Across The Sunset Bay.

The West is one transcendent glow
  Of sunset splendor; hand-in-hand
  The waves come singing up the sand
Their summer songs of long ago!
Our boat rocks lightly on the tide,
  With gleaming prow and snowy sail,
  That dips before the freshening gale,
As through the curling foam we glide.

The waves rejoice, the wind is fair
  As round the reedy cape we sweep,
  And past the Light exultant leap
To the white arms of Delaware!
Across the shoals and far away
  We skim (the low green shore-a-lee)
  And face the rosy spheres of sea
That glitters 'neath the dying day!

Free! free at last! as air or light!
  Our very griefs are laid asleep—
  No fear pursues us on the deep
To dull the rapture of our flight!
Beneath us rocks the blue abyss—
  Serenely in the blue above
  Flames the resplendent star of Love—
The rosy harbenger of bliss!

Lean on this faithful breast of mine,
  Fair face that blossoms as the rose
  In that sweet light that overflows
The round of sea and sky divine!
And sing me, love, some roundelay,
  While, far as flees the tireless wind,
  We leave the world of care behind.
And drift into the dying day.

But faster, further, as we strain
  Along the sunset's westward trail,
  The lurid glories fade and fail,
And vanish from the heaving main;
And night pursues our dying bark,
  Past looming capes and shadowy lees,
  With glimpses of whitening seas,
And hollow murmurs of the dark.

THE WEBSTER HOMESTEAD.

Reminiscences of the Family—Present Occupants of the Place.

Cor. of the Boston Transcript.

60Yesterday we visited the Webster homestead, or rather the ruins of what was formerly a very happy and hospitable homestead, and the graveyard where rests the remains of the great statesman and the deceased members of his family. The grounds, still fine and ample, though the estate has been reduced from the original proportions of upwards of 700 acres to about 350, the out-buildings which are in good repair, and the foundation and cellarage of the principal part of the mansion, which still remain, suggest at once the great desirability of rebuilding the house sufficient for occupation, and this I believe, Mrs. Fletcher Webster is extremely desirous of doing, were means available for the purpose. But Daniel Webster was not a money-making nor a money-saving man. Every dollar he possesed was earned and spent in improving his home, or in acts of kindness or necessity. His well-known liberality was also taken advatage of by scheming individuals who extracted from him sums that would now be of the utmost service in restoring his home and preserving from ruin and decay a spot which he has made interesting and so memorable. The fire which completely destroyed the mansion took place, as will be remembered, last February, and was, without doubt, the work of an incendiary. By superhuman efforts a part of the furniture, some of the pictures and a little of the silver and china were saved, but the whole of the valuable library, papers, letters and documents were destroyed, thus depriving the bereaved members of the family of more than an historic home—their most important and treasured resources. On our way to go to the graveyard we stopped and took, with becoming reverence, a drink from Daniel Webster's pet spring, and found it most delicious water. The section of the rural cemetery which contains the graves and memorial stones of the Webster family is fenced off with an iron railing. A low, plain headstone, only "Daniel Webster" upon it, marks the family tomb. The grave stones are ranged below it, those of Daniel Webster and his beloved wife, Grace Fletcher, occupying the first place. Upon her stone is the following inscription:

GRACE FLETCHER WEBSTER,
Born January 16, 1781,
Died January 21, 1828,
Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God.

Mr. Fletcher Webster was 49 years old when he was killed at the battle of Bull Run, and upon the stone which was erected by the officers of his regiment, the Twelfth Massachusetts, are the following touching words taken from a speech of his father:

"And if I am too old myself, I hope here are those connected with me who are young and willing to defend their country to the last drop of their own blood.—*Daniel Webster.*

The words upon his own gravestone set at rest the charge of skepticism which had been made against him, and though somewhat lengthy, and the wind upon the high, marshy ground blowing a gale, I copied them, Miss Ward reading them aloud for my benefit while Miss Phillipps kindly improvised a writing desk. The following is the inscription:

"Philosophical argument, especially that drawn from the vast economy of the universe, in common with the apparent injustice of this globe, has sometime shaken my reason for the faith which is in me; but my heart has always assured and reassured me that the God of Jesus Christ must be a divine reality. The Sermon on the Mount cannot be a merely human production. This belief enter into the depaths of my consciousness, ans the whole history of man proves it.—Daniel Webster."

