EVENING SONG.

Behind the hilltop drops the sun,
The curled heat falters on the sand;
While evening's ushers, one by one,
Lead in the guests of twilight land.

The bird is silent over head,
Below the beast has lain him down;
Alone the marbles watch the dead,
Alone the steeples guard the town.

The south wind feels its amorous course,
To cloistered sweets in thickets found;
The leaves obey its tender force,
And stir 'twixt silence and a sound.

—*John Vance Cheney.*

PATSY CONG'S GHOST.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

It was a clear-shining day in April; we were on a small blue lake, set far away among the sterile brown moors of Connemara; and the long salmonrod lay over the gunwale of the boat, idly trailing behind it forty yards of line and a phantom minnow. Indeed, the day was much too fine for proper fishing; one might as well have thrown a fly over the wood pavement in Pall Mall; it was a day rather for laziness and conversation and an inquiry into the mysteries of existence, if haply one or other of my companions had chanced to encounter any of these in this remote and solitary and silent part of the county. But Patsy did not look like a believer, somehow. He was a small, red-headed Celt, with shrewd, winking, gray-blue eyes; and there was frequently a sort of quiet, sardonic humor running through his speech, accompanied now and again by a good-natured grin that overspread the little, pinched, sunburnt face. Moreover, Patsy had seen the world. In former years he had tried his luck in America; had been employed on the Union Pacific railway as far west as Council Bluffs; had had a turn at the Pittsburg iron works, and was now returned to his native district with a wide and general knowledge of mankind. On the other hand, his neighbor at the bow—Tim Mulcahy by name—was nothing but a ghost and an echo. He was a small farmer who came down from his croft in the hills to eke out his living in this way—a characterless, white-faced, depressed-looking, amiable creature, who stared at his boots, lazily pulled at his oar and limited his conversation to saying ditto to Patsy. "That's so, Patsy." "You're right, Patsy." "Not wan less than fourteen salmon did he catch that day." "Your father was a good man, Patsy; he wouldn't tell a lie for hardly annything." "That's true for you, Patsy; the like of thim for minnows I never saw."

Now, at the head of this small lake that we were slowly and idly rowing round and round stood a long, low cottage situated in the middle of a patch of trees—lilac-tinted, leafless birches and sparkling dark-green hollies. In summer no donot this must be a very charming place; even now the situation was picturesque enough—the still waters of the lake in front; the trees along the curving shore; and then rising far behind into the pale blue sky the vast and lonely and arid mountains known as the Twelve Pins of Binabola. The prettily situated cottage, however, was unmistakably empty. The windows were barred up; there was a look of desolation around; not a sound of any kind came from that scattered grove of birch and holly.

"The very place to be haunted by a leprechaun, isn't it, Patsy?"

"Is it Barney Joyce your honor manes?" says the instantly loquacious Patsy; "the man th t comes to look after the house? Well, n w, your honor wouldn't believe what a great soldier that Barney is—oh, he is the mighty fire soldier, by the fire. Sure the battles he'll fight, and the campaigns and the stratagims, and the generals and the marchings, and the counter-marchings! I niver heard his equal, and the divil a foot has he iver stirred out of Connemara!"

"But when the house is empty, Patsy, isn't there a ghost or a goblin somewhere about?"

"Well, indeed, the fairies used to come there," says Patsy, with indifference. "They used to say that, but thim ould stories are all nonsinse."

"They're all nonsinse, Patsy, thim ould stories," says Echo at the bow.

"Did you ever happen to hear what they called the king of the fairies?" I asked, curious to know whether the Don Fierna of the Blackwater and the South reigned also in these western wilds.

But Patsy was puzz'ed. Then he turned to Tim Mulcahy, and there was a long consultation in Irish, in the course of which a phrase sounding like Piobara-Shee was twice repeated.

"Had they a fairy piper, then, Patsy?"

"Begob," says Patsy, eagerly, "that was him. The fairy piper was the king of thim; and manny a one has heard him playing in that very house there. I mane that was the ould story, sorr, but sure 'tis all nonsinse."

And now ensued a long and rambling general conversation, which need not be set down here, on the subject of fairies, phantoms, leprechauns and similar kittle-cattle, throughout which Patsy was evidently anxious to show that he had discarded all such superstitions. Was it for one who lived in an age of reason—who had worked on the Union Pacific—to heed such folly? Nevertheless, Patsy was frankly disposed to admit that strange things might have happened—probably did happen—in former times.

"There was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days," said Patsy, gravely shaking his head; "yis, sorr, there was a power of witchery in this country in the ould days; but 'tis all gone away. Sure the people are turned more cunning now."

And then he added, more gloomily:

"But maybe there's more going on than we know."

By this time it had become pretty obvious that Patsy's eagerness to disclaim all belief in ghosts and witchery and the like was assumed—partly, no doubt, in prudent deference to the general opinion of a scientific and skeptical age; but partly, perhaps, because a man who had been to Pittsburg felt bound to pose before a poor creature like Tim Mulcahy, who had never left his native mountains. And so, to find out whether Patsy might not have some reciprocal confidence to volunteer, I told him my own ghost story, which isn't much of a ghost story, after all. That a lad of thirteen or fourteen should look in at the open door of a dining-room and behold there a woman seated before the fire; that he should carefully regard her shawl and hat and gown, wondering who she could be; that he should forthwith go and ask the other people in the house and bring them to the door of the room only to discover that the chair was vacant, and that by no possibility could any stranger have been there and left; and then to find that this portent was followed by no calamity whatever—neither a funeral nor a wedding nor anything—this, it must be confessed, was a poor and weak ghost story, which I should be ashamed to say a word about to the Psychical society. But it deeply interested Patsy; and he was eager to know whether it was a real ghost; and when I answered that it was only an optical illusion, he remained silent for a time, and then repeated his wise aphorism—

"Maybe there's more going on than we know."

