A CLEVER PARODY.

The following reply to Burns's popular poem is taken from a Melbourne paper:

"A man's a man," says Robert Burns,
"For a' that and a' that,"
But though the song be clear and strong,
It lacks a note for a' that.
The lout who'd shirk his daily work,
Yet claim his wage and a' that,
...g when he can earn his bread,
...t a man for a' that.

... who dine on homely fare
...e true and brave, and a' that;
...one whose garb is "hodden grey,"
... fool or knave, and a' that;
...ice and crime that shame our time
...ld fade and fall, a' that,
...lowmen be as good as kings,
...d churls as earls for a' that.

...ou see yon brawny, blustering sot,
Who swaggers, swears, and a' that;
And thinks because his strong right arm
Might fell an ox and a' that,
That he's as noble, man for man,
As duke or lord, and a' that;
He's but a brute, beyond dispute,
And not a man for a' that.

A man may own a large estate,
Have palace, park, and a' that;
And not for birth, but honest worth,
Be thrice a man for a' that,
And Donald herding on the muir,
Who beats his wife and a' that,
Be nothing but a rascal boor,
Nor half a man for a' that.
It comes to this, dear Robert Burns,
The truth is old and a' that,
"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."
And though you put the minted mark
On copper, brass and a' that,
The lie is gross, the cheat is plain,
And will not pass for a' that.

For a' that and a' that,
'Tis soul and heart, and a' that,
That makes the king a gentleman,
And not his crown and a' that.
And man with man, if rich or poor,
The best is he, for a' that,
Who stands erect in self respect,
And acts the man, for a' that.

THE LADY OF THE TURRET CHAMBER.

Virginia W. Johnson, in Harper's Weekly.

Three young heads peeped over the wall of the terrace, watching the slow approach of a post carriage along the winding road. These heads belonged respectively to Mons. Alphonse Rivoire and his sisters, Delphine and Angelique, while Mlle. Baud hovered in the background.

Mons. Alphonse was a youth of 17, with a bullet head, shaved in the military fashion, an olive complexion, heavy black eyebrows, and a highly humorous physiognomy. His sisters wore short frocks, in deep mourning, and the high black ruffs lent piquancy to their pretty faces.

"The lady who had taken the turret chamber arrives to-day," said Delphine, with a swiftness of conviction in keeping with her sparkling eyes and jet-black hair, braided in a long tress down her back.

"Is she young?" demanded Mlle. Baud, her brown fingers knitting rapidly.

"How can one tell that through the roof of a post carriage? Her dress is black," said Angelique, a charming blonde of 15, with golden hair, the bloom of a tea rose in her cheek, and candid blue eyes.

"Ciel! She must be a widow," exclaimed Mlle. Baud, with the ready animosity of an "old girl" for that bewitching class.

I should like to be a widow," mused Delphine. "One could wear such ravishing toilets and caps. A widow is always interesting at the mass in her veil of crape."

Mons. Alphonse lighted a cigarette.

"A lady in the tower," he said, mockingly. "How truly romantic! She should find here a knight to assume her colors as a badge of honor"

At this moment two persons approached from opposite directions. Dr. Speiser strolled along the terrace, wearing blue glasses and a wide hat; his countenance had a morose expression, and he hugged several political journals under his arm. Prof. Defoe, with an entire bush in his hand, a green can for botanizing slung over one shoulder, and several burnished beetles attached to his coat by means of pins, descended the hill, crossed the drawbridge, and entered the castle.

The three young people gathered about Dr. Speiser with voluble observations on the approaching carriage. He brought his blue spectacles to bear on the vehicle, but it was entirely without kindred enthusiasm.

"A lady, you say? Who knows what she may prove to be in our peaceful household? We live in evil times, my friends, and in the throngs of Swiss hotels it is best to ask no questions."

Mlle. Baud shrugged her fat shoulders. "Mon Dieu!" she retorted, with good-humored vivacity. "You make the blood run cold in one's veins. Are we to believe that our neighbors are all conspirators, and our vis-a-vis at table plotting the dethronement of kings with the salad?"

Dr. Speiser raised a thin forefinger impressively. "Madame, I once had confidence in humanity, before the war."

