FACE TO FACE.

A Fact Related in Seven Well-Told Fables.

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FABLE THE SIXTH.—CONTINUED.

"What was his regiment?"

"Ah, that's slipped my mind. But my girl knows. I wish he could have been buried by his mother; but God's will be done! Churchyard or battlefield, 'tis all one to him; and I'll see him and forgive him, and he me, just as soon—"

"I am—"

"Ay: I know," went on Farmer Blackthorn, heeding him no longer, except as a relic of the fight where his son had died. "And I'll tell you what—I haven't a guinea about me just this minute; but you shall come home with me, and have a cut of roast beef after your toads and your kickshaws; and you shall tell all about the glorious battle of Talavera to me and my girl. Never mind your coat, my man. My son Dick wore a coat like that, so far as a full Sergeant's may be. Ay; you shall tell us about the fight from beginning to end; if you don't mind seeing a lass cry a bit here and there. We—we're men, you know; we—don't—cry; not we—dash it all, not we—it's the pride. And we sha'n't have Marrish here to-day; so we shall be by ourselves, all alone. Ah, you won't know, Marrish, though. He's the best farmer in these part, next to me. Only one likes to be alone a bit with one's girl, now and then. I've got but one, sir, now my boy's gone. I wish you'd known my boy. But—there, you'll see my girl; and she's terribly like him, now and then. And one does like to get her a bit all to one's self once and again, seeing she's to be married so soon. Ay—one dead and the other wed; but the end of it will be coming some day to one and all—one and all."

"Married!" cried the soldier, starting back, as if he had received a sudden blow.

"Ay. To Enoch Marrish: the best farmer in these parts, bar me. And the richest, bar none. A fine fellow; an honest yeoman, and as good as gold. But he won't be here to-day! We'll—we'll enjoy ourselves for once, and you shall tell us all about the glorious battle of Talavera, where my brave boy died. Maybe you've seen him? Sergeant Richard Blackthorn—that was his name—who died fighting like a lion for Old England and good King George."

"Your—daughter—is going to be married to Enoch Marrish?" asked the soldier, in a voice that had become strangely hoarse and strained.

"Ay," gossiped on Tom Blackthorn, who had not had such a crack since his last market day—ages and ages ago. "The day after to-morrow, at yonder church, where her mother's buried; that's where it's to be. And it seems but t'other day I ran off with her—that's her poor mother—all the way from London town. Ay."

"She loves him?"

"Young man—you're a rum customer! If you hadn't known my boy I'd—of course she does! Why, bar me, he's the best farmer in all the country round. Come home along with me."

"No."

And he strode away, leaving old Tom Blackthorn in a stare.

So this is what he had come home to find. Pitifully weakened as he was, forgetful of a once familiar voice and face Tom Blackthorn's wits were clear enough to know that Patience was to be the wife of Enoch Marrish in two days. Falsehood and error about that there could not be. It could not be true unless Patience were as—no; there was nothing to liken it to; as false as hell, they say, but hell itself must henceforth be called false as Patience Blackthorn. There could be no mere misunderstanding here. It was fact—that the villain who had betrayed him had won his sweetheart, too. If Patience had been spirited silently away, would he have looked at another woman in the world? No; while life endured. And in sixteen months she could forget him and be consoled—by Enoch Marrish, the rich man!

And he had come home with hope so confident and so high. There was omen of all good-fortune in his having been left unburied when, after their defeat, the French retired; in his having been damaged enough to be sent home after six weeks in hospital at Talavera. He was as certain of finding Patience waiting as of his own life, and more. And—since she was about to be the wife of another, she could never have been true.

What mockery it was that he had not truly died! He thought no longer of the career that he had meant to renew by fighting his way up the lost steps of the ladder again. It was no moment in which lost and broken love could be made up for by ambition, if ever it can. It was all blank and dark—the star that had lighted him through the valley of the shadow of death shone no more. His heart seemed all at once to die—but it was in wrath and pride.

It was well that he had not been allowed to name his name. It was well that he had been forgotten. Patience had forgotten him—it must be the work of his life to forget her. She could not have been deceived. No deceit could have made her marry another. That, at least, must have been of her own free will. He judged her by herself, as all men must judge all men, and all women, too. As for Marrish—but Marrish as well as another, since another it was to be. The meaner the man, the more fit for a false woman. So that was why he was to be put out of the way—and it had been well. Better had been death than loss of faith; but better loss of faith than marriage with falsehood and Patience Blackthorn. The very worst had not happened to him, after all. She had promised him because he was rich when she was poor. She had thrown him over for the first man who was richer still. It was an old story. And yet—would to Heaven he had never been made wise, and had gone blind to the grave.