Again Patsy was silent for a time; and then, rather with the air of a man who is compelled to confess something against his will, he said:

"Well, sorr, now that we're on it, I will tell you what happened to me; but I don't like speaking of it—the less that's said the better—but I will tell you what happened to me, sorr; and it's many the year since I tould any one the story. I was nineteen at the time. My mother and me, we had gone to the fair of Letternahinch to sell two sheep; and there we were all day, and the divil a bit could we sell the sheep. 'No matter, Patsy,' said my mother to me, at the ind of the day, 'you'll buy yourself the pair of new boots all the same, for who knows when we'll next be in at Letternahinch from the farm?' And so I bought the pair of boots, and mighty proud I was of thim, sorr, you may be sure; and I kept them on during the evening, until it was time for us to set out to walk back to the farm, for the devil an offer could we get for the sheep. Well, now, sorr, about tree miles from Letternahinch, or maybe 'tis tree miles and a half, there's a wood—and a dark wood it was that night, though it was a moonlight night and the road as white as silver; and says I, 'Mother, the new boots are hurting my feet; wait a minute now and I'll take them off.' But she went on with the sheep; and I was sitting down at the edge of the wood taking off the boots, whin there was a noise and something rushed at me from the wood and hit me a slap and went by. Sure I hope your honor'll niver see anything like that terrible beast. 'Twas in the road now, and I was up, with the boots in one hand and a little bit of stick in the other; and I kept threatening it when it came near to attack me. I called out to my mother, but she was frightened too; she wouldn't look back. 'Come an Patsy, come an!' she cried to me; and I dursn't run, for fear of the beast."

"But what was it like, Patsy?"

"Well, sorr, I will make you sinsible of it; though I was all of a thrimble, for it followed me along the road, and sometimes 'twas in the ditch, and when I couldn't see it I heard it, and my mother heard it, and she was as terrified as I was. 'Twas about four or five feet long—yis, sorr, maybe five feet it was—and red, and when it put up its head 'twas like to strike at me like a snake, but I had a bit of a stick in my hand and I kept that turned to it. Maybe it had legs but I could see none, and the body—well, now, the body was about the thickness of a thin dog, long and thin it was—and the noise it made was terrible, terrible. Well, now, sorr, maybe it was a fancy. I understand that. Maybe it was something in my own head—like a fever. But manny and manny is the time I have thought over it, and what bothers me intirely is that my mother should have heard it when it was growling at me in the ditch."

Even now the recollection of this strange thing seemed to overshadow Patsy with fear and trembling. His eyes were distraught; and he spoke like one speaking to himself, and describing something that he actually saw before him.

"Twan't the size of it, your honor, that frightened me; sure it couldn't reach at me higher than the knee, when it put up its head as if it would strike me; but there was something terrible about it that made me tremble from me head to me foot. And when I put down my stick it would keep back, running along by the side o' me, but always wid its head turned to me, and threatening, and sure I was afraid to strike it, if I had had the power, but I was wake with the thrimbling; and my mother she wouldn't look back—'twas a God's truth, your honor, I never was in such a fright as that night. And thin, when it left the road for the while, I knew it was there still all the time, by hearing of its growling at me; and at such times whin it was in the ditch I would have hurried on faster, and got up to my mother, but my legs were wake with the fright, and sure I was afraid it would come up behind me if I was to run. There now, sorr, there may be an explanation—I will not say no to that; may be 'twas a kind of fever in my head; that sure that couldn't have made my mother hear the beast whin it was growling at me in the ditch, and made her hurry on, too, for she was too frightened to look back!"

"But you haven't finished the story, Patsy; what became of the beast?"

"Well, 'twas a terrible night, your honor, and that's a fact. I thought we would never get to the farm, though my mother kept ahead of me with the sheep, and I was afraid to overtake her for fear of giving the beast a chance at me. Sure I think it must have been between one and two in the morning when we got up to the farm; and the beast kept following me—sometimes in sight, and sometimes in the ditch—all the way, until we were nearly to the door; and then it turned and went away down the hill again, and I saw it as far as the lake, but there I lost sight av it. Divil a wink of sleep did I get that night, you may be sure, sorr; and the next day my mother cautioned me not to spake of it to anny one, for fear of bad luck.

"'Twas six months after—six or seven months after. My mother and me we had not been speaking about what had happened on the Letternahinch road, for the fright was on me for manny and manny a day; and my mother would never spake of it either, for fear of bad luck. Well, sorr, one evening I was going into the house—t'was about supper time—and I was thinking of nawthin' but that; and the door inside was a bit open. Well, sorr, there was a woman standing talking to my mother—well, I knew the woman, she lived at Maskene—that was about eight miles further on the road—and my mother was asking her to sit down and rest herself, for 'twas a long way to go and she had not passed our way for manny and manny a day. 'Thank ye kindly, Mrs. Cong,' says she, 'but 'tis a lonely road to Maskene, and I am frightened to be out after dark since what happened to me at Letternahinch.' Be gob, sorr, ye may suppose I listened thin, and her back was to me so that she couldn't see me, and my mother couldn't see me nayther because of the door. Well, sorr, what she said was that two years before she had been in the market at Letternahinch and she had a power o' things to carry, and so she waited for the night mail car, that would put her down within a mile or so of Maskene. She was on the back seat of the car and there was no one else but the driver, and 'twas a fine clear night. Well, sorr, she declared that whin they were passing a wood about three miles from Ballynahinch, a terrible beast sprung out of the wood, and sprung right into the car, and stopped there beside her, and the divil a word or a cry could she get out, for the fright that was on her. How long the beast stopped in the car she did not say; nor was she saying anything of what it was like; and my mother seemed too frightened to ask her any questions. But that was the reason she made to my mother for going on in the daylight; and not a minute longer would she stop in the house. Now, sorr, what can any one make of that? That was a year and a half before what happened to me, and at the very same part of the road."

"You hadn't heard the woman's story before, Patsy, and forgotten it? It wasn't the coming to the wood on the Letternahinch road that suddenly brought it back to your mind and frightened you?"

"Aw, the divil a bit, sorr! Sure I asked my mother about it, and 'twas thin for the first time she heard of it, too, though 'twas mighty little you'd get her to spake about it. Well, sorr, that's all I know av it, and 'tis there I'll lave it; but depind on it, sorr, there's more going on than we know."

