The Music of the Frogs.

andered in the forest, when a warm, essing breeze
on me, none knew whether, through e arcades of the trees—
nd, suddenly departing, left no slight- t lingering trace;
y told me stranger footsteps trod my ture "resting-place."

faintly as this zephyr, in the hush of inter-night
breath of Summer-weather, softly nguorous, dimly light—
breath of wild blush-roses, and a ngle green of fern,
e memory of the marshes, and the eeping, rippling burn.

e old home in the meadow, near the ouping orchard-trees—
e sunlight and the shadow—just the umming of the bees,
e long and graceful grasses waving in e Summer-air;
simple, homely dwelling—but to me vision fair.

e soft, entrancing odors from the blos- om-laden trees,
e droning of the insects, or the drowsy um of bees,
call to mind completely twilight's eep'ning shades, until
the distant music of the frogs around he mill.

chorus—such a clamor—such a mirth- rovoking sound—
discord, 'rousing echoes through the rassy lanes around—
er croakings than a raven—shriller oices than a shrew;
r it—I detest it—yet I love that music oo.

the music of the marshes," where the round-birds are as cep—
the wild-fowl, musk, and bull-frech ll day long their revels keep—
discordant, vague—but bringing dear- st memories to me,
r than the winds of summer, or the ighing of the sea.

—Clyde St. Claire.

TOO FAT TO MARRY.

very fat young woman came to my and asked to see me privately. n we were alone she said:

re you sure no one can overhear

uite sure."

ou won't laugh at me, will you?"

adame, I should be unworthy of confidence if I could be guilty of a rudeness."

hank you, sir; but no one ever ed upon you on such a ridiculous nd. You won't think me an idiot, you?"

eg of you to go on."

ou don't care to know my name sidence?"

ertainly not, if you care to con- them."

have called to consult you about strangest thing in the world. I tell you all. I am 23 years old. n I was 19 I weighed 122 pounds; I weigh 209; I am all filling up fat. I can hardly breathe. The young man that ever lived loves and has been on the point of ask- me to marry him, but of course he I am growing worse all the time, he don't dare to venture. I can't e him. He is the noblest man in world, and could marry anyone he oses. I don't blame him for not ing to unite himself to such a tub as I am. Why, Doctor, you t know how fat I am. I am a t to behold. And now I have come e if anything can be done. I know have studied up all sorts of curious ects, and I thought you might be to tell me how to get rid of this ful curse."

he had been talking faster and r, and with more and more feel- (after the manner of fat women, are always emotional), until she e down in hysterical sobs.

Oh, I starve myself; I don't eat gh to keep a canary bird alive, yet I grow fatter and fatter all the . I don't believe anything can be e for me. We all have our affli- s, and I suppose we ought to bear m with fortitude. I wouldn't mind myself, but it's just breaking his rt; if it wasn't for him I could be onciled."

then explained to her our nervous tem, and the bearing certain con- ons of one class of nerves has upon disposition of adipose tissue. I n saw she was not listening, but mourning her sorrow. Then I ed her if she would be willing to w a prescription I might give her. Willing? willing?" she cried. "I ld be willing to go through fire, or have my flesh cut off with red-hot es. There is nothing I would not illing to endure if I could only get of this horrible condition."

prepared a prescription for her, arranged that she should call upon once a week, that I might supervise progress and have frequent oppor- ities to encourage her. The pre- ption which I read to her was this:

For breakfast eat a piece of beef utton as large as your hand, with ice of white bread twice as large. dinner the same amount of meat, if preferred, fish or poultry, with same amount of farinaceous or etable food in the form of bread or ato. For supper nothing.

Drink only when greatly annoyed h thirst; then a mouthful of lemon- without sugar.

Take three times a week some m of bath, in which there shall be mense perspiration. The Turkish h is best. You must work, either walking or some other way, several rs a day.

"But, Doctor, I can't walk; my feet sore."

"I thought that might be the case, if the soles of your shoes are four hes broad, and are thick and strong, lking will not hurt your feet. You st walk or work until you perspire ely, every day of the week. Of rse, you are in delicate health, with le endurance, but, as you have told that you are willing to do any- ng, you are to work hard at some- ng six or seven hours every day."

You must rise early in the morn- and retire late at night. Much ep fattens people.