And there on his finger was what was to have been her wedding-ring.

The wretched circle of the metal for which girl's sell themselves sparkled with mockery in the sun. It was from the moment of this coming on his finger that the tragedy had begun. Up to that instant he had been more than all he had ever hoped to be. From that instant it was as if he had been a mere slave to some demon that dwelt therein. Fancies run riot at such moments as these. The ring—it was the symbol of broken faith and falsehood and all evil, if it were not the cause. It should curse the finger of a true lover and an honest man no more. With a bitter pang he recalled the triumph of first putting it thereon; then, with a wrench like the crushing of heart and brain together, he tore it from the hand that had carried it through despair, hope, death, exile, and threw it from him far away.

FABLE THE SEVENTH.

BUT WAR AND WEDLOCK WANTETH TWO.

I.

"I think, Tom Blackthorn, 'twere about time you thought of settling that there two hundred pound—or it'll be a trifle over by now."

So had Farmer Marrish gently insinuated some month or so after Stephen Harlow's pocket-book had been returned.

"Two hundred pounds? Why, I don't owe you a stick nor a straw."

"That depends on the market price of sticks and straws, I reckon. But a man can't afford to stay out of a stick, these hard times."

"But Prestons of Millport—"

"'Twas all humbug about Prestons of Millport, Tom Blackthorn—all flash and gammon, every word. I've written to 'em myself; and 'tis because of their answer I'm here to-day. And there it is—just No Go."

And certainly the letter Farmer Blackthorn read was curt enough—that their former clerk, Mr. Harlow, had communicated with them on the subject, but that under the circumstances they did not choose further to entertain the matter. It was, in short, No Go.

It was a terrible blow to a sanguine man, who fancied that everything had been settled in a day.

"If ever I catch hold of that infernal, ungrateful villain, Stephen Harlow," he burst out, crumpling the letter in his hand.

"So," said Enoch Marrish, quietly but firmly, "things are left just as they were. You'd better have taken a plain man's offer at first, farmer, after all."

"Ay—I remember an uncommon plain man offering to turn me out of house and home."

"No, no—"

"But yes, yes, I say. But I deserve it. Once, for going begging to my own father-in-law; and twice, for trusting to a drunken blackguard's infernal, ungrateful spawn. There, Marrish. Say the word. When am I to go?"

"Come, don't be so hot, farmer. There's no need to fly out at a man because he wants his own. Out of house and home! 'Twasn't Leys Croft I was after, if you rightly mind."

"What then?"

"Patience Blackthorn."

The two farmers sat and looked at one another without speaking. And yet there was a bargain, the old bargain, going on between them as surely as if they were in full market chatter. That Enoch, the miser, should want a wife instead of the best farm in all the country beat Tom Blackthorn. True, the wife he wanted was Patience; but a wife is a wife, and costs something for her keep, whoever she may be.

"You'll take my girl without a penny?" he asked, at last.

"Ay; and have the best of the bargain."

"No doubt; if you was a young man. You'd look to come in for Leys Croft after I'm gone; but I'm a ten times heartier man than you ever were."

"Mayn't a chap be in love, Tom Blackthorn? Didn't such a thing ever happen to you?"

"Ay. Such a thing has happened to me. Well—love does play tricks; though I'd have thought he'd sooner play tricks on a hurdle-post than on you."

"The day I marry Patience," said Marrish, "that mortgage goes into the fire; ay, and I'll let you have a thousand without interest, and no better security than your own word."

Harder and harder Farmer Blackthorn stared. But there sat the other rugged and uncouth, indeed, but utterly in earnest—anybody with eyes and ears could see that, though how much in earnest none could have seen. But something else tugged at Tom Blackthorn's heart-strings. She was not to him what his only son would have been; but she was his only girl. "No, no, neighbor," said he. "You're kind at the core, and I'm sorry if you care for the lass—but, no, no, it won't do."

A glow came into Enoch's eyes. "You don't mean to tell me she's still fretting about that—"

"That infernal, ungrateful viper? What do you mean? Patience Blackthorn fretting after the spawn of a drunken blacksmith? But I beg your pardon, Marrish. 'Tisn't likely *you'd* understand the Blackthorn pride."

No sting touched the man who had but two ideas—what he wanted, and how to get it, late or soon.

"Then," said he, "if Patience says ay, you won't say nay?"

"Ah, but she won't say ay."

"But if? Only *if*—that's all?"

"If she says ay—well, neighbor, all my notions of womankind would be turned upside down."

