THINKING OF THE SOLDIERS.

We were sitting round the table just a night or two ago,
In the cosy little parlor, with the lamplight burning low,
And the window blinds were opened for the summer air to come,
And the painted curtains moving like a busy pendulum.

Oh! the cushions on the sofa and the pictures on the wall,
And the gathering of comforts in the old, familiar hall,
And the whining of the pointer, lounging idly by the door,
And the flitting of the shadows from the ceiling to the floor.

And they wakened in my spirit, like the beautiful in art,
Such a busy, busy thinking, such a dreariness of heart,
That I sat amid the shadows with my spirit all astray,
Thinking only, thinking only, of the soldier far away;

Of the tents beneath the moonlight, of the stirring tattoo's sound,
Of the soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the ground,
Of the icy winter coming, of the cold, bleak winds that blow,
And the soldier in his blanket, in his blanket on the snow;

Of the blight upon the heather, of the frost upon the hill,
And the whistling, whistling ever, and the never, never still,
Of the little leaflets falling, with the sweetest, saddest sound,
And the soldier, oh, the soldier, in his blanket on the ground.

Thus I lingered in my dreaming, in my dreaming far away,
Till the spirit's picture-painting seemed as vivid as the day;
And the moonlight softly faded from the window opened wide,
And the faithful, faithful pointer crouched closer to my side.

And I know that 'neath the starlight, though the chilling frosts may fall,
That the soldier will be dreaming, dreaming often of us all.
So I give my spirit's painting just the breathing of a sound
For the dreaming, dreaming soldier in his blanket on the ground.

—*Family Journal.*

SENTENCED TO SIBERIA.

I am a Lancashire man, and I rose from the ranks. I began life much as other mill-hands do; but my head was set the right way on my shoulders, and I got to be an overlooker. Five and twenty years ago, when a great English firm, whose operations extend over many parts of Russia, started a cotton mill at Ekaterinburg, I was offered a post as manager. Ekaterinburg is, as I dare say you know, on the Siberian side of the Ural mountains, and in the heart of the Government mining districts. A man thinks twice before he transports himself and his family to such a place, but I had made up my mind to get on, and this was a good chance to one in my position.

I was not disappointed. I looked after the mill, and it prospered. We north country operatives are a thrifty folk, and like living in a plain way. I saved money; and as it was the policy of the firm to keep me in my post, and to give me a personal interest in the undertaking, I was allowed to invest my few hundreds of roubles in the mill.

These common-place particulars about my own affairs can have very little interest for you, sir. I only tell them because otherwise you would scarcely understand what has to follow.

One evening, late in our short Russian summer, when the long days were fast drawing in, we were in our family sitting room, I engaged with some of the mill accounts, and my wife with her sewing, when Lottie, our eldest daughter, rushed in, and, without a word, fainted right away on the floor.

This did not more frighten my wife and myself than it surprised us, for Lottie was a sensible girl, and had never given way to any hysterical fancies before. We knew that it must have taken a good deal to upset her in that way, and as soon as we had contrived to bring her round, we made her tell us what had been the matter.

It seemed that she had been alone in her room, when, turning suddenly toward the window, she became aware of a face pressed closely against the glass and glaring at her. What the face was like she was unable to describe, but it appeared too ugly and horrible for a human being. If it could have been called that of a man or woman, she said, she should not have been so frightened.

I went out and looked round the house. Nothing was to be seen. We knew Lottie to be a sensible girl, but we were inclined to think that her fancy must have played her a trick for once.

After a time my wife left the room to see about our supper. My wife (she has been dead now these nine years) had as strong nerves as any woman that I ever knew—nothing ever seemed to knock her off her balance. Well, she came back in a minute or two and beckoned me to the door. She was calm enough, but I could see by her face that something was wrong. She would not say what she had to say before the girl for fear of frightening her again. So she whispered to me outside:

"Lottie must have been right, there is something about. When I opened the door of the *kladovoy*" (the larder, that is) "I heard something at the window. Whatever it may have been it took alarm, and did not let me see it; but it has left its mark on the lattice."

