The Garden of Fame.

"The garden-land of fame lies between Walhalla and the sea."

Scandinavian Poet.

Would'st thou walk in the garden of fame,
Would'st thou taste of the fruits that grow
In alleys where grapes hang low,
In fields that are never the same?

By the feet of the awful sea
Alone canst thou reach those flowers,
And sit in the shaded bowers,
Calm home of the bird and the bee.

No pathway, no compass, can lead;
Alone must thou find the shore,
Alone through the fret and the roar
Where the malled waters tread.

But he who would cling to a spar,
Or hold by a knotted rope,
And laugh in his secret hope,
Nor question his way of a star,

May be saved by a master hand,
And fast to the shore may hold;
He may see the apples of gold;
He may wander indeed on that strand.

But when the days are fulfilled,
And the master's feet are led
Where only the gods may tread,
And whither the gods have willed,

Then he who clung to the keel,
Nor worshipped in labor and love,
Nor yearned for the apples nor strove
With a yearning the lover must feel,

Sees the waves of oblivion rise,
And gather to drag him down,
While the face of the east wears a frown,
And are vanished the god-like eyes.

"The Grave."

(Translated from the German of Salis, by Baroness Swift.)

The grave is still and deep:
Its awful borders lone
From us the secrets keep
Of a far land unknown.

The nightingale's sad lay
Ne'er to its depths may sound,
And friendship's roses gay
O'erlie its mossy mound.

There brides bereft oft sigh
And wring their hands in vain;
The orphan's plaintive cry
Wakes not its dead again!

Yet nowhere else, I trow,
Canst find thy yearn'd repose;
Through its dark portals low
The pilgrim homeward goes.

The heart which, full of care,
By passion's storms is torn,
Doth turn for peace e'en where
No more 'twill beat—nor mourn!

Last July.

She's barely twenty, and her eyes
Are very soft and very blue;
Her lips seem made for sweet replies—
Perhaps they're made for kisses, too;
Her little teeth are white as pearl,
Her nose aspires to the sky.
She really is a charming girl,
And I adored her—last July.

We danced and swam and bowled and walked;
She let me squeeze her finger tips;
Entranced I listened when she talked,
And trash seemed wisdom from her lips.
I sent her roses till my purse
Was drained, I found, completely dry;
I longed to sing her charms in verse—
But all of this was last July.

Of course, at last we had to part;
I saw a tear-drop on her cheek;
I left her with an aching heart,
And dreamed about her for a week.
But out of sight is out of mind;
But, somehow, as the time went by,
Much fainter I began to find
The memory of last July.

July has come again at last;
With summer gowns the rocks are gay;
It seems an echo of the past
To meet her on the beach to-day.
She's even fairer than of yore,
And yet, I could not tell you why,
I find the girl an awful bore—
So long it is since last July.

NIGHT AND DAY.

(By the late Sidney Lanier.)

The innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
Oh! Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
"Put out the light!" said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown shade.
"She's dead! She's dead!" said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood,
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
"I would she lived!" said he.

Star-memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
"Come back, O Day!" said he.

London Society.

London *Vanity Fair* has these notes:

I am happy to be able to contradict the story, which was very generally believed, that the Duke of Portland had been compelled to part with his waistcoat at the Stockbridge races to pay his losses; but why he did part with it nobody knows.

The late Prince of Orange was in many respects most unfortunately situated. His father, an unintellectual man, was mated to a highly intellectual woman. They discovered that they had nothing in common, and lived apart.

A novel mode of paying a visit occurred the other day at Albury (the Duke of Northumberland's place), when Mr. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards, accompanied by a brother officer, descended in his balloon in the park, having come from Aldershot just in time for lunch.

An elaborate hoax was played or perpetrated in Dublin last Thursday, a very neatly engraved card being sent round to society people, requesting the pleasure of their company to meet Lord and Lady Spencer at the Provost's house to hear some music. The revenue did not benefit the hoax, for postage stamps were carefully omitted.

At St. Peter's, Eaton Square, on Sunday week, the morning service was rendered lively by a lady who, while the officiating clergyman was reading in a slow voice, jumped up from her seat, and, waving her parasol about in an excited manner, exclaimed in an agitated voice, "Go a little faster; I can read as well as that."