Tom Blackthorn was perfectly sincere in believing himself to be sincere. He did think that a girl must have a pretty large throat before she could contrive to swallow old Enoch Marrish, even with all his money-bags to send him down. But if she only could it would be a great thing. For, thanks (as he held) to the treachery of Stephen Harlow, ruin stared him full in the face again.

"Patience," said he, after supper, when he usually chatted for a half an hour or so over the events of the day and a tumbler, "Enoch Marrish has been over."

"Yes, father?" she asked, feigning more interest than she could feel. If he had said the Prince of Wales had been at Leys Croft it would have been the same.

"Marrish isn't a bad fellow, Patience. He's rough to look at, but he's stanch and sound. And he's really an uncommonly fine young man for his age."

He thought he was leading up to things with the most delicate tact in the world; and he also thought he was making no attempt to bias her. But she only thought he was jesting; and that was a good thing, for his jests had of late been rare.

"Patience," he went on, "I've been thinking a good bit; and 'tis about you."

"About me, father? Oh, never mind me. *I'm* all right—"

For if she had that Blackthorn pride which a Marrish could not be supposed to understand, she had her own.

"No. You're not all right. You're not right at all. I'm a selfish old brute to keep you here, through the best of your days—"

"Father? What do you mean? Where else should I be, but with you?"

"You're a good girl, Patience. I know that. But a good daughter is but waste if she don't become a good wife and a good mother all in good time. I say, what should you say if a young fellow, or he needn't be so very young, was to be wanting to take you away to be mistress of a farm of your own—"

"Oh, hush, father!" said she, with alarm. "You're only wanting to try me. There's nobody wants me but you; and if there was—oh, don't you know what I should say? I should say No; if he was the King."

And so clear did her heart show itself through her eyes that her father could only say:

"Give me a kiss, my lass. So you do care for your old father more than all the world?"

"Not more—only!" said she.

He should have let well alone. But then he would not have been Tom Blackthorn. "And if anybody," he said, "says you're fretting after that viper, Stephen Harlow, I may knock him down for a liar—eh?"

"What is Stephen Harlow to me?" she said, with a tremble in her voice that would have told sharper ears that, whether in love or hate, he was a great deal. "Oh, father! I thought—I thought—we were never to speak of him again. For oh, you know—I *did* care for him—"

"There—there—that'll do," said Tom Blackthorn, hastily, with a dread of woman's tears; which, however, showed no sign of coming. "There—there. But if you don't care for him, like my own proud lass, there's naught to prevent you caring for a better man?"

"Never for any, better or worse, but one—and that's you. Father, promise me one thing. Never speak of my marrying again; neither joking nor not joking. You want me and I want you, and naught else; and we'll be old man and old maid together. So that's settled, father. If any man's been asking for me you just tell him I'm married to you."

He could not help being pleased, and the more as, instead of the tears he dreaded, she had tipped her own little jest with a real smile. But devotion of that sort, however pleasant for the moment, would not keep Leys Croft, as he felt when he had slept off the comfort of the night, when the day is done and nothing more can come to harm, and was face to face with next morning and a mortgaged farm.

He dreaded every footstep he heard, lest it should be Enoch Marrish come to claim either his daughter or his bond. But the creditor had far too much of the wisdom of the serpent to appear too soon or too suddenly upon the scene. He was not a man of tact; but he had what can dispense with tact, and is better than all the tact in the world for winning—a straight line between himself and a single end, and feet to follow it, whether they led him through foul marsh or open plain. He had not even the weakness, on which some men split, of preferring crooked ways to straight ones. But if the crooked were the surest and quickest, then they were the ones to use. As for turning back, it was not in him. He had seen other people do it, and had only wondered how it was done.

Enoch fully understood, as if it had been signed and sealed, that if he could get the daughter's say he need not fear the father's nay. So, having found out that maidens are queer cattle, he went to work warily. Not a word did he say thenceforth to Tom or Patience about the hold he had over Leys Croft (of which, indeed, Patience otherwise knew nothing). Not even by a hint did he disparage her lost lover, though he hated him as we can hate those alone to whom we have done wrong. But, to show how much in earnest he was, he spent time, which to him meant its full weight in money. He even let his own affairs slide a bit (though never past being able to pull them up again) in order to attend to Leys Croft and lighten Tom Blackthorn's shoulders. He did not make love in any commonplace way, because he did not know how, and, indeed, it would have been ridiculous in so elderly a lover. But he made Patience feel grateful to him for her father's sake, and even a little for her own—though that was the same thing.

