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Tom.

Yes, Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew.
Just listen to this :
When the old mill took fire, and the flooring fell through,
And I with it, helpless, there, full in my view,
What do you think my eyes saw through the fire,
That crept along, crept a'ong, nigher and nigher,
But Robin, my baby boy, laughing to see
The shining? He must have come there after me,
Toddled alone from the cottage without
Any one's missing him. Then what a shout—
Oh! how I shouted: "For Heaven's sake, men,
Save little Robin!" Again and again
They tried, but the fire held them back like a wall.
I could hear them go at it, and at it, and call :
"Never mind, baby, sit still like a man,
We're coming to get you as fast as we can."
They could not see him, but I could; he sat
Still on a beam, his little straw hat
Carefully placed by his side, and his eyes
Stared at the flame with a baby's surprise,
Calm and unconscious, as nearer it crept.
The roar of the fire above must have kept
The sound of his mother's voice shrieking his name
From reaching the child. But I heard it. It came
The axes went faster, I saw the sparks fly
Where the men worked like tigers, nor minded the heat
That scorched them—when, suddenly there at their feet
The great beams leaned in—they saw him—then, crash,
Down came the wall! The men made a dash—
Jumped to get out of the way—and I thought
"All's up with poor little Robin," and brought
Slowly the arm that was least hurt to hide
The sight of the child there, when swift at my side
Some one rushed by and went right through the flame
Straight as a dart—caught the child—and then came
Back with him—choking and crying, but—saved!
Saved safe and sound!
Oh, how the men raved,
Shouted, and cried, and hurrahed! Then they all
Rushed at the work again, lest the back wall
Where I was lying, away from the fire,
Should fall in and bury me.
Oh, you'd admire
To see Robin now, he's as bright as a dime,
Deep in some mischief, too, most of the time;
Tom, it was saved him. Now, isn't it true
Tom's the best fellow that ever you knew?
There's Robin now—see, he's strong as a log—
And there comes Tom, too—
Yes, Tom was our dog.

—*Constance Fenimore Woolson.*

HORATIO'S FIFTY CENTS.

Farmer Brown was a very respectable man. He had some oddities, but they were harmless ones, and people who knew him best rather laughed at them than feared them.

The farmer had two sons, Marcus, a good, steady boy, who worked with his father on the farm, and Horatio, who was just home from college, and was considered "handsome" and "smart" by all the neighbors.

Mrs. Brown had been dead some years, and her sister, Miss Erminetta Griggs, better known as "Aunt Ermy," was housekeeper and general manager of all the "men-folks" on the farm.

Aunt Ermy was a very industrious woman, both with her hands and with her tongue, and could do more and say more in a given time than any other woman in the village of Tusculum. She knew it, and was proud of her "gift." As she was also a woman who always knew "what was what," and could give it to you in a nutshell, her opinion of the family was of, course perfectly reliable, as well as pithy and concise.

"You see, Horatio is smart, but he's lazy. Here he's been t'.home 'most two months, and here he is, readin', and fishin', and huntin'; that's what 'Ratio does. And brother aint very patient, and naturally he don't like that kind of doin's. He's awful disappointed, and gets angry at 'Ratio; but 'Ratio takes it as cool as a cowcumber, and brother gets angrier and angrier, and things aint as they'd orter to be. Now look at Marcus; he aint perticular handsome to look at, but 'handsome is as handsome does.' That's what I say!"

And what she said was true. Marcus was very "handsome" in all his doings, and Horatio was, indeed, very lazy. When his father asked him what he intended to do with all his learning, Horatio would look very wise for a little while, and answer :

"I really don't know, father. I haven't decided yet. I am studying nature just now."

Then he would take his gun or his fishing line and saunter away, as if nature had an appointment with him, and he had just recollected it. And Mr. Brown went back to his work, grumbling to himself, and sometimes it made him petulant even with Aunt Ermy and with Marcus, who had done nothing wrong.

Things were bad enough in the summer, but in the autumn something happened which made them still worse. One bright, cool morning, when Horatio was on his way to the woods to kill partridges, he saw a great cloud of dust rising from the middle of the road, and coming rapidly towards him. Then he saw a red cow, and the next instant, in the thickest of the dust behind, he saw a girl holding fast to the cow's tail, and running with all her might.

"Why, that's Gazena Hartman," he said to himself. Then he said aloud : "Zena, what are you doing?"

"I am having a ride!" she answered, laughing merrily, and showing all her little teeth as she flew out of sight.

But Horatio could not forget her. Gazena's red cheeks, her flashing eyes, her curly brown hair flying in the wind, were before him all day, and saved the lives of many little birds.

"How she has grown, and how bright and pretty she is! 'Having a ride,' indeed! How handsome she would look in a fine carriage!" And he had a great many other thoughts on the same interesting subject.

After supper he asked his father : "What is Hartman doing now? Does he get on well with his little farm?"

"I don't know," answered Mr. Brown, gruffly. "I have enough to do minding my own business. I don't meddle with other people's."

Horatio did not make any reply; but as he had no business of his own to mind, he thought he would "meddle" just a little. "Hartman is a worthy man if he is a Dutchman, and it would please him to be noticed in a friendly way. People ought to be kind to each other in this hard world!"

The very next morning Horatio took the trouble to go to Hartman's farm, to be kind to his neighbor. Gazena was not visible, but Gazena's father, short and stout, stood at the gate, smoking his pipe.

"Good-morning," said Horatio, kindly. "How do you do?"

"Do pretty well," answered the farmer.

"Fine morning," said Horatio.

Mr. Hartman looked round to see how fine the morning was, but he reserved his opinion.

"I hope Mrs. Hartman is well."

"Yes, yes, pretty well," answered her husband. "She's very bissey. We are all very bissey. And now I go to vork in mine field. Goot-day."

A few days afterward the young man went again to the little farm and presented some birds to Gazena's father. "I shot them myself," he explained.

"So! I nefer kill te leedle pirds," said Mr. Hartman, regretfully.

Then Horatio kindly offered to carry them into the house.

"Nein, nein, I do dat mineself," said the farmer. "Mine vife, she's very, very bissey always. She vants no strange peoples round. Our place is not a pig one, and I likes to lif by mine self."

Horatio understood that delicate hint, and retired politely. He was provoked, but he did not tell his neighbor so. The father of such a daughter must be humored if he was blunt.

