

### THE CHIMNEY'S SONG.

BY BRET HAUTE.

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the woman stopped as the babe she tossed,  
And thought of the one she had long since lost,  
And said, as her tear-drops back she forced,  
"I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the children said, as they closer drew,  
"Tis some witch that is cjeaying the night air  
through—  
Tis a fairy trumpet that just now blew,  
And we fear the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
And the man, as he sat on his hearth below,  
Said to himself "It will surely snow,  
And I'll be dear and wages low,  
And I'll stop the leak in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night wind sang,  
And chanted a melody no one knew;  
But the poet listened and smiled, for he  
Was man and woman and child, all three,  
And he said "It is God's own harmony,  
This wind that sings in the chimney."

### PICKLED LIMES.

A Boarding-School Frolic.

L—FLOTHING MISCHIEF.

"Who likes pickled limes?" asked one.

"O, I do!" "And I!" "And I!"  
shouted about a dozen of the other girls.  
"All right! We'll each contribute a few pennies, and have a regular feast of pickled limes and stick-candy."  
"That's so!" cried No. 2. "Won't we enjoy them, though! My mouth waters to think of it."

These young girls were all pupils in a very aristocratic boarding-school not many miles away, where everything was conducted on system, and the young ladies were expected to turn out perfect models of intellectual womanhood. Some did, but, alas! for human hopes, very many graduated with but one fixed idea, namely: that boarding-school was a place in which to have fun, and to torment the teachers to the utmost of their ability.

Miss Woodward was a fine principal and a very discerning woman, but the girls would get the best of her occasionally, in spite of her keen eyes and ears; and just now, after a whole month of goodness, they were positively pining for mischief, and had ransacked their brains for something wicked enough to shock the whole community.

The morning before, while their worthy principal was taking her beauty-sleep, some one had climbed up to the veranda, and just before her window had placed a most ridiculous caricature of her august self, adorned with her precious brown ringlets, and a set of teeth that were supposed to have been a profound secret. How they got out of her top drawer on to that figure will always remain a mystery to Miss Woodward. But there they were; so the poor lady was obliged to pull the object in, and stifle her indignation as best she could, because 'twould never do to have the story spread abroad.

The young Professor of Languages had been tormented to such a degree that, had it not been for an attachment to the very ringleader of all the mischief, he would certainly have thrown up his situation for more peaceful haunts; but, being hopelessly in love, he bore it all, to the great disgust of the girls, who daily expected some explosion from him. Nothing was said, and, as Miss Woodward had kept quiet about the figure, they were quite melancholy, and felt that nothing but great disobedience, in some form, would compensate for their disappointment.

One of the rules of the school strictly enjoined the putting out of all the lights by 9:30 o'clock, and the putting of one's self quietly to bed; but here were these girls this afternoon planning for pickled limes and a good time in the evening, after all the good people of the house should be in their beds.

It was decided that, after tea, Nettie Outler, the very essence of fun and the leader in all the mischief, should feign illness and start for her room, but should steal out the back gate and down into the town for the goodies. So while the others were in the dining hall, Nettie, having been excused on "account of a severe sick headache," made her escape and did all that was desired of her—and more. She bought all kinds of dainties the town afforded, then stole in and went up stairs with her large bundle, unseen.

At 10 o'clock, when they were supposed to be sweetly sleeping, fourteen of the fifty decorous young women in the establishment were perched on Nettie's bed, sucking pickled limes and discussing more mischief.

"If we could only do something to exasperate Prof. Sterns, I should be satisfied," said Grace Darnley, who disliked the professor for something the same reason as the fox detested the grapes.

They all sat busily thinking for about a minute, nothing being heard but the smack of lips over limes and candy. Then, "Oh, girls, I have an idea!" from Grace.

All mouths suspended motion.  
"You know Ma'am Woodward thinks the professor is perfection itself, and, although she is about twenty years older than he, thinks that those ringlets and her bewitching manner have surely captivated him. Well, we'll send her a

touching love-letter, and sign his name, won't that be fun, though?"

The other girls were astonished at such a vigorous movement, because, notwithstanding all their mischief, they thoroughly respected the young man, and did not wish to disgrace themselves in his eyes. Nettie, although knowing nothing of his feelings for her, was quite tenderly disposed toward him, and did not care to see him intrapped, and perhaps led into marriage. They all demurred some time, but were finally overruled by Grace.

"He won't mind it a bit," said she; "and think how mad 'twill make the 'old un,' when she discovers that we are aware of her passion for him!"

That was sufficient; they all detested her—so agreed.