She had an unconquerable dislike to enter the village, or even to go on the rarest errands to less familiar Hunchester. And, whether he perceived this dislike or not, Enoch never went anywhere without undertaking her business as well as his own. Then her father was beginning to want more company, now that he worked less than ever, if that could be; and Enoch, after such expeditions, or in the long Sunday afternoons, would drop in and listen while her father dilated on the glories of the house of Blackthorn. And never a quick or impatient word, though often he had to put up with one, did he say. For if a creditor chose to forget, or seem to forget, a debt, Tom Blackthorn was not the man to keep it in his memory.

But at last, when this sort of thing had gone on for what Enoch regarded as a reasonable time, he made a journey to London, with the result that he was missed, and was welcome back again. And this time he did not make his original mistake of seeing the father first and the girl second. It was no doubt more by good luck than by good management that he found her alone in the best parlor, where she sat seldom; but then fortune has two favorites—those who trust her altogether and those who trust her never at all. Enoch Marrish was one of the latter kind.

"Miss Patience," said he, "I've heard some ill news."

She could not help her heart beating; absurd as it was to think she would ever hear news, good or ill, of Stephen again.

"You know your father is in money trouble? No? He is, then. Don't you remember that debt which was to have been paid off? Well—"

"That was settled!"

"Ah—I wish it were. It wasn't, you see. And the mortgagee, he's going to foreclose."

She shook her head, but looked alarmed. "Foreclose?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COLUMBUS, O., April 24.—A resolution to adjourn *sine die* on May 4 was defeated in the Senate yesterday. The canal question having been disposed of the disposition is in favor of adjourning at an earlier date than that proposed. Dickinson, Republican, offered a satirical resolution in the Senate that when a member has purged himself of the charges of corruption and bribery before the investigating committee a certificate to that effect shall be issued to the member, and such certificate shall be held as a complete vindication by any and all courts of the State, and all newspapers charging bribery either directly or by innuendo are required to either publish such certificates or "forever hold their peace." The resolution went to the Committee on Federal Relations.

American Water Works Association.

BOSTON, April 24.—The final business meeting of the American Water Works Association was held yesterday morning. The next convention will be held at Denver, Col., at such time as the Executive Committee may decide upon. The following officers were chosen: President, Peter Milen, Jr., of Brooklyn, N. Y. Vice Presidents, George A. Ellis, of Sprinfield, Mass.; Edwin Darling, of Pawtucket, R. I.; A. G. Moore, of Cincinnati; B. F. Jones, of Kansas City and W. J. Milnes, of Birmingham; also Secretary and Treasurer, J. H. Decker, of Hamilton, Mo. The members went down the harbor visiting the public institutions on Deer Island yesterday afternoon.

Object Teaching.

Rev. Mr. Sneath, pastor of the Salem United Brethren, Baltimore, gave an association connected with his society an object lesson the other evening, introducing it by an address, in which he said it was not intended to make fun of such a sacred thing as marriage, but simply to give the young people some useful points about how to proceed at the ceremony. He said there were so many blunders made by persons who were embarrassed and ignorant of how to act that he thought the lesson a good one. At the meeting last week two persons had been selected as bride and groom, so as to make the necessary preparations. Mr. Sneath chose about a dozen ladies and gentlemen as friends of the bride, and these retired to the ante-room to march in ahead of the pair. Four young ushers, in ordinary visiting suits, had been appointed. They wore little bunches of evergreen in the coat buttonholes. One young man acted as minister, and took his place at the pulpit rail. The bride's mother was a pretty young blonde, but the one acting as father a fresh-looking, healthy youth. The minister said none of the party had ever had any experience in marriage, and it was readily believed. All being in readiness, the organist began the wedding march from Lohengrin, and the pair, preceded by two ushers and the company of friends entered and moved up to the young minister, where the bridal couple halted. No marriage ceremony was performed, but Mr. Smith explained in a simple, effective way everything in reference to the ceremony. "In my experience as a clergyman," he said, "it has often happened that the groom does not wait for the clergyman to finish his question before he blurts out with the "I will." "That's because he is so anxious to have her for his wife," said a young man under his breath.

After the lesson, the pair marched down the right aisle and up the left, with two ushers in advance, and took seats in a corner of the room, where a "reception" was held. The bride—a dazzling beautiful brunette—wore a pure white dress, en train, but there was no veil and no orange blossoms. In her march down the aisle, she passed so close to the *American's* bachelor reporter that he fancied he felt the glow from her cheek. When she accidentally turned her dark eye a little, his heart gave a great throb, and he was instantly carried back to other days. The groom was a fine looking blonde, and bore himself like a man. A young man said to the bride, as she passed him: "Don't you wish it were real?"