As for Gazena herself, Horatio could not understand her at all. When she happened to meet him, she gave a little nod, a shy look, and a merry smile, but she never spoke to him, or stopped long enough for him to speak to her more than a monosyllable or two. She always seemed to be in a great hurry—"very bissey," as her father said.

At last, one evening, he met her at one of the neighbors, and insisted upon walking home with her. And as he was not sure that he would ever have such a good chance again, he decided to make the most of it.

"I have been trying to speak to you for the last five months," he said. "Why do you run away from me so?"

"Oh, I don't know; it's such fun!" answered Gazena, laughing.

"It's not fun to me," said Horatio. "It makes me feel very unhappy. Do you dislike me?"

"No, I don't care anything about you. It's only the fun," said Gazena, too frankly.

"But won't you feel sorry for me, and try to like me?" asked Horatio.

"Like you!" she said. "What do you want me to like you for?"

"Because—because—you know you will like somebody sometime, and get married"—

"No, never!" interrupted Gazena. "I don't want to get married. I am going to be a nun, and work on the farm."

"No, you won't," said Horatio. "You will get married, and—and I want you to marry me."

Gazena stopped suddenly, looked up at him with flashing eyes. "You are a bad boy! Don't you know you shouldn't talk so to me?" she said, hotly and fast. Then she ran away and left him alone on the road.

Some owl must have heard this conversation, and told the story, for Aunt Ermy said to Mr. Brown the next evening : "So we're goin' to have a weddin'. I s'pose they'll have to come and live here."

"Who is coming to live here?"

"Why, haven't you heard? 'Ratio has proposed to 'Zena Hartman. Of course she'll have him."

Farmer Brown was so angry at first that he could not speak. But he got over that in a few minutes, and spoke his mind pretty freely to his son. "I won't have it!" he said. "You sha'n't bring a Dutch girl into this house where you mother has lived—not while I live!"

"Who said I would?" said Horatio, quietly enough; and he too was very angry and disgusted with everybody, Gazena included.

When Mr. Hartman heard the story, it made him laugh, and he only said : "Vat? Gif mine daughter to von lazy man? Not mooch!"

Gazena did not laugh at all. She cried every night when she was safe in her bed. "Oh, what bad people they are!" she said. "I wish I could get a chance of speaking my mind to somebody!"

She had her wish. One afternoon she met Farmer Brown as he was going to his fields. They were alone on the road and he spoke first.

"Look here, my girl, you had better be careful what you do. You are not wanted at my house. You understand?"

Gazena's face turned red, then white, but she answered bravely : "Farmer Brown, I aint your girl, so you needn't call me so. And I don't want to live with proud folks, and work for my husband. We are as good as you be, my father is!"

And away she ran.

Farmer Brown was so surprised at this speech that instead of going to his fields, he went home and went to bed, declaring that he was sick and should die. That was a way he had. It was one of his oddities.

When he was more than ordinarily troubled about his affairs, he always thought he was going to die. Sometimes he made a few last remarks, then took a dose of rhubarb, and then—the next morning he was as well as ever.

So, when Aunt Ermy called out : "Come in quick, boys! Your father thinks he is dyin'!" the boys went into the house without hurrying very much. They had seen their father in the same condition before.

The scene was quite impressive. Mr. Brown lay on his bed, dressed in his Sunday clothes, his head propped up on several pillows.

"Come here, boys," he said, in a weak voice. "I am going to die for good this time, and I want to speak to you."

The boys stood by the bed, and Aunt Army sat down near the patient, who spoke thus :

"Ermy, you have been a good sister to me, and it is my wish that you should stay here till you die. You dear, Marcus? Take good care of her. The house is yours, my son, and the land ; the whole farm is yours, because you have been a good and dutiful son. Horatio, come here. I haven't much to say to you. Here are fifty cents. Go and buy a rope to hang yourself with."

Horatio took the fifty cents with very faint thanks. If he had any doubts before, he was certain now that his father was not going to die. He did not even stay to see. He put on his hat and marched out of doors in a transport of mingled wrath and mortification.

Alone in the open air, he begun to plan what he should do. He would go to a large city, and become a great preacher, a great lawyer, a great"—

"No, I won't," he said, stopping suddenly. "I will stay here and work. I will be a great farmer, and marry Gazena Hartman! Then we shall see who will buy a rope and hang himself! Aha! I will keep that fifty cents for good luck" (taking out the coin and holding it up in his fingers). "There, that's settled."

He went back to the house and to his room, slept a few hours, got up very early, made a bundle of his clothes, and left the house before any one was awake.

At broad daylight Farmer Brown got up, well and strong as ever - of course. But it was some time before he discovered that his son was gone.

The next day the whole village of Tusculum was all a-buzz with great news. 'Ratio Brown had left his father's house and had gone and hired himself for a year to Mr. Maynard, of West Farm! Wasn't it queer? And how long would it last?

It lasted a whole year, to begin with. Then it was said that Farmer Maynard found Horatio so handy that he had hired him for another year, and paid him good wages, all of which was true. During the first and even the second year Horatio was not once seen in Tusculum. But one bright day, when Mr. Hartman was enjoying his after dinner pipe, surrounded by his women folks, there was a knock at the door that startled Gazena.

"Coom in," said Mr. Hartman. And Horatio came in.

Gazena blushed rosy red. Mrs. Hartman stared, and her husband took the pipe out of his mouth. But before he had time to speak, Horatio said:

"Mr. Hartman, I have come to see you on business. I have worked hard for two years, and am now a pretty good farmer. I have saved all my wages, and bought forty acres of woodland and a yoke of oxen. Now I have a plan for making money out of my trees, and by next year I intend to buy forty acres more and make more money. If I succeed, will you give me your daughter—if she is willing?"

"Now look what a good boy!" said Mrs. Hartman. "He works hard two years, and no mother, nor no home, and he says nothing, but is good and true all by himself. Now I like that; that's very good. I take him, and you take him, father, and our 'Zena, she take him, too. She tooked him two years past when he go away, and she cry so to break her heart, I knowed it then. Now you take him, father."

Two such long speeches overpowered Mr. Hartman. He "took" Horatio.

