All in the Dreamy Quiet.

A dreamy quiet a fire-lit room;
Two cups of coffee whose rich perfume
Steals over our senses while fancy flies
To Indian isles and Eastern skies;
A heavy languor, a full content,
Odors of rose and violet blent
With faint patchouli and new mown hay,
A memory sweet of meadows gay.

On a bearskin rug I lie at ease
And listen to wondrous harmonies
As they softly drift, with charm untold,
Through the velvet portiere's sweeping fold.
The music's passion is rich and strange;
With its every tone my feelings change;
It holds me captive, I'm swayed at will
By the master's subtle grace and skill.

My eyes are raised with movements low
To where, on a slumb'rous divan low,
I see you stretched, so near the place
That your soft breath fans my eager face.
The firelight gleams on your silken hair,
And kisses the brow so passing fair,
While I look on with jealous glance
As o'er your cheek the shadows dance.

I try in vain to study your mind,
To read the thoughts which lie behind
Those deep gray orbs, to fathom the soul,
And find the power which holds control
Of my every sense, my every aim.
Which binds me a slave with unasked claim,
And makes me follow where'er you lead;
Your life the all which my life doth need.

But the eyes no sign will e'er confess,
And the lips will tell me even less;
But when they quiver, and break, and cry,
My own respond with an answering sigh;
Oh, why should we hold our lives apart?
I cannot cry down my hungry heart,
Better defy the harsh world's decree
And shape a new path for you and me.

The music's dying; its charm yet thrills;
My soul with a yearning intense it fills.
I creep still nearer, slave at a throne,
Till my hands touch those I long to own.
A lingering murmur, a haunting strain,
Which fades, bursts forth, and fades again;
The waltz is over, its last note dies,
But safe on my breast your dear head lies.

A CHRISTMAS EVENING LEGEND.

The Christmas tree had done its work, or rather the Christmas party had done theirs with the tree, and now the little ones, after having been regaled with all the varieties of fairy tales that Anderson or Grimm could have dressed up for them, had been escorted each to their separate nooks for rest, and the elders were left alone.

"Too early to retire yet," cried *paterfamilias*.

"And too late to sit up much longer," rejoined the half-sleepy mother.

"Well, then, one more story from uncle. Uncle's just come from Europe, and must have lots of stories to tell," cried one.

"Oh, yes, uncle's story now; uncle's story!"

"About ghosts, eh?" said Uncle Jabez.

"Oh, no, ghosts are so awful at this late hour."

"A love story, then?"

"Too common."

"A detective's. How would a detective story do?"

"Commoner than common. No, uncle! just a *legend*, please. A legend about a castle, and a demon, or something of the Rhine-land sort. Something in the Rat-catcher of Hamelin's style."

"Here goes, then! I'll give you a story as told to me, in the very words of Jacobo Somebody, my own Alpine guide. He commenced thus—calling his story, by-the-bye—"

A LEGEND FROM THE SWISS MOUNTAINS.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, this is the spot. Yonder you see the little inn. On my word as a man and a guide—the best guide on the mountain—it is all true.

Listen, then. One day a traveller, handsome, young, rich and gay—a man who could afford to spend all summer travelling among the Alps—stopped at a little tavern that hung like a bird's nest upon the mountains, and called for a bottle of wine and ome bread.

It was served him by a girl so wonderfully beautiful that he could do nothing but stare at her. Of course the traveller, being a young bachelor, at once fell head over ears in love; and though the girl was after all only a peasant, he resolved to marry her if he could. Therefore, instead of going on as he had intended, he asked for a room, and having been offered the choice of half a dozen empty ones, selected the one that had a fine view of the cow-yard, where the beauty was likely to be seen sometimes, instead of the one from which there was the most delightful prospect of the mountains, whither the beauty probably never wandered.

Well, this young American went to his room, and sat looking out of his window, and had the pleasure of seeing the girl milk her cows; but while he was admiring her and talking to himself about her, he was suddenly startled by a box upon the ear, and turning furiously about—as who would not?—found to his amazement that there was no one there.