This, Patsy's favorite maxim, seemed to both his companions so incontrovertible that they acquiesced in silence. As for Patsy himself, he seemed rather glad to get away from those memories. A kind of gloom had hung over him while he was recalling the various particulars; perhaps he shared his mother's fear that no good would come of speaking of such matters. At all events, as soon as he began to talk of legends and stories and superstitions in which he was not personally concerned, he quite recovered his ordinary cheerfulness of tone; indeed when he came to treat of the water-horses that used to haunt these lakes he spoke in quite a jaunty and matter-of-fact way, as if their existence "in the ould days" admitted of no manner of doubt whatever. Of course I was not surprised to find the water-horse myth as common here as it is in my own country, where every other loch has its circumstantial legend; but the curious thing about the Connemara water-horses is that they are reported to have interbred freely with the farm horses around, and that the offspring were put to work on the farm as an ordinary affair. But they were lazy animals, these half-breeds, and not to be depended upon whenever they came near a lake, for then, unless the farmer was on the watch; they would most likely make a bolt for the water, irrespective of what was behind them. In fact, there was a young animal of this uncanny blood employed on a farm belonging to Patsy's uncle, and one day it did make such a bolt, and was only prevented from plunging itself and the car and the driver into a lake by the traces fortunately hitching (how, was not explained) on a rock.

I wonder if it was this same uncle who was the hero of Patsy Cong's next story. By this time, it may be unnecessary to say, I had come to regard my friend Patsy as a rank impostor. His transatlantic experiences may have given him a thin veneer of scepticism, which he thought it fine to parade before the simple dwellers among the hills; but underneath that and deep down in his nature there obviously remained the ineradicable Celtic belief in a mysterious and magical world, just hidden, and no more than hidden, by the visible phenomena around. Patsy was clearly thrown away in Connemara. If only he had belonged to the wealthier classes, if he had been brought up in a library and got his brains bemuddled with neo-Platonism and port wine, there is no saying to what eminence he might not have risen as a writer of sentimental history or the constructor of a new ethical system. Here the was tied down to the telling of old wives' tales about water-horses and the like.

"There's more going on than we know," says Patsy, surveying the still blue waters of the lake in an absent kind of way. "I'm sure of that, sorr. It's a positive fact. Maybe I wouldn't belave all the stories that are tould, but there's something — there's something. There was my uncle, now, that lived at Kincree; and he used to be going down to the say-shore, coortin' the young woman that he was to marry. Well, one evening as he was coming back he stopped to talk to some min that were blasting rocks near the roadside; and I don't know how it was, but there was a quarrel and a fight, and one of the min he takes up the blasting-rod and hits my uncle with it over the head, and there he was, a dead man. Well, sorr, it was about a year after my uncle was killed there that a woman living close by in the neighborhood went out from her cabin with a milking-pail in her hand, and went up the hill-side to milk the cows. They saw her go up—more than one saw her go away—and she was quite alone by herself. Well, sorr, she didn't come down again, and they got frightened and they went in search of her, and the divil a sight of her could they find anywhere. Well, now, your honor, this is the story av it; sure, I'm only saying what I was tould about it and what every one about there belaves until this day. 'Twas on the evening of the third day after that that she came down again—looking very quare she was—and she said she had met the man that was murdered the year before—sure, that was my uncle—and he had taken her away with him over the hills, she could not tell where. I don't know what to make av it; but 'twas a strange story, annyhow."

"Patsy," remarks one of the two listeners, "was there a bothan dubh in those hills?"

"What's that, sorr?"

"What they call in Scotland a black bothy—an illicit still. Weren't they brewing a little potheen up in the hills, and glad to get the woman to help them for a day or two?"

"I don't know about that, sorr," said Patsy; but annyhow she was never the same woman after it; no, sorr, there was always something weighing on her mind, and she never got the better of it. I suppose she's dead now."

Here Patsy paused, and had a look round the sky, for there had been some faint indications that we might after all get a breath of wind; and then, still working away at the easy oar, he continued:

"No, sorr, I say nawthin' about thim stories but that they were tould to me. What happened to meself on the Letternahinch road, that was different—begob, I'm not likely to forget that. But there was something that happened to my father that was strange too, and I know he wouldn't tell a lie auout it."

"Your father was a good man, Patsy; he wouldn't tell a lie about hardly anything," says the meek chorus.

"'Twas whin I was a boy, but I remimber it," says Patsy. "He was at work on the farm, and my sister had to carry him his dinner, and they sate down on the side of a little hill where it was too rough and rocky for digging—the divil a thing could a spade do wid it. Well, sorr, there was a woman coming along the road that knew my father, and she sate down wid them for a minute or two, to put the basket off her shoulders, and there they were sitting whin they heard people speaking below them inside the hill. Oh, as clear as annything they heard the voices below the ground, so the women tould me, for I met her as I was going to the field not five minutes after. And says she: 'Patsy, ask your father was he hearing annything when your sister and him and me were sitting on the hill?' Well, sorr, I went along and there was my father at his work again; and I went down to him and asked him about what the woman tould me. 'Yes, Patsy, true it is,' says he, 'but it is not a thing to be spaking about;' and he wouldn't answer no more questions. No, sorr, not thin nor at any other time; he would be getting angry wid us when we were after asking him any questions about it. Sure, sorr, there must be somethin' in it. The woman might be making up a story to frighten us childer, but my father wouldn't tell a lie about it. There's something going on, sorr, and that's the truth. It's a positive fact. And if the ould witchery has gone away from the country, since the people are more cunning now, still, there may be other things that we don't know. That's true, sorr; that's a positive fact."

NORWEGIAN POLITICS.

The Struggle in the Norsk Parliament Over the Question of the Powers of the King.