Then Mrs. Hartman remembered that her chickens had not yet had their dinner, and Horatio was left alone with Gazena and his dozing new papa. Gazena had not said a. word all this time, and had tried to look as if she was somewhere else, very far away. How she felt, was what Horatio wanted to know, for he did not much admire this Dutch way of courting. So he turned to the young lady, and said : "Gazena, will you come out on the porch with me?"

Gazena got up obediently and went to the porch, but she looked down at some tin pans that were drying in the sun, as if they were novel objects, and both new and interesting.

Horatio took courage, and said what he had to say as well as he could say it; then he waited for Gazena's answer.

"I will do as father and mother say," she answered; "but there's one thing : I have never been engaged before, and I don't want to be engaged now. So, if you don't mind, I'll be a nun, as I said I would, till—till"—

Horatio did not mind, and was quite willing to let her be a nun one year longer. It was decided that he would come every other Sunday to see his little nun, and that it was all to be a secret in the family.

"Because," said Gazena, "I don't want people to talk about it, and look at me as if they had never seen me before."

Horatio was very happy, and worked harder than ever. He cut down his trees, and burned the timber to make "black salts," which he sold at a good price in the city. With that money he bought forty more acres of woodland, and, early in the spring, he sowed wheat on his cleared land. Then he hired from Farmer Maynard a small cottage, with orchard and garden to match. It was quite a pretty little place.

"It will do very well to begin with," said Horatio, "and in two or three years we will build a house just as we want it."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Hartman, "you begin small and you grow big, but you begin big and you grow small; except you be very rich, and it is not everybody who can."

But now something was the matter with Gazena. She did not look as happy as might have been expected. No, she did not object to the cottage; it was large enough for her. Yes, she was willing to give up being a nun, and June was a very pretty month to be married in. But—

"I will tell you what it is," she said, one evening, to Horatio. "I was saucy to your father once, and I am sorry for it, though it was the truth I told him. I don't want to live with proud folks to look down on me; but I don't like to marry a man that hasn't any father, when his father is living."

"You mean that you want me to make it up with my father?"

"Yes, I mean just that. Now please go and tell him, and make peace—that will bring us happiness. It will be so right and nice!"

Horatio promised that he would go, and he went the next afternoon.

It was more than three years since he had left his home. He had sometimes seen his father riding past the West Farm, but they had never met face to face, or spoken to each other.

"Let him alone," Farmer Brown had said to Aunt Ermy, when she had proposed to go and see Horatio. "Let him alone, and don't bother."

But when the wedding was talked about, Aunt Ermy could restrain herself no longer. "Marcus, I suppose you have heard that your brother is going to be married?" she said, one day after dinner, addressing her nephew, but intending her speech really for her brother-in-law.

"Well," said Mr. Brown, "what of it? It don't hurt us any, does it?"

"No, but—you see he has taken that Gazena."

"Of course he has. Why shouldn't he? She is the pluckiest little girl I ever saw!" and Farmer Brown begun to laugh.

Suddenly, while he was laughing, the kitchen door opened, and Horatio walked in. They stared at him for a moment; then he said :

"Well, father, how about that fifty cents?"

"All right!" answered his father. "I never got so much out of fifty cents in all my life!"

"I declare!" said Aunt Ermy, advancing upon Horatio with open arms. Thus peace was made and sealed.

The Brown-Hartman wedding was the event of that summer. Everybody in Tusculum remembers it to this day, and says there never was a handsomer bridegroom nor a prettier bride.

Gazena really looked very pretty—"beautiful"—Horatio said. And Mr. Hartman gave her away as if he knew that it is not every father who has such a daughter to give away.

After a substantial dinner at the house of the bridegroom's father, the newly married pair took a short wedding trip as far as their little cottage, which Farmer Brown had bought and presented to his daughter Gazena.

Danger Signals.

On some of the French railway lines an arrangement for giving danger notice is in vogue as follows : The signal man when he turns the disk sends an electric current in the direction of the coming train to a bar placed between the rails, and when the engine reaches the spot, a metal brush placed between the wheels sweeps the cross bar, the current passes to the engine, and, by means of an electro-magnet, presses upon a lever which opens the steam whistle, thus making it virtually automatic. From its simplicity, this arrangement is regarded as preferable to most, at least, of the other devices for this purpose.

FORCED LABOR IN EGYPT.

Sad Picture of the Way the Poor People Suffer.

The Egyptian Fellaheen and the poor generally are liable to forced labor—first, at the public works, such as railways, the repair of dykes, the making of canals, the construction of bridges; and secondly, on the estates and at the sugar manufactories of the khedive. For the first of these the people receive no payment, and keep themselves; for the second they keep themselves for fifty days, and afterward occasionally receive a few dry, gritty rusks a day, and a small nominal payment, which, however, in many instances, and especially in remote places, is either altogether withheld or paid only in part. I have the word of the European superintendent of one of the largest of the khedive's sugar works that no payment has been made during his term of office, a period of several years, to any of the people employed.

What takes place is this : Some hundreds of hands are wanted at one of the khedive's estates or works. An order is issued. A steamer with soldiers on board is sent up the Nile, towing several huge barges of iron or wood. It anchors opposite a town or village, and soon hundreds of men, boys and girls, many of tender age, are seen hurrying and being driven down to the river bank, clutching such small bags of bread or fragments of rusk as they can collect in haste, and accompanied by their parents, friends, wives and children, who rend the air with their shrill screams and lamentations, for they well know that many a dear face will never be seen again. Neither the only sons of widows nor of blind and aged parents, nor the fathers of helpless infants are spared. The despot requires them—the bastinado and the prison are the cost of refusal.

The whole crowd are rapidly swept into the barges, where, without regard to age or sex, they are packed together like herrings in a barrel. The steamer and the barges then start with their living freight, many of whom will never return to their homes from the distant sugar or cotton estate to which they are conveyed. During the process of their being driven on board and during the voyage no more account of the occupants of the barges is taken than of wild beasts. Arrived at the scene of their labors, an incessant grind of toil ensues. There is no Friday rest, no moment's space allowed for recreation. Both sexes labor under the eye of taskmasters armed with sticks, whips, konobashes, which are freely and needlessly applied to the often naked and at all events only one-shirted backs of those poor "free" laborers. I have myself seen little, tender, emaciated girls staggering under heavy loads of earth, who have been lashed each time they ascended the high bank at which they were at work, and even prodded in the naked breasts with sharp palmsticks. I have seen them sinking upon the earth, fainting under their loads.