The terrible corset you have on, which compresses the center of the body, making you look a great deal fatter than you really are, must be taken off, and you must have a corset which any dressmaker can fit to you—a corset for the lower part of the abdomen, which will raise this great mass and support it.

"This is all the advice I have to give you at present. At first you will lose half a pound a day. In the first three months you will lose from twenty to thirty pounds. In six months forty pounds. You will constantly improve in health, get over this excessive emotion, and be much stronger. Every one knows that a very fat horse, weighing 1,200 pounds, can be quickly reduced to 1,000 pounds with great improvement to activity and health. It is still easier with a human being. That you may know exactly what is being done, I wish you to be weighed; write the figures in your memorandum, and one week from now, when you come again, weigh yourself and tell me how much you have lost."

I happened to be out of the city and did not see her until her second visit, two weeks from our last meeting. It was plain when she entered that already her system was being toned up, and when we were again in my private office she said:

"I have lost six and a half pounds; not quite as much as you told me, but I am delighted, though nearly starved. I have done exactly as you prescribed, and shall continue to if it kills me. You must be very careful not to make any mistakes, for I shall do just as you say. At first the thing was dreadful. I thought I could not bear it. But now I have very little trouble with that."

About four months after our first meeting this young woman brought a handsome young man with her, and after a pleasant chat, she said to me:

"We are engaged; but I have told my friend that I shall not consent to become his wife until I have a decent shape. When I came to you I weighed 209 pounds; I now weigh 163 pounds. I am ten times as strong, active, and healthy as I was then, and I have made up my mind, for my friend has left it altogether to me, that when I have lost ten or fifteen pounds more we shall send you the invitations."

As the wedding day approached she brought the figures 152 on a card, and exclaimed, her blue eyes running over:

"I am the happiest girl in the world, and don't you think I have honestly earned it? I think I am a great deal happier than I should have been if I had not worked for it."

We made the usual call upon them during the first month, and when, two months after the wedding, they were spending the evening with us, I asked him if his wife had told him about my relations with her avoirdupois? He laughed heartily, and replied:

"Oh, yes, she has told me everything, I suppose; but wasn't it funny?"

"Not very. I am sure you wouldn't have thought it funny if you could have heard our first interview. It was just the reverse of funny; don't you think so, madam?"

"I am sure it was the most anxious visit I ever paid any one. Doctor, my good husband says he should have married me all the same, but I think he would have been a goose if he had."

"Yes," said the husband, "it was foreordained that we two should be one."

"To be sure it was," replied the happy wife, "because it was foreordained that I should get rid of those horrid fifty-seven pounds. I am going down till I reach 140 pounds, and there I will stop, unless my husband says 130. I am willing to do anything to please him."—*Dio Lewis' Monthly.*

A Great River of the North.

The most interesting part of the journey was the passage of the Columbia. The bar at the mouth of the river is a great hindrance to its free navigation, and vessels are often detained for days, and even weeks, waiting for a favorable opportunity to cross. We waited five days outside in the fog, hearing all the time the deep, solemn warning of the breakers. Our steadfast captain, as long as he could see nothing, refused to go on, knowing well the risk. At the end of the fifth day he entered in triumph, with a clear view of the river, the grandest sight I have ever seen. The passengers seemed hardly to dare to breathe till we were over the bar. As we passed into the river, I sat on deck, looking about. I had long looked forward to seeing this immense river, seven miles broad, rolling seaward, and the great line of breakers at the bar; but no one can realize, without actually seeing it, how much its grandeur is enhanced by the surroundings of interminable forests and the magnificence of its snow mountains. The character of the river itself is in accordance with everything about it, especially where it breaks through the Cascade Mountains in four miles of rapids, and still higher up, shut between basaltic walls, rushes with deafening roar through the narrow passage of the Dalles, where it is compressed into one-eighth of its usual width. For a long time I could not receive any other sensations or admit any other thought but of its terrific strength. The Indians say that in former times the river flowed smoothly where are now the whirling rapids of the Cascades, but that a landslide from the banks dammed up the stream and produced this great change.—*Life in Puget Sound.*

"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a traveling quack doctor of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heel toward the house, if you please."

Cetewayo.