The present occupants of the home of Daniel Webster and resident members of his family consist of Mrs. Fletcher Webster, the widow of his son, and her son and daughter—Ashburton and Mrs. Carrie Webster Day. Many offers of a friedly asylum were made when the great misfortune of the loss of their home occurred, but Mrs. Webster wisely went to work to reconstruct as much as possible their scattered household goods and provide a temporary shelter which they could call their own. She took the old Winslow House, formerly owned and occupied by Gov. Winslow and by his son, General Winslow, though it had long been untenanted—was said to be haunted, and altogether so dilapidated as to be considered unhabitable. The plaster had all fallen from the ceilings, leaving the rafters exposed, the floors were eaten away, and the once famous scene of many a gay festivity given over to the dark, destructive hand of time and the ravages of the whole vampire tribe. Out of this promising material Mrs. Fletcher Webster, her son and daughter have, with wonderful taste, industry and ingenuity, created a paradise, after Morris's own heart A rustic piazza has been added to the plain, unsightly exterior, which is covered with trailing vines. The lower rooms are filled with what are most precious relics of their former home and past history. There are some valuable old portraits, the full-length picture of Danial Webster, by Ames; a fine Wouverman's showing his peculiar effects of light and shadow; some rare old china and costly articles of furniture, and, what is treasured most, the favorite library chair of Mr. Webster, a great, deep, capacious arm-chair, covered with morocco, and with attachment in front for reading or writing. For the two most valuable pictures in the possession of the family the house is too small and they are, therefore, left in other custody. These are the celebrated portraits of Lord Ashburton and Danial Webster by Healey. These pictures were painted for and given to each other, the artist painting Mr. Webster's a second time for his family. They are admirable likenesses, and, apart from their historic interests, are among the finest productions of the artist. The family are now, however, not able to keep them, and Mrs. Fletcher Webster would gladly sell them, so that they could form part of a gallery, and be properly kept and cared for, while the money would be applied in paying off the remnant of a mortgage which the small insurance on the house did not cover, and which prevents the trustees from rebuilding.

Mrs. Fletcher Webster shows the remains of great personal beauty, and has a bright, accomplished and charming daughter, who has already shared the misfortune of her mother, for she is a widow, though still very young. The son, Ashburton, is also handsome, and very intelligent and gentlemanly, but he is unfortunately deprived of a career in this country, not only by his illustrious name, but by the necessity which chains him to the side of his mother and sister.

Attempt to Hoax George Combe.

A medical man in Edinburgh, with the help of a friend who was a painter, modeled a turnip into the shape of a human head. A cast was taken from this model, and was forwarded to Combe with the request that he would favor the sender with his observations on the talents and dispositions indicated by the head. It was added that the cast was from the skull of a person of an uncommon character. Combe instantly detected the trick, and got Abram, who had some reputation in his private circle as a verse maker, to write a parody on the "Man of Thessaly," which was pasted on the brow of the cast, and then it was returned:

There was a man in Edinburgh,
  And he was woud'rous wise;
He went into a turnip field
  And cast about his eyes.

And when he cast his eyes about,
  He saw the turnips fine;
"How many heads are there," says he,
  "That likeness bear to mine!"

"So very like they are, indeed,
  No sage I'm sure could know
This turnip head which I have on
  From those which there do grow."

He pulled a turnip from the ground,
  A cast from it was thrown;
He sent it to a Spurzheimite,
  And passed it for his own.

And so indeed it truly was
  His own in every sense;
For cast and joke alike were made
  All at his own expense.

The author of the attempted hoax called on the following day and assured Combe that he meant no offence, but only a jest. Combe replied that if the author was satisfied with his share of the wit, no feeling of uneasiness remained on the other side.—*Life of George Combe.*

The Mysterious Masked Lady.