Mlle. Baud dropped her knitting, and stamped on the gravel with one plump foot. "The Prussians!" she hissed through her strong white teeth, "I mock at them."

Dr. Speiser did not heed this feminine ebullition of patriotism. He was a man prone to detect under-currents and cross-purposes in life, and a deep meaning in seeming trifles. Years of self-banishment from his home had shown him the seamy side of life, and a prolonged residence in Switzerland had revealed to him so many startling incidents, in the throng of different nationalities frequenting the beautiful land, that he might have rivalled Boisgobey and Gaborian in the field of sensational literature, if endowed with the same gifts. He laughed in a dry fashion and rejoined: "I have lived, unsuspecting, amidst a band of thieves, of which a so-called Polish countess was one link of the chain, in the best suite of the hotel, and the porter who polished my boots the other extreme. What would you say if I told you I had seen a tourist lower a package of papers out of the window in the moonlight?"

"Perhaps they were love letters—the poor man," suggested Mademoiselle Baud, once more smiling, as she resumed her knitting.

Monsier Alphonse winked one ey at his sisters.

Dr. Speiser regarded his companions with a gloomy mien.

"Are you writing to-day, monsieur?" inquired Mademoiselle Baud, softly.

"Yes, madame. I do not permit my brain to rest idle," he replied.

"Ah, what a thing it is to possess intellect—rare powers of penetration!" said mademoiselle, with that tact peculiar to the French woman of all classes, in soothing self love, above all, masculine vanity.

The police have just seized a quantity of poisonous fungi in the Geneva market place," said Dr. Speiser, forgetting the badinage of the previous moment, as his interlocutor intended he should. "I am giving the affair all my attention. Last week I was dining in a large hotel. Very good. A dish of wild mushrooms circulated at our table d'hote. I addressed my neighbor in a loud tone, and asked if he had read the account of the seizure in the journals. The company listened. And afterward, I pray you? Not one person of any nationality ceased to eat the mushrooms on their plates for my warning."

"Is it an indigestion?" inquired Alphonse, airily.

"It is a duty," responded Dr. Speiser, severely.

"The carriage approaches," cried Delphine.

The chateau, once a medieval stronghold, and now a hotel, was situated on a peak of the Savoy mountains above Geneva. The carriage crept along the dusty road, and the occupant gazed on a wide expanse of valley, veined by the river Arve, while Lake Leman extended in a blue sheet to the mists of the horizon. The lady in the carriage beheld all about her the bold grandeur of Alps, the freshness of foliage in dewy thickets, and a world of sunshine. At the gate of the chateau the usual bustle of arrival ensued. A waiter, clad in black, with a white neck-tie, emerged from the medieval door; a porter soon skurried along the parapet balcony to the turret with Mrs. Wilton's box on his shoulder.

"I feel young again," sighed the lady. "These battlements are delicious. This castle was once the stronghold of some robber baron of the middle ages, when the courts of Savoy and the archbishop of Geneva fought perpetually. Fancy! The robber knights would have swooped down on poor little me and my luggage at an earlier date. Now the spot has been civilized into a modern hotel, with wine card and extra charges for service and candles. I saw a cook in a white cap looking out of a dungeon keep, where he makes soups and ragouts. How do you find it, Flossy?"

Flossy, a poodle of sagacious aspect, barked and tinkled the silver bell attached to his neck ribbon. The group on the terrace had watched the stranger with sharp scrutiny and ready criticism.

"A lady alone," grumbled Dr. Speiser, in his Alsacian French. "Perhaps she came here to meet somebody. Who knows? Last summer I encountered a tourist in a wig; she had run away from her husband."

"Figure to yourself, monsieur," exclaimed Mlle. Baud—a large, yellow woman, with the blue-black hair and energetic features of a Marseillaise. We made the acquaintance of a charming creature at Ouchy. She was so *spirituelle*, so elegant, and she proved to be the *premiere danseuse* at a Vienna theater!"