No sort of shelter is provided for these unfortunates, though the nights of an Egyptian winter can be very cold, and a single shirt is their only garment. Many have not even this. On the filthy floor of the sugar factory, or on the bare stubbly ground of the cane-field, where they cease working, there they lie down to take their scanty rest, and are succeeded on the instant by other gangs awakened to relieve them. Thus night and day the work goes on without intermission, and the base crew of servile European speculators and the cringing parasites of the little Egyptian court who prey upon the khedive, and the consuls general who love to speak smooth things, and Cook's tourists, and the reporters of the English "dailies," lift up their hands in fulsome admiration, and proclaim to the world that so many more pounds of sugar have been produced in Egypt in this than in the previous years. These people forget to proclaim also how much blood—and that human blood—has been expended in its refinement and elaboration!

An English friend visiting one of the khedive's sugar factories a few days ago, observed a man at work loaded with immense iron chains. On inquiring the reason, he was informed that the poor wretch had been detected sucking a few inches of sugar cane, and was accordingly condemned to work in chains for five days and nights without sleep, and without being allowed to stop to eat.—*Fortnightly Review.*

Centennial Traveling Suits.

What shall we wear to the Centennial? is the query of numerous correspondents. The suit for the journey to and from Philadelphia is more especially the object of inquiry, as the dress worn in the Centennial buildings will naturally be just what the wearer would use at home on semi-dress occasions—costumes of wool and silk, or all silk, or, as the summer advances, of batiste or grenadine. At present ladies do not undertake a journey of any length without a traveling cloak, and this cloak is so large and so completely protects and conceals everything beneath it that the traveling dress has come to be an item of secondary interest. These cloaks are made at present of light cloth, serge or waterproof, while for the summer they will be fashioned of linen and of a heavy Louisine (twilled silk) of English manufacture, as light and superior of its kind as is the English waterproof. The shapes are loose Ulsters, or else cape cloaks, or circulars with hoods. They cost from $12 to $24. They are abundantly supplied with pockets, are trimmed with substantial braids, having strong ivory buttons, and may be looped in various ways to shorten them into very nice looking overdresses when necessary. Vague indistinct plaids of dark brown, gray and maroon are the colors most used. The garments with sleeves are preferred for traveling cloaks, as it is necessary to use the arms often in traveling, and circulars without armholes confine the arms in a clumsy way. The round hat and long scarf veil are bought with reference to the color of the cloak.

As for the dress beneath the cloak, it is so well protected that ladies who do not wish to carry much luggage venture to wear one of their best suits, such as a black silk costume, or any other fabric that will endure crushing and look fresh afterward for general wear. Above all others the thin, light, wool armures and de beges, either plain or striped, trimmed with many rows of wool braid, are commended for service at any time during the six months of the Exposition. These should be made up in a light and simple manner, such as a Boiteuse polonaise, for Philadelphia is a warm city, and light clothing will be desirable. The skirts of such dresses should be short, or else arranged so that they can be easily shortened to clear the ground when walking. Batiste and gingham suits will be made in the same compact fashion to wear at midsummer.

OUT OF DEBT.—As a Scotch officer was handing a summons to a collier, he said : "It's a curious thing that ye haud me comin' to ye see often ; can ye no get o' debt?" "Get out o' debt, Mr. Turnbill?" said the knight of the black diamonds ; "'deed it takes a' my time and wit to get into 't. I am astonished how onybody can hae leisure to warstle out of it."

IN THE MAIN BUILDING.

Notes from the Portfolio of a Correspondent on the Grounds.

Mexico not yet being in order, we pushed on to the Netherlands, where our attention was soon attracted by a native spinning wheel for cotton, models of a dwelling house, and thatched farmhouse, samples of wood, a raised map for the blind at Amsterdam, and a model eating house. One would hardly have looked for dissected cattle; yet there lay before us a nose of a cow who had died of the plague, the windpipe of a second victim to the same pest, a gullet, thigh, etc. A pyramid of sulphate of ammonia, velocipedes and pipes were worth looking at.

RIO JANEIRO

displayed curious hammocks and a *fac-simile* of crown jewelry, while Brazil, with its case of bright birds and insects of every hue, many of them set as jewels, seemed to say : "Look at us," and we did long enough to observe a breastpin and earrings made of three humming birds' heads.

BELGIUM.

The red, yellow and black flag floated over its treasures, and conspicuous on entering its compartment was a case of rags and waste paper. But what shall we say about its Brussels lace, whose splendors would have ravished a society belle. It far exceeds in beauty all my expectations. A basque and overskirt displayed over yellow silk, which color, by the way, did not show its richness to advantage, was of exquisite fineness; parasol and cushion covers, flouncing half a yard in depth, made one's eyes water; even the likeness of the queen of Belgium was surrounded with a wreath of lace flowers of great beauty. A traveler declared that in Brussels itself he had seen no exhibition of lace that equaled this.

SWITZERLAND,

I fancied, could hardly surprise us with model cottages, yet a large farmhouse, with an apiary attached, and the whole affair a musical box, was quite novel. It also made a fine display of machine embroidery in silk lace imitation. Two large maps, one a geological, and the other a topographical survey, would interest the scientist and engineer, but a large ebony cabinet, richly painted, could be better appreciated by the majority. I expected to be quite impressed with the dimensions of the Main building, as it covers twenty acres, and is in size 1,880 feet by 464, but on the contrary found myself quite prepared for it.

FRANCE.

I hastened to examine the robes from the Rue de Rivoli, and any passionate lover of dress could be quite satisfied with a white silk and tulle toilette having a train depending from the shoulders at the back, and reaching—well, not quite as far as from Calais to Dover. But at any rate the mortal who donned it would need a small salon to herself, and require no Cabel to say "Feet off," and so richly embroidered too. The display of rugs was noticeable, one especially, representing a skating scene. The black lace was very fine, and we should have lingered over the white had we not just stepped out of Belgium.