At the masked ball, lately given by Frances, Countess Waldegrave, a lady of distinguished appearance, dressed in black and wearing a domino, observed two gentlemen who were conversing unmasked in an alley of the beautiful gardens at Strawberry Hill. She approached them with easy grace, and opened conversation in a light and bantering tone. The elder of her male interlocutors was assured, by what "the Antiquary" would have called "his fair enemy," that she knew all about him, and could, and she would, tell him many quear stories about himself. Well able to defend himself in tongue encounters, the gentleman, whose wit and whose *persiflage* were once the delight of the House of Commons, in which he is now a much-missed absentee, replied that if she knew even a tithe of the mischief he had done in life she would compel him to borrow her domino. Carrying the war into the enemy's country, he proceeded jestingly to impugn her assertion that she was a married woman, and accused her of having escaped from boarding school to take part in the Strawberry Hill gayeties. His younger male companion, being scarcely inferior in badinage, asked permission to touch her marriage ring, and, accepting the gloved hand which she promptly extended, remarked, after satisfying himself as to the correctness of her claim, that so fair a gage was worthy of more respectful salution, and was permitted to raise her black gloves to her lips. After a diversified conversation, which lasted about a quarter of an hour, the lady glided gracefully away, leaving her companions in puzzled mystery as to her identity. Their guesses were more ingenious than described when an hour later he was laughingly informed by the lady of the most exalted rank in the assembly (the Princess of Wales) that she herself was the escaped boarding-school miss, and that the domino which she had removed from her face was at his service—to hide his blushes.

Quin the Actor.

A bright paragraph in the life of Quin is the assistance so delicately and heartily given to the starving Diet Winston. Stretched upon a miserable truckle bed, without food, money, clothes, or hat, lies the unfortunate actor. A knock is heard at the door, and Quin enters, followed by a man bearing a respectable suit. "Now, Diet, my boy," cries he, "how is it you are not up and at rehersal?" He has provided him not only with clothes, but an engagement. Bewildered, his heart heating with gratitude, Winston dresses himself. Decently clad, employment found for him, but starving, no money to buy even a morsel of food. "O, Mr. Quin," he falters, "what shall I do until Saturday for food money?" "I have done all I could," is the answer; "you must now put your hand in your own pocket." He does, and draws out a ten-pound note.

GLAM.

"*Glam*" is a nickname, common with the French-Canadian boys of the quaint Acadian settlement of Madawaska. It answers to our "Bill," and comes, I think, from the French *Guillaume*, or William. The Madawaska children pronounced it as if spelled *Glarm*, very broadly.

But Glam was not a boy, though he bore a boy's name. Neither was he a dog—though I once saw a coach-dog named "Bill." Indeed, I am afraid it will disappoint the readers to learn that Glam was a sheep, of the gender which country people call a "knock over;" a sheep with great curled horns and a fearfully hard head.

Boys and dogs are often written about; but it is seldom, I think, that a sheep has his biography told. Yet Glam's life and exploits are worth recording; and I think that after reading what I am about to relate, the reader will say so.

Glam bolonged to a little bacon faced Madawaska lad named Maxime Lizotte. His father called him "Marxeem," or "Marx." But his father being a lumberman, was at home but very little, and the charge of the little *clos*, or farm, situated a few miles from the hamlet of St. Basil, was left mostly to Maxime, the boy sowed buckwheat and planted potatoes in the spring, and in September harvested his crop, burying his potatoes, like a squirrel, deep in a hole in the ground, that they might be kept safely for winter use. The Madawaska people have no cellars. If they did have them their houses would be warmer, for the climate is very severe, and winter lasts nearly or quite seven months of the year.

Maxime did the hardest part of his farm work with two little "sparked" cows. These yoked to his plow and his cart, one of the queer customs of that queer settlement.

His plow would have amused a New England lad, for it looked more like a dry tamarac root than a modern plow. But it did its work, with the help of Maxime and his yoke of cows, These he had named "Gadelle" and "Gellette," names which may be freely translated into English as "Plum" and "Cream-pot;" though it is doubtful if either word could be found in a "Paris" French dictionary. It was very amusing to see Maxime at his plowing, shouting, "Herret, Gadelle! Mushdaw, Gellette!"

Besides these two cows, the boy had owned a flock of twelve or fifteen sheep, and Glam was the lord of the flock. In his *lambhood*, he had been a great pet, a sort of "cosset." No doubt he was given his full share of provender and other good things; and this, perhaps, was the reason why he was so large.

At the age of five years, when the writer saw him, Glam certainly weighed not less than 200 pounds. From the great length of his wool, he looked even heavier. It was said that the weight of his annual fleece was fifteen pounds, which seemed to me a pretty *heavy* story.