So the American at length decided that what he had felt was the wing of some bird or insect that had flown by him unawares, and laughing at himself, turned to the window again. In a moment more some one boxed his other ear; and this time he felt the five fingers on his cheek, and still nobody to be found hiding.

This was too much to bear. He left his room and went downstairs, and since the girl was there, fell to chatting with her, and the more he chatted the more infatuated he grew, until at last he actually whispered some words of admiration in her ear, and took her little fingers in his, when—whisk!—came the box upon his ear.

"Who is that?" he cried furiously, for this blow was a smart one.

"Did you see any one? I have been struck. It is the third time. What harlequin is playing his tricks upon me?"

"Oh, sir," she cried, "for the love of Heaven ask no questions—only leave this place, and do not speak to me again. I cannot tell you the truth, but I know that you will be sorry if you stay here. Don't waste an hour. Go—go——"

"And why?" said he.

"Because you will be in danger if you stay," she answered. "You may even be killed."

"No, my beauty," he said. "I could not go now, even if there were danger in staying. And what danger can there be? Tell me what you mean."

His answer was a scream, and at that moment he received from some unseen fist a terrible blow which prostrated him to the earth.

Then she rushed away; and turning, the young American saw the innkeeper. He was a grave man, well stricken in years, and he bowed low to his young guest.

"Sir," he said, "you seem troubled. Can I aid you in any way?"

"You can," said the youth. "You can explain a mystery to me. Thrice since I entered your inn I have received a blow from an unseen hand. Your daughter tells me that you can explain the strange occurrence to me; and tells me that I am in danger here."

The innkeeper looked gravely at his guest, stroked his long, white beard for a moment, and then replied by a question:

"You have been falling in love with my daughter?"

The young man blushed.

"If I had, does that explain this thing?"

"Yes," said the innkeeper. "It was Jacqueline's lover who struck you. He never strikes any one of whom he is not jealous; consequently, I know he is jealous of you."

"Then show me where I may find him," said the American, "and we will see who can hit the hardest."

"Sir," he said, "my daughter's lover is a demon, and all you can do is to flee from him. I will tell you the story. My daughter, as you know, is wonderfully beautiful, and from her childhood she has always told us of a terrible black man who met her on the mountains and made love to her. He asked her to be his wife, and when she said that she would rather die he swore that she should never have a lover, and revealed to her the fact that he was a demon. Since then, whenever any one has loved my girl—and almost every young man who sees her does fall in love with her, sir—as I said, whenever this happens, unseen blows fall upon him. If he is alone on the mountains, he is led into dangerous places, and avalanches and frozen water-spouts overtake him. Several have been done to death, and now the young men of the village turn their heads the other way when they see my Jacqueline.

"They call her the demon's true love,' and only strangers who know nothing of the story try to win her smiles.

"Poor girl! it is hard for her. But there is no help for it. When I am dead she will go into a convent. The demon dare not come there; besides, he will no longer be jealous, since nuns have no lovers. As for you, sir, all that you can do is to go away as fast as you can from this unhappy inn and forget my poor little Jacqueline forever."

And what, gentlemen and ladies, asked the guide, posing himself picturesquely with outspread hands—what think you your young American said then? Eh? Perhaps you guess. No! Well, I will tell you. He doubled his right fist tight and brought it down in the palm of his left hand, and said—oh, he was a true American, this young man—

"I'm darned!" he said, "if I'll give up the girl I love for a demon!"

And then whisk came another thump on his chest.

"Show yourself like a man," cried this young American, "and we'll fight it out."

"Done," cried a hollow voice in the air. "Meet me at the long chasm at 12 to-night, and you shall not only feel but see me."

"Done!" cried the American.

Now the long chasm was a terrible spot, far up the mountain; and the innkeeper turned sick with horror when he heard the promise.

"It is as though you went to the grave," he said. "You will not live to come back."

But all the American would say was this:

"If one Yankee isn't a match for ten Italian devils, I'm a gump."

In vain the father swore, the daughter wept, the mother wrung her hands, the servants went into hysterics, the American vowed to conquer the demon that night, and asked as his reward the hand of Jacqueline.