GREAT BRITAIN

next claimed our attention, and we exclaimed at the beauty of a carved oak chest made from the oak beams of Salisbury cathedral. At this point in the building two spiral staircases invite aspiring spirits to a bird's-eye view of the scene outside. But instead of ascending these we entered a tapestried room label "Royal School of Art Needlework," and noticed a fire screen wrought by the Princess Christian. A dumbwaiter was a black bear standing on its hind legs and holding a salver between its forepaws. In a case of embroidered bookmarks the most conspicuous was the badge of the "Ancient Order of Foresters," reminding one with its archery scene of bold Robin Hood.

INDIA.

Shut your eyes and on opening them you find yourself transported to India, and before you lies a case in sculpture from the tomb of Anaravati. But we are weary and hungry; let us pass through the hall and wend our way to a building on the right, invitingly called "Department of Public Comfort," where we will find rest and refreshment, comfortable sofas and chairs, toilet apparatus, hot coffee and eatables. But then

EGYPT

is just here, and that case of embroidered trappings is so gorgeous we forget fatigue and enter the department. And such a table cover we will not soon see again. Beside these stands the bust of Pharaoh Ramases II.—and we almost shudder at the crocodile fourteen feet in length, lying outstretched, even if it is stuffed. We cannot stop for a view of Cairo, for just here is an embroidered undershirt, velvet jacket, and other articles from the bazaar of Cairo.

SWEDEN

has stationed so many generals around its compartment we almost fear to enter; but then they are only waxen, competing with the famous Jarley. The living exhibitor looks in his uniform so like the "shams," and is so often taken for them, he says, that I can imagine his regarding himself as quite a humbug. But yonder, do look over there at a group of five figures standing around a stage lying upon the ground. Surely if we speak to them they will reply in Swedish. No less lifelike is another group, consisting of a clock maker, seated before a table, on which lie his instruments with other figures regarding him. And yet another man is driving a reindeer, seated himself in an uncomfortable looking sledge. The buffalo robes from Stockholm are striking. But who would have looked for such exquisite silver work in far off

NORWAY,

yet here it is, unsurpassed by any country, even famous Italy. And what a curiosity of a sledge is here, made in 1625, and retained in the possession of one family until 1870, when it was purchased for this Exhibition. If you have sixty Norway dollars to spare (how much is that?) you can own it yourself. And adjoining it stands the Norway national vehicle, intended for "one." Here is a little schoolroom, with its desks, etc.; and over all these treasures floats the standard, red with blue cross. "Can you tell me what this is?" I asked of a foreign exhibitor. "A copper buoy, so constructed that as it sways to and fro in the water it strikes a fog bell." "And it was made in Norway?" "Oh, no! no! you travel so fast that you have reached Italy," he replied. Rather I thought Italy has donned her seven leagued boots and stepped up alongside of Norway. Perhaps she came in this Norwegian man-of-war which is exhibited here to show the Norway metal. Those knots were tied by machine when the metal was cold. But we must tear ourselves away, and after needed rest and refreshment we crossed the grounds, passing up Belmont avenue to

THE WOMEN'S PAVILION.

The question of what woman can do is partly solved in this Exhibition. At any rate, we see here she has made a pretty clock, has invented a life preserving mattress, the model of which you will find in a tank, with dolls personating the rescued ones, has contrived a lock barrel cover, and a most convenient work table. The lady from Kentucky, who has taken the portraits of Mr. Gladstone, Bright, and others upon white silk with black and white sewing silk, is a most ingenious creature. It is difficult to believe the specimens before you are any sort of needle work. I was quite interested in a case of birds and animals sporting about a tree, specimens of worsted work. And here is a stamp, excavated from Sidon in 1872—it is 2,000 years old, and this cushion before us is a reproduction of an original pattern. Very pretty is the seal from Beloit College, surrounded by a motto, in each letter of which is wrought a miniature flag. Look, too, at the beautiful carvings—some from the School of Design at Cincinnati, and a bedstead wrought by two young ladies. A model smoothing iron, heated by gas, and exhibited by a doll, must delight the youngsters; and in the next case is a patent stocking and glove darner, also exhibited by dolls. The old English knotting work is revived, and Martha Torrey is certainly an adept in marking with indelible ink.

A Centennial Unpleasantness.

An incident of the inaugural day is raising quite a little breeze in social circles in New York, where it is now being investigated. After the Presidential party had passed into Machinery hall the crowd which had gathered to witness the procession was momentarily augmented, all eagerly awaiting the throwing open of its doors to the public. The clock in the hall showed that the appointed hour of one had arrived.

It could be seen that the machinery had been set in motion, and the people grew more and more impatient at the delay. The throng grew so dense and the crush so fearful that the guards were powerless to force them back, and those in front who would gladly have got out were unable to do so. Tightly wedged in, the mass of humanity swayed back and forth like the helpless writhings of some huge monster, utterly trampling out every vestige of grass, crushing down the shubbery and flowers and crushing the ornamental fence around the plot into kindling wood. Finally one of the gates was opened, and the crowd, taking this for the signal for their admission, pressed forward, when a certain New York general of militia sprung upon the steps and attempted to speak to the crowd. His words could not be heard, but his manner was perfectly intelligible and evidently meant that he was very angry.

The crowd took offense at his manner at once, and their mood changed from good humor to indignant sarcasm, especially when the general drew his sword frantically and branished it over his head, uttering something which was drowned in derisive yells. He ordered the Philadelphia troops to charge on the defiant citizens. The troopers went to work with a will, striking right and left with the flat of their sabers, to the great detriment of silk hats and the encouragement of bumps of a non-phrenological character. In this bloody work the general joined *con amore*, and one of his victims happened to be a gentleman of high social standing and a member of the Union League, of which organization the general is also a member. This gentleman has since complained to the League of the treatment he received and much indignation against the general has been expressed both in that body and in social circles. The general claims that he was justified in using the force employed on the occasion, while his fellow leaguer and others who were similarly used declare that it was brutal and inexcusable, as they were void of offense except in being unable to "fall back," when so ordered, through the living wall behind them. The matter is likely to be made the subject of a League committee investigation, and strong predilections in favor of the expulsion of the general from the rights and privileges of the clubhouse are freely expressed by members.

A Revolutionary Hero.