An "Old Norwegian" gives the Chicago Tribune the idea that the real question at issue in the struggle now pending in Norway is: Shall the king have an absolute power to veto a constitutional amendment bill passed by the Storthing, or shall he not? In the constitution there is nothing to the effect that the king should have this prerogative, and there is not a Norwegian who ever dreamed that he would claim it, before he, in the year 1880, tried to veto a bill that was passed three times by the storthing in spite of the fact that the king, under the Constitution, is obliged to accept any bill, including constitutional amendment bills, which passes three successive storthings. The bill in question makes it a duty of the king's councilors to be present and partake in the discussions of the storthing, or the national assembly. The history of this bill is unique and interesting, as its history is also the history of the growth of political Norway from 1824 to the present day. The bill was first introduced by Carl Johan, the grandfather of the present king, in 1821. At that time, however, the representatives of the people in the storthing would not pass it because they were afraid that the ministers, when admitted to the storthing, on account of their superior ability, would be able to force through whatever measure they liked. At that time the Norwegian people were very little used to a free constitution, and the storthing consisted, to a greater extent, of farmers who had only a meager political education. The government did not cease to advise every storthing to pass the bill until 1860. But things have changed. The Norwegian people has grown up to a political manhood, and it sees now in the admission of the ministry into the storthing a means of introducting parliamentarism into the country as it is practiced in England and other European states. The leaders in the storthing now made the old government bill their own, and it was passed by a handsome majority in 1872. Frederik Stang, the prime minister, who in his earlier career, both in pamphlets and in speeches, had defended the measure, now advises the king, Carl XV., to make use of the vetoing power. The measure was, in a somewhat altered shape, again passed by the storthing in 1874, by a new storthing in 1877, and again by a new storthing in 1880. Every time Oscar II., who succeeded his brother in the fall of 1872, vetoed it. The two times he had a right to do it, if not under the constitution, which says (§112) that bills relating to constitutional amendments are to be introduced in one storthing, but must be decided on by the next storthing, which is the outcome of new elections, he had the right which common practice granted him. But the third time it was usurpation. The ministry backed him. The old politician Stang, who is a man of uncommon ability, left the fight that ensued, as it grew too hot for him, and the king made a nameless lawyer from a province town his prime minister. In all Norway there was not a man of note who would serve the stubborn king in his desires to be like James II. and to wield the scepter of a despot. By reason of this political crime—viz.: That the responsible ministry, in direct opposition to the constitution of the country, has supported the irresponsible king in his endeavor to thwart the will of the people, the ministry has now been impeached before the supreme tribunal, called Rigsret. Beside this great crime the ministry is also guilty of minor crimes, as alluded to in the Tribune. But the struggle in Norway is not one about trivial matters. It is the great question: Shall the people be and remain the ruler of its own country and force the king to take such men for his counselors as have the confidence of the people; or shall the king, by means of an absolute power to vote, forever be able to thwart the will of the people and choose for his advisers whomever he will, even if they be the most contemptible beings on the face of the earth?

The poet Bornstjerne Bjornson is not, as is the general belief among foreigners, the leader of the Norwegian people and the storthing. Mr. Bjornson has only little political influence. The leader in the people's struggle against the king is Johan Sverdrup, who has been a member of the storthing since 1851. He is backed by several other veteran members. Bjornson, however is a leader of a party whose programme it is that Norway shall have its own pure flag, and not a "union" flag or one in which also Swedish colors are blended. Bjornson and his followers hold that Norway, in spite of the fact that also Sweden has a "union" flag, or one in which Norwegian colors are blended, is not, as long as her ships carry this "union" flag, recognized by the world at large to be an independent and free country, but is considered a province of Sweden. Bjornson proves this by the fact that Norway's great men, and Norwegians on the whole, both in this country and Europe, pass, to a great extent, under the name of Swedes. From this—that such a "pure flag" party exists—comes the talk that many will have their country separated from Sweden. This talk has no foundation whatever. It is the wish of the people that the union of free and independent Norway and free and independent Sweden shall last forever, to the great advantage of both countries.

KAHOKA, MO., Feb. 9, 1880.

I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years. WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures. W. H. BISHOP & CO.

Merely a Rumor.

CREELBURG, D. T., Special, Oct. 20.—It is rumored here that telegraphic orders have been received from Washington by the commandant at Fort Totten to send troops to the Turtle Mountain region and drive the Cree Indians and renegades across the international line. The troops, it was thought, would not start before the 30th inst.

Young man, you can make no better investment than to take the thorough course of training at H. B. Bryant's Chicago Business College. It will pay.

OCTOBER.

Aroused, she leans from rocky mountain height,
And winds afar her clear and mellow horn.
To northern bounds, remote, the call is borne,
And quick responding, mailed in dazzling white
Like ghostly troopers, each for battle dight,
Her scathing frosts assail the serried corn.
Bereft of beauty, withered and forlorn,
Droop golden-rod and asters subtly bright.
The winds, her light-winged archers, swift prevail
O'er painted splendors of the embattled wood,
And riven leaves in summer's blood imbrued
Float helpless, shuddering, on the ruthless gale.
She stands like Gyneth mid her knightly band,
Nor yet to stay the carnage lifts her hand.

—*Sarah D. Hebart.*

WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW.

The Open Fireplace.

A writer in the Decorator and Furnisher pays this tribute to the open fireplace, which is just now coming into prominence as an old fashion revived: If there were no other thing in the æsthetic renaissance to be thankful for, its restoration of fireplaces to our homes would entitle it to respectful consideration. Open fires have more than an æsthetic influence. As centers for the home circle or family semi-circle that forms them, and as disseminators of cheerfulness and content, it may be claimed that they serve an ethic purpose. The snapping, fragrant back log, or the genial glow of cannel coal, mantled in limpid flames of blue, dispose one to profitable reflections, to generous and sympathetic feelings and to a placidity of mind that was for a time supposed by the rushing public of this nineteenth century to be one of the lost arts. Gassy furnaces, cast iron stoves, and such poor pretexts as kerosene and gas radiators can never impart more than physicial warmth. Mental caloric and those airy fancies, delicate as the flames that give them cause, are not to be evolved by hugging stoves and sitting over registers. The cheerful effect of visible fire gives it decorative value, and it is doubtless for this reason that appropriate settings for andirons and grates have recently invited the attention of architects and designers. Fires were almost the sole decorations, if they may be so regarded, of early settler's homes in this country, and many an old farmhouse would be dismal enough today, but for its cosy hearth, the focus of family heart warmth. Yet a certain severe beauty was seen in many of these fireplaces of yore, and such beauty as they possessed is very justly perpetuated. Their brass furnishing was a more tasteful concession to the appropriate than might have been looked for among the early New Englanders, for brass approximates more nearly to flame, in color and brightness than any other metal. The glitter of the flames was cheerfully repeated also in rows of pictured tile, the religious austerity of whose designs was odd when seen in contrast with a rousing fire that ought to melt austerity out of any company.