A 6 o'clock table d'hote drew together the inmates of the hotel. Hither came Dr. Speiser and Mlle. Baud with her demure young people. Hither came Prof. Defoe, shy, and measuring his words in careful French sentences. For the rest, there was a sprinkling of invalids, recently boiled in the fervent waters of Aix-les-Bains, and sent here to solidify, after the cure, while still in a state of pulp much resembling soft-shell crabs. A musical composer from Milan, with hair on end, partook of the meal with abstraction, as if an opera was passing through his brain between the courses, while madame his wife, with many yellow and red bows on her dress, flirted with her neighbors.

The lady of the turret chamber was seated opposite Prof. Defoe. She was fair and girlish in appearance, despite her widow's cap. Dr. Speiser saw her start and tremble when she glanced at her vis-a-vis. What did that mean? The professor had a fine head, dark beard tinged with gray, and aquiline nose, crisped by Alpine sunshine. The latter did not look up.

Evening succeeded. Dr. Speiser smoked his meerschaum on a lower path, once the castle moat. The boiled ones from Aix had already crept under their blankets. The composer was storming a tinkling piano. The professor leaned on the parapet in meditation.

The chateau rose on the cliff, sharply defined by moonlight. Shadows filled the rocky chasm once tenanted by the wolf and the eagle. The scent of wild thyme and hay was wafted from adjacent meadows. The valley world below was obscure, save where a cluster of lights defined a town. Occasionally a shower of fire-works rose in the air to break in golden stars—ebullition of some national fete—and a green light was shed over the Jura flank. Voices mingled on the terrace.

"He was the victim of a conspiracy," said the lady of the turret chamber.

"Yes, I know," replied Prof. Defoe.

"You do not believe in his innocence?" she added.

"Hush, Edith; we may be overheard."

Silence ensued. Dr. Speiser pricked up his ears. Ha! the victim of a conspiracy? It is an age of conspiracies. Pessimist of vast experience, he decided that the lady had tracked the unfortunate botanist here.

Mrs. Wilton sat beside Mlle. Baud on the terrace next morning. Sunshine sparkled on the castle towers, the burnished weathercock, and balconies shaded by striped awnings. The plane trees spread great parasols above their heads, vases adorned the coping, while the pink bloom of oleanders perfumed the air. Delphine and Angelique showered compliments and caressing attentions on the stranger. Alphonse brought his album and begged her to write a verse in English. She wrote:

"And I have vowed never to see him more—
To see him more;
And even as she spoke her thoughts,
From old habit of the mind,
Went slipping back to the golden days
When she had known him first."

Professor Defoe approached.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilton," he said, with anxiety.

"Good morning," she replied, coldly.

Warmth crept into his manner as her own chilled. He presented a nosegay of grasses, and the great silver thistle known as the *artichaut de la montagne*. "A friend of many years," he explained, nervously, as she withdrew.

"There were mushrooms in the source last night," proclaimed Dr. Speiser from a neighboring bench. "My forthcoming pamphlet will treat of the danger of using the wild mushroom."

Later Professor Defoe found Mrs. Wilton in the rustic pavilion on the cliff.

"Are you alone, Edith?"

"Alone in the world," she replied, with dim eyes."

"Poor child! I have lived in Canada since—the loss of my property."

The man's face reddened; the woman's hardened.

"Of course you blame him."

"Doubtless he was to be pitied."

"We do not need your pity," she cried, with anger.

The following morning Prof. Defoe slept late. He had decided to leave by the afternoon diligence.

"A-a-ch!" he exclaimed, as he drew on his walking shoe, taken in from the mat outside the door. A crooked pin thrust through a note had pierced his foot. "A billet-doux has been dropped in my shoe."

He unfolded the note and recognized the writing of Edith Wilton. Had he not cherished a bundle of letters in that writing in his Canadian home? Did not the romance of his life center in these faded relics? He had loved her, in her maidenhood, with all the intensity of quiet natures. A verse was inscribed and a line scribbled below.

"11. The window."

The professor rubbed his eyes. What did it all mean? Clearly Edith expected him to remain at the castle. He mused long over the contents of his shoe. There are moments in life when a man does not analyze too closely the means by which his own hopes become realized. After breakfast he scrutinized the windows of the chateau. What casement could be meant unless that of the turret? He skirted the base of the tower on the narrow ledge of path. Dr. Speiser was seated on the wall gazing down into the valley.