Marblehead, Mass., has had a private centennial, dedicating a monument to Captain Mugford, the hero of one of the boldest exploits of the early days of the Revolution. Captain Mugford was born in Salem, but had lived at Marblehead since childhood. When he was twenty-seven, he was impressed on board a British sloop-of-war, but released at his mother's demand. While aboard, however, he overheard talk about the expected arrival of a powder ship in Nantasket roads. He applied to General Ward for the command of the cruiser Franklin (four guns and fifty tons), got her after much importunity, and with twenty-one men set sail. He soon encountered the British sloop Hope (six guns, 350 tons and seventeen men), and although the enemy's fleet lay not far off, attacked, boarded, carried her, and took her into Boston. She had aboard 1,500 barrels of powder, 1,000 carbines and other army supplies. Then he set sail again, but with the tide against him, anchored for the night. Daybreak showed him thirteen launches from the British fleet rowing towards him. He sunk five before they could get alongside, but was mortally shot in bearing off the rest. "I am a dead man," he said to his lieutenant; "do not give up the vessel; you will be able to beat them. If not, cut the cable and run ashore." He died a few minutes after the vessel was run ashore, and the launches made off. The British lost seventy men in the fight, and Mugford's was the only death on the American side. His body was buried with great state at Marblehead.

Sabba' Day Houses in 1776.

An important and interesting adjunct to the meeting house in some parts of the country was the "Sabba' Day house." Comfort, being carefully shut out from the meeting house itself, was only thus rudely provided for in such subordinate structures. The Sabba' Day house was a family affair, generally comprising but a single apartment, perhaps fifteen feet square, with windows and a fireplace. It was very plainly and sparsely furnished. Chairs for the old people and benches for the children stood round the walls, and a table in the center might hold the Bible and a few religious books, while at one side shelves contained dishes for cooking and eating. Sometimes the Sabba' Day house was mounted above a shed, within which the horse could be sheltered. A group of such cabins standing about the meeting house added not a little to the picturesqueness of the spot, and their use conduced greatly to the convenience and comfort of Sabbath worship, especially in winter. The family able to keep a Sabba' Day house drove directly thither on Sabbath mornings, warmed themselves up by a hot fire without and—quite likely—by a hot drink within, and here spent the intermission, with further wholesome regards for the wants of the inner man. The better class of the Sabba' Day houses were whitewashed, some of them double; and to the truth of history it must be said that between Sabbaths they occasionally furnished the wild young men of the parish with secure haunts for unseemly carousals.

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

A Whole Family Bitten by a Mad Dog—Death of a Little Girl.

For a long time we have had no such terrible story of hydrophobia to report as that which comes to us from Newark, N. J. The family of Mr. Louis Sorhagen consists of Mr. and Mrs. Sorhagen and seven children, six girls and one boy. The dog that bit them was a black Spitz about three years of age, a pet in the family and with which the children were accustomed to play about the house and yard. A few weeks ago the dog suddenly disappeared and it was thought that he had been stolen, but in a few days thereafter the animal returned, much to the delight of the children, who gleefully ran in to tell their mother. It was noticed, however, that he acted in a strange manner, biting and snapping at every one who came near him, which actions were attributed at first to his having been ill-treated during his absence.

Charles Sorhagen, the only son, a fine lad of fifteen, attempted to pacify the animal, when it seized one of the fingers of his right hand in its mouth and bit it. Blood flowed freely from the wound for a few moments, but Charley gave the matter no further thought. The Spitz then took refuge in the stable at the rear of the lot, and as Henrietta, a girl of twelve, was running through the place, the animal suddenly sprung upon her from its hiding place, and bit her in the right heel, inflicting a severe wound. Henrietta ran limping and crying into the house and told her mother of what had occurred. About five minutes afterward the Spitz ran yelping from the stable, snapping at everything in his way, and before Maggie, a little girl of ten, could escape into the house, the rabid animal had bitten her in the left ankle.

Mrs. Sorhagen hastened out to see what was the matter, when the dog sprung furiously upon her and bit the fingers of her right hand. The Spitz again ran into the stable and bit Mr. Sorhagen's horse on the legs, and also bit another dog that was kept there to watch the premises. Mr. Sorhagen, who chanced to be home at the time, becoming alarmed at the dog's actions, though not suspecting that it was mad, endeavored to secure it so as to prevent its doing further harm. He had almost succeeded in putting a collar and chain about its neck, when the dog furiously sprung upon him and bit him in the left wrist near the thumb, inflicting a wound which bled profusely. After much trouble he succeeded in tying the Spitz to its kennel, but during the night the animal continued to grow worse, frothing at the mouth and showing other symptoms of hydrophobia. The next morning the brute was found lying dead outside of its kennel. Its mouth was covered with foam, and its glassy eyes protruded from their sockets, while the sides of the kennel showed marks of the rabid animal's teeth where it had gnawed the boards in its agony and death struggles.

None of the family, however, felt any apprehensions regarding the wounds inflicted by the dog, or manifested any signs of illness until Henrietta began so complain of drowsiness. Later the same evening she told her mother that she had severe pains in her head, sides, back and legs, and the parts were rubbed with liniment, the mother thinking perhaps that she had taken cold. About midnight she again awoke with a start and complained of the pains in her limbs. She had several spasms during the night, and tossed wildly about upon her bed. At early dawn, when the father was obliged to leave home and attend to his express business, he bade his wife go at once for a doctor. Dr. Voegler was called, and, after examining the child, said that he needed assistance, when Drs. Ill and Korneman were summoned. A consultation was held, and it was decided to cut out a piece of flesh where the child was bitten, in hopes of saving her life. Medicine was given and everything possible done by the physicians to alleviate her sufferings. During the following morning she appeared to be somewhat better, and was at intervals quite rational, but toward noon she was seized with another violent spasm. Then she relapsed into a troublous slumber, accompanied with sterterous breathing, and would occasionally start up in the wildest manner, screaming in agony, and clutching at the bedclothes. Then she would make a noise like the barking of a dog, and moan and talk in a wild, incoherent, delirious way. Mr. Sorhagen, upon returning home in the afternoon, was terribly distressed at his daughter's condition, and called other physicians to see the child. At seven o'clock that evening Henrietta was seized with another violent spasm, and it became necessary for her father and mother to hold her in the bed. She tossed her head from side to side, threw her arms about and shuddered from head to foot when water or other liquids were applied. The spasms became more frequent during the night, increasing in violence until half-past two o'clock in the morning, when death relieved the child of her sufferings.