When a lamb, Glam was no doubt gentle, like all of his race; but as he grew older and larger, he became conscious of the forcible arguments that lay in his big curled horns and hard head, and used them to resent familiarties from strangers He became a "knock-over" in good earnest to all the neighboring boys. Maxime and Glam, however, understood each other, and avoided antagonisms that should have no place between friends.

Glam's first exploit of note occurred when he had reached his third year. Maxime's sheep-pasture was on the mountain-side, above his *clos* It was a tract of thirty or forty acres, that were only partially cleared from trees and brush. The public morals of that district are probably not better than those of other localities. At any rate, farmers like Mexicans, who owned lambs, occasionally lost them, and the theft was not unfrequently charged to their neighbors and not to the bears and other wild beasts.

Then, too, the "river drivers," as they passed up and down the St. John's had an unpleasant custom of kidnapping fat lambs that might be found upon its shores, and roasting them over their camp-fires.

During the latter part of May and the first week of June, when the drivers were coming down the river, Maxime used to go to his pasture once or twice a day, to keep watch over his little flock.

One foggy morning, as he was calling the sheep together. he was struck by the appearance of Glam, who seemed to be standing guard over something red that was lying on the ground at a distance from the rest of the flock. Whatever the object was, it had life; for while he looked, it rose partly up, but Glam, drawing back, at once butted it flat again.

Maxime ran to the animal, and, lo! the red object was a red-shirted riverman, who was in sorry plight. He could scarcely speak, but contrived to stammer out the words that he thought his back was broken.

Near by, lying on the ground, was one of the best lambs of the flock, with the tendons of his hind-legs cut. The would-be thief had a dirk in his hand, with which he had made desperate efforts to quiet Glam, but had only succeeded in wounding the sturdy animal.

The fellow had little to say for himself. He had caught and was carrying off the lamb on his shoulders, when Glam charged him from behind, striking him full in the back; and afterward, when he tried to rise, offered continual objection by knocking him flat again.

There is a little Catholic hospital at St. Basil. The lamb stealer was taken there and afterward recovered. So Glam was not a *murderer*; though if he had been, in such a case, I for one should have held him to be fully justified. It was his business to defend his flock, and he did so at the risk of his own life.

Next came what is to me a less interesting event in Glam's life. The following autumn, two Frenchmen passed Maxime's farm, driving before them a flock of sheep. With the flock was a large buck. Seeing Glam, and noting his large size, the men challenged Maxime to match him against their own buck for a butting duel.

Max consented, I am sorry to say, and the two bucks were turned loose in a field. At first they merely eyed each other suspiciously. Then jealousy seemed to seize them, and, after some menacing stamps of their hoofs, they "squared off," as Max said.

First they drew apart, backing diliberately away from each other for a hundred feet or more. Then they charged at full gallop, like old-time knights. When wit in ten feet of each other, both paused and again drew back. It seemed as if each though the hadn't secured momentum enough to give full effect to the colision.

Again they drew back to almost duoble their first distance apart. Then they charged. There was no pause then. Their heads smote together with a sounding crack. The result was disastrous to Glam's antagonist, for his neck was broken, and he fell sidewise and died.

As for Glam, he shook his head slightly, then pawed his dead rival, and turned to the spectators, as much as to say, "Fetch on anothor."

The two Frenchmen were much excited and wanted to kill Glam. For my part, I think it would have been more than justice if they had been made by legal enactment to butt their own heads together.

There is a kind of wild-cat, or lynx, found in the region of Glam's exploits, that sometimes throttles sherp. It is a cowardly creature, but when at bay, or when surprised while eating its prey, will fight savagely, and is then by no means an antagonist to be coveted by either man or beast. Sometimes the old males reach the size of a large dog, and have long retractile claws and big round heads

One morning in the spring, shortly after the sheep had been turned into the pasture, Maxime, on going there to give them salt, found both Glam and one of his largest lambs were not with the flock. The other sheep seemed to have been recently frighted.

After a brief search Maxime found the lamb in some bushes, dead. Its throat was torn and bunches of wool were pulled out and scattered around. But where was Glam?

Maxime called and called, but it was not till he had searched almost every section of the pasture that he last saw his lordship. He was standing under a yellow birch-tree. Glam must have attacked the marauder and driven it from the lamb, and had butted it so hotly that the lynx had been forced to climb the birch for safety.