"I promise," said the father; "but it is a promise made to one already dead."

Alone, at the dead of night, the young American ascended the mountain. He took nothing with him but his fists. No one even offered to go with him.

"He has gone to meet his fate," they said; and tears bedewed the girl's cheek as though she stood beside a dying bed.

"We will never see him more," she wailed, "never, never!"

As she spoke, they saw him in the moonlight turn, wave his hand toward them, and vanish in the winding mountain road.

No one slept in the inn that night, but at dawn just as the cows began to cluster at the gate, there was heard, faint and clear and far away through the pure mountain air, the sound of a whistle.

It came nearer. They heard the tune. It was "Yankee Doodle."

Only Americans whistle "Yankee Doodle."

"It is the American," cried Jacqueline. And truly enough there he was—brisk and fresh as ever, striding toward them.

"Then the old demon did not meet you?" cried the father.

"I rather reckon he did, old gentleman," said the American.

"And you escaped him?" cried Jacqueline.

"Madame!" cried the American, offended. Then he paused and smiled. "It was evident to me from the first," he said, "that that demon had not scientific training. I don't know what he thinks of me; for after I had polished him off, I took him by the nape of the neck and dropped him down the chasm, as if he had been a kitten, and he hadn't time to make any remark. And now I have kept my part of the bargain, and I'm sure you will keep yours."

She did; and the American took a wife back to his wonderful country when he went away. And no one has ever seen the demon since; and there is no doubt that he lies at the bottom of the chasm which, from that hour, has been called the Demon's Fall.

In California there are 2,956 people engaged in vineyard culture. Of these, 424 are in Los Angeles, 315 in Napa, 288 in Sonoma, 264 in Fresno, 237 in San Bernardino, and less numbers divided among the other counties.

The Spanish newspapers say that Don Carlos has suffered for some years with a disease of the throat, and that his symptoms lately became so alarming that a consultation of physicians was held. The doctors informed the prince that, in order to preserve his life, it would be necessary for him to spend the winter in a warmer climate. Don Carlos has therefore arranged to live in Bombay during the next three months and will afterward take up his residence in Italy.

ETIQUETTE OF DRINKING.

Custom of Clinking Glasses—The Passing of the Loving Cup.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is common in England and other countries, and especially in Germany, says the London *Brewers' Guardian*. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed, and still exists, even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and to eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the mediæval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were adopted, and old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving cup," as practiced at our great city festivals and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward.

It was then the custom of the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup from which each guest drank. Who thus drank stood up, and, as he lifted up the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defence to a assassin, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: When one of the company stood up to drink he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenceless position. This companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging by drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup" as now practiced, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink, and, at the same time, the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn the individual next to him does the same.

NOT SAFE IN THE STATES.

Canadian Defaulters Must Make Good Their Deficits.

The Montreal *Star* thus speaks of a transaction in which a former Hamiltonian got into a peck of troubles. Reference is made to Massie Geddes, formerly a railway official in this city: "Mr. G. W. Patterson, of the London Guarantee Company, has just returned from Chicago, where he has succeeded in obtaining security from Massie Geddes, an absconding Grand Trunk outside ticket agent, formerly at Orillia, Ont., for the repayment of the whole amount of his deficit, some $500, together with the costs incurred in his arrest. Geddes 'skipped out' to the usual asylum for such defaulters, and had settled in Chicago. The Guarantee Company who were surety for him, thinking that Geddes' security was to a great extent fanciful, followed him up. On his arrival in Chicago Mr. Patterson had Geddes arrested, but even that individual, lying on the supposed looseness of the law, bade the Guarantee Company defiance. He managed to get out on bail, and the case was proceeded with in the usual course, the result being that in a few days Judge Blodgett, of the United States Supreme Court in Chicago, maintained the action of the company and gave judgment against Geddes, as stated; otherwise he would be obliged to remain in jail until such time as the Guarantee Company saw fit to release him. This is a sharp awakening to the dishonestly inclined, who contemplate having a good time in Uncle Sam's country on the fruits of dishonesty."