The wounds of the other members of the family were canterized and everything done to save them. The second dog bitten went mad and was shot. It is hoped that none others of the family will suffer.

The Left Wing.

John Tobias had anything but a pleased look as he limped out of his cell into the Detroit police court. He got drunk in his shirt sleeves, and it was hard to tell whether he had more mud than shirt on his back. His collar was thrown open in an artistic manner, revealing an Adam's apple about the size of an inkstand and a good deal of leather colored throat.

"Yes, I observe," mused his honor, as he gave the prisoner a looking over. "Got drunk, laid down to rest your knees and your appearance is all that could be desired."

"Don't pile it on to me, judge—I was in the army," pleaded John.

"Name the army."

"The left wing," replied the prisoner, hesitating for a moment.

"The left wing of what army?"

"I say it was the left wing."

"What army?"

"The left wing."

His honor leaned back, and slowly said :

"John Tobias, you are lying to me! You can't look me square in the eyes, and your spinal column is crooked out of shape. You were never in the army at all, and the left wing you say you belonged to was the great wing left at home behind the soldiers."

"Didn't I go to war?" demanded John, bristling up considerably."

"No, sir."

"Well, I come mighty near it," growled the prisoner.

"Not half as near as I shall come to locking you up for sixty days," quietly replied the court. "Return to the corridor by this door, lean up in some corner, and don't be ugly when the Maria drives around."

AN INDEX.—An index has just been prepared for the ten first volumes of *Scribner's Monthly*. It is stated in the preface that the illustrations of these ten volumes have cost the magazine nearly one hundred thousand dollars, and that a very much larger sum has been paid for literary contributions and editorial work.

THE LIVE STOCK DISPLAY.

The Exhibition of Cattle to Take Place on the Centennial Grounds—Preparations for It.

The grounds for the Centennial live stock display are within 2,000 feet of the main entrance, and are situated between the two chief thoroughfares, viz.: Belmont avenue and Forty-first street. They comprise thirty-five acres, and are on the line of the Pennsylvania railroad. The location, therefore, affords superior advantages for the receipt and delivery of animals. A ring one-third of a mile in circumference will be provided and 740 stalls are being erected. These are 14x14, and so arranged that after the horse show, which comes off first (from September 1 to 14 inclusive), the stalls can be divided into stalls 7x14 for the cattle which are to be shown September 11 to October 4. The stalls can again be divided so as to be 7x7, for sheep, swine and goats, which will be exhibited from October 10 to 18. The commission will furnish coops and attendance upon payment of $1 on each bird of the gallinaceous division and $2 on each pair of the aquatic division. The poultry will be exhibited from October 27 to Nov. 6.

As the cattle grounds were formerly the Philadelphia drove yards the supply of water is ample and the arrangements for taking away the manure excellent. Offices for the attendants, with hay and grain barracks, are being provided, and a very large hotel adjoins the yards.

"The international feature has been better worked up at their Exhibition than at any previous one;" so says at least Professor Archer, one of the English commissioners who has attended all the previous world's fairs. In confirmation of this I might state that the Centennial commission from Canada has made official requisition for space in the international stockyard for the exhibition of one hundred and fifty head of neat cattle, seventy-five sheep, seventy-five swine and 300 coops of poultry. In addition, a firm of shippers proposes to put on a special steamship to fetch cattle from Europe. This ship will not undertake to run fast, but rather to make the trip as comfortable for the animals as possible by running slow or even turning tail to the storms if desirable. All the railroads offer free return transportation on live stock; but it is likely that most of the foreign exhibits will be sold on the ground. The secretary of the treasury has amended the late order, which interdicts the importation of cattle, which was issued to prevent the introduction of contagious diseases, provided the animals have been examined by a competent veterinary surgeon and certified to be free of disease. This certificate must be indorsed by our consul at the port of shipment, and the animals must be intended for exhibition or breeding.

The list of prizes runs high up into the thousands, as first, second and third prizes will be awarded to the best of every recognized breed in each of the competing lists, sweepstake prizes alone excepted. For instance, cattle will compete in herds. This constitutes a class. Now, as there are nine recognized breeds of cattle—viz.: shorthorns, Holsteins, Herefords, Ayrshires, Devons, Guernseys, Brittanies, Kerrys and Jerseys—there will be three times (first, second and third prizes) nine or twenty-seven prizes in the class of herds. For bulls alone there are three classes—viz.: bulls three years and over, over two years and under three, over one year and under two. As each of the three classes has nine breeds and three prizes for each breed we have (three times nine times three) eighty-one prizes for bulls. Of cows there are four classes, according to age, and, therefore, 108 prizes. There are also sweepstake prizes both for bulls and for cows. Fat and draught cattle have five classes, viz.: The best fatted steer and the fattest cow, the most powerful yoke of oxen and the most rapidly walking yoke of oxen, the most thoroughly trained yoke and the most thoroughly trained team of three or more yokes of oxen. Breeding horses have sixteen classes; speed horses four classes; walking horses one class; matched teams five classes; asses for breeding four classes; sheep thirteen classes, and goats the same; swine twelve classes; dogs ten classes and poultry two classes. The latter are to be exhibited in pairs of one year and over as one class and under one year as one class. They include chickens, turkeys, ducks, geese, swans, pigeons, Guineas and ornamental birds. In this division it is easy to see that the number of prizes will be immense, as awards will be made for superiority to every recognized breed. If there are fifty breeds of chickens and two classes (over one year and under one year) and three prizes, we would have fifty (breeds) multiplied by two (classes), multiplied by three (prizes first, second and third), or three hundred prizes for chickens alone. Ducks and pigeons of the recognized breeds are very numerous, and so it is plain that, as each breed competes only with others of its own breed, the awards in the live stock section will, as I said, run up into the thousands. Living fishes will be displayed in both fresh and salt water aquaria, and awards will be made for the largest display of fish of all species. The aquarial exhibit will, no doubt, be the largest ever made in this country, and perhaps the zoological garden may secure the whole.

As the officers of the bureau of agriculture are determined to leave nothing undone to make the live stock display the crowning feature of the Agricultural department it is obvious that they have an onerous work on hand. A cardinal object of this exhibition is to promote improvement in breeding stock, and visitors to the Exhibition will have the great advantage of seeing animals brought, not only from America, but from Europe.