"We are both alike," said the late lamented Cetewayo of Queen Victoria. Credit, Cetewayo could not understand, and he carried his aversion to accounts to such an extent that he refused even to allow two items of his purchases to be included in the same bill. Every article that he bought he insisted upon paying for separately; partially, of course, this was due to his ignorance of arithmetic. In the establishment of the London Cheap store that which most interested the king were the mechanical toys, and there was no limit to his admiration of the talking dolls, the walking foxes, the crowing cocks, and the little hen which occasionally stopped to lay an egg. But that which touched Cetewayo's sense of humor more than anything else was a life-size figure of a frog seated on a stool and feeding a juvenile frog upon its knee with a ladle out of a large bowl that stood near by. Among the articles of wearing apparel which impressed him most were fur mantles and the long gauntleted gloves worn by ladies. As a customer, Cetawayo bought French prints for each of his twenty-five wives, and a large quantity of beads, chiefly those of gold, yellow, or scarlet color. They were for the use of his household in making beadwork. Unlike the pitman's wife, who liked none of your gaudy colors, but expressed a preference for plain red and yellow, Cetawayo's taste in the matter of colors was very subdued. He was most delighted with a pattern which showed a little rose on a black ground, or a pink flower on a chocolate ground. His untutored mind succumbed, however, to the garish charms of satin brocatelle, which has a crimson ground, with a gold border. Among the other articles which he bought was a high silk hat. His only headgear when he arrived in England was a military forage cap, but he refused to go and see the queen at Osborne in anything but a high silk hat, so speedily were the uses of civilization grafted upon the savage mind. The difficulty of making a hat for Cetewayo was very great, owing to the fact that he always carried a wedding ring upon his head. A Zulu wedding ring is a cord covered with gum, thickened with ashes. This is fixed round the head at marriage, and worn until death. Nothing, however, being impossible, a silk hat of the most abnormal proportions ever witnessed in England was turned out half an hour before the train left for Osborne. In diet Cetewayo was very particular. No other kind of meat than beef was ever eaten by him, and he was obliged to decline the gift of venison sent him by Lady Florence Dixie. His beef was grilled in lumps; black outside and raw inside. He always dined in the following order: First he ate his beef, then his bread, afterward his potatoes, and last of all he finished up with champagne or whisky. Cetewayo's habits were very regular. He usually rose at 6 and went to bed at 10; and one part of his time every day was devoted to gloating over his presents which he received, and they were both numerous and valuable.

Something About Returned Manuscripts.

Some months since the Easy Chair, says George William Curtis in *Harper's Magazine*, endeavored to soothe the minds of authors who are naturally disappointed by the return of their manuscripts, by a plain narration of the facts in a recent case, where the writer was sure that the editor had been caught tripping, and had even returned a paper without reading it. Indeed, there seems to be a widespread suspicion that this particular wrong to the author is very common, and manuscripts are often received for examination. This fact enables the Easy Chair to remind poets and other kind contributors that they have not probably found it necessary to read "Pollock's Course of Time" from the first word to the last to determine whether it was a poem to their taste, and to suggest that a few pages of Tupper undoubtedly authorized them to pronounce upon his comparative merit with Milton and Shakspeare. Is it really necessary to read every page in a book to discover that it is not worth reading? If a manuscript of 500 pages or less, therefore, be intrusted to the editor for examination, it is not necessary for him to ponder every page in order to reach a satisfactory opinion of its suitability. So, if the stitch ingeniously inserted from pages forty to fifty be intact when the manuscript returns, it does not demonstrate that the editor has betrayed his trust. In the instance to which the "Easy Chair" has alluded, the author cited dates and postmarks to prove that the paper had been returned without examination. The author was undoubtedly of that opinion, but a few plain words from the editor were conclusive upon the point that it had been carefully considered, and had been declined for reasons perfectly satisfactory to the editor. To complain that they are satisfactory to him is to complain that he is himself and not another. For it will perhaps occur to every writer who sends a paper for consideration that he sends it because he thinks it to be peculiarly suitable for publication in the magizine, and consequently, if the judgment of the author should decide, it might be properly assumed that everything which is submitted would be accepted. In that event, the world would not contain the volumes of magazines that would be printed. But the Easy Chair has never alleged that articles are accepted or declined solely upon their abstract merits. On the contrary any such judgment is carefully disclaimed, and it is announced plainly that the verdict is rendered solely upon the ground of availability. The Easy Chair is of the opinion that the editor would have returned Jonathan Edward's treatise upon the will had it been offered for serial publication in the magazine, but solely for the reason that he did not think it to be suitable for the magazine. So, if the correspondent's epic, or lyric, or essay, or sketch, or tale, or whatever his offering may have been, was returned, it was not because it was thought not to be meritorious, but because it was not available.