"That man is always hanging about," muttered the professor. Flossy, the poodle, appeared at the turret window above, barking wildly. At the same time laughter and the patter of donkey hoofs on the drawbridge announced the departure of Mrs. Wilton, Mlle. Baud, and her young people on an excursion to a distant hill top. That grave student, Prof. Defoe, treasured a crooked pin tenderly, and read the pink note in the depths of fragrant woods, lulled to day-dreams by the words:

"I have vowed never to see him more—
To see him more;
And even as she spoke her thoughts,
From old habit of the mind,
Went slipping back to the golden days
When she had known him first."

The excursionists did not return until nightfall.

"You might have left your dog in my care," said the professor, reproachfully, as he assisted Mrs. Wilton to dismount from her saddle.

How pretty she looked, with her brown hair wind-ruffled, her cheeks flushed, and her lap full of wild pinks and cyclamen!

"I fancied you were leaving to-day," she replied, quietly.

He was aghast. Verily the ways of women are past finding out! Mrs. Wilton withdrew to her room, and appeared no more that evening.

The night was sultry, the sky overcast, and the masses of foliage rendered the terrace doubly obscure. At 11 o'clock two heads were cautiously advanced from different windows, and then Dr. Speiser emerged from the house by the drawbridge. A few moments later Prof. Defoe opened the entrance door.

The wind moaned in the gorge, and thunder echoed along the valley of the Arve. The absurdity of the situation fell somewhat rudely on the professor's 45 years of wisdom, and yet the spot harmonized with romantic adventure. He gained the base of the tower just as the storm burst. The trees rustled and swayed their branches; piercing flashes of lightning illuminated hill and valley. What did he see? A ladder placed against the wall, and a man crouching beyond. Sudden wrath smote Professor Defoe. The blood boiled in his veins. He sprang forward and seized the man by the collar. He recognized Dr. Speiser, but he uttered no sound.

Thus unexpectedly assailed, the pessimist fled most ignominiously, leaving his antagonist alone in the succeeding darkness.

How many vigils may have been kept beneath the window of the turret chamber in by-gone centuries! The night wind, sweeping up the gorge, making the weathercock rattle sharply and the tower rock on its foundations, told of love-smitten knights sighing forth their devotion here while the castle retainers slept. Prof. Defoe belonged to a prosaic age. He removed the ladder, and flung it down the precipice. Then he listened. Had Edith Wilton been alarmed by all these strange proceedings? He must protect her. Yes, he was her true knight, after all.

The storm increased in violence. Thunder, lightning, and rain were succeeded by violent gusts of wind. Suddenly a candle ray gleamed on the pane above; a rush of feminine draperies and footsteps ensued on the outer corridor. Prof. Defoe hastened forward, and confronted Mrs. Wilton in the hall. She was pale and shivering; she held Flossy under one arm. He took her hand reassuringly, drew her into the deserted salon, and placed the candle on the table.

"I know it is very silly, but I was afraid to stay in the turret alone," she confessed, smiling. "The storm is most violent up there, and I have heard such odd sounds. I fancied I saw a hand tapping on the window."

"The wind must have moved the trees," he replied.

Then they seated themselves beside the table, and the poodle crossed to the gentleman's knee, licking his cheek with a little red tongue. Time and place were forgotten. Fifteen years rolled back while the candle gleamed on the table and the storm beat outside. He saw again the girl who had slighted him in favor of a handsome suitor. The latter, a weak nature, had become involved in ruin by a bank failure, and been transported for life branded as a felon. Edith had clung to her idol, who received her homage carelessly. She followed him to New Zealand, imbued with the same heroic loyalty which leads Russian princesses to cross Siberian snows and share the exile of their lords. John Wilton had not outlived his time. Prof. Defoe contemplated again the brown head, the clear eyes, the youthful contours of the woman bowed by such misfortune, and yet she had trembled at a summer shower in the turret. Edith, in turn, beheld the lover she had wronged, with soft compassion, the shy country gentleman rendered penniless by the same bankruptcy, and compelled to earn his bread far from home.