I followed her silently to the *kladovoy*. All was now quiet there. I examined the *fortochka*—as in Russia we call the little window of such a place. In summer time its glass casement was removed, and it was now only protected by a lattice of crossed strips of fir-wood. These strips were slightly displaced, as if some one had tried to force them out, and thus to gain an entrance. The *fortochka* was about large enough to have admitted the body of a man.

Nothing was to be seen by looking out; for though a reasonable amount of twilight still remained, it was only enough to show things with any distinctness in the open, and I had sheltered the back of our house by planting a number of young fir trees. I whispered to my wife that she should go back to Lottie and that I would stay where I was for a bit, and see whether the robber—if it was a robber—would come again.

It was scarcely to be called late, yet it was too late for any of our mill people to be about, and they were our only neighbors. Indeed, we had no near neighbors. My house, and one adjoining it (intended for another employee, but at that time unoccupied), stood partly within the high wooden fence which inclosed the mill, that is their backs opened into the inclosure (the *dvor*, as we call it), while their fronts looked on a public thoroughfare. Thus our back premises were strictly private after the gates to the mill had been closed; and the person—if it was a person—who had got to the windows must either have secreted himself within the *dvor*, or have gained access to it in some improper manner. Now, however, all was still as could be.

Down I sat, to watch, close by the door of the *cladovoy*. I chose a dark corner, and one where, in the dusk, it would have been a hard matter to see me, but I had a full view of the lattice. I waited till my patience was beginning to wear out, and then fancied that I heard some slight sound outside under the *fortochka*. It was so slight that at first I was not sure whether it might not be merely fancy, but after a little pause I heard it again, louder and more distinctly. I sat still as a mouse, and kept a sharp lookout.

Slowly and gradually something raised itself before the opening. It was a head; but in the uncertain light I could not say whether it was a human head or that of some brute creature. Whichever it might be, I could see enough of it to know that it was such a wild, haggard, unearthly looking thing as I had never looked upon before. Any quantity of shaggy hair was hanging about it, and its only features to speak of seemed its eyes. Eyes it had, past all mistake. Never did I see anything like the way it glared at our good provisions within. I have seen what a famished wolf looks like, and I should hardly think a famished wolf worth comparing with that creature. It was ravenous after what it saw. Up beside the head came two bunches of long claws, which wrenched at the wooden lattice as if to tear it down. But they were too weak. The strips held fast. And then the thing fell to with its teeth to gnaw a way through.

While the creature was thus engaged, I contrived to slip quietly from my dark corner by the door, and catching up a big stick, went out at the back of the house. I stole round as noiselessly as I could toward the window. There were, as I said, young trees on that side of the house, so that with a little care, it was not difficult to approach the place unobserved. When I got to within a few yards, I saw that the man—for the creature was a man—was still hard at work, trying to force a way in.

I dropped my stick, and made a rush at him, and had him before he knew anything about it. He did not give up quietly. He struggled hard—desperately, I may say. But, bless you! he'd not the ghost of a chance with me. I am a tolerably strong man still, as men go, and I was younger then. I could have undertaken three such as he, and thought nothing of it. The poor wretch had no sort of condition about him—he was a mere skin and bones—no muscle at all. He was nothing but a walking anatomy, with a few rags by way of covering—and only a very few.

All that he gained for his struggles was a good shaking, for I gave him one that made every tooth in his head chatter, and then I laid him flat on his back.

I had been long enough in the country to gain some knowledge of Russian. I could use it pretty freely to our mill people; and I must own that for terms in which to blackguard a set of lazy rascals, as most of those fellows are, Billingsgate isn't a patch on it. So I could make my prisoner understand me. "Now, then, my friend," I said to him, "you needn't take the trouble to show any more fight. You see it won't pay. So just get up, and march quietly off with me to the *ouchastok*"—the *ouchastok* being, as you perhaps know, equivalent to the police station in English.

But instead of getting up, and doing as he was told, like a reasonable being, the creature contrived to wriggle itself upon its knees, and to hold up its hands, while it begged of me in the name of the Virgin and all the Saints not to hand it over to the *politzia*. It would rather be killed outright, and was ready to be beaten as much as I pleased.

