, one on each side."

The guard's horn sounded, and coaches' voices were heard: "Only one minute and a half more, gentlemen; come on!"

"Overreached us, by Jove!" said the law student. "We give up the cause, and cry your mercy, Mr. Bull."

"I'd rather go through my examination a second time than to sit by these dirty boys," groaned the medical student.

"Soot is perfectly wholesome, my young friend; and you will not be compelled to violate a single hygienic rule," said the corner selected is vacant. "Pray get in."

"The noise of the carriage-wheels and the unrestrained laughter of the spectators drowned the sequel of their lamentations."

The City of Birmingham, England, suffers from an embarras des richesses. A gentleman recently deceased, who seems to have possessed more money than brains, bequeathed a valuable diamond to the corporation, and the members of the Town Council have been puzzling their brains to decide what they should do with the legacy.

Gerald Massey, the English poet and lecturer, appeared on a Sunday evening in New York before a large audience, his subject being the words of Robinson Crusoe's man Friday: "If that God so strong why He not kill that devil?"

"Ees, zur," said the elder, scarcely daring to trust the evidence of his ears.

Beecher Among "Bulls" and "Bears."

Mr. Beecher on a Friday lecture related his experience at the Stock Exchange: "One day (he said) I stood in the Exchange to hear the maniacs 'holler,' and to try to learn, if possible, what their hubbub meant. It seemed that each one stood bareheaded on hot iron, and that it hurt so they were forced to dance and yell."

"No, said L. 'Just so,' continued he. 'In all this din I sort out the different sounds. I catch those that are significant, for interest has made it necessary, and training has made it easy."

"Our High Priest looking down upon us hears our complaints. He feels for us as we feel for those who are dear to us, and He answers us. I believe that God sometimes smiles at the childishness of our whines, just as I do when my baby tumbles and cries because it thinks it has been hurt. I do not smile because I do not feel, but because I appreciate the ludicrousness of the youngster's position. Mirth and affection are a part of devotion."

Death in the Ring.

One of the most amusing performances in a circus ring is entitled the "one horse velocipede." An attack of the show staggers into the ring, clad as simulating a drunken boor. In vain the ringmaster tries to whip him out. He waxes his wife. Another performer, in female toggery, responds to his calls for "Hannah Jane," rushes upon the sawdust and embraces him.

"The students cast rueful glances at each other, and then crept warily into their corners. As the hostler shut the door he found it impossible to control his features. 'I'll give you something to change your cheer, you grinning rascal,' said the disciple of Esculapius, stretching out of the window; but the hostler nimbly eluded the blow.

A Tableau Group in Flames. A very narrow escape from a painful death occurred at a tableau exhibition in a public hall in Grand Rapids, Mich. A correspondent of the Detroit Post says: "An entertainment given by the Ladies' Literary Society closed with a tableau having twenty-five young ladies and eight little girls on the stage."

In the Scums. Eugene Sue, the French novelist, used to visit in portions of Paris. In ragged and dirty apparel, he wended his way city-ward, to localities where even a cleanly mechanic would have attracted unpleasant attention.

Sickness and Medicine. Among the dispatches read at the examination of Phelps, the defaulter, at Albany, was one as follows: "Charley was very sick all night, but doctors now say he is out of danger."

It would save valuable time on the Sabbath.

Sensation Reports.

The daily papers are just beginning to find out what business men knew about the panic, namely, its influence on manufacturing enterprise, and now that the worst part of it is over, they are filling their columns with details of the stages of manufacturing, etc.

Manufacturers and leather dealers are showing their confidence in this prospect by their preparations for the future. The raw goods and manufactured articles are held, and those who base their action on the newspaper reports so far as to presume that we are going to have a dull, hard winter in the shoe and leather business will, we are confident, find themselves mistaken.

The Typographical Union will use its influence to persuade all employers throughout the city not to discharge their operatives, but rather to reduce the wages of all, or put them on short time. This plan, they think, would prevent much suffering which can in no other way be avoided.

The New York City Labor Market.

The New York World, in a review of the labor market and the progressive shrinkage of values, says: "The Typographical Union will use its influence to persuade all employers throughout the city not to discharge their operatives, but rather to reduce the wages of all, or put them on short time."

The coopers are the only workmen on strike at the present time. A large number of that very numerous class have taken exception to the course pursued by the firm of Havemeyer & Elder, and are trying to make them yield to the demands of the workmen by uniting on a strike.

To the traveler in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen, without stirring, until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an enchantment, may be imagined.

People who prefer wetting the winter's store of coal to lay the dust on putting it into their cellars, do not generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. Even the fire-damp, says an exchange, which escapes from the coal mines, arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures of but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure.

A school-examiner lately gave a bright-looking boy this sentence to correct: "Between you and I this is good butter." The boy shortly returned the slip thus marked: "Incorrect; the lamp-post is omitted."

Making her own Hat.