"I returned to Europe for the first time in June," he mused.

"I arrived in June from New Zealand," she echoed. Then there was a silence until the clock on the chimney piece struck the hour.

"Are you happy in your Canada home?" she inquired.

"I thought I was contented, Edith, until I met you here," he said, and once more took her hand.

She understood him, but all she said was: "The storm is over, and I may venture back to my tower. After all, our castle is a toy house perched on the cliff, an absurdity, with Swiss waiters for baronial menials. A giant coming over the hill could whistle down the chimneys."

Day dawned unclouded. M. Alphonse paced the terrace, adjusting the strap of the bag over his shoulder. Delphine and Angelique caught the sprays of vines and culled the blossoms recklessly. Soon a post carriage trundled down the hill, bearing away Mlle. Baud and her young people. The lady of the turret chamber stood at her window and fluttered her handkerchief. M. Alphonse waved his hat, while her sisters kissed their hands.

"How sentimental she looks up yonder!" said the youth, and, snatching up a silk umbrella, he converted it into the semblance of a minstrel's guitar. The trio looked at each other and laughed.

"I put the note in the Englishman's shoe," giggled Delphine.

"I placed the gardener's ladder against the wall," added Alphonse.

"I whispered the hour of 11 on the balcony to arouse the curiosity of Dr. Speiser. He went out as well as the professor. We heard him," supplemented Angelique, clapping her hands.

"Perhaps they will fight a duel, those two," suggested Alphonse, with a fresh paroxysm of hilarity.

"Ah, Alphonse has such fine ideas," exclaimed his sister, with admiration.

"What do I hear?" demanded Mlle. Baud, severely. "Dose Alphonse get his fine ideas at the Gymnase, I pray you? Am I to confess to your dear father—"

Here Delphine and Angelique embraced her, while Alphonse took her hands.

"Mademoiselle, I adore you," he cried. "Would you disarrange the projected marriage between your niece and myself when we are of age? No? Then swear we have been good children on the Swiss tour."

Laughing and scolding, Mlle. Baud rearranged her bonnet.

"The Dr. Speiser is an angel," she said. "If he visits our city during the winter, be discreet."

"I promise he shall have no poisonous mushrooms served with his dinner," said Alphonse, fervently.

In the mean while Dr. Speiser had approached Prof. Defoe on the castle terrace.

"My friend, I had a strange adventure last night," he whispered, mysteriously. "At 11 o'clock I went out to breathe a little fresh air."

"In the storm?" queried the professor.

"Ahem! I often do that. Two miscreants set upon me. They had climbed the cliff by means of a ladder. I escaped with difficulty. I leave by the noon diligence. We live in strange times. Now the question is, were these men merely thieves, or had they political associates in the house?"

Before Prof. Defoe could control his secret merriment sufficiently to reply, Mrs. Wilton joined them. Later Dr. Speiser was seen hastening to the diligence office of the village, manifestly to the consternation of the hotel proprietor.

"Edith, your note made me very happy," said the professor, in joyous accents. "I esteem finding it in such a novel post-box as a turning-point in my life."

"I do not understand," she retorted, bewildered.

He drew the little pink note from his pocket. She recognized the page of Monseiur Alphonse's album on which she had written some lines. The prank of that young gentleman was apparent.

"I thought of you when I wrote the verse," she said, with a becoming blush.

"I remember writing the line in your album once, he added, thoughtfully. "You must have forgotten all about it."

She gave him a clear glance, in which were blended regret and a certain sweet resignation.

"Shall we let the past rest?" she asked in a low and tremulous tone.

"Yes, if you will promise me a future," he acquiesced with sudden eagerness.

"I promise," she said; and the girlish dimples again asserted existence beneath her widow's caps.

Flossy, with shaved body, and plump legs adorned with a frill of white wool about the knees, tinkled his silver bell. The poodle's satisfaction at the amicable attitude of his friends was only equaled by his relief at the departure of Delphine and Angelique, whose sly young fingers had nipping propensities much to be dreaded by canine instinct. Sunshine gleamed on tower and wall; far down the white road Monsieur Alphonse and his sisters waved a last adieu, airy and mocking, as the carriage disappeared.