Even when it flashes from a rude cavern of brick and mortar, a fire may be regarded as the eye of an apartment, giving cheer and animation to what might else be cold and lifeless. It naturally attracts the human eye, and is, therefore, a fitting spot about which to group objects of attractiveness and beauty. Antiquity of decoration is not amiss, so the designs be cheerful; but let not admiration for antiquity betray us into admiring antiquity for its own sake. Select what is beautiful and useful in it, for a catholic spirit is the spirit of the time; but do not, as one house owner of my acquaintance has done, hang the ancestral pots and kettles upon a crane over the drawing room fire, showing them complacently to visitors as things to respect.

Men Dressmakers.

Men simply cut after a fashion, says a New York dressmaker. That is, we have our fitters, and after they measure and fit a lady the tailor cuts the material. You see they have a system that is well liked at present, as coatings and jackets are all the go. We have tried to learn their system of cutting, but would you believe it, these men cutters will not allow one of us girls in or near the room where they work, not even the madam. They have combined to prevent females learning their trade. We have had dresses here from men's hands to rip up and make over from very wealthy ladies. Why, I can tell a dress cut by a man on the street as soon as I get my eye on it. The shoulders are usually cut too short, a certain elasticity about the body is wanting, and the bust is always too tightly drawn. They may get along with the coatings now coming in, but with suitings and dresses they will never succeed. Now, for instance, how do you imagine that young misses or ladies slightly deformed are to be fitted, or old ladies who are growing out of shape? Why, I could go on Broadway or Fifth avenue any afternoon and point out to you young women with beautiful shapes who, when they take off their dresses and skirts, are all one-sided or ill-formed in some way. Many have one shoulder or hip broader than the other. Some have no bust, others are simply like two sticks held together, while others still have high shoulders or necks too long or perhaps too short. These and other little defects in nature about the figure of customers in our line cannot be improved except by the skill and attendance of women. When I think of it I really feel as though these men who are coming into our trade imagine females have no shame at all in this country. They may think so in Paris, but here they will find they are mistaken. A good many women think because their dresses have Worth's name upon them it's a great thing. But that is not now always the case. There are some places on the Bowery and Grand street where you can get suits with the Worth stamp upon them. They make the dresses themselves and stamp in the name just to catch the eye.

"There, you see that young lady going out the front door?" interrupted the gossipy girl, as she stopped in her conversation to point to a handsome, tall young lady about entering her carriage at the door. "That is Miss ——, the daughter of a well-known banker. She displays a lovely figure, but really she is one of the hardest to fit I ever saw. She seems like Mrs. Langtry, all shoulders and big bones. In fact, everything about that young lady is made up by us fitters and dressmakers, yet when she walks out you would imagine her figure is perfect, but it's all the same, except to the experienced eye of a dressmaker."

Jerseys for October.

The fashions for children continue to favor plaited Scotch plaid skirts, to be worn with dark cloth or velvet jackets. These are generally open in front over a puffed piece of goods. The same suits for little boys have the puffing replaced by a vest or an embroidered plastron. Boys from six to seven years of age wear plaited skirts and jackets, with long scalloped basques or sailors' garments, which fall loose and full over the skirt. After seven years of age trousers are worn. They are buttoned or gathered around the knees, and the suit is completed with a jacket or English blouse.

Jerseys are also much favored for children's wear. They are in all colors, over plaited or plain skirts, with broad sashes taken around the lower part of the waist. A suit for a little girl from eight to eleven years of age is of copper-colored ottoman, trimmed with chenille. The skirt is box-plaited. The ottoman jacket opens down the front, in shawl shape, over a plastron trimmed with chenille. On either side of of the plastron are revers. In front of the jacket, fastened to its border, are two rounded ends, each having a pocket covered with chenille. The back and small side piece are tight-fitting, and form on the lower part a kind of puffing trimmed with chenille fringe. A piece of ottoman ribbon starts from under each pocket and is tied on the side in a bow. The large collar is covered with chenille. On the neck and point of the plastron are ribbon loops.

A suit for a girl twelve years of age is of "hussard" blue cloth and plaid woolen goods. On the lower border of the false round skirt are two narrow blue cloth plaitings. The other part of the skirt is covered with a deep plaid puffing, with a shirred head, surmounted by a second puffing, which reaches to the waist. The tight-fitting cloth jacket has one dart in front and opens in shawl shape over a plaited piece, which is shirred on the neck. Theae is only one small side piece, which is cut with the back in large squares. The center pieces extend in two long ends, one of which falls straight, while the other is slightly draped. A piece of ribbon is taken from under the back and side seams, and is fastened to the lower part of the right side in front.

Tea Gowns.

Tea gowns this season are most varied and superb, making the question of a choice no easy one, even for those who own the weightiest of purses. Among a large number of newly imported robes was a very beautiful one made of pale violet cashmere. In the back was a wide Watteau pleat, down the center of which ran an embroidery of English violets and blush rose-buds, exquisitely wrought in delicately shaded silks. Over the shoulders was laid a coachman's cape, bordered with the floral embroidery. A second tea gown, fashioned in similar style, was made of silver gray satin foulard, embroidered in pure white roses and buds, and lavishly trimmed with wide ruffles of Oriental lace. Another very stylish gown was made of pink silk shot with silver, with a Watteau back and a Marie Antoinette fluted plastron and collar. The open sleeves were lined with pale rose-colored merveilleux, and the drapings were caught up with rose-colored satin ribbons and large silver buckles. A handsome matinee was made of plain black satin lined with cardinal and hand-painted with clusters of cardinal red geranium blossoms. For ordinary wear were scores of princess robes made of cashmere, vigogne, limousine and broche fabrics, trimmed severally with ficelle lace, satin pipings, colored Spanish lace and bands of bias velvet; a very attractive dress for morning wear being a dark wine-colored cashmere, cut into blocks around the bottom, with a deep ruffle of pleated wine satin set beneath. The bodice was trimmed to correspond.

In the [illegible] is not so [illegible] hair is wo[illegible] these tr[illegible] gem-stud[illegible] most bes[illegible] silver and [illegible] among th[illegible] single flo[illegible] ite hair o[illegible]

For the [illegible] mense va[illegible] being a ve[illegible] material for trimming them. Gold and silver braids are also much used for the purpose and are very effective. The bodices of these costumes, especially when tailor-made, are generally accompanied by waistcoats when metallic braids are used as the trimmings, the gilet often being striped with the fine lines of either gold or silver, these meeting in the center in a downward point, most advantageous to the figure.