As her lips were parted, a little dimple was rounded up in her cheek, her eyes sparkled and turned toward him, and the young man knew without a syllable what the answer would have been in words. The bride's mother kissed her, and the groom very sweetly, but, although the reception was a general one, the young men held back for a while, till a sensible young man of 30, with a blonde mustache, stepped forward and kissed the lady in earnest. He enjoyed it, and said so. The little smacks were extremely musical. The polite usher was rewarded also.

"It sometimes happens," said the minister, "as in this case, that the couple are in such a hurry to get away that the minister does not have time to salute the bride." A laugh followed, but he did not get his kiss till later. It was a beautiful, simple, harmless and useful lesson, is the *American's* comment.

A Rich Man's Wife.

The big society people, writes a New York correspondent, are not all the big millionaires. In fact, the princes of finance do not enter society at all, and their representation in the social circle is feeble at best. The very rich families keep in the background, in fact, if indeed they do not gradually gravitate into retirement.

The only one of the Vanderbilts who cuts any brilliant social figure is Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt. She is gay and enjoys the world.

"She incurred the displeasure of old man Billy," said a prominent New York society man to a reporter, "for being much older than Fred when she married him. But she controls and guides her young husband and keeps him out of the scrapes the other boys have got into."

"Then there is a division in the family?"

"So far as Mrs. Fred is concerned. The old man doesn't like her and she doesn't like the old man, and neither is backward in showing it."

"She takes charge of her husband, you say?"

"Yes, and manages all his money for him. The result is, he is the only one of the Vanderbilts who hasn't been played for a sucker in Wall street."

"She must be a smart woman?"

"She is—you bet on it."

"Then why does the old man dislike her?"

"Because she's smarter than he is himself. He remembers that the commodore's wife was much older than he, and that she led him to fortune. Billy objects to the fate that keeps the Vanderbilts in leading-strings and led around by the nose by women, however handsome, or accomplished, or smart."

"But most of the millionaires trace their success back to the wives of the founders of their houses, don't they?"

"No, they don't if they can help it, but it's true all the same. The commodore's wife showed him how to make money and save it, sixpence at a time, before he had a bank account; old John Jacob Astor was simply the agent of his wife, who had the business tact of the firm. The millionaires were made rich by their wives, and in every instance they were older than their husbands."

"Then what is the matter with King William?"

"He is sore because Fred has struck the family tradition, and, according to the rules, is going to build up a fortune as big as the original without his aid."

"He regards Mrs. Fred, then, as a sort of rival?"

"You've grasped the subject. The old man is jealous."

The Good Doctor's Prescription.

"It is a matter of life and death. You are overworked, sir, and must take a rest."

"That is impossible, Doctor. My best men are all sick, my customers are coming in by the hundreds, and I must be at my post."

"If your custom should temporarily drop off you could then find time to rest, couldn't you?"

"Certainly; but how can I temporarily stop all of my old patrons from rushing in on me, even if the case should be, as you say, a matter of life and death?"

"Easy enough. Stop advertising."—*Philadelphia Bull.*

HUMAN BRIC-A-BRAC.

"The dime-museum business is positively fascinating," said an old manager of those evanescent enterprises to a New York reporter the other day. "Once in it, you stay there. The whole thing is so like gambling that those whom it enthralls fade away when distant from cannibal company, and simply perish while basking no longer in the Circassian beauty's smiles. They say there's money in it. So there is! But it is the money of the faro bank, and when made floats away on the same swift wings. I have started, or assisted in starting, over fifty of these shows in all parts of the country, and if there is anything new under the sun that I haven't exhibited, and which will 'take' with dime-museum patrons, I should like to see it."

"How do you organize such a queer, new company?"

"Nothing is easier, and again, nothing is more difficult. There are always some monstrosities out of a job—the dwarfs, the giants, and the fat folks, for instance—but, except it be in a fresh place out west, they will not draw unless invested with the lustre of strange romance made plausible by new names. In a town that has never enjoyed a galaxy of our profession it is simply a picnic to be set up in business. We hire a three-story building and fix up the interior with bunting and green and red cloth. In the top story we put a few monkeys and arrange a row of gaudily colored pictures behind magnifying lenses. If we can hire a coal-mine, salt-works, or saw-mill cheap, it is placed on the same floor. (Don't look astonished; these things are in miniature.) After having thus contrived to prepare the visitor who begins at the top for greater things, we put on the second floor the stars. These are terribly hackneyed human monstrosities, the magnetic and optical illusions, the glass-blowers, and the irrepressible Punch and Judy. The hold which the latter have on the people is simply astonishing. I have seen persons visit museums several times a week, and, while they might grow indifferent to everything else, they are never tired of watching this time-honored drama. The trick of the 'electric boy' is generally very soon discovered, as it consists in the simple fact that his touch establishes the connection between the poles of a battery. But the variety business on a little stage on the first floor is the climax of the whole establishment and of our patrons' delight."