Quoth Dr. Speiser, perched on the diligence roof: "Towns are safer. Geneva has a police system as rigorous as that of the middle ages. I wonder how many men were on the chateau terrace last night? What plot were they hatching? Ah! who knows?"

The following year Prof. Defoe and his wife received a foreign missive in their home at Quebec. It was a pamphlet on the poisonous varieties of the wild mushroom liable to be sold in public market places, by Dr. Speiser. The author's compliments were appended in a crabbed handwriting.

"To be sure, we exchanged cards," exclaimed the recipient, turning the pages with interest.

Edith laughed as she peeped over his shoulder.

Flossy, promoted to the dignity of a separate rug, growled, possibly in remembrance of the time when he had snapped at Dr. Speiser's ankles.

In return, the professor forwarded to Lausanne his new work on the Alpine flora, in which the large silver thistle had a place of honor.

There came also a letter addressed to Mme. Wilton, and redirected from London by her solicitor. This effusion, couched in the careful language of the convent at Lyons, where she was being educated, was from the vivacious brunette Delphine Rivoire. The missive described the return to Provence at great length, and demanded tidings of the lady of the turret chamber, with many flattering amenities from Mlle. Baud, stated to be enjoying sea breezes and her favorite dish of bouillabaisse in her native Marseilles. Evidently the school girl who wished to become a widow desired further information of the stranger whose embroidery she had admired on the castle terrace. The epistle concluded with this irrelevant inquiry: "Alphonse requests to know if Englishmen fight only with their fists when they demand satisfaction of each other."

There is nothing new under the sun, at least in the passions of the human heart. The chateau on the Savoy height treasures the memories of passing generations, in winter storm and summer sunshine, with Lake Leman and the valley of the Arve at its feet.

Hand-Shaking in Different Nations.

London Truth

The Scotch hand-grasp is the roughest; the Frenchman shakes hands with the tips of stiffened and drawn-together fingers, which signifies that he walls himself round with politeness as with a fortress to keep of intruders. Never expect anything of a person who shakes a soft hand in a limp way. I have had a wide experience of false cordiality, which was betrayed by "old soldiers," who, in battering through hotels and boarding houses, have lost all womanhood by hardened diplomatists, by persons thankful for past favors and hoping for favors to come, and by exhibitors at universal exhibitions wanting puffs. An Italian, who in all cases tries to hide his little game, hates to offer his hand. To avoid doing so, when he meets an Englishman he rubs both his hands slowly together as if washing them. An enthusiast about ideas, principles, and systems rarely puts cordiality into a hand-shake.

Theirs's handshake, though brusque and dry, was not unpleasant. That of Gambetta contrasted with his apparent openness and heartiness, and did not express character. Clemenceau's is nervous and rapid, and with a friend very friendly. Grevy scans your countenance in a good-humored way in holding your hand. Mme. Adam's handshake is that of a fearless and amiable woman who wants to make a conquest of every man, woman, and child she meets. It is counted improper for a French miss in her teens to offer so much as the tips of her fingers, whether they are gloved or not, to a gentleman. The French lady shakes hands in a pussy-cat style, and the German frau in an honest, simple, and motherly fashion. Victor Hugo does in the manner of a grandoise statue, into which, as into Galatea, the breath of life has been breathed. When he has to do with a lady he, with Olympian majesty, tempered by chivalrous feeling, takes her hand slowly, gravely, and kindly, and, after holding it to his lips, lowers it to the level where it was when he raised it.

A Good String of Suckers.

Omaha Republican.

"I saw something new up in Wisconsin the other evening," observed a Chicagoan who had a satchel in his hand, and who was on his way. "A patent medicine man was selling something or other from a carriage in which he had a rather pretty young woman and a gasoline lamp. The lady sang one or two songs very sweetly, and then the man talked and sold his nostrum at a dollar a bottle.