The latest productions of the glass manufacturers of Munich are reproductions of fine sixteenth-century glass pieces of Moorish, Spanish, and Venetian origin, in the form of urns, chalices, plates, caraffes, and vases, the originals of which are found at present only in the Art Museum of Berlin and the Louvre in Paris. The decorations of these pieces consist of enameling sections of colored glass on white or tinted, with intaglio traceries between, filled with gold. The effect is artistic, marvellous, and beautifully barbaric.

Cameo glass is the finest, most artistic, and costly decorative ware that is brought to this country. It is made in England and France. The pieces are blown in two layers, one of tinted, red, blue, rose, amethyst, or pale green glass, the other pure white; the decorations are then cut out of the white layer in cameo effects, leaving the designs on the tinted surface. Small plates of cameo glass cost over $100 each, and the smallest pieces produced bring $30.

For those to whom they are becoming, high-crowned felt hats are to be all the wear this autumn, trimmed with the wings of any bird one may fancy—grouse, pheasant, or partridge, duck, snipe, pigeon or swallow. Upon some hats five or six wings are arranged perpendicularly around the crown, with the head of one large bird just in front.

Amber-tinted velours of long, strong pile, with marabout fringes of the same color form many elegant sorties de bal, the ornamentation consisting of passementeries of brown and old gold silken cords, outlined with gold soutache; pendants of rat-tail chenille, showing gold and brown, complete the decorative effect.

New shoulder capes are cut to produce a full epaulette effect on the shoulders.

Capes or large collars are worn on tight walking jackets by young ladies.

Dark Russian furs—black fox, hare, otter and sable—will be much worn.

Imported hats and bonnets are noticeably larger than those of last fall.

Checked and brocaded fabrics are prettily combined with plain stuffs.

A singular English fancy is to combine ashes of roses with gold color.

Velveteen is the favorite fabric for retrimming old woollen dresses.

The blouse redingote will be the favorite with tall and slender women.

Bisque figures, unless they are very fine, are excessively vulgar.

Dots, macaroons and stars are popular designs in wool broches.

Tiny checks are fashionable in both silks and woolen fabrics.

Combinations of stuffs are as popular for cloaks as for dresses.

Combinations of brocade and shot glace are very fashionable.

Sometimes a fresh trimming suffices to transform a dress.

Gray felt is the rage of the moment for hats and bonnets.

Redingotes for winter wear have short shoulder capes.

White china is again in favor for dinner and tea sets.

Furriers say that sable is revived as a fashionable fur.

Terra cotta color is still popular on the other side.

New winter mantles are rather long than short.

The blouse bodice is in request for young girls.

Shoulder capes are in favor at present.

Fall mantles are short in the back.

The Oyster Season.

The season is now fully opened in New York and the oyster houses are all doing a good business. The increase in this traffic is certainly remarkable, and even within the past five years it has gained 300 per cent. This is shown in the change in the vessels thus employed. Formerly they were sloops and schooners, but now one line of steamers brings 5,000 baskets per week. This city alone consumed last year 8,000,000 bushels, and to this is added the enormous country trade. The capital invested in the oyster trade in this city is estimated at $20,000,000. There are 3,000 oyster houses in New York, employing 10,000 persons, all earning good wages. The woman who keeps the oyster soup stall at Washington market sells 500 bowls per day at 10 cents, but a stew costs 25 cents. She is getting rich out of this traffic. Oyster houses now make smaller profits than in former times, but they make up the difference by increase of business. The shells are caried away and used for time, which is purchased by farmers for their land. The busiest time for the business is in the evenings, and particularly after 9 o'clock, when appetite revives and every one who finds a quarter in his pocket is tempted to spend it. Oyster eating is the most harmless form of evening dissipation, and hence escapes that censure which is so often awakened by gaslight habits. Oysters are most nutritious when eaten raw, but the stew is the most popular method, and oyster cooks are now earning very handsome wages.

Jay Eye See and His Owner.

New York Hour: Jay Eye See will probably go into winter quarters early next month. Mr. Case has, since his departure from New York, received many offers for the horse, despite the prohibitive price of $50,000 which was placed on him, but is determined to keep him. People in a position to know say that his winnings foot up to very nearly $200,000. On the morning after the "young 'un" beat St. Julien, he bought a $1,000 camel's hair shawl for his wife, in a well known dry goods house, and offered in payment a check for $1,500. The proprietor naturally hesitated about accepting it. "I don't know you, sir," he said.

"My name is Case, of Racine, Wisconsin," he replied.

The merchant looked blank.

"I'm the owner of Jay Eye See," added Mr. Case, with a smile.

The man of yardsticks jumped up.

"I beg your pardon; I did not know that."

Mr. Case then drew his wallet, which was full to overflowing with checks, ranging in value from $800 to $4,000.

"See if you can find a check among them," said Mr. Case, "whose maker you know."

A suitable one was found, and as Mr. Case left he said: "That is all Jay Eye See money."

Monkeying with the Pope.

There are reports at Rome that many private documents, referring to the Papacy, have disappeared from the Vatican. It is feared that the Italian government may take under its protection those treasures of the Holy See which have been collected with the people's money. To these treasures belong libraries containing more than 180,000 codes, 100,000 manuscripts, among them 56 Gospels in the Oriental tongues, written on scrolls. To meet the emergency the clergy are said to have been hiding first the archives of extraordinary ecclesiastical affairs; second, the archives of the Propaganda Fide; third, the archives of the Inquisition, and fourth, the archives of the congregation of the Index Expurgatorius. These documents were once kept in the palace of the Quirinal, but were transferred to the Vatican by a papal emissary, who persuaded the commander of the Italian troops that the said documents were simply baptismal registers, etc., without historical value. Some of them are now well guarded in the old tower near Anagi. The letters of Pope Alexander VI. are still in the Vatican, together with other papers which the pope would never voluntarily place at the disposal of the public. Many of these documents are hidden on secret shelves in walls, and behind other papers.

Dr. Robert Hunter of Chicago has just published a very valuable pamphlet on the proper treatment of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. Sent free to all who are afflicted. Address Dr. R. Hunter, 96 State street, opposite Marshall, Field & Co., Chicago.