"My ragged friend," I said, "you are a queer chap! Why do you object to the police so strongly?"

The poor wretch made no direct answer, but only reiterated his entreaties that I would not give him up. I began to have some suspicion of the quality of my guest. "I am inclined to think," I said, "that you are neither more nor less than an escaped convict."

Instead of attempting to deny it, he only begged me to pity him as before.

Russian law is terribly hard on those who in any way assist in or conceal the escape of a convict. Of that I was aware. But though I am a big fellow to look at, and in some things can hold my own as well as any man, I have always been a poor, soft-hearted fool in others. I was beginning to feel downright sorry for that unfortunate fellow—it was not so much his prayers that fetched me as his looks. "Well," I said, "suppose I don't give you up, but let you go, what then?"

He would always remember me with gratitude. He would go on his way at once, and do no harm to my property. He had only entered this *dvor*—this yard—to hide himself, but that the sight of food had overcome him; he was famishing, and he dared not beg. He had walked, how far he could not tell, perhaps a thousand versts, and all the way he had not dared to ask for food, scarcely to speak to a living soul. He was trying to reach his own village, perhaps a thousand versts further. If I would only set him free he would go on at once.

That was about the substance of the fellow's answer. His appearance seemed to bear out his statements, and I was inclined to believe him. "It's sheer nonsense," I said, "for you to talk of setting off for a walk of a thousand versts, if I let you go. You might as well talk of flying. You have not the strength to walk ten. You would only fall by the road side, you miserable scare-crow, and die in the ditch. I should be doing the kinder thing by you if I handed you over to the authorities. If I do let you go, I must give you something to eat first. Come with me."

The miserable wretch hardly believed that I really meant to feed him, and would have run away had he dared. I took him into the empty house, of which I had the key, and fetched him as much food as I thought it safe for him to eat.

So there I was with an escaped convict on my hands. Had I been more prudent I should have reflected that the fellow was most likely a hardened scoundrel, quite undeserving of pity, and that his gratitude would probably be shown either by robbing me, or if he should happen to fall into the hands of the police, by getting me into trouble to save his own worthless neck. I ought to have thought of these things; but, as I said before, I am a soft-hearted old fool, and neglected to do so.

I kept him in that empty house for several days; in fact, till he had so far recovered his strength as to be fit to go on. Nobody knew about him, not even the members of my own family, for if I was doing a foolish thing, I had sense enough to run as little risk over it as possible. Feodor Stepanovitch, for that my convict told me was his name, enlightened me on some few points of his personal history. His native village was, he said, in the government of Vladimer, and he had left it to get work in the village of Ivanova, where there are factories. Every man tries to make out a good case for himself, so I did not feel myself bound to place implicit reliance on Feodor's statement that he had never committed anything that could properly be called a crime. According to his showing, the sole source of his troubles had been a difference with an *ouvadnik*—a police agent. I do not exactly remember the particulars, but, of course, there was a woman in the business; blows had passed, and the *ouvanik* had, by a false charge, procured Feodor's condemnation to Siberia for life. This, I say, was his story.

Feodor told me that his place of exile had been somewhere far up the country; and of the severities he had had to endure, and of the tyranny of officials, he spoke bitterly. After making his escape, the privations and dangers he had undergone before reaching Ekaterinburg were such as I should not have believed from his words, had they not been verified by his appearance.

For a Russian, he appeared to me to be a not unintelligent fellow, and I pointed out to him the difficulties he would find in making his way to Ivanova—a distance of not less than twelve hundred versts from Ekaterinburg, as the crow flies; and advised him, as he was used to mill-work, to stay and find employment where he was. I was weak enough to offer to help him, and see what could be done in the way of getting a passport for him. But the fellow was bent on going forward. He was resolved, he said, to see his family again, and he was resolved to see Basil Makaroff. This Makaroff was, I found, the *ouvanik* to whom Feodor attributed his troubles, and it seemed to me that this particular hankering to see this person meant a craving to have his revenge. I confess that when I had learned this much, I felt no desire to detain my friend Feodor longer than was necessary. I was glad to give him something more decent in the way of clothing than he had brought, and a trifle in money to help him on his way, and to be rid of him.