"When he had disposed of thirty or forty bottles he said: 'Now, gentlemen, before bidding you good night I will give an exhibition of the wonderful magnetic powers of my wife, who sits here by my side. I hold in my hand a common piece of thread. Now one of you take hold of the end and walk off, then let all the others take hold of it, and at the signal which I will give she will take hold of the other end, and you will feel the shock instantly.

"About 150 men and boys grasped the thread and walked off about half a block with it. 'Now keep perfectly quiet,' said the man, 'and you will feel the shock, delicately at first, and then strong enough to tingle at the ends of your fingers and toes. Are you all ready?'

"They all said 'Yes.'

"'Well, then, I will put out the light," said he, 'and my wife will take the thread in her hand at that instant.

"The light went out and the man's voice was heard. 'What have you in your hand, my dear?'

"'The longest string of suckers I ever saw in all my life,' came in a sweet, musical voice, and at the same moment the horses and carriage were driven off at a great speed, leaving the crowd holding on to the string, completely dumbfounded.

"It was the worst shock a good many of those fellows ever got."

"Praise the Lord for That."

New York Sun.

Some years since the following incident occurred in the State Street Baptist church, in Springfield, Mass.: The pastor, Dr. Potter, was absent, and his pulpit was supplied by Dr. Earl, the evangelist. At the morning preaching service Dr. Earl gave notice that, instead of preaching in the evening, he would appoint a praise meeting, at which he desired all to come and mention anything for which they specially praised the Lord. The hour of service came, and an immense congregation was present. One spoke of some delightful experience he had enjoyed, with the closing remark, "And I praise the Lord for that." Another mentioned a passage of Scripture which had specially helped him, for which he desired to praise the Lord. Still another repeated a precious hymn from which he derived much comfort, and said: "I praise the Lord for that." While the different occasions for praise were thus mentioned, and the exercises were deepening in interest, an Irishman, at that time a Roman Catholic, arose and said: "Henry Ward Beecher recently said that a dollar a day was enough for any laboring man, and ever since the papers have been giving him hell forjit, and I praise the Lord for that.

A Cat Adopts a Puppy.

Portland (Oreg.) News.

On one of the East Side wharves is a cat which has been there for some time, and has become the pet of all in the vicinity. A few days ago she gave birth to two kittens. Tuesday the little ones were all drowned, and in consequence the cat seemed disheartened, and showed that she felt her loss keenly. In another shed, about fifty yards from where the kittens were born, were five puppies, only a week old. Tuesday evening the cat stole one of the puppies and carried it to her domicile, since which time she has nursed it as fondly as if it were a kitten, and will not allow any one to approach the locality where the strange pair are now quartered.

A REMINISCENCE.

Ben: Perley Poore Recalls the Visit to Washington of the First Japanese Embassy.

The Japanese embassy arrived here on the 14th of May, 1860, in the steamer Philadelphia, which brought them up the Potomac from the United States frigate Roanoke, on which they had come from Japan. They were received at the navy yard with high honors and escorted by the district militia to their quarters, at Willard's hotel. The entire party numbered seventy-one. The two embassadors were rather tall and thin in form, with long and sharp faces. They had jet black hair, so far as any was left by the barber. In dressing the hair the men expended as much care as women, and took as much pride and pleasure in its neat and fashionable adjustment. It was shaved off to the very skin, except around the temples and low down in the back of the neck, from which it was brought up on all sides to the top of the head and fastened by a string. It was then carried forward, well stiffened with pomatum, in a queue about four inches long and of the size of one's finger, and pointed over the front part of the head, which was left completely denuded of all hair. They dressed in silk robes and wore two swords at their sides, according to universal usage with the higher classes. No nation possesses so many elements of the Anglo-Saxon mind as the Japanese, having the bump called gumption or common sense, in large development, with little or nothing of the unreasoning, wild and impulsive, though their books, their pictures, and works of art show they are not wanting in taste and imagination. Among the "under officers" were an artist and a historiographer of the embassy, who were attached to the embassadors. The artist was Yorsida Sagesagemon, whose quick and searching eye, with a face kindled up with sensibility and benevolence, at once indicated that he was a poet or painter. Matsmoto Sannojio, the historiographer, about 30 years old, was plain and sedate, thinking twice before speaking once.