THE FAST NOBILITY.

How a British Earl and His Wife Went Through Millions.

The Earl of Lonsdale, who died in England the other day, was only twenty-six years of age, but managed to make some stir in the fashionable world. He was one of the richest peers in England, one of the hardest drinkers, one of the most reckless gamblers and an unrivaled spendthrift.

When the earl suceeded to the title and estates in 1879, he was not quite of age. He had a considerable amount of ready money to start with, and an income of over $350,000 a year, which was, or should have been, ample to maintain him in magnificent style. In 1878, he took unto himself a life partner who was well qualified to assist into bankruptcy. This was the beautiful [illegible]adys Herbert, sister of the [illegible] Pembroke and daughter of [illegible] Herbert of Lea, better [illegible]s Sidney Herbert, an eminent [illegible]atesman. She is nearly six feet [illegible] of the dark Jewish type of beau[illegible] known by the pet name of "La [illegible]r "the Gipsy." Some years ago, [illegible]bert, the mother of "La Gitana," [illegible]er daughter joined the Catholic [illegible] The tall and handsome Gitana did not follow their example, but dashed into the gay world of dance, song, and horsemanship, and met Lord Lonsdale. Both loved the world too well, and not wisely, before and after marriage. The fashionable ball-rooms of London, Paris, and Vienna, the race courses of Europe, the yachting and hunting excursions of the night and day, the season and sunshine of life, found these attractive two if not the leaders at least the chief features. The art world was ransacked for Lady Lonsdale, and a princely income brought to her mansion many a costly gem of the painter and jeweler. Her diamond bill in seven months was said to have been $100,000, and her upholstery and bric-a-brac invoices were double that sum. To this menu the noble earl added sundry and divers, such as twenty-two blooded race horses, various improvements on three country estates, and a large steam yacht, the Northumbria. The marriage was the lady's own choice, being against the wish of her family, and her brother refused to attend her wedding on account of Lord Lonsdale's habitual intemperance and spendthrift habits. In two months Lady Gladys had to return to her mother, and her husband committed the disgraceful act of announcing in the papers that he would not be responsible for her bills. But there was something besides the size of the bills behind the scandal, the name of a notorious young rake, a Yorkshire baronet, who recently married an American wife, being unpleasantly coupled with Lady Lonsdale's.

An account of a queen's drawing room a year or two ago gave the following descpiption of Lady Lonsdale's appearance thereat: "Her dress is said to have cost 100 guineas, and it quite looked as if it had. It was of the richest white satin, the petticoat being completely covered with the most exquisitely painted groups of flowers, which were repeated at intervals upon the train. The diamonds were indescribably magnificent, and on one side of her corsage was fastened a black pearl of fabulous size, sat round with brilliants. From the shoulder straps, which served as sleeves, hung strings of pearls, a novel and beautiful arrangement. Her lovliness is the dark Jewish type—she is called the 'Gypsy'—and really, when enhanced by these magnificent adornments, she looked like some gorgeous vision of oriental royalty summoned from the pages of Disraeli's own glowing fiction. The premier paid her marked attention at the drawing room."

All this racket, as bachelor and married man, was more than even the princely income of the Lowther estates could stand, and by 1879 Lord Lonsdale enjoyed the distinction of being practically a bankrupt, as well as a libertine and drunkard. So hard pressed was he, indeed, that in the spring of that year, he auctioned off all the china and bric-a-brac in his possession that was not strictly entailed. All things considered, his death will not be a great loss to the English peerage.

NORTHWESTERN DAIRYMEN.

Officers of the Association—Preparations to Fight Unjust Claims.

The sixteenth annual convention of the Northwestern Dairymen's association was held last week at Geneva Lake, Wis., After the annual adress by President Hord of Fort Atkinson, a considrable amount of routine buisness was transacted, and then began the presentation of papers, followed by dicussion of the subjects treated upon. The most interesting and important papers read were those by C. C. Buell, of Rock Falls, Ill., upon The Advantages of the Cream Gathering System, and Ensilage and Silos, by E. J. Oatman of Dundee, Ill. The offices elected were as follows: President, W. D. Hoard of Fort Atkinson; vice presidents, Hiram Smith, Sheboygan Falls, Wis.; Judge Burchard, Marsnall, Minn.; R. F. Riddell, Chicago; C. C. Buell, Rock Falls, Ill.; G. Boles, Genoa, Ill.; C. R. Beach, Whitewater, Wis.; Col. R. M. Littler, Davenport, Io.; C. Street, Hebron, Ill.; Geo. C. Lawrence, J. S. Lumbard, A. H. Barber, Chicago; D. Curtiss, Fort Atkinion, Wis.; secretary, R. P. McGlincy, Elgin; treasurer, D. G. Cheever, Benton, Wis.

The following resolution was introdueed by Mr. Hiram Smith and was adopted:

Whereas, Parties are prosecuting dairymen in the Northwest for rights on reissued patents, on claims we believe to be unjust; and

Whereas, There are two organizations now making efforts to defend suits bought, or to be brought, to collect such claims, namely: the Wisconsin Dairymen's Protective association and the Northwestern Protective association; therefore,

Resolved, That all efforts be merged in the Wisconsin association, and the four vacancies in the board of directors be supplied, three from the board of trade of Elgin and from the Jefferson board of trade and that when the bo rd of directors is full, as allowed by the laws of the Wisconsin Protective agency, that they be fully authorized to act independently or co-operatively with other organizations as they deem desirable.

A number of interesting papers pertaining to dairying were read and dicussed.