A Paris physician got into a great scrape lately by declaring that a young lady of seven, and belonging to a family of respectability, drank. Another doctor was promptly summoned and said the same thing. The parents were in despair and incredulity. They said that their daughter actually disliked wine. "Watch her carefully," said doctor No. 2; and a few days later mamma caught the victim of the mysterious malady at the eau de Cologne bottle.

Lovers of so-called "blood oranges" will be interested to hear that the supply of their favorite fruit having fallen short, certain dealers now prick the skins of ordinary oranges, and then subject the latter to a bath of colored liquid.

ABYSSINIA.

A Christian Land in the Heart of the Dark Continent.

There has always been more or less romance associated with Abyssinia. It is a Christian land in the heart of the dark continent. It adopted the Christian faith when the ancestors of the present nations lived in dens and caves, and it adhered to it through all the religious changes and political revolutions that have since convulsed Europe. In the fourth century of the Christian era one of the saints, who at that epoch were numerous and omnipresent, found his way to the headwaters of the affluents of the Nile that rise in these lofty mountains, and so impressed the barbarians with his earnestness and the truth of his doctrine that they adopted it, and followed it according to the spiritual illumination they possessed. They never held it purely. They got it mixed with Judaism, whose tenets were disseminated by occasional immigrations; with Mohammedanism, a belief that found its way everywhere a little later, and these variations were further complicated by pagan traditions handed down from Ethiopian ancestors, or imbibed from association with African tribes.

At present it is a singular mixture of belief and superstitions of Roman Catholicism, practices of the Greek Church and Mohammedan fanaticism. Christ is believed in, but made scarcely superior to the saints. The priests dance like dervishes. Monasticism is common. The Mosaic rites and practices have been retained from the teachings of the Jews, and, as the people are ignorant and still half savage, morality is at a low ebb and marriage little respected. There is nothing that can be called a literature, fanciful tales and traditions supplying its place. There are some books in the country, but few of them of any great interest or value on account of their antiquity. Abyssinia is situated on the Blue Nile and the affluents of the main stream of the Nile, comprising the high table lands where they originate. The country consists of plateaus, six or eight thousand feet above the level of the sea, and enjoys what in Africa is called a salubrious climate, whose only drawback is dysentery and occasional fevers during the rainy season. It has at present no port on the Red Sea, Massowah having been taken from it by Egypt. The restoration of a portion of seacoast is said to be the reward offered for assistance against the Mahdi.

The earliest settlers were Jews, Arabs and Ethiopians. Tribes of these races still exist. The Gallas are a ferocious African people, who occupy the southern portion of the territory. Catholic and Protestant missionaries have at different times visited the country, but failed to make much impression on the people. Under the reign of Theodore Abyssinia acquired the greatest prominence. The English, desiring to cultivate his friendship, sent an embassy to him, which he imprisoned because a letter with an offer of marriage, which he had sent to Queen Victoria, had not been treated with respect. This rendered a powerful military expedition necessary, which took his stronghold. The emperor committed suicide. Since his death there has been no central authority, the country being divided into three provinces—Tigre, Amhara, Shoa. The population numbers about 3,000,000, spread over some 200,000 square miles of territory. The people have a certain amount of ingenuity and make cutlery and agricultural implements, with some textile fabrics of the coarser kinds. They have not a city with a population of 10,000, while the general style of living is scarcely superior to that of the barbarians in the interior of Africa. The region is of little consequence to the world at large and only becomes important now by a mere accident of international politics.

A Burglar Trap

The inventive business of a Connecticut Yankee has stopped the career of one man and given him leisure to meditate on his evil ways. The cash-drawer of a country store in Connecticut has been repeatedly robbed. The store-keeper, determined to stop this interference with his petty cash, contrived a trap to catch the robber. He arranged in the floor a trap-door which perfectly matched the boards of the floor. In the day time the door was securely fastened, but at night on leaving the store a catch was so fixed that the moment the unsuspecting burglars stepped on the door to operate on the money-drawer, the trap-door opened and dropped him into a pit in the cellar below. The sides of the pit were smooth and higher than a man's head, but the trap door once dropped the burglar could not escape. The trap closed automatically by a spring ready for a second burglar. A practical trial of the trap proved successful, for one morning the store-keeper found evidence of an entrance to his store in the night, and on looking into the pit discovered the imprisoned burglar. He coolly went about his business, and in due course of time had the urglar arrested.