The doctors were all young men, whose heads were shaved to the quick, according to the usage of the profession in Japan. They were often taken for Buddhist priests or monks, who observe the same practice. These young doctors, though courteous and quiet, seemed less intelligent and inquisitive than any class of their countrymen among the visitors, and evidently commanded no respect from them. The principal object of the mission of the embassy was to get an English copy of the treaty between Japan and the United States signed by the President. The original was burned in the great fire at Jeddo in 1858. The copy in Japanese they saved. This they brought with them and a copy not signed, and a letter from the tycoon to the president. The box containing these documents was looked upon by them as almost sacred. It was called the "treaty box," and was never allowed to be out of their sight. It was a box 3 feet long, 26 inches in depth, and 18 inches wide, covered with red morocco leather, and neatly sewed around the edges. There were three japanned boxes placed together, and then covered. Around the box was a light frame, and when carried was borne on the backs of four men by poles. The embassy brought with them $80,000 cash for the purpose of making purchases. Their money was all brought from Japan in Mexican dollars and American half dollars, stamped with the Japanese mark. They brought an immense amount of baggage, over eighty tons, which made four full carloads over the Panama railroad. They had fifteen boxes containing valuable presents for the President of the United States. They had a large quantity of beautiful silks, brocatels, linen, crape, silk, pongees, poplins, &c., of every conceivable style and pattern. They had a beautiful specimen of Sharp's rifle, one of their own manufacture, also one of those presented by Commodore Perry, made by Sharp himself. The one made by the Japanese was a decided improvement upon the original, as pronounced by all who saw it. The improvement consisted in cocking, priming, and cutting off the cartridge at the same time. The original did not cock on putting down the guard which cuts off the cartridge, but had to be cocked by the thumb. The Japanese rifle could be cocked or not on cutting off the cartridge, according to will. The barrel was beautifully rifled, and was a fac simile of the original. The finish and workmanship were equal, if not superior, to the original Sharp or any other firearm ever seen.

Getting the Best of the Philanthropists.

Dramatic News.

A French paper advertises a mechanical doll for stage uses, with the assurance that it is quite equal to life for all the uses a baby is usually put to on the stage. The inventor is a property man at a Paris theater, and in view of the increasing demand for theatrical babies, he confidently expects to make his fortune. If there is any man on the face of the earth who looks with aversion and disgust on this ingenious mechanism it must be Mr. Gerry, of the S. P. C. C. For when philanthropy comes in contact with machinery philanthropy must go. With the reign of the mechanical baby as a dramatic attraction, a good half of Mr. Gerry's usefulness will be lopped off. And when, in natural course, the development of science produces mechanical little boys and girls as well as mechanical babies in arms, dark days will have indeed fallen for the society; days on which its officers will have to pay for their orchestra seats like any one else, and go into the nasty, dirty slums to do the work their charter pledges them to perform.

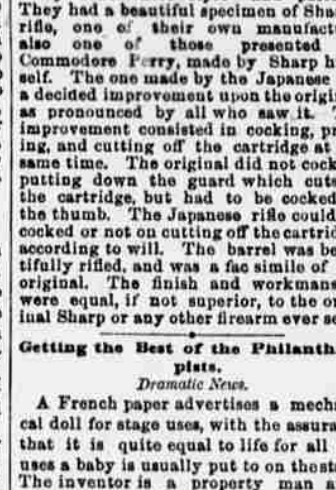
Skin Diseases.—"Swayne's Ointment.

"Swayne's Ointment" cure Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Sores, Pimples, Eczema, all Itchy Skin Eruptions, no matter how obstinate or long standing.

How They Fling in Texas.

Texas Preacher in the San Antonio Standard.

Holding services at a place one time, I took up a collection for the support of the mission. There was a poor old lady present who, I noticed, dropped a $5 gold piece in the hat. I knew she was very poor and not able to afford so much, and thought she intended to throw in a quarter, but made a mistake. So next day I met her husband, and said to him: "Look here, your wife put a $5 gold piece in the hat yesterday. I think she must have made a mistake." "No, no," he replied, "my wife didn't make no mistake. She don't fling often, but, let me tell you, when she flings she flings."



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