"How long does the popular enthusiasm last?"

"About three or four months. Then the smart Alecks in the community have visions of too much wealth made by the 'proprietors,' and the first thing you know there is a lull in your receipts. You try to liven up matters by engaging at a stiff salary the two-headed girl and the Yankee Whistler, but suspicion is rife and you can't overcome it. After struggling a few weeks you give up the ghost, and sell out with a few hundred dollars' profit. The next man is as good as new, however. He will make very near as much money as you did, and will lose it in precisely the same manner. So will two or three after him. Thenceforth the place will settle down for a humdrum life that would kill men like me."

"Are the ex-managers always the victims of evil tongues?"

"Well, to tell the truth, no. Sometimes we have bad luck with the blasted curiosities. A wild man once played the deuce with me, or rather a fool set of humanitarians that 'interfered' in his behalf. He was rather a nice fellow when I first met him in a State west of the Mississippi, where he was born. We drank each other's health, and as he had a soft growth of hair all over him, and was quite averse to hard work, we struck a bargain. I dubbed him the Siberian wild man, and placed him, chained, in a cage. It was a great hit. I advertised that he had slain half a dozen Cossacks before he was captured, and you ought to have seen the idiots stare at him as he rattled his chains and glared through the iron bars of his cage. The thing was talked about until some fool officer of an anti-cruelty society got out a warrant for the fellow's release. We had to strike colors, confess the humbug, and—leave town.

"Then, again, we have profited by fools. At one place business was so poor that I despaired of ever making it go, and was on the point of throwing up the sponge when an outside accident wrought a complete marvel for our good. We had a man called 'Texas Jack,' who was very adept in handling his pistols, besides being a good shot. He could twirl a revolver around his index finger either way, and then grasp the butt ready for aim. He never did this, however, with a loaded weapon. A German coachman having seen 'Jack' in this trick sought to reproduce it before his friends with a loaded revolver, and fatally wounded himself. His fortitude and bravery under his suffering was a great advertisement for us, and we coined money even while the poor devil was being buried. Ours is, you see, a world of ups and downs, of pleasure and disappointment, and I still like it."

A Kiss On the Shoulder.

On one occasion I was to dine with him at the house of Mme. Edmond Adam, who is the editress of the Nouvelle *Revue* and who has one of the most fashionable salons in Paris. Gen. Galiffet was late. He finally arrived at 7:15 and advanced toward the hostess, who was standing near the mantelpiece.

Mme. Adam wore a beautiful dress of black velvet, with a very decollete corsage, above which her brunette beauty shone like a marble of Pradier's.

Galiffet advanced, bowed, and said with admiration:

"Sapristi! Those beautiful shoulders!"

And then, in too stiff and soldierly a manner perhaps, he bent over and lightly printed a kiss on her right shoulder.

Mme. Edmond Adam grew rosy with indignation and slapped the general's face.

This did not trouble him in the least. He bowed again with infinite respect and, with a gesture of admirable fatuity, said:

"Since I know the price?" And kissed the other shoulder.—*San Francisco Ingleside.*

Some years before Abraham Lincoln became President a New York firm applied to him regarding the financial standing of one of his neighbors. Mr. Lincoln sent the following suggestive reply: "Yours of the 10th inst. received. I am well acquainted with Mr. ——, and know his circumstances. First of all, he has a wife and baby; together they ought to be worth $50,000 to any man. Secondly, he has an office in which there is a table worth $1.50, and three chairs worth, say, $1. Last of all, there is in one corner a large rat-hole, which will bear looking into."

GLEANINGS.

More poetry is said to come from Wisconsin than from any other State in the union.

The potato, introduced into England in 1600, was first eaten as a sweetmeat, stewed in sack-wine and sugar.

It is said that the average yield of petroleum wells in Caucasia is sixteen times as great as that of American wells.

A physician of Monroe county, Ga., has among his collections a potato through which a blade of grass has grown.

"Boss" Tweed's former dwelling house at Greenwich, Connecticut, is to be torn down to make room for a larger mansion.

In a glass works near Paris air stored under pressure has been made to successfully supersede glass blowing by the mouth, except in a few cases.

It is not generally known that Great Britain buys her postal card supply from Germany; the last order given the successful bidder being 150,000,000 cards.

After serving ten years in the penitentiary for murder, a Memphis negro, after his release, called at the police station and demanded the gun used by him in committing the crime.

West Virginia has two tin mines in successful operation. One is near the city of Huntington, Cabell county, and the other about five miles from Grantsville, in Calhoun county, on Laurel river.