A week from that night was to occur a monthly social circle given in the school, when the young ladies of the town outside were invited, and also a few irreproachable young men, who afforded great amusement for the girls by their meek and lowly appearance. It was decided that in the letter a place and time of meeting should be appointed. Time—nine and one-half o'clock, social night; place—Miss Woodward's private parlor.

The pickled limes and candy having by this time all disappeared, the party broke up with a parting injunction from Grace to think up an awful letter for the old lady.

II—EXECUTING MISCHIEF.

The next few days were busy ones. Every spare moment was occupied by the girls in writing and comparing love-letters; but finally one was composed which it was decided could not be improved upon. It spoke of the overwhelming passion the author had for Miss W., and his utter inability to keep it longer to himself. "Having fancied, from several slight advances, that she was not entirely indifferent to him, he had ventured to address these lines to her. He knew there was some difference in their ages, but if she would overlook that, he would make her a faithful, devoted husband. If she could return his love, would she meet him in her private parlor the next evening, while the others were making merry above stairs? And could he ask her to make no sign until that time, as, in case of a refusal, he would like to think of her as his own, for a while, at least."

Grace had been spending hours trying to imitate his handwriting, in which she succeeded to some degree; but, being a love-letter, the lady would scarcely think of the writing simply of the supposed writer.

One afternoon, two days before social night, while the principal was out taking her "constitutional," the letter was carried to her room and placed where she would surely see it; then the girls waited with some fear and trembling for the result.

At the tea-table, that night, Miss Woodward was late, and came in with a peculiar expression of triumph on her face that amused the girls, even in their anxiety.

That she had read the letter was evident, for occasionally she would glance down to the other table so happy, where Prof. Sterns sat unconsciously eating, that, had the poor fellow been really an anxious lover, it would have lightened his heart considerably. But he, being ignorant of the plot against his peace of mind, was serenely talking with one of the other teachers; so Miss Woodward restrained her raptures until the appointed meeting should take place.

That night the same fourteen conspirators gathered again in Nettie's room to talk over matters.

"Oh, dear," said pretty little Alice Grant, "I wish we'd never had anything to do with that old letter! I know something horrid will turn up."

"That's so!" said Nettie; "and I would not have Prof. Sterns know that I was in the scrape for the world!"

They all echoed the sentiment except Grace, and even she did not seem so desirous of mischief as formerly; but 'twas done, and they must await the consequences as best they could.

III—THE CONSEQUENCES.

The next evening, while the young professor was arranging his toilet for the affair, a note was handed him by one of the servants requesting his presence in the principal's parlor at half-past nine. Supposing it to be some business connected with school duties, he thought little about the matter. Now this was unknown to any but Grace. She had decided to make the little plot more complicated.

"'Twill serve him right if he does get into a scrape," thought she. "Perhaps it will teach him to treat some of the younger girls with a little more politeness."

About 8 o'clock they all came to the long drawing rooms, looking as pretty as new-blown roses. The rooms were filled with young people, and of course they straightway proceeded to enjoy themselves.

Miss Woodward was arrayed in "spotless white," and looked the very ancient maiden she was, notwithstanding her attempts to appear extremely youthful.

Prof. Sterns was enjoying himself heartily, and never so much as looked her way. "But," thought she, "tis because he is fearful lest the girls should

joke him. But they'll hear it to-morrow, for I shall tell them myself. After so many years of waiting, I wish to be the first to spread the news of my engagement."

As the clock sounded the half hour after 9, Miss Woodward skipped forth fully out of the room down into her own parlor, and a few moments later Prof. Sterns also left the room, followed by many anxious eyes until out of sight. As he entered her room, the principal gave a little shriek of what was meant to be joy, and rushed into his arms.

"Miss Woodward?" exclaimed the astonished man, trying to shake her off. "Pray explain yourself! What has alarmed you?"

"O! Edward, this moment is too much for me! Can I believe my own eyes?" still clinging to him like grim death.

The professor could scarcely believe his senses, but, giving her a decided shove, sat her down on the sofa.

"Now, madam, please explain yourself! You wished to see me on business, and here I am! What is wanted of me?"

"Why, Edward," very tenderly, "there is no need for such secrecy; no one is within hearing but ourselves, and you know, love, you wished an answer to your note. It is here; I have loved you from the moment I saw you, and am willing to be your wife. The sooner, the better;" and once more she made a rush for his coat-collar.

To say that the young fellow was astonished is but a feeble expression—he was simply dumfounded. And the note! What could it all mean? But, having forcibly seated the too-loving woman again, he said:

"Let me see the letter!"

With a look of great consternation on her face, she produced it, and watched him closely as he read.