Heroic Conduct of an Old Lady.

A despatch from Mobile, Ala., dated Tuesday, says: Near Bolling, Ala., last evening, a north-bound train on the Mobile & Montgomery Road ran over an aged woman named Spence, killing her instantly. Walking along the roadside with her little adopted daughter, the latter became frightened at the approaching train and ran on the track. The old lady rushed to the rescue, seized the child and threw it clear off the track. While in the act the train ran her down, killing her instantly and throwing her body over upon the little girl, seriously injuring the latter.

A recent edition of the New Orleans *Picayune* was printed on paper made of bagasse, the refuse of sugar-cane after the juice is squeezed out, and the event has created quite a stir among the paper manufacturers. The sugar planters of Louisiana, who have burned this hitherto worthless stuff to get rid of it, now see a possibility of making money out of it, and some of the more enthusiastic of them think it will be nearly as profitable as the sugar crop.

An improvement which will alter the appearance of the inner town is in contemplation in Berlin. The Unter den Linden is to be prolonged eastward by a new street passing between the Castle and the cathedral, and ending in Alexander square. It is to be called Kaiser-Wilhelm strasse.

BILL NYE

Attempts Amateur Carpentering with Peculiar Results.

In my opinion every professional man should keep a chest of carpenters' tools in his barn or shop, and busy himself at odd hours with them in constructing the varied articles that are always needed about the house, writes Bill Nye in the Denver *Opinion*. There is a great deal of pleasure in feeling your own independence of other trades, and more especially of the carpenter. Every now and then your wife will want a bracket put up in some corner or other, and with your new bright saw and glittering hammer you can put up one upon which she can hang a cast iron horse-blanket lambrequin, with inflexible water lilies hewed in it.

A man will, if he tries, readily learn to do a great many such little things, and his wife will brag on him to other ladies, and they will make invidious comparisons between their husbands, who can't do any thing of that kind whatever, and you who are "so handy."

Firstly, you buy a set of amateur carpenter tools. You do not need to say that you are an amateur. The dealer will find that out when you ask him for an easy running broad axe or a green gage plumb line. He will sell you a set of amateur's tools that will be made of old sheet iron with basswood handles, and the saws will double up like a piece of stovepipe.

After you have nailed a board on the fence successfully, you will very naturally desire to do something better, more difficult. You will probably try to erect a parlor table or a rustic settee.

I made a very handsome bracket last week, and was naturally proud of it. In fastening it together, if I hadn't inadvertently nailed it to the barn floor, I guess I could have used it very well, but in tearing it loose from the barn, so that the two could be used separately, I ruined a bracket that was intended to serve as the base, as it were, of a lambrequin which cost $9, aside from the time expended on it.

During the month of March I built an ice chest for this summer. It was not handsome, but it was roomy and would be very nice for the season of 1884, I thought. It worked pretty well through March and April; but as the weather begins to warm up, that ice chest is about the warmest place around the house. There is actually a glow of heat around that ice chest that I don't notice elsewhere. I've shown it to several personal friends. They seem to think that it is not built tight enough for an ice chest. My brother looked at it yesterday, and said that his idea of an ice chest was that it ought to be tight enough at least to hold the larger chunks of ice so that they would not escape through the pores of the ice box. He says he never built one, but that it stood to reason that a refrigerator like that ought to be constructed so that it would keep the cows out of it. You don't want a refrigerator that the cattle can get through the cracks of and eat up your strawberries on ice, he says.

A neighbor of mine who once built a hen resort of laths, and now wears a thick thumb nail that looks like a Brazil nut as a momento of that pullet corral, says my ice chest is all right enough, only that it is not suited to this climate. He thinks that along Behring's Strait, during the holidays, my chest would work like a charm. And even here, he thought, if I could keep the fever out of my chest, there would be less pain.