Vanderbilt's Barber Shop.

Most of the socialists in this city are Germans. The socialists believe in the assassination of monarchs. Our American monarchs are millionaires. William H. Vanderbilt is despotic by two hundred millions. Still, he lets a German draw a keen blade over his throat every day. There is a quaint and jolly old German, with a huge red nose, a perfectly bald head, and an immense mustache waxed at the ends, who may be seen any morning of the year going down Fifth avenue with the march of a dissipated Prussian grenadier and the smile of a happy infant. He is gentleness itself. Everybody who knows him calls him Jakey, but he owns the full name of Jacob Aber. Every morning about 9 o'clock he stops at the magnificent residence of William H. Vanderbilt, greets the servant who opens the door blandly, and goes at once to Mr. Vanderbilt's barber-shop.

So much has been written about his house that it seems hardly as though anything new could be told, but many changes take place, and in the south wing, adjoining Mr. Vanderbilt's dressing room, there has been fitted up a barber shop. It is small, and in the middle of it a barber's chair, made of dark mahogany and inlaid with mother-of-pearl. The base-boards of the room, the cornices, and the door and window frames are of the same shade of mahogany, and the mother-of-pearl decoration are identical with those on the chair. The chair is of the regulation barber-shop pattern. Old Jakey shaves the two-hundred millionaire, and then drifts down the avenue, nodding gracefully to the stage drivers, and giving the occasional policeman whom he meets the 5th regiment salute. He shaves several other wealthy men on his way down, and finally ends with Commodore Garrison, on Park avenue. Then he goes back to his humble home in the lower Bowery and smokes a strong German pipe and plays penuckle with his wife until 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Then he wanders up town again and visits one or two old gentlemen who prefer to be shaved before dinner rather than in the morning. He returns again to the Bowery, goes to a favorite lager-beer saloon in Roosevelt street, and sits in one particular chair and at one particular table every night until 11 o'clock. Then he stalks off to bed. He is close to 60 years of age, and is said to be the best barber in New York. He gets his own price for his work, and probably has older customers than any other barber in the world. He shaved Fernando Wood thirty years.—*N. Y. Cor. Atlanta Constitution.*

The Power of a Silent Woman.

One of the great instances of silence was Cordelia, the daughter of King Lear, writes Sir Stafford Northcote. I suppose there is no character in any of Shakspeare's plays that produces a more wonderful effect on the imagination and feelings of those who can read or see his plays performed with so few touches or strokes or so few words spoken as Cordelia. I was looking at a comment upon the play, and I see it noticed in the first act Cordelia has only forty-three lines assigned to her. She does not appear again until the fourth act, in the fourth scene of which she has twenty-four lines, and in the seventh thirty-seven. In the fifth act she has five lines. Yet during the whole progress of the play we can never forget her; and after its melancholy close she lingers about our recollections as if we had seen some being more beautiful and purer than a thing of earth, who had communicated with us by a higher medium than that of words. Her beauty consists largely in her silence.

"Stop Dat Yerlin'."

Old Davy Dowe is an ancient colored citizen who has probably already scored his 100 years. He is yet sprightly for his age. His business is to wait upon the store of Maj. Wilkins, by whom he is fed, clothed and cared for. By some means old Dave came into possession of a small yearling, which he determined to break to single harness. After much labor Dave constructed a truck wagon with extended shelves. The next thing was the harness, which was a curious amalgamation of strings, old pieces of bagging and a shuck collar ample enough for an elephant. It was altogether a work of labor as well as ingenuity; but patience and perseverance always conquer, and at last Dave was ready. Slipping away out of sight, Dave harnessed up his yearling, a proud smile of triumph all the time wreathing upon the old man's dusky features. He led out his calf, which seemed so gentle that old Dave was tempted to get into the wagon; and right here Dave made a mistake. Firmly seated, Dave shook up his lines and gave the word to "galang." The calf turned his head for a moment and viewed his attachments with a contemptuous leer, and then with a kick and a bleat he started for the square. Old Dave was upset and rolled upon the ground, and the calf darted onward. Dave started to his feet and shouted for somebody to "stop dat yerlin." It was no use. The wagon had come in contact with some obstruction and was an irreparable wreck, while calfy turned and looked at the ruin he had wrought with the complacency of a successful candidate in a country election.—*Waynesboro (Ga.) Citizen.*

Old Mose and the Preacher.