"Miss Woodward!" after reading slowly from beginning to end, "believe me, I never saw this before."

"What! You didn't write it?" shrieked the almost-frantic woman; "then who did? Who has dared to make such a fool of me? Who has dared do it, I say?"

Now if the professor guessed, he said nothing, but tried to calm the poor woman, for he pitied her grief and rage.

But 'twas in vain! In her raving, she dropped off her beautiful curls, and that was the "straw which broke the camel's back;" she fell to the floor in a swoon. The young man, thinking she would be better without him, took his leave, and sent one of the servants to her assistance; then went to his own apartments to think it over.

That Nettie Outler was at the bottom of the mischief, he was certain, and he suffered some sharp pangs to think she cared so little for his feelings and those of her teacher as to do such a thing. After much meditation on the subject, the poor fellow took himself to bed with a heavy heart.

Miss Woodward was, with some difficulty, tucked away for the night, and her feelings were pitiable indeed. She meant to be kind to the girls, and to think they should do such an act (for by this time she had thought of some of her pupils as the authors) troubled her greatly. Then, how should she ever meet that fellow again? But, while thinking over these things, she gradually fell asleep and forgot all her woes.

The mischief-makers themselves were almost as uneasy as their victims. Not much was said among them, and they retired early; but none of them rested well, and Nettie cried herself to sleep.

The next morning, as Nettie was going down the corridor, who should she meet but the professor himself going up. She attempted to pass with a simple "Good-morning," but he stopped.

"Miss Outler, I could scarcely believe that you would be guilty of such a deed as you performed at Miss Woodward's and my expense. I have lost respect for you!"

"Oh! Professor! I—we really didn't mean to do any harm!" sobbed Nettie; "and we thought you'd know 'twas all in fun!"

"Yes! It must be remarkably funny to hurt the feelings of your principal as you have done," he said, sternly, and passed on.

Nettie stood gazing after him with tearful eyes. "If we hadn't had those horrid old pickled limes to eat, we should never have thought of it. Oh! he will never look at me again! I wish I was dead and buried!"

But, bless you! he did; he couldn't help it. The girls went to their principal, confessed their crime, and were punished according to the deed; but they were not expelled, to their great relief; and Miss Woodward recovered from her grief and disappointment in time.

The professor, after making friends with Miss Nettie, and discovering that she really was not the leader for this time, found another professorship not far away, and resigned his to a much older man, who at last accounts was intending to make the principal and himself one.

### THE LAWYER'S FEE.

There is a good story which illustrates the advantage of being skilled in reading faces. An Englishman who could speak no language but his own boasted that he had traveled through Europe without a courier, and had not been cheated one farthing. He was a good physiognomist, and filled his pockets with the small coins of the country in which he was traveling. Whenever called to make a payment to a man, he would begin by slowly dropping into the man's hand several of these coins, looking him keenly in the face. The moment he saw by the gleaming of the eye, or twitching of the mouth, that he had dropped the amount of the bill, he stopped.

A cotton speculator who once paid a fee several times greater than his lawyer expected was not so shrewd a man. Soon after the fall of Vicksburg, he became involved with the authorities, who charged him with fraud. His cotton, which was worth a large sum of money, being seized, he sought the aid of Mr. Geiger, an influential Ohio lawyer, then visiting the city.

The lawyer in one day satisfied the authorities that there was no fraud, and secured the release of the cotton. The speculator was gratified, and informed Mr. Geiger that he would see him the next morning after he had finished loading his cotton on a steamer.

The lawyer retired, but not to sleep. He was debating with himself what he should charge his client. The amount involved was large, the speculator would make a handsome fortune, and Geiger thought that \$500 would not be an unreasonable fee for his services. But in the morning the sum seemed so great for one day's work that he feared to ask it.

In this frame of mind, while walking toward the steamer which was to carry off the cotton, he met the speculator.

"Well, Mr. Geiger, that was a good day's work you did for me yesterday," said the client, taking from his pocket a large roll of bank notes.

Holding up one knee, he thereon counted out four \$500 bills, and, without looking up at the lawyer, asked, "Is that enough?"

Geiger looked on speechless for a moment, but recovering himself said, with the habitual coolness of a lawyer: "I guess you had better lay on another!"

It was laid on, and Geiger, putting the \$2,500 in his pocket, said, "Good-by, sir."

### LECTURERS WHO HAVE STAGE FRIGHT.

I caught Robert J. Burdette in the ante-room at Chickering Hall just before going upon the stage with his funny lecture, writes a New York correspondent.