Maxime ran to the house of a neighbor, borrowed a gun and then shot the lynix,

But Glam's great feat—one which it seems to me should make him forever famous in the history of sheep—was not performed till the autumn of the next year.

The black bear is also common in the reigon where Maxime lives. Farmers owning sheep often suffer from its attacks, which are usually made in the night. Sometimes an entire flock of twelve or fifteen sheep has been killed in a night, by a single bear.

That autumn, several of Maxime's neighbors, on that side of the river, repeatedly lost sheep. Rightly or wrongly, they attributed their losses to one particular bear, which had been seen at several different times.

To secure the safety of his flock, Maxime, who was a prudent lad, drove his sheep home every night, and shut them in their cote. But one afternoon, toward the last of September, the boy had his buckwheat to get in, for it threatened rain.

Before his last load of wheat reached the barn, it was twilight. Taking his salt dish, he hurried up the hillside to the pasture. Just as he reached the log fence, he saw the sheep running along the upper side of the lot, with a large black animal chasing them.

Dark as it already was, Maxime knew the animal to be the "*sacre oors noir.*" Bent on saving his sheep, he leaped the fence, and ran toward the frightened animals. But he had a bushy hollow to cross. When he had reached the other side, the bear was no longer chasing the sheep. Glam was facing him, and backing, as if he had just given his bearship a butt, and was preparing another.

Maxime heard the bear growling savagely, and feeling somewhat afraid, as he had no weapon but a club, he concluded to remain a spectator. Glam backed off thirty or forty yards, then, lowering his horns, plunged at the bear. Seeing the ram coming, the animal rose on its hind legs, and stretched out its paws to seize him.

Glam's hard head, coming like a shot, hit the bear full in the stomach, in the very roundest portion of it, and instead of clasping the buck, he went heels over head backward! Maxime said it sounded like striking on a big pumpkin.

With a fierce growl, the astounded bear scrambled up. But at the same time Glam had backed off again. Maxime could plainly hear their heavy breathing. Scarcely had the bear regained his feet when the ram again charged him with tremendous force. Again the bear rose, and again was knocked fairly heels over head before he could seize his hard-headed antagonist.

This maneuver was repeated eight or nine times. At each charge of the buck, the bear would rise, bear-fashion, to grapple Glam, and every time was promptly sent sprawling upon the ground.

After the eighth or nineth "round," the bear failed to rise, Glam butted at him several times more, however, but he he did not respond.

Maxime then went cautionsly up to the prostrate animal, who lay limp, and with his tongue hanging out. So completely used up was he that the lad had no difficulty in making an end of the dangerous brute with his club.

And now, if any reader of the *Companion* has a better true story of either buck or bear, I should like to hear it.

Hang On Like a Beaver.

When our Tom was six years old, he went into the forest one afternoon to meet the hired man, who was coming home with a load of wood. The man placed master Tommy on top of the load, and drove homeward. Just before reaching the farm the team went pretty briskly down a steep hill. When Tommy entered the house his mother said:

"Tommy, my dear, were you not frightened when the horses went trotting so swiftly down Crow hill?"

"Yes, mother, a little," replied Tommy honestly, "but I asked God to help me, and hung on like a beaver."

Sensible Tom! Why sensible! Because he joined work to praying. Let his words teach the life lesson; in all troubles pray and hang on like a beaver, by which I mean that, while you ask God to help you, you must help yourself with all your might.

A Memory.

A thousand lilies blossom, unaware,
  Here, where the earth seems chill with buried love,
  And in the flowery arbutus the dove
Still calls her truant mate, who lingers yet,
As though the world were always sweet and fair,
  And you and I had nothing to regret
  And hope for against hope, and think upon
  Till all things fade.

And so your lips may often wear a smile,
  And so my heart may leap to music still;
  Your soul may fire, and all yuor being thrill,
And all your manhood lift itself on high
In din of battle, or in sacred aisle;
  Yet under all must lurk one memory,
  A grieving for a good time that is gone,
  Till all things fade!

Humors of the Day.

A lemon is an insignificant thing, but we like its ade in keeping cool.

The New Orleans *Picayune* informs us that there are more ladies than Gentile men in Salt Lake City.

Fashionable mother: "Maria, I'm almost discouraged. How many times have I told you not to say tater, but pertater?"