Too Much Work.

All work and no play sent a man to the lunatic asylum in Davenport, Iowa. He was a workman in a factory, and his industry during ten years could not easily have been increased. He was at his bench early and left it late. No amusements broke the monotony of his daily life. He scarcely knew of anything outside of the factory and his home. It is not wonderful, therefore, that his mind had room for morbid fancies. He imagined that his foreman was plotting to kill him, and that the whole world, excepting his daughter, was in the conspiracy. He made the girl stay constantly with him as a defender. Next, he barricaded himself in his house, and from that mimic stronghold he was sent to the asylum. The moral points to the wisdom of recreation.

An Extensive Work.

Should a ship canal be cut across the Isthmus of Darien at its narrowest point, it would be thirty-two miles long, and would require a ship tunnel 125 feet high and seven miles in length through solid rock. A vessel going from New York to San Francisco would save ten thousand miles of sailing, and could afford to pay a toll of $3,000. In the one item of wages, a clipper ship of 1,500 tons burden would save $2,000 at least. It is estimated that the work would cost $100,000,000.

He is the happier and the more generally useful man who is good in many things and great in nothing.

A Sleepy Song.

"Sing! sing me to sleep!
With gentle words, in some sweet slumberous measure,
Such as lone poet on some shady step
Sings to the silence in his noonday leisure.

"Sing! as the river sings,
When gently it flows between soft banks of flowers,
And the bee murmurs, and the cuckoo brings
His faint May music, 'tween the golden showers.

"Sing! Oh, divinest tone!
I sink beneath some wizard's charming wand;
I yield, I move, by soothing breezes blown,
O'er twilight shores, into the dreaming land!

Facts and Fancies.

If men would set good examples, they might hatch better habits.

The man who makes himself ridiculous prevents many others from becoming so.

When drinking interferes with a man's business the common way is to give up business.

The passengers in a Philadelphia street car the other evening were talking in six languages.

"The difference between ingenious and ingenuous is illustrated by the difference between can do and can did."

The new forts around Paris are to be named after the generals who labored so hard to retrive the faults of Napoleon III., in the war of 1870.

There are $1,000,000 worth of shoe pegs made yearly in the United States, most of them in Massachusetts, requiring 100,000 cubic feet of white birch.

There are said to be in St. Louis county, Mo., unmarried females who own property worth an aggregate of $18,000,000. Go West! young man, go West!

They say that if a bee, wasp, or hornet stings, it is nearly always at the expense of life. This a slanderous tongue will ultimately damage its possessor more than its victim.

It is observed that there are few things that will make a man carry his head so straight as to have a ragged neck binding on his shirt, with plenty o starch on it, well ironed in.

A Western editor met a well educated farmer recently, and informed him that he would like to have something from his pen. The farmer sent him a pig and charged him $9.75 for it.

An employee who doesn't have his hands washed and his coat on, ready to strike for home as soon as the clock begins to strike twelve or six, is not enterprising enough to work by the day.

Here is a soliloquy of a Parisian inebriate, addressed to his hat, which had fallen off : "If I pick you up, I fall; if I fall you will not pick me up—then I leave you." And he staggered proudly away.

Those old soakers never lack for argument. Lately one replied to a temperance lecturer by the following : "If water rots the soles of your boots, what effect must it have on the coat of your stomach?"

Large orders have been received in England for steel rails for foreign railroads, and works which have been closed during several months are about to be put in operation again in consequence.

David Belvin, of Philadelphia, aged twenty-four, used a razor to pare a corn on his toe, and caused the corn to bleed freely. He was taken ill, tetanus or lockjaw ensued, and death resulted in three days.

An agricultural journal advertises a new washing machine under the heading, "Every man his own washerwoman," and in its culinary department says that "potatoes should always be boiled in cold water."

In Clarke county, Iowa, there is said to be a boy who eats hay like an ox and has a singular appetite for raw vegetables. He dislikes bread or cooked food, desiring rather to live on the raw productions of nature.

"When women make bread," said Quiz, moralizing over an underdone biscuit at the breakfast table—"When women make bread, a curious phenomenon often results; you find a little dear bringing forth a little dough."

A grumbling car driver said to a passenger : "You always want me to stop when you get off." "No, sir," said the passenger, who had no jumping notions. "I don't care what you do. I only want the car to stop. You can go on."

Infant prodigy—"Mamma, do you suppose Dr. Prosey rehearses his sermons at home?" Fond mother—"No, dear, his fervor in preparing them is spontaneous, and"— Smart boy—"Oh, then, he does not practice what he preaches."

To encourage tree planting in the several counties of Iowa, the Chicago and Northwestern railway offers a pass to Chicago and back for the farmer and his wife in each county who during the year plant and keep living the greatest number of trees.

This is the roughest conjugal experience on record. In a Brooklin divorce suit the husband, who was a superintendent of a horse car line, alleges that his wife is employed as a "spotter," and that through her influence he was turned out of his berth.

Seventeen men who had left comfortable homes in Wisconsin to hunt gold in the Black Hills, applied on a recent night at the police station at St. Paul for lodging, having walked from the Black Hills after three months vain hunt for gold, of which they saw not a grain.

When Marc Anthony threw himself upon the "dear remains" of his loved Cæsar, in a Pittsburgh theater the other evening, he struck the "corpse" fair in the stomach, which had the effect of doubling it up with a grunt, that rather detracted from the solemnity of the occasion.

The Germans have no ideas of losing Metz. A garrison of 12,000 men is maintained there, and the magazines of ammunition and stores are sufficient to maintain 40,000 men for three years. To the seven forts already in existence that have been enlarged, four new ones have been added.

A Paris woman has perfected a new method of picking pockets. She enters an omnibus with a very pretty and beautiful dressed baby, seats herself close to the likeliest passengers, and works under cover of baby's ample drapery. After succeeding she pinches the baby, so that it cries fearfully, and she leaves the omnibus suddenly to buy candy for it.

A wag, who had wrapped a piece of cloth having the word "centennial" on it around an egg and then boiled it so that the word appeared plainly on the shell, sadly deceived a Portland (Conn.) farmer, who took it out of a nest where it had been placed, and exhibited it at the office of a local newspaper as a wonderful manifestation of the hen's intimate knowledge of the history of the United States.