Sixty thousand New Yorkers use roller skates, and there are over five hundred of the manufactories in the United States, who sell 40,000 pairs a week. The business gives employment to 200,000 men.

"Before I left Vienna they told me that the Americans were a nation of liars; that I would find them all brag and bluster. Now, when I shall go back and tell them all I have seen they will say I am a liar, too."—*Herr Sonnenthal.*

Fig trees flourish everywhere in California except high up on the mountains, and the cultivation of them is an exceedingly profitable industry. A man in Los Angeles county last season sold $562.14 worth of figs from only one acre.

An experienced theatrical trainer, an Englishman, says that American girls learn the elements of the profession much more rapidly than do their English sisters, and manifest, what is rare abroad, a desire to master every branch of the art, including stage management.

The gold ring which a Hoosick, N. Y., man lost in his stable several weeks since, was found a few days ago pressed over the calk in the shoe of a horse that was being shod. The horse had been driven all over the neighboring country every day in the meantime, but, singular to relate, the ring was not injured.

A little Schenectady girl plays a nice game this way: She rings a house bell about dusk. When the door is opened she sobs violently, saying that she has lost 5 cents near by, and wants a lantern to look for it. Instead of a lantern, which she does not want, she is given the 5 cents which she does want. Then she goes on to the next house.—*Newbury Register.*

Sardou is thus described by the Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia *Telegraph*: "He is very peculiar looking, is the author of 'Theodora,' small and spare in figure, and alert and bright-eyed as a lizard. The lower part of his face has something of the fine antique mold of the same portion of the countenance of Edwin Booth. He spoke with enthusiastic delight of two of the interpreters of his work—namely: Sarah Bernhardt and the elder Coquelin."

Nottoway county, Virginia, the region inhabited by the first settlers, and made interesting by reminiscences of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, is fast returning to its primeval condition.

"In twenty years it will be a wilderness," prophesies a visitor. The residents are old and sad. The young have gone to more promising regions. Deer browse where cattle fed, and the oak and pine cover great plantations where the negro once cultivated corn and tobacco.

The Duchess of Norfolk claims the possession of the finest rubies in the United Kingdom. Any woman of reasonable means may wear diamonds, but only an imperial wealth ever permits her to number rubies among her jewels. The Duchess of Norfolk would undoubtedly give all these priceless gems to obtain sight for her little son, whose future is shrouded in mental as well as in physical darkness; but the oldest and richest Dukedom in England cannot buy health for its sole heir.

It is said by some one curious in these matters that there is not a chimney nor a cooking-stove in Havana; not a carpeted room nor a feather pillow. This is but another way of saying that there, with good sense, the people know how to adapt their domestic economy to the torrid character of the climate; but here in our Northern cities the cooking-stove, the chimney the carpet and other heat-engendering paraphernalia are in full blast just the same when the mercury is 99 in the shade as when it is below zero. "Which is the barbarian?"

A "new" method of dressing wounds, by which their healing is said to be hastened, and the pain made to disappear at once, has been brought into public notice by a French surgeon, though it has for ages been practiced by skillful old women, who used to dampen the soft linen cloths for covering the dressings of superficial wounds with a weak infusion of valerian root. The French surgeon applies the compresses wet with a decoction of thirty parts of the same root in 1,000 parts of water. He states expressly that this treatment is of no avail in the case of deep wounds.

There is no nickel in a cent-piece. The alloy used in making that coin is composed of 95 per cent of copper and 5 per cent of tin and zinc. Its intrinsic value is about one-tenth of a cent. The report that counterfeits are in circulation is doubted, as the profits would be small. The old penny was made of pure copper and was intrinsically worth one-third of a cent. An attempt at counterfeiting them was once made. The frauds were manufactured at Birmingham, England. But the same cause made that enterprise a failure. It needed too many to make a profit of any amount.

It looks as though the ladies of the White House in their turn are about as fully representative of American institutions as the men who take their turn as executive tenants there. Mrs. Hayes and Mrs. Garfield were teachers, and Miss Cleveland has not only been a lecturer in schools, but such a successful one, it is said, as to have repurchased with her earnings the old family homestead for her mother. American "first families" are constantly recruited from the workers, and the presidential line of wives and sisters is no exception to the rules that made the old aristocracy in all the old cities.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Some time ago a member of a prominent Washington street firm went to New York for a few days on business, and staid at the Metropolitan hotel. The day after he had registered there a dispatch was received by his partner in Boston reading: "Send me $50. I have been robbed. I do not wish it known here. Direct my name, New York postoffice." This looked a little fishy. The merchant here telegraphed his absent partner to obtain what money he needed from a certain friend, and tell him the whole story, but sent no money. He received the reply: "I have not been robbed. I want no money. What are you giving us?" This is another evidence of the extremes to which rascals go in order to get money.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

"The Tusky Boar."