I never expected to see him again, nor wished to do so; and I was somewhat startled when a few weeks later, among a gang of convicts which were being marched by a guard of soldiers out of the town on their way eastward, I recognized Stephanovitch. I was standing close by when he passed, and was so much surprised to see him that I somewhat imprudently, perhaps, spoke to him by name. But, will you believe it? – the ungrateful dog stared me in the face, and marched silently by without word or sign of recognition.

"So much," thought I, "for gratitude!"

Some months later, when the next summer was getting well advanced, we had one night an alarm of fire. Many of the newer mills at Ekaterinburg are of stone, but the main building of ours, being comparatively old, was of wood. It was a thing to blaze up like a box of matches. It was not, however, in the main building that the fire had broken out, but in some sheds connected with the main building by a range of shopping. This last was stone-built, but as ill-luck would have it, was covered with wooden shingles.

A good many people were soon got together, mostly our own hands, and I directed and encouraged them as well as I could to get the fire under. But they were a stolid, heavy set of fellows, those Russians, and the way in which they take care not to over-exert themselves at a fire is enough to drive an Englishman wild. Yet there were some few who worked well, and one fellow in particular, I noticed—a ragged fellow, a beggar, I took him to be—who really worked splendidly, and in a way that ought to have made many of those whose daily bread depended on the existence of the mill ashamed of themselves.

What between the apathy of those lazy scoundrels, and want of water, is was soon plain that the sheds which were on fire could not be saved, and that what we had to look to was the mill itself. The danger of the main building was increasing every moment, for the fire was beginning to make its way along the shingled roof of which I spoke.

I could see what had to be done—those shingles had to be stripped off. I had a ladder reared against the building, and called for volunteers to mount it. The height of that roof from the ground was considerable, and the fire was every moment getting more and more hold upon it. To strip off the shingles would be a hard job, and a hot one, and it is not to be denied, a dangerous one. Not one of those cold-blooded rascals who had eaten our bread for years would come forward. I stood at the foot of the ladder, and told them I was going up myself. I offered twenty roubles—fifty roubles—to any man who would help me. But it was of no use.

Just when I was about to mount alone, the ragged stranger-fellow, whom I had before observed working so vigorously, came running up. He had been too busy in another place to know what was going forward sooner. That was scarcely a time for taking any particular notice of people's looks, yet I had an impression that he was not altogether a stranger to me.

He looked up to the roof. The delay of those few minutes had given a fearful advantage to the fire. "There is death up there," he said; "is saving this mill so very important to you?"

"If it is burned, I am a beggar. Every *kopeck* I am worth is in it. A hundred roubles if you will help me save it!"

"We can talk of the reward afterward," he said, as he sprang past me and up the ladder like a cat.

I was following, too eagerly, perhaps, to be careful, and I am a heavy man. A round broke, and down I came, with a knee so much twisted that I could scarcely stand. It was no longer in my power to climb to the roof.

But from where I propped myself against the wall I could see that ragged fellow, who was up and doing enough for three or four ordinary men. You should have seen how he sent the shingles rattling down. Seen from below, he seemed at times to be working with fire all round him, but he went on without minding it. I never saw an Englishman—let alone a Russian—go to it with a better will. I heard the people round me say that he worked more like a fiend than a mortal man—and so he did. He handled the burning wood as though his fingers had been iron instead of flesh and bone, and scarcely seemed to shrink from the flames that blazed up round his face. He never appeared to rest or stay for breath till he had succeeded in cutting off the communication between the fire and the mill.

I made the men below set the ladder as handily as they could for him to get down, and he did his best to reach it. But he must have been quite used up, besides being pretty much blinded and suffocated with the smoke. Anyway, he lost his footing, and down he went through the rafters, and crashed among the burning rubbish below. It was an ugly fall.