"A-h!" he exclaimed, with a tremendous expiration. "Well, but I am glad you've come! Now talk to me! Talk to me!" and he continued walking up and down the floor, after shaking hands.

"What's the matter? What ails you? What do you mean?" I said. "Are you rehearsing? Have I interrupted you? Do you want to be alone?"

"No! no!" he exclaimed eagerly, walking up to me. "Don't leave me. Don't go away."

"What on earth is the matter?" I asked.

"Scared!" he said with a querulous laugh. Then I laughed. "You don't believe me. It's true, though. I'm afraid to go on the stage."

"Pshaw, man!" I said. "Why, you are joking; you have lectured for years." "Yes—seventy-five times this winter—but it don't make any difference. I have to go through this absurd experience every time. There's no getting used to it."

"How does it make you feel?"

"Feel? Light as a cork! If I was outside I could fly right over this building. Honestly and seriously, if I knew I had to die to-night, I should pray that the Lord would take me just before I went on the stage."

"Many have the same experience, that's some satisfaction," I suggested, "if misery loves company."  
"Yes," he said, "I told Beecher about my troubles, and he said, 'I can tell you one thing for your consolation; you'll never get over it. I suffer every time I go before an audience, and am afraid of my own congregation.' But his experience doesn't give me much comfort."

"Does your fear vanish when you get on the stage?"

"No, it lasts some time, usually. I poke around among the audience for a familiar face, and when I find a friend I lecture right at him and don't notice anybody else. Gough tells me that he does the same thing. He says he often finds himself talking to some sympathetic and responsive little group in one corner, telling his stories to them alone, as if they were in a little room together."

ACCORDING to Herr Richard Andree there are 6,139,000 Jews in the world. Five-sixths live in Europe. Asia has 182,847. The greatest proportion is in Roumania, or twice as high as in Russia. Norway, he says, contains only thirty-four.

### WHERE CORSETS COME FROM.

Mr. Catlin, the American Consul at Stuttgart, in the Kingdom of Wurtemberg, writes in one of his reports to the Government of the United States a statement of the corset trade of that country, especially with the United States. As corsets are an article of universal use in this country, he considers it instructive to let the American ladies know how much they contribute to the employment of the poor women in far-off Wurtemberg. The manufacture of women corsets in that kingdom began in 1848. Its progress was slow until 1856 orders from the United States gave a strong impetus to the trade, but the great development of the trade began in 1865, at the close of the war in the United States.

Since that time, one-third of the total value of all the exports of Wurtemberg to the United States has been in woven corsets. The total annual production (in 1880) of corsets in the kingdom is 1,250,000, valued at \$750,000, requiring 40,000 pounds of cotton yarn. The industry requires sixteen distinct processes in the change of the raw material to the finished corset. These are the weaving, cutting out, stitching, stamping, embroidering, insertion of whalebones, punching eyelet holes, washing, starching, shaping, ironing, eyeletting, clasp, measuring and boxing. In the manufacture of these goods 1,700 hand-loom weavers and about 4,500 persons are employed. About 1,700 are male weavers. All the work except the weaving is done by female operatives, and most of the work is done at home. These women earn an average of \$6.50 per month, and the male weavers from \$17 to \$18 per month. The new French tariff has cut off the trade with that country, though the trade with the United States, England and South America is still maintained. The German tariff, by increasing the duty on yarn, has also injured the profits of the business. Following the close of the American war, the export of these corsets to the United States, which had been \$250,000 a year, rapidly increased in 1866 to \$986,000, and in 1872 to \$1,119,000, but since has declined to \$317,000 in 1880, and rose again in 1881 to \$500,000.

There were imported to this country in 1881 about 15,000 dozen corsets, valued at not less than \$6 per dozen, and over 50,000 dozen of an average value of \$9 per dozen. On these there was levied and collected a duty of \$187,500, or about 35 per cent. The cost price of the best quality landed in this country was a fraction less than 75 cents a corset, which, adding the duty, made the cost over \$1 each.

The great increase in the Wurtemberg production and sale of corsets to this country following for several years the close of our war was due to the increased demand from this country to supply the colored population, to whom emancipation for the first time made corsets an indispensable article of dress. From 1865 to 1872 there were perhaps 10,000,000 of corsets sent to the United States, at a cost, with the duty added, of about the same number of dollars. The manufacture of cheaper goods and of inferior materials has since then reduced the consumption of Wurtemberg corsets in this country to about \$350,000 a year.—Chicago Tribune.