I have made several other little articles of vertu this spring, to the construction of which I have contributed a good deal of time and two finger nails. I have also sawed into my leg two or three times. The leg, of course, will get well, but the pantaloons will not. Parties wishing to meet me in my studio during the morning hour will turn into the alley between Eighth and Ninth streets, enter the third stable door on the left, pass around my Gothic house, and give the countersign and three kicks on the door in an ordinary voice.

Extravagance in Living.

Such crimes as those of Ferdinand Ward, while they spring often from depravity, are oftener the result of mere weakness of character. Thackeray in many of his minor sketches constantly draws the portrait of the man and woman whose means are not equal to the style of living which they desire; and they desire it not for itself, but only because others have it. They are not strong and steady enough to be content with that which they can command and afford, and the means to secure the other must somehow be obtained. Thackery puts the fact in the simplest and most amusing form. The young couple must give a dinner, and instead of a joint of lamb and the glass of beer which is the only repast to which they have the moral right to invite a friend—if, indeed, the beer may be morally permitted—they must needs prepare a feast which they cannot honorably afford, and for the sole reason that other people who can afford to give such feasts.

It is this doing a little more, or a great deal more, than the doer can honestly afford, which leads to the swindles of Wal street. Living in a house too expensive for his means, maintaining it accordingly, dressing as his richer neighbors dress, doing in all things as they do—it is this weak compliance which is hidden in the fine houses, and drives to the park in the fine equipages, which presently ends in Ludlow street jail and hopeless disgrace. Yet it is the poorest kind of competition, because the little imitator might see even with his dull eyes that there must always be a few persons that can "do the thing" better than all the rest, and without feeling it. The bullfrog may swell until he bursts, but he cannot rival the ox.

This is the tendency which all sensible people—and a great many otherwise sensible people are swept away by it—ought quietly to resist. The power of individual example is immense, but it is often underestimated by the individual. "My vote is of no consequence, but, since you wish it, I will vote," said a man to his neighbor, and the right candidate was elected by a majority of one. The family which in the midst of a saturnalia of luxury and extravagance refuses to take part in it, and holds to a simple, moderate, temperate way, is diminishing the supply of Ferdinand Wards and Wall street panics.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

"I speak within bounds," as the prisoner said to the jailer.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Why an Orator Must Understand Gesticulation.

Gesticulation is foreign to our nation; and yet the man who would be an orator must learn what to do, as well as what to avoid doing, with his arms and hands. The world is but an echo, the ambassador of thought. All energetic passion, all deep sentiment, must be heralded by expression, or by outward and visible sign of some sort; otherwise the words will fall coldly, as emanating from the intellectual machine, and not springing, warm and irrepressible, from the heart. Talma, in his treatise on the art of acting, says: "The gesture, the attitude, the look, should precede the words, as the flash of lightning precedes the thunder." Yet, if you watch any uncultivated speaker, you will find that his action never indicates the path he is travelling, but follows it. Observe the itinerant preacher, whose apopletic eloquence suggests that he is suffering from a determination of words to the mouth; you will see that the flinging of his arms to and fro is an effort to add force to his words, not the outcome of strong feeling before it has broken into speech. The true orator's movements must appear so spontaneous that they pass unnoticed, and yet, insensibly, they will affect his audience. The most powerful speakers are always more or less actors, who identify themselves with the cause they advocate. Cold rhetoricians who have not this capacity may bring conviction to our reason when we read their speeches in the papers the morning after they are delivered, but, lacking the passionate persuasiveness of men whose voice and frame vibrate with the emotion their words evoke, they will never touch the hearts or rouse the enthusiasm of an audience.

In public speaking, as in reading, it is of primary importance that the voice be not pitched too high or too low, but that the keynote be struck in the middle of the register. Many persons become exhausted in reading, or in addressing an audience, from ignorance of the art of respiration, and from the erroneous notion that it is necessary to employ some non-natural tone. Neither is it essential to shout in order that the speaker's words may be carried to the furthest extremity of a large hall. There can be no greater mistakes than these. As in singing, so in oratory, the most natural emission of the voice, if combined with a distinct articulation, will "tell" more at a great distance than all the bellowing in the world. Actors are especially liable to forget that violence is not power, and that loudness is rather indicative of hysterical and feminine impotence than of manly force. I sat beside a great actress at the theatre lately, when a scene which should have torn out our very heart-strings was being enacted. "Why do they talk so loud?" she whispered to me. "They would produce twice the effect if they did not scream at each other."—*Nineteenth Century.*

The Mysteries of Shoes.