We got him out as well as we could; and such a scorched, smoke-blackened, smashed-up copy of God's image I should never wish to see again. But he was still alive, and to the proposal to carry him straight to the hospital I said, "No; take him into my house." So they took him in.

After we had got the fire quite under, and made all safe about the mill, I limped to the side of the bed where they had laid the poor fellow. He had come round a bit by that time. He tried to open his eyes, but it seemed to me that the fire and smoke had not left him much power of seeing with them. He spoke, however, more distinctly than might have been expected, and his first question was whether the mill was safe.

I told him that owing to his pluck it was. I was surprised to find that he recognized my voice, and still more when he named my name.

"You do not know me," he said—and indeed it was not likely that any one should know such a crushed and shapeless mass of cinder as he was—"You do not know me—Feodor Stepanovitch. They caught me, and took me back. I knew you when you spoke to me in the street, but dared not answer, lest they should suspect you of having befriended me. I have escaped from them again, and am going home to Ivanova. I must see my wife, and that villain Makaroff."

He lay a little, and then added: "I am glad I was here to help you to-night. I am glad they did not take me again before I got here. I do not think the politzia will take me again."

And they did not; for he was dead within an hour of that time.

That, sir, is the end of my story of a Siberiak. Do you happen to have a light handy; for, somehow, I have let my pipe out? And, bless me, my pipe-bowl is quite wet. I believe I'm crying. What an old ass I am!—*London Society.*

He Saw His Father.

"Father," he began, after taking the old man out back of the barn, "your years are many."

"Yes, my son."

"You have toiled early and late, and by the sweat of your brow you have amassed this big farm."

"That's so, William."

"It has pained me more than I can tell to see you, at your age, troubling yourself with the cares of life. Father, your declining days should be spent in the old armchair in the chimney corner."

"Yes, William, they should."

"Now, father, being you are old and feeble and helpless give me a deed of the farm, and you and mother live out your few remaining days with me and Sally."

"William," said the old man, as he pushed back his sleeves, "I think I see the drift o' them remarks. When I'm ready to start for the poorhouse I'll play fool and hand over the deed! William!"

"Yes, sir."

"In order to dispel any delusion on your part that I'm old and feeble and helpless, I'm going to knock down half an acre of corn-stalks with your heels!"

And when the convention finally adjourned, William crawled to the nearest hay stack and cautiously whispered to himself:

"And Sally was to broach the same thing to ma at the same time! I wonder if the's mortally injured, or only crippled for life!"

CONSUMPTION AS a cause of death is steadily decreasing in Massachusetts. Dr. Abbott, of the State Health Board, reports the death rate from that disease was 35 in every 10,000 in the decade from 1857 to 1867, and 31 in 10,000 for the ten years ending 1883, while is is not expected to be over 29 to 10,000 for 1884.

WORTH MORE THAN MONEY.

The Reason that a Bird Seller Deemed One of his Canaries Priceless.

"It is very hard to make a canary bird sing a tune," said an up-town bird fancier to an inquisitive amateur ornithologist. "Very hard, indeed, and I have only one tune-singing bird in my shop. It takes a year or so of hard work to train a bird to this state of musical perfection. In Germany, where most of our canary birds come from, there are families who do nothing else for a livelihood except train birds in this accomplishment. It is done in this way: They always have one bird that can sing a tune, and he is shut up in a dark room with a young bird that has shown some ability as a singer. After a while the young bird begins to imitate the other, and in the course of a couple of months he can sing the tune very well. Then he is taken away from his teacher, and and a music box that plays the same tune is put into the room, and the old bird is transferred to another room, where he teaches the same lesson to another young bird. Only one bird can be taught at a time, and, as very often the young bird is unable to learn a tune at all, you can form some idea of the difficulties in the way of the work. Of course this makes the birds very expensive. An ordinary canary bird sells for three dollars, and some bring five dollars, while a bird that sings a tune readily commands fifty to five hundred dollars, according to the extent and merit of its accomplishments. I have known of a canary that could sing three tunes, but such birds are very scarce indeed. I have never heard of another. That one belongs to the King of Bavaria.