### EIGHT DAYS IN A SNOWDRIFT.

Instances are not wanting of the almost-miraculous preservation of human beings when buried in a drift-wreath. Few more remarkable than the following will be found, which occurred at the village of Impington, about three miles from Cambridge. On the 2d of February, 1799, Mrs. Elizabeth Woodcock, a respectable resident of the village, on returning home from market was overtaken by a snowdrift. Lying down beside a hedge, she was completely enveloped, and remained there until the 10th of the month—a period of eight days and eight nights. During the interval, one of the villagers is said to have dreamed, on three different occasions, that a hare was to be found at a certain spot at the roadside near the village. Immediately after the last occasion, he resolved to go and see; and, on doing so, he discovered a handkerchief in a hole in the snow; and on further search, to his amazement, Mrs. Woodcock. She was conveyed, in full possession of her faculties, to her family and friends, who had given her up for lost. She said she had a distinct recollection of hearing the village bells chiming for the church service, on the day after that on which she was wrapped in what she believed was to be her winding-sheet; and equally good was her hearing on the morning of the day on which she was rescued, when, on the bells again chiming, she recognized them. About thirty or forty years ago, a monument commemorative of the event, with an inscription stating the particulars, was erected on the spot; and persons are said to be still living in the village who remember having seen Mrs. Woodcock.—Chambers' Journal.

### EACH A GREATER VILLAIN THAN THE OTHER.

During the wildcat days in the West a Brooklyn man, who died not long since, was in business in a Michigan town, and formed a close friendship with the cashier of one of the private banks. One evening the cashier admitted that he was laying his plans to rob the bank of all its funds and skip to Canada, and his friend permitted himself to be drawn into the plot. They were to skip together and share alike, and a certain day was mentioned for the affair to come off. The Brooklyn man sold out his store at a big sacrifice, and went to Detroit, where the cashier was to join him with the stolen funds. The hour came, and the cashier came, but he had no sparkle in his eye.

"Busted—busted all to blazes!" he groaned in explanation.

"Didn't you get the money?"

"Not a cent!"

"How's that!"

"Why, the President skipped out Sunday night, the Secretary followed him Monday morning, and the whole Board of Directors disappeared that night. On Tuesday morning there wasn't an infernal dollar bill left to steal!"

"There wasn't?"

"Not a one! Just think of the meanness of the whole board jumping in and stealing the cashier blind as a bat. Where will human meanness end?"—Wall Street Daily News.

### POOR PHILIP VANDERDONK.

All his life he had toiled and saved and scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar at the end of it. And now all his hard-earned wealth was gone, and a great hateful, interest-eating mortgage spreads its black wings over all he owned and loved on earth. He slunk into a chair, and, folding his arms upon the table in front of him, bowed his gray head upon them and groaned great groans from Groanville, Groan county. His heart seemed breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife anxiously, stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled, "both farms, and sold the wood lot over on Big Island."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house, too?" she asked with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man in hollow tones. "Oh, yes, and sold all my stock in the Northern, and hypothecated what I had in the Sixth Street bridge."

"And was it enough?" she asked, trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled, and then, as he saw the ghastly pallor of deathly disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days' time for the balance at 8 per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she caroled joyously.

"Oh, Philip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no, not all of it," he said. "I brought the plume and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the hat itself is coming down from Chicago on a flat-car."

### STOPPING A PAPER DOES NOT STOP THE PAPER.

Ever since newspapers have been published, certain individuals have attempted to squelch them by ordering their own particular copy discontinued. This has probably happened in the experience of every publisher at various times. Every editor who is manly and straightforward is apt to publish something in the course of every year which does not accord with the opinions of some of his readers, or, perhaps, a majority of them. Under our glorious American system of free thought and speech, this is expected and cheerfully tolerated by all reasonable people. But, occasionally, some one considers himself personally aggrieved by something published in his paper and hastens to "stop" it, thinking he has thereby given a retaliating blow to the publisher. There he labors under a mistaken idea. If the editor is consistent and guided by principle, he will listen to the complaints of his subscriber and give him the benefit of a reply to the offensive article; and, furthermore, he is pretty sure to secure the friendship of two others by his consistency while he is losing that of the offended party. At any rate, the support of any paper—from the largest city daily down to the smallest country weekly—is not derived from its subscription list; a half-dozen subscribers, more or less, are of little account to any publisher, as his support comes from the patronage of his advertising columns and job department. Of course, all editors desire as large a reading audience as possible, but their hearts are not broken by the loss of one or even half a dozen. Therefore, if you have a grievance, go to the editor like a man and explain it to him. Ten times out of ten, you will feel better about it, and have your trouble much more satisfactorily settled than if you hasten to secure his ill-will.—Woodstock (Ill.) Independent.

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