Throwing the shoe after the wedded pair was, also, no doubt intended as an augury of long life to the bride. In Yorkshire the ceremony of shoe-throwing is termed "trashing," and the older the shoe the greater the luck; and in parts of Kent the mode of procedure is somewhat peculiar. After the departure of the bride and bridegroom the single ladies are drawn up in one row, and the bachelors in another. When thus arranged, an old shoe is thrown as far as possible, which the fair sex run for; the winner being considered to have the best chance of marriage. She then throws the shoe at the gentlemen, when the first who gets it is believed to have the same chance of matrimony. A somewhat similar custom prevails in Germany, where the bride's shoe is thrown among the guests at the wedding, the person who succeeds in catching it being supposed to have every prospect of a speedy marriage. Many auguries are still gathered from the shoe. Thus young girls on going to bed at night place their shoes at right angles to one another, in the form of the letter T, repeating this rhyme:

Hoping this night my true love to see,
I place my shoes in the form of a T.

As in the case of the stocking, great importance is attached by many superstitious persons as to which shoe they put on first, in allusion to which Butler in his "Hudibras" says:

Augustus, having b' oversight
Put on his left shoe 'fore his right,
Had like to have been slain that day,
By soldiers mutin'ing for pay.

An old writer speaking of Jewish customs tells us that "some of them observe, in dressing themselves in the morning, to put on the right stocking and right shoe first without tying it. Then afterward to put on the left shoe, and so return to the right; that so they may begin and end with the right one, which they account to be the most fortunate." A Suffolk doggerel respecting the "wear of shoes" teaches us the following:

Tip at the toe: live to see woe;
Wear at the side: live to be a bride;
Wear at the ball: live to spend all;
Wear at the heel: live to save a deal.

Among some of the many charms in which the shoe has been found efficacious, may be mentioned one practiced in the North of England, where the peasantry, to cure cramp, are in the habit of laying their shoes across to avert it. Mrs. Latham, in her "West Sussex Superstitions," published in the *Folk-Lore Record*, tells us of an old woman who was at a complete loss to understand why her "rheumatics was so uncommon bad, for she had put her shoes in the form of a cross every night by the side of her head, ever since she felt the first twinge." In the same county, a cure for ague consists in wearing a leaf of tansy in the shoe."—*Domestic Folk-Lore, by Rev. T. F. T. Dyer.*

Good Fishing.

"I thought you advertised good fishing as one of the attractions of your summer resort."

"So I did," replied the landlord.

"Why, there isn't any water five miles of here."

"I never said there was; but half of the young ladies in my house are heiresses."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The oldest apothecary shop in Berlin, which in 1888 might celebrate the 400th anniversary of its existence, has just been sold for the sum of $300,000.

A CHEAP TRIP.

Doing Europe in a Month for $200.

"It is getting to be cheaper to go to Europe than to stay at home," said a tourist yesterday. "See what can be done for 1200. I leave with a party on July 12th in the City of Rome with a companion of my own selection. We are to be at sea until Sunday, July 20th, when we shall land in Liverpool early enough in the day to see the docks, the Exchange and the other sights. The following morning we shall take the express train to London by way of Crewe, Rugby, and in five hours be in our hotel.

"We can wander about the city and go to the theatre in the evening. The next morning the conductor of the party puts us in carriages, and we will spend the day in viewing the British Museum, the National Gallery, the Kensington, the parks, the Albert Memorial, Westminster Abbey, House of Parliament, the various monuments, all of the admission fees being paid by the conductor. The next, July 23rd, we will drive to Kew or the Zoo, to Billingsgate, the tower, the law courts, the churches, and over the bridges; and we still have another day to spare for a carriage ride, which will be provided without extra cost, or we can go about on foot and visit some places of amusement in the evening.