The device of a boar was used by Richard III. before he was a king, and when duke of Gloucester he had a pursuivant named Blanc Sanglier. His cognizance was a rose supported on the dexter side by a bull, a badge of the house of Clare, and on the sinister by a boar, which boar he had found among the badges of the house of York. "The latter he selected for his own personal device, and it was that by which he was generally designated, as we know by the doggerel, which is said to have caused its composer to be shortened by the head and four quarters:"

"The Ratte, the Cat, and Lovell our dogge,
Rule all England under the Hogge,"

meaning by the hog "the dreadful wild boar," which was the king's crest. But Collingbourne was one of the most seditious of the disaffected, and held correspondence with Richard and deserved his fate.

"When I meant the King by name of hog,
I only alluded to his badge, the boar."

Queen Margaret calls Richard a "rooting hog," and Hastings says:

"To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit when he did mean no chase.
Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the tower,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly."

Again, Hastings says to Stanley:

"Come on, come on, where is your boarspear man?
Fear you the boar and go so unprovided?"

On the occasion of Richard's second coronation at York, Piers Courtois, keeper of his wardrobe, was ordered by him to furnish, among other things, "4 standards of sarcenet with boar, 13,000 quinysans of fustian, with boars." Richard bestowed upon Queen's College, Cambridge, a seal whereupon was engraved his cognizance, the boar. Nor was the bristled boar wanting at the battle of Bosworth; for, gorgeously attired in splendid armor, and rendered still more conspicuous by the royal diadem, which surmounted his helmet, Richard rode upon a milk-white charger superbly caparisoned and attended by his body guards, displaying the banner of England, and innumerable pennons glittering with the silver boar. After his death, Richard's body was placed across his war steed "like a hogue calf," the head and arms hanging on the one side of his horse and the legs on the other side, and was thus disposed behind his pursuivant-at-arms, Blanc Sanglier, he wearing the silver boar upon his coat, and carried back to Leicester in trophy of the morning's victory.—*Belgravia.*

How She Beat the Old Man.

A good story about the Arion ball is told by a New York correspondent: A well-known man in the beau monde fell a victim early in the evening to the charms of a particularly fascinating little siren. His devotion continued all the evening, but the siren was obdurate and refused her name or a glimpse of her face. Finally she agreed upon the presentation of a nice new $100 bill, to let him know next day her name and address, requesting him at the same time to make a note of the number of the bill. Wednesday the unfortunate man received the following epistle: "Dear Papa—I am so dreadfully hard up this month. Can't I keep your nice new bank note, No. ——? Your affectionate daughter, ——." Signing the name of the good man's young and handsome daughter. I saw the letter before it was dispatched, and beyond that my knowledge does not go, but I would be willing to wager that the larky parent in question will never see that bank note again.

An Essay on Hash.

Hash is a noun, common—in boarding houses—often parsed and frequently declined, neuter gender, singular case. Hash is not mentioned in the Bible, although many authorities consider that it is referred to in the verse which speaks of Abraham's doing penance by going in for "sackcloth and h-ashes," and Shakspeare had it in his mind when he wrote of "mincing matters." Hash is like a good many things nowadays—it has to be taken largely on faith. Many people object to it, when they are not in reality accustomed to anything better. Those who are continually clamoring for better fare should eat sawdust, which is really fine board.—*The Rambler.*

The forests of California are doomed. During the past twenty years there have been taken from the forests of the Sierras, for the use of the Comstock mines, in Nevada, timber amounting in value, as paid for at the mines, to $80,000,000. For nearly ten years prior to 1880 over 1,000 cords of wood were taken over the Virginia and Truckee Railroad daily to Virginia City. And now the Michigan lumber merchants, having nearly denuded the State of forests, have been prospecting in California and Oregon, and it is reported will invest $3,000,000 in the virgin forests of California as soon as the titles can be perfected. It is time, indeed, that some proper laws were enacted to protect the forests or to replenish them when denuded.

As He Was Saying.

At one of the theaters the other evening a man who had a seat between his wife and daughter left it at the close of an act for a trip down stairs. When he returned he found a vacant seat two rows back between two women, and dropped into it with the remark:

"As I was saying when I went out, it's none of your pudding what other women wear. Because some one else makes a fool of herself by wearing cotton stockings in the winter, it doesn't follow that you must do the same."

"Sir!" came from both sides of him at once, and the way he vacated that seat made the soles of his boots red-hot.—*Detroit Free Press.*