"I own a singing bird that can't be got from me with money," said the dealer, as he turned to a cage behind him. "He only sings one tune, but I can tell you a remarkable story about him. My daughter trained him herself when we lived in Germany, six years ago. She trained him to sing a song of her own improvisation. Of course it is much harder for a person to train a bird than for another bird to be the teacher, and it took her nearly six months before the little fellow could sing it through without making a mistake."

Here the bird fancier whistled a few bars of a melody which the bird took up and finished without a break.

"Well," continued the dealer, "at about that time I concluded to come to America, and leaving my daughter behind me—I was a widower—I sailed for Oew York. Soon after landing I opened a store in Harlem and sent for my daughter. By some mishap I failed to meet her, and the most careful inquiries threw no light on her whereabouts. I knew she had sailed, but I couldn't learn the name of the steamer or anything about her. At last, after searching for her until I had spent almost all they I had, I gave up in despair. One day I was walking down Mulberry street, when I heard a street boy whistling this very air you have heard the bird sing. I stopped him, and inquired where he had heard it. He said that a young woman in the same tenement house where he lived had a bird that sang it. Need I say more? I had him lead me there at once, and soon discovered that the owner of the bird was my lost daughter. She was miserably poor, and was making her living scrubbing offices. She had come on another steamer than the one I had intended her to take, and having lost my address had not been able to trace me any better than I had her."—*N. Y. Sun.*

Pompey and the 'Possum.

Of course you have heard the classic 'possum story which is always told when 'possum is mentioned? No? Well, an old darkey once caught a 'possum one cold Thanksgiving Day, and taking it home to his cabin, built up the fire and put it in the pot. Then he lay down, tired out, with his feet to the fire, darkey fashion, and went to sleep. As he lay there snoring while the 'possum simmered in the pot, his son, a limber bright-eyed youth, glided into the cabin. He took in the situation in a moment. The 'possum was ready to be eaten and its strong aroma filled the room. Stepping softly to the fire, the graceless youth took the 'possum out of the pot and rapidly devoured its gamey flesh, chuckling softly to himself as he did so. When he had eaten all there was to eat, he gathered the bones in a little pile beside the fireplace, and then smearing a little of the 'possum grease on the mouth and nose of the sleeping man, he stole softly out. By and by old Pompey awoke. The air was redolent of boiled 'possum—the old man's mouth watered. Rising slowly to his feet, he took off the lid of the pot and looked in.

"Jerusha mighty!" he exclaimed, "it's done gone."

Then glancing down at the fireplace, he saw the whitened bones, and passing his hand over his mouth he felt and smelled the 'possum grease. A broad smile overspread his puzzled face:

"Good Lawd!" he exclaimed, "I done forgot I ate him!"

He Weakened.

The Macon *Telegraph* says:

He was seated with several of his friends in a saloon in Macon. They were all drinking, but he had taken more than his usual allowance of war-time whiskey. The proprietor of the saloon had a pet monkey that had the run of the place, and his favorite resting-place was the top of a certain barrel. My friend happend to see the animal for the first time, and said:

"Boys, do you see that monkey?"

They looked in the direction pointed to, and though the monkey was plainly visible, they put on serious faces and said they did not see it. He again pointed it out to them, and again they said they did not see it.

Then he noticed their countenances, which seemed to say, "Poor fellow, he's gone," and said:

"I don't see it neither. I was just trying to fool you."

"SEE, mamma!" exclaimed a little girl as she looked out of the window during a snowstorm, "see the popped rain coming down.'

Said he was a Natural Coward.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* says:

"Among the visitors to the city," said an ex-Hoosier, "I saw to-day a man who when he entered the army looked upon himself to the point of cowardice. He came to the regiment about the time of the Atlanta campaign as a new recruit, and just before the first engagement after his arrival he came to me and said:

"'Captain, for heaven's sake put me some place where I won't have to fight. I am a coward and I can't go into battle. If I attempt it I will disgrace myself.'