Not long since one of our preachers, who is the owner of a fine breech-loader double gun, with a pointer dog attachment, and who sometimes takes a little sport in the fields, and at the same time supplies his table with the toothsome quail, concluded to "run" the creek for ducks. But before doing so he concluded to inform himself of all the facts bearing upon this rare and sometimes profitable sport. With this intent he met an old darkey in town who domiciles upon the banks of the "rolling Briar," and the following conversation occurred:

"Old man, don't you reside in close proximity to the waters of Briar Creek?"

"Boss, I doan' zactly understan' what you means by 'proxigimity,' but I libs right on de bank of de kreek, shore."

"Well, my man, can you inform me if any great number of untamed ducks visit these haunts at present?"

"Boss, don't tink dem ducks hants anybody, but dares tousan's ob 'em kar, shore's you born."

"Well, old man, my object in making the inquiry was, that I have a desire to come down, and have a little morceau of sport, and was exceedingly solicitous to know if I could procure the services of a competent chaperone to guide and propel a boat."

"Boss, I doan' understan' what all dem big words mean, but you jes' come down, enny time; old Mose trows de wickedest paddle ob enny nigger on de kreek."

"My colored friend, I have but one day in the week of leisure and I would like to know if you could suit your convenience to mine?"

Right here old Mose split upon his judgment, as he supposed that day of leisure, and replied:

"Boss, you jes' come down enny Sunday, an' bring the ole nig a drap, an' dem solicitus you talk about a while ago won't know nuff'n 'bout it."

Right here the interview terminated, and as our preacher has not been missing on Sunday we do not think he has been duck shooting.

Why People Came West.

Tom Corwin undertook, when a member of the Ohio legislature, to have a law enacted abolishing public whipping for crime. He spoke at some length in support of his measure, and an elderly gentleman, who represented a rural district, answered as follows: "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman is not as old as I am, and has not seen as much of the practical operation of the system of punishment which he desires to abolish. When I lived in Connecticut if a fellow stole a horse or cut up other antics, we used to tie him up and give him a real good thrashing, and he always cleared right out, and we never saw anything more of him. It's the best way of getting rid of the rogues that ever was tried, and without expense to the state." Corwin rose to reply: "Mr. Speaker, I have often been puzzled to account for the vast emigration from Connecticut to the west, but the gentleman last up has explained it to my satisfaction.—*Ben: Perley Poore.*

The Bottom Sliding Down.

The Mississippi is said to be subject to a new danger. Its bottom is said to be moving toward the Gulf of Mexico. Of course not the bottom of the entire length, but the ooze and mud for many hundreds of miles, is sliding down, as it were, and making the river shallower at its outlets. Should this continue, and man be unable to control it, the river would in time be confined, as banks would be formed at its mouth. This would make a great lake out of portions of Louisiana and Texas. Of course new outlets would be formed, but in the meantime vast changes would occur in the Mississippi Valley. Great cities would be submerged. Lakes larger than Superior or Ontario would cover regions now occupied by farms and towns. Still this need not concern the present generation. It would take many hundreds, if not thousands of years to affect these alterations, and then, perhaps, mechanical science and human resources may be so developed as to enable man to overcome, or at least modify, the slow operations of nature.—*Demorests.*

What Americans Read.

There is such a thing as reading too much. If you would grow mentally, you must study. Perhaps no people in the world read so much as the Americans do; but what is the character of the literature they read? The details of criminal courts, sensational and exciting news, extravagant stories and romances; and the incidents of prize fights, base ball and riots are read with avidity; but literature of a high order is neglected, and the most profound treatises upon scientific, artistic, moral and useful subjects are allowed to grow dusty on the shelves of libraries and book stores. The fault is mainly in their early training, which has failed to develop a taste for learning, industrious habits, and a manly ambition to gain the respect and confidence of the community by persevering efforts to improve things of real value.

In the New York Custom House Barnum took an oath that his white elephant is worth $200,000.