"On Friday morning, July 25th, we go down by express train to New Haven, cross the channel to Dieppe and press on to Paris the same afternoon. We have four days to see the sights of Paris—the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Morgue, the sewers, the catacombs, the Champs Elysees, the Bois de Boulogne, the Arc de Triomphe, the Parc Monceau, the Hotel des Invalides and Napoleon's tomb, the palace at Marseilles and St. Cloud—all in carriages under the guidance of a conductor who days all fees and all the hotel bills here and elsewhere

"On Tuesday, July 29th, we shall take the night train to Dieppe, and we are in London early the next day. We have a day to finish up seeing what there is worth seeing in London, and, after resting at night, we take a morning express train to Glasgow, and have a ride through England and Scotland by daylight.

"We reach Glasgow at 8 o'clock at night, and then in the morning we have a chance to see St. Mungo's Cathedral and the Necropolis. In the afternoon we go on board the Circassian. We get a glimpse of the Giant's Causeway, if it is clear, and if we sail down the Clyde we see Dumbarton Castle, Arran Isle and the bold bluffs that make the approach to Glasgow so picturesque. We touch Moville, and thus get a glimpse of Ireland.

"On Tuesday, August 12th, just a month after leaving, I will be at my business in New York. The only expense outside of the $200 to be incurred will be such gratuities as I choose to give and my washing. I can have 112 pounds of baggage to and from London, and 56 pounds between London and Paris.

"If I take a month's vacation in the country it will cost me nearly $200, and if I choose to buy myself an outfit in London and bring it home I can save half of that sum by the difference in the cost of things on the two sides of the Atlantic. The only thing about such a trip that is disagreeable is the physical and nervous strain. I wouldn't advise a sickly man or dyspeptic to take it."—*N. Y. Post.*

Beer-Drinking and Heart Disease.

The habitual consumption of beer in excessive quantities tends to hypetrophy by the direct action of alcohol upon the heart, by the enormous amount of fluid introduced into the body, and by the easily-assimilated nutritive constituents of the beer itself. Furthermore, such habits are often associated with great bodily activity, and at least relatively luxurious manner of life. The average weight of the normal heart in men is relatively greater in Munich than elsewhere, a fact, without doubt, dependent upon the excessive consumption of beer in that city. The characteristic changes in the form of hypetrophy under consideration consist in the participation of both sides of the heart and in an enormous increase in the volume of the primitive muscular elements, with enlargement of the nuclei. Whether or not actual numerical increase in the muscular fibers takes place can not be known. Many individuals addicted to such excesses attain an advanced age, notwithstanding cardiac hypetrophy by reason of constitutional peculiarities, an active open air life, or an enforced moderation, but a greater number perish after brief illness with symptoms of cardiac failure. At the post-mortem examination are discovered moderate dropsy, pulmonary œdema, brown induration of the lungs, bronchitis, congestion of the lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, and other organs. Fatty degeneration of the muscular wall of the heart is absent in most of these cases, and death must, in the absence of adequate anatomical lesions, be looked upon as due to paralysis of the cardiac nerves and ganglia. The condition of such subjects not rarely amounts to a true plethora of the most typical kind, such as seen among the drivers of beer-waggons and workers in breweries in this country. The excesses in beer common in some parts of Germany are rare in the new world, but that such excesses are attended by a direct and grave danger, hitherto little suspected, should be generally understood.—*Philadelphia Medical News.*

Hare-Brained, as it Were.

"Ah, my deah Miss Annie, how do you like the cut of my haiah?" drawled a sand-papered young blood to a bright Walnut Hills girl.

"Well, Mr. Witless, really, now, since you ask me, I'll tell you, that, while I don't always like such short hair, in your case I do like it, for it is so nicely cut to match."

"I don't quite comprehend, Miss Annie. Match what?"

"Your brains, of course."—*Merchant Traveller.*

A large party of the members of the British Association, with their wives, daughters and other ladies, left London for Liverpool yesterday, on their way to Canada, to attend the annual meeting of the association, which is to be held at Montreal. The cicerone of the excursion is Captain Bedford Trevelyan Pim, R. N., to whose efforts the selection of Montreal as the meeting place is principally due.