"The man in appearance was the most miserable picture of abject cowardice I had ever seen, and I looked about to find an excuse for leaving him behind. The boys were shedding their knapsacks preparatory to making a charge, and I put the new recruit, with some others I did not feel sure of, on duty to guard the knapsacks. The fight came on and raged for hours. As many bullets struck the spot where those knapsacks were piled as did the line where the regiment was formed. All through the furious fighting the new recruit, as I afterwards learned, was on his knees praying loudly and earnestly for the safety of the regiment. The men with him at first regarded this performance with contempt, but as the fury of the fight increased and the man's words took on increased earnestness they became a little superstitious, and when at last the regiment went forwrrd with a cheer, and the man on his knees burst out in hallelujahs of rejoicing, they felt a respect for him. However the men of the regiment may have regarded the praying performance, it is certain that they made no jokes about it. The fight had been too serious and the losses too heavy for any ridicule of a man who had prayed for them. The next day, at New Hope Church, when the regiment came suddenly under heavy fire, most of the men dropped to the ground or took to cover. Among the few men who stood up and fired was the man who had told me the day before that he was a natural coward and could not go into a fight. When I ordered him down he turned to me with an exalted look on his face to say:

"'I have stood in the face of death; I do not fear anything. After the experience of yesterday I can never be a coward again.'

"And he never was."

A Woman's Terrible Affliction.

A very natty two-horse brougham stopped with a flourish at the corner of Spruce and Eleventh streets, Philadelphia. Its varnish was a dark clive and a crest was painted in crimson on each door. The negro coachman on the box shivered under his cape of sable until the cockade on his hat shook. His face was a dirty gray in hue, not unlike dish water.

A prim English waiter bounced bare-headed down the steps of the house before which the carriage stopped, and opened the door for two befurred ladies. The elder of the pair who was evidently mistress of the carriage and the mansion, turned and looked anxiously at the coachman as soon as she alighted. He trembled more than ever and cowered beneath his cape.

"James," said the mistress in a grieved tone, "it's happened again."

"Can't help it, missus," said the coachman in a voice of resignation.

"Well, don't keep the horses standing," said the lady petulantly.

As the carriage disappeared around the corner she turned to her companion and said despairingly:

"I really don't know what I'll do."

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" was the sympathetic response.

"I sent clear to South Carolina," the elder woman replied, "to get a man to match my brougham. He was real olive green, and I was delighted all summer. Why, you don't know how many congratulations I received on my taste at the City Troop races. But now the cold weather's come he turns that nasty gray. The wretch! I believe he knew he would, and I paid——"

The door of the house closed on the injured woman, and a man on the sidewalk who had heard her plaint said:

"Great Scott!"

The Old Lady's Eyesight.

The Indianapolis *Journal* says:

W. W. Herod made a speech to a jury the other day, in which he referred to a witness who, while he terrified to seeing a number of things that favored the other side, could not remember things nearer and greater that would have helped Mr. Herod's client.

"The witness," said Mr. Herod, "reminds me of an old lady down in Bartholomew county. She was nearly 80 years old, and, much to the dismay of her sons and daughters, contemplated matrimony with a farm-hand who was about 22 years old. The old lady had considerable property, and the fact was additional reason for opposition on the part of her children. She was remonstrated with, and finally one of the sons said:

"'Why, mother, you are too old to marry; your eyesight is almost gone; you couldn't see William if he was put out there on the barn.'

"The old lady thought she could, and finally agreed that if she could not she would forego the marriage and pass the remainder of her days in single blessedness.

"The sons went and got the young man, a ladder was placed against the barn, and he mounted the roof. Shading her eyes with her hand, the old lady looked long and anxiously, and finally broke out with:

"'Well, it is cur'us: I can't see the barn, but I can see William.'"

HE SAW.—Lightning struck a pine tree just in the rear of our office, Monday afternoon, throwing the bark and limbs of the tree against the windows of the office. We saw everything we had done in our life, and we saw nothing that could compare with the meanness of a dropped delinquent subscriber from the subscription list of any newspaper, says the editor of the Orange City, Fla., *Times.*

A Washington bridegroom recently gave the minister a $1,000 bill for tying the nuptial knot.