Painful Question by the Sultan: "Is this Turkey, or it it merely portions of England, Russia, Austria, and other countries?"

A man in Detroit has recently invented an apparatus for arresting and extinguishing sparks. Are the girls going to stand that?

A discomfitted soldier, who found that he had shot an Indian already defunct, was overheard to murmur, "I didn't know it was Lo dead."

The only difference between an elephant with a broken ivory and a town in Alabama is, one has a loose tusk, sir, and the other a Tuskaloosa.

The fat girl of Iowa, who weighed 600 pounds, is dead. It used to be her regrettul boast that she never sat on a man's knee in all her born days.

"What business is your father in?" "Sure! and I do' nc. He's an agitator, or a dictator, or a speculator—a tatur of some kind, anny way."

"Ah," said the fly, as it crawled around the bottle, "I have passed through the hatching age, the creeping age, the flying age, and now I'm in the mucilage, and——" there it stuck.

They were having a family set-to, and she asked him if there was anything in the past that he would like to recall, and he heartlessly answered, "Yes, the day you first refused me."

"What time is it?" asked a customer of a restaurant clerk, as he settled for his breakfast. "It's a quarter after ate," replied the clerk, as he raked in the cash and the twenty-five cent check.

There isn't much difference between an old Roman soldier and a cannibal who has just dined on a nice young female missionary, for the former was a gladiator and the latter is glad-be-ate-her too.

"I sigh for one glance of your rye," said a impecunious fellow as he wandered into a leading saloon a few days ago. He got but a "glance," his range of vision being suddenly transferred to the outer air.

A lecturer, addressing a mechanic's institute, contented that "Art could not improve Nature," when one of the audience set the whole assembly in a roar by exclaiming, "how would you look without your wig?"

It is well to loook at both sides of a fan. On a "heated" Sunday in Philadelphia recently the minister was fanning himself vigorously. He did not see, but the congregation did, that the reverse of his fan bore the inscription, "Buy Boggle's Bitters."

Did the prophet Isaiah ever eat at a railroad station? It certainly looks so, for how could he have described it so literally if he had not: "And he shall snatch on the right hand, and be hungry; and he shall eat on the left hand, and shall not be satisfied."

The young man had given his views about everything to everybody for an unendurable half hour, when the old man said, with nice courtesy: "I beg your pardon, sir, but if you begin teaching everybody at eighteen, when do you intend to begin learning anything?"

"Sweets to the sweet," said a young man on passing the syrup to a young lady seated at one of our hotel tables. "And beets to the beats," remarked the lady, shoving a dish of that vegetable toward the young man. For some reason the observation cast a settled gloom over a countenance that just before was radiant with smiles.

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?" "Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?" The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered, "I 'spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through!"

"Now, then, madame, please look steadily at this place on the wall," said a photographer to an old lady, when he he had put her in position and the plate in the camera. The old lady looked hard at the spot indicated, then got up and walked across the floor and minutely inspected it, and then, turning to the photographer, gently remarked, "I don't see anything there."

The Hoosier Printer.

A printer tells this story: At one time I worked on a country newspaper. One day a green looking hooiser wandered up stairs and looked sheepishly around him. He said he "jest wanted to know how the thing was done. He was always sot on larnin' how to print the news and things." He watched carefully the process of setting the type, and thought he jest knew where to put his fingers on the letters." I informed him that it would take years to get perfect at it, at which he laughed me to scorn, and said he could "do it as fast as you kin after larnin' the places where the letters come from, and that he could learn that in a half an hour." I offered to bet him a V greenback, that I could fill the stick three times to his once, at which he remarked: "Wal, sonny, I ain't got no scrip about jes' now, but if you will allow this 'ere timer to lay along with your fiver, I don't mind tryin' to take the consate cuter you." After some preliminaries, a bet of the above nature was effected, and greeny spent one solid half hour "larnin' the places where they belonged," when he professed to know where every letter was as I well as I did. I handed him some reprint copy, a stick and rule, showed him how to hold the stick, and we started. In just seventeen minutes, amid the opened mouthed wonderment of the rest of the boys, greeney dumped a stick of solid brevier, and I was sold.

He was only a poor tramp that wanted a lift on the road, and chose this as a means to satisfy the demands of the railroad.