A Woman's Infatuation.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

The rashness of the young woman who married Gottung, the murderer, sentenced to state prison for ten years, has been the talk of the town for two days. It seems that her parents, who are in comfortable circumstances and have a pleasant home, used every means to break her infatuation for the murderer, but without effect. Finally her father forbade her to come home, and she engaged a poor little room on Powell street, where she is now living. She had adopted the little daughter of the murderer, who calls her "mamma." She spent Sunday in jail, seeming to take great delight in kissing and hugging the brutal-looking German before the crowd which was assembled in the prison corridor. She didn't seem disconcerted at furnishing a free show in esculation. The father of the girl, when interviewed, said that he should take no steps to annul the marriage or interfere in any manner. "It is a sad affair," he said, "and it is all over as far as I am concerned. She is married and that is all there is to it. I can't help it." Mr. Wilson indicated that he had done with his daughter forever. Gottung, the newly-made bridegroom, smiled on the reporter in prison, and said: "The last four months have been the pleasantest of my life. The next ten years of my life will be happier than the last with my first wife. My wife and I have all our prospects arranged. She can visit me now without any one having the right to say a word against her. She supports herself, and we've made all arrangements for her comfort. My wife will look after my little girl, whom she has had with her three months. Our marriage is legal. Somebody will have to interfere to annul it, and who is going to do so? Even if they do, they will only put us to the trouble of getting married over again when I get out." Gottung said that, with credits, he expected to get out of prison in six and one half years. Public comment is severe on the brother and other relatives of Gottung, who favored the marriage, and on the justice of the peace who performed the ceremony.

The Floating Homes of Bangkok.

Henry A. Ward in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Boats are the universal means of conveyance and communication, and a boat thus becomes a necessary adjunct of every person's household; to its dexterous use every child is trained; men, women and children are equally accustomed. Perhaps the most common form is a stout skiff about twenty-five feet long, turning up very shapely and high behind, like a Venetian gondola. It is broad in the beam, and two-thirds of its length is housed over, leaving a little flat deck in front, and a still smaller one behind. Behind stands the husband and sculls; in front stands the wife, rowing and using a boat-hook to help their way through the crowds. The front of the boat is used for business, passengers or cargo. The rear third is given up to family and domestic furniture.

For, incredible as it may seem, we soon see that each boat is the home of a family—father, mother, girls and boys; who are born there, live there and die there. In the day time the children and the furniture are crowded into a space not over four feet squarer, at night they can spread out over greater surface. I looked into these homes with attention and never could enough wonder or admire how closely all was packed without seeming to jostle or painfully crowd. Also that the children lived so happily and contentedly in a space no larger than a large-sized Saratoga trunk! It is probably a fact that there are many ten-year-old children in Bankgok river who have never walked over twenty feet in a straight line, in short, who have never been on land. But then, when they come in proximity to boats whose little inmates they knew, they would—boys and girls from five to twelve—jump out of their boat-house, and dive and swim away to visit and gambol around together; now free in the water, now hanging to the boat's side or sitting astride of the scull oar. And a friend tells me that he has seen them in their visits take with them a baby, to whose shoulders mother has prudently attached a hollow gourd or other light gourd to insure its safety.

In a minor excursion up a side canal I found myself at the city residence of the prime minister—whose name I have not now time to write out in full. I ran my boat all around through his pleasure grounds, and wondered whether the worthy old gentleman considered that he was living on land or in the river. In one part of his equatic elysium I saw magnificent specimens of the victoria rogia, whose leaves, round like a platter, were over two yards in diameter. Their rim was sharply turned up in a ledge an inch high, and on the raft thus formed were settled, quite at home like, a family of frogs. They too, seemed to fall in with the humors of the country.

IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

The Story of a Prisoner Who Was Shut Up Nine Years.

Taking the pencil he drew a rough sketch of the interior of the prison.

"It looks like you are in a well when you stand in the center," continued he when he had concluded his drawing.

"The guard who stands in the center there can see everything that's going on down every one of the galleries. Every one of those double marks is for a gallery with cells along each side and a man with a loaded gun at each end. They keep twenty-four bloodhounds all the time in one of the halls. Every one of the halls runs into the center circle. So a man has no chanee. You can't find out how the place is fixed when going, because you've got your head all tied up in the black cap. I got more accustomed to it after I had been there a year or so, but it was terrible not to have any one to talk to and to go on from day to day in the same cell. It breaks the best men down. The brain goes first. It always affects the brain. When a man is broken down so that he will die in a little while if something is not done for him, they take him to the hospital and let him stay there until he gets strong enough to stand it a while longer. I worked at the trade of bottoming chairs; some of them make shoes and some cigars. They are glad to work at anything when they have to be shut up by themselves. There is no talking allowed; no whistling; no unnecessary noise of any kind. If the rules are violated two guards come into the cell; they drag you out; you have to hold your hands above your head. They catch you by the shoulders and throw you down. Then they beat you with their back jacks. They are clubs with ropes to them. There is no beating allowed but they do it any how. Then you are put in the 'cooler.' It is the deepest dungeon in the place, with scarcely any light in it. You get exactly three ounces of bread a day, and a quart of water while you are there, and you stay twenty-one days. 'Is that the only punishment?' No, they have a tight box they put you in. It has water in it which strikes you just under the arm pits, and there is more water running in all the time. You have to pump with your hands and feet as hard as you can to keep the water from getting over your head. I have seen men who were left until they were broken down and were nearly drowned. I 'ducked' twice. That's what they call it.

" I was buried for nine years, and I nearly forgot how to talk. My throat and tongue got so I couldn't use them. When all but my last year was up they let me out of my cell to carry water to the other prisoners. I had a wife and child when I went in. One day in 1876 the keeper and another man came to my cell. They read me a notice that my wife had married again. Before they got through, the keeper looked at me and stopped. He pulled the other man away. 'Stop,' said he, 'he's hurt enough.' He was right, but I lived through it. Every day the keeper would come, open the trap in the door of my cell, put in my food, talk to me for a minute or two and go away. It was the same thing for ten years, day after day. The grand jury would come into the prison occasionally and before they came everything would be fixed up. But they didn't see anything. We could count time that day. Once, every month, too, we got a bath. At last the day came for me to get out. It was December 24 last, the day before Christmas. They took me to the door and told me to go. I stepped out and the fresh air struck me. I trembled like a leaf. A bootblack was standing across the street. He saw me coming and said 'Welcome out.' I had hard work to keep from crying. I wandered around the city hunting worg. I was resolved to die sooner than go back."—*St. Louis Republican.*

Miss Barry, an eight-year-old daughter of a prominent citizen of Germantown, Pa., died on the 25th from hydrophobia, after twenty-six hours of most intense suffering. She was bitten about six months ago by a pet dog, but no attention was paid to it until the evening before, when she became speechless and was seized with violent spasms, barking and snarling in a vicious manner at those around her bedside.

The author of "See that My Grave's Kept Green" and "When the Leaves Begin to Turn" is an inmate of the Indiana state prison.