Mrs Howard Paul, in his entertainment, says "that when a sudden sharp fever of economy attacks a woman, and she determines to make a hat or a bonnet for herself, for a brief period between the formation of the resolution and the consummation of the deed her mind passes through various amusing stages of agitation."

Then she shuts into the shop, and asks to "see hats" with the air of a person who wishes to invest a small fortune in head-gear. She examines every hat in the establishment, overhauls ten bushels of flowers, gets about fifteen shillings' worth of work out of the saleswoman, and then says she will "look farther."

At church next day Mrs. Smith has feathers on both sides, and Mrs. Johnson has one on the top. Then more sleepless nights and painful uncertainty. At last, in utter despair, she takes the hat to a milliner, and pays thirty shillings to have it trimmed. When it comes home she pronounces it "hateful," and picks it all to pieces, and broods over it, and worries and frets and loses her appetite, and feels like to be a burden for two weeks longer, until suddenly she has just the right thing, and becomes once more serene and happy, and puts the hat on and goes out and makes millions of other women miserable because their hats are not trimmed exactly like hers.

Vespers. To the traveler in Spanish America, the striking of the vesper bells exercises a potent charm. As the usage requires every one to halt, no matter where he may be, at the first stroke of the bell, to interrupt his conversation, however important, and listen, without stirring, until the conclusion of the chime, the singularity of a whole population surprised in a moment as it comes and goes, held in a state of petrification, and paralyzed as if by an enchantment, may be imagined.

Wetting Coal. People who prefer wetting the winter's store of coal to lay the dust on putting it into their cellars, do not generally know that they are laying up for themselves a store of sore throats and other evils consequent upon the practice. Even the fire-damp, says an exchange, which escapes from the coal mines, arises from the slow decomposition of coal at temperatures of but little above that of the atmosphere, but under augmented pressure.

A Suffering Actor. At an English theatre, the other evening, an actor playing King Henry V, struggled bravely half through the play with evidently severe indisposition. At last the poor fellow gave up the battle, and, white as death and almost breathless, came to the front of the stage, and in a nearly inaudible whisper said that he "felt as if his last hour had come."

Frozen to Death.—It is early in the season to find items like the following in the papers: Advice from Kidder, forty miles east of St. Louis, on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, stated that two strange men were found frozen to death on the prairie near that town, a few nights ago. They had been in Kidder during the day, and appeared to be intoxicated.

Piano Playing by Machinery.

Human ingenuity has perfected a machine that makes it possible for any one with capacity enough to turn a grindstone to perform the most difficult written music for the piano. The machine is not a myth, says the Cincinnati Commercial. We saw it only yesterday. It has just been imported from Paris, and was attached to the piano only the day before. It played selections from "Barber's Seville," "Faust," "Tannhauser," and other operas. Indeed, its capacity is unlimited. It can play on eight any piece of music, and its playing cannot be distinguished from that of a living player. It is capable also of playing on the organ, or any instrument having keys similar to those on the piano. Another instrument of the same kind, the only one in the city, has already taken the place of an organist at one of our churches.

The top of the machine is about one foot in width. It has in the centre two rollers, which are moved by a crank. These carry the music through, and as it passes the piano plays it. The music is on paper, but it is not written. The notes are made by cutting square holes through the paper. As these holes pass a certain point they allow a hammer to pass through, and the stroke of that hammer is communicated to its own key in the piano. Each key has its hammer. It only requires that these holes be cut at proper intervals to strike any number of keys in any given series. The machine has a pedal arrangement which connects with the piano and enables the player to have the effects produced by an ordinary player. It also has an arrangement to change the force of the touch.

It is a French instrument, and has been known but a short time. The manufacturer has orders beyond his capacity to fill. The two machines in this city will doubtless attract much attention.

All-Halloween.

The night of November 1st was All-Halloween, an anniversary hallowed by memories of joyful feastings and innocent revelries. The origin of this festival is unknown, but it undoubtedly was instituted in the period of paganism. Some historians, however, have been content to derive its observance from the Church festival of All Saints, which occurred on the 1st of November. The ideas that were associated in the past with All-Halloween have continued to meet the sentiment of its observance even to the present day. Virgins have looked upon it as a time for divination, and many are the methods they have used, and yet employ, to evolve man from obscurity and nothingness. Old housewives of the Celtic stock recite to youthful feminine auditors how maidens have had their spells to work man to the test of being a means to satisfy their curiosity in regard to their matrimonial fates. Yet afterward the traditional practices will be followed. Jenny ate her apple at the glass, hopeful to view over her shoulder the face of the coming spouse; and, from the queer formations of melted lead dropped into water, Jennie, Maggie, and the rest of the girls augured the pursuits of their future husbands. Afterward the bevy of females flocked out, each with her month filled with water, and one of her hands filled with salt, to run around a square. Then when a man is seen, there is a general spluttering screech, a mutual clutching of dresses for support, and finally the retreat of the party in noisy mirth, the man who caused the commotion being left to wander at will. These are the closing observances of the evening, meet only for maturing maidens. Before them the children "ducked for apples," and burned their noses and greased their faces at "snap apple;" and lovers augured much about the steadiness of "burning passion" from the action of fire upon nuts. Altogether, the festive observances of All-Halloween are harmless and pleasing, and partly of that same poetic kind that lend mystery to St. Agnes' Eve, when (as Kent's muse tells us)

Young virgins might have visions of delight, And soft adorings from their loves receive, Upon the honeyed middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did aright.