Peat Men and Women in Shetland.

The lives of these people are simple and uneventful enough. The chain is a very short one and the links are not scattered. They go forth to their daily work and return to their daily rest, and have no thought or ambition beyond. Their aspect, I have said, is picturesque. They are all ages, some young, others bending under the weight of years. There they go one after the other, with their baskets or kishes, as they are called, fastened upon the back by means of a strap over each shoulder, rising above their heads. and piled up with squares of black peat This naturally gives them all a stooping position suggestive of hard work and feminine weakness, that quickly appeals to the sympathies. Many of them wear shoes made out of cowhide, strong and cheap, but perhaps without form, and with small pretentions to neatness and cleanliness. And these they often "save" by carrying them in their hands. Many, too, are without stockings, and they trudge along bare-footed and bare-legged, and only look in consequence the more poverty stricken. Their petticoats are short, and generally of some dark, coarse material, with the color of which the peat-getting sufficiently harmonizes. Upon their head they wear the inevitable kerchief of thick Shetland wool, generally gray, and sometimes red. Their faces are sunburned and weather-beaten. Those of the old women are often strangely and wonderfully wrinkled, which, with their attitude, gives them a look of extreme age, and almost descripitude. The younger women are many of them handsome; I saw a few really beautiful faces. As they go along the road nearly all are knitting stockings or some other article of wear. They appear to knit by instinct—an hereditary gift. Their heavy loads and somewhat difficult progress in no way seem to interfere with the flying needles. These never arrest their motion as their owners for a moment raise their heads as you pass and wish you good-day; or, it may be turn round to look after the ranger or the gun—no doubt the gun.—*Argosy.*

A Poetic License.

Says the Chicago *Tribune*: He was a tall, square man, with a sharp, sunburned nose and unshaven face. He wore a chip hat, well sweated through in front, with a rim turned down all around, and a dark, narrow bit of braid for a band. His butternut pants were neatly tucked into his cowhide boots, and the thumbs of his bronzed hands were thrust into the armholes of his vest. He entered the moyor's office with the air of a man of business, and, marching up to his Honor, said, inquiringly:

"Be you the mayor?"

"Yes I have that honor."

"Well, I want a license for my daughter, Maria Jane."

"Ah I see; your daughter is about to get married, and you wish to procure a marriage license. We do not issue those papers here. You must go over on the North Side of the County Building."

"No, 'Squire, you are mistaken—as much mistaken as if you had burnt your last shirt or had accidentally got into the wrong pew in meeting, but Maria Jane doesn't want a license to get married, not by any means—not by more than considerable. She is a darned smart girl, if she is my daughter, and if I do say it which I hadn't ought to. She has been keepin' school and boarding round up in the persimmon district and writing verses for the Summerfield Weekly Bugle. She thinks now of givin' up teachin' and devotin' her hull time to literary pursoots and, 'Squire, as I'm a law-abidin' man and loyal to the core—three of my boys went clean through to the sea with Sherman—'Squire, and I want to do the business for the girl on the square, and so I called to take out a poetic license for Maria Jane. You see, Will Morrison, who has been to college, told Maria that any body must have a license before he writ much poetry."

Here the mayor's face turned very red, as if suffering from some intense internal emotion, and it was observed that his eyes were suffused with tears. His secretary suddenly approached the window and gazed abstractedly out upon the trees in the tubs, whose emerald branches were gracefully swaying in the summer breeze in front of the saloons across the way. The framer fixed his curious eyes upon the mayor for a moment, who finally sufficiently recovered himself to say:

"My dear sir, your daughter needs no license to write poetry. She can write as much as ever she pleases, and it will be all right."

"Won't it be agin the law to do it without a license?" inquired the man. She has heard that Byron and Mrs. Hemans used a good many poetic licenses in their writin's, and she thought she'd better do as the rest of 'em did. But if it's all right without, it's probably owin' to the freedom of our institutions and sich like."

"Exactly," said the mayor.

And the satisfied rustic walked out of the office picking his teeth with a straw.

Lemon Syrup—Squeeze the lemmons; strain the juice carefully least pulp should remain; to one pint of juice add two pounds of sugar; set it away till completely dissolved, stirring it occasionally; then bottle it. One or two teaspoonfuls of this syrup stirred into a glass of water will make delightful lemonade.