Going West. All who go West do not find the happy home expected. One man who was doing well in the East relates his experience as follows: "I thought I could do better, so I sold out, pocketed my money and started for the West. When I arrived there things were not as I expected to find 'em. But I wish to say to all your readers who have a similar experience, and are homesick, don't come back after the manner of one poor fool I know of. I tell you the railroad companies got over \$200 for carting me and mine out and back. Now don't be a lunatic, as I was, but 'stick.' I came back to please wife's relations, but when I had been back three weeks they wanted to know what I came back for; now then I can go here and there to get a day's work and get my pay—well, some time."

People who go West with no definite idea of where they are going and what they expect to do when they get there, will in nine cases out of ten be badly disappointed.

Carliet Decorations.—Don Carlos, of Spain, is described by a writer who saw him recently as wearing a white flat hat, like a Scotch cap, called a boina, and on his breast three orders, or rather two, for the third is the sacra cruz and is worn by all his soldiers. The others were the Golden Fleece and Carlos III. His soldiers wear over their hearts an oval piece of flannel with an embroidered heart, with a chain around it and the words "Do not harm me, for the heart of Jesus is with me." This they consider a charm against the bullets.

Items of Interest.

It is said that John B. Gough has lectured in Boston 369 times. The Mississippi Legislative Assembly has issued a bill postponing the general election until next year. Burgess and his wife, who were on trial for inhuman treatment of Caroline Louise Dunning, aged six years, at New Orleans, were found guilty, the penalty for their crime being imprisonment for life.

Brigham Young, the Mormon chief, is reported in very feeble health, causing serious uneasiness to the great bulk of his people, whose interests are dependent upon the prolongation of his life. "My dear," said the sentimental Mrs. Waddler, "home, you know, is the dearest place on earth." "Well, yes," said the practical Mr. Waddler, "it costs me about twice as much as any other spot."

Worcester, Mass., raised a subscription two years ago, which was intended for Chicago, but not needed by that city, and again rejected by Boston last year, and the committee now propose to offer it to Memphis. Of the five or six hundred depositors in the banking-house of Jay Cooke & Co. all excepting about thirty have signed the plan of agreement, namely, to place the settlement in the hands of ex-Commissioner of Internal Revenue Rollins.

Don't visit Boston to get work. The Superintendent of the Employment Department of the Young Men's Christian Association there says that there are now 1,500 mechanics—nearly all well skilled in their trades—who are wandering about Boston streets in the vain search for something to do. A gentle Quaker had two horses, a very good and a very poor one. When seen riding the latter, it turned out that his better half had taken the good one. "What?" said a sneering baboon, "what is that you let your wife ride the better horse?" The only reply was: "Friend, when thee be married, thee 'll know."

The most careful estimates for the present year do not place the grape yield of California much above 3,000,000 gallons. Two reasons are assigned for this shrinkage: First—The frosts, which were the most severe that had occurred in the State for many years, and which came late in the spring, just at the transition from blossom to fruit. Second—The excessively hot weather of the summer months, which thickened the skins of the wine grapes, making them "fleshy," so that while the quality has really been improved the prices have been diminished.

A Farmer's Complaint. Col. Cochran, a Grange officer, says to a reporter that the cost of farming has been greatly increased by the building of railroads, or at least since their introduction. Before the war he could hire men who were capable of conducting his farm, without his supervision, for less money than he now has to pay for hands who hardly know enough to hitch a team and go into the field to work unless somebody tells them how to do it. The only hands he can now hire are Germans, and they do not amount half as much work as the same number of Americans he used to get. The same is true of work in the houses; no matter how able and willing the farmer may be to hire servants, his wife must be a drudge.

It is almost impossible to find, he said, a girl who knows enough to cook a meal, and who will hire out to do housework. The servants are the most inferior kind, and even they can't be depended on to stay at the very time they are most wanted. If you make a contract with them to pay them \$2 a week and board, when the hot weather comes they begin to grumble, and when the work any longer, and the next thing you hear they are binding in the harvest field for a dollar a day, while the farmer's wife is left alone with from a dozen to 25 harvesters to provide for. These hardships the Colonel attributed largely to the railroads—they paid unskilled laborers better wages than the farmers could afford to, and they opened up new country for homesteads for the better class of men who formerly worked out by the month.

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