A Woman's Age.

A physician of long practice was reminded that we can judge of a horse's years by his motion, and asked why some rules could not be laid down in a general way for estimating the age of a woman. The uncertainty is not altogether due to deceptive practices, according to his reply, but to the varying effect of time in individuals. As a rule brunettes look older than blondes of a corresponding age. As to plumpness and the lack of it, fat may be said to increase the apparent age of a girl under 25, and to lessen it in a woman over that; and the reason is that slenderness is girlish as long as it does not produce wrinkles, while rotundity keeps the skin taut and smooth. "In no gathering of women, strangers to you, could you guess the ages within five years on the average," he added, "and in half the instances you would be ten years out of the way. I know a woman of 35, with a son of 18, and when seen together they are commonly mistaken for brother and sister. Popular ideas as to the ages of actresses are extravagantly erroneous. I could name several whom I know to be tremendously outraged by overestimates."—*Boston Times.*

Irish News.

The death is announced of Mr. Robert Buchanan, a popular lawyer of the Connaught circuit.

Mr. E. C. Burke, the oldest magistrate in County Galway, died on the 3rd at the age of over 90 years.

Alderman E. J. Harland has been elected Mayor of Belfast. He is the head of the shipbuilding firm of Harland & Wolff.

A recent visitor to the Grande Chartreuse says that the liquors are not made in the monastery, but in a large stone edifice in the village. Four monks are regularly employed in the manufacture. On New Year's Day each monk receives a bottle of liquor.

At a recent sale of fans in Madrid one of ivory, painted by Watteau, which formerly belonged to the Princess Adelaide of Savoy, fetched $750. A fan painted by Boucher sold for $950; and another painted by Lebrun for the Duchess of Medina-Celi, brought $450.

The United States army hasn't been defeated by the Indians for a whole year, and the Secretary of War feels good over it.

Even the most gid church members play cards (through the post-office) during the Christmas holiday season.

DEFECTIVE FLUES.

Seasonable Advice Which Should be Regarded by Householders.

About this time, as the almanac would say, look out for fires arising from defective flues. A defective flue is not necessarily defective from the start; it may be a good, substantial piece of work when it leaves the mason's hands; but the expansion and contraction caused by our widely varying temperatures are apt to work the mortar loose in time and even, in many cases, to throw bricks out of place, leaving wide openings through which sparks may pass to partition laths and framing timbers. This is one reason to regret the abolition of the chimney sweep. Nuisance as he was, he did detect the defective spots in the chimney he traversed, and gave warning of them in time to have them repaired. Another cause of fire from the flues is the careless work of carpenters in making repairs. Instances are sometimes found in which a flue leading from a lower story has been cut off and floored over, the dry pine boards being exposed to the full force of any fire that might be started in the grate below. Defective flues are apt to get in their deadliest work in the coldest weather, when the house fires are urged to their hottest point. They should be watched at all times, but every chimney should be examined as far as possible before cold weather sets in.

Philosophy and Candy Pulls.

Candy pullings are a nuisance, but I suppose we must have them. I have now arrived at that age and frame of mind that I submit to anything. But this candy business is not all serene. One of the girls burned her hand dreadfully and is still carrying it in a bandage. The children get candy all over the floor and the tables and bureau. It sticks to my stockings yet when I get ready to go to bed. It melts and smokes on the hearth. The dishes are all daubed and hard to clean up again. The door knobs and dipper handles are sticky and they keep sticky as long as the candy lasts. But every pleasure has its drawback. After every dinner the dishes are to be washed. After every repose the bed has to be made up. We ride and drive and then the horse has to be put up and fed. We dance to sweet music and have to pay the fiddler. We go on a picnic or an excursion and come home tired and weary. Every pleasure seems to be followed by pain or by trouble, just as the night follows the day. But still it is right, for it is nature. We live in contrasts and enjoy them. Suppose we do hunt all day and find no game. Hope is a good thing and it was one of the questions we used to debate when I was a boy, "whether the pursuit or the possession gave the most pleasure." I took the affirmative one time when I was pursuing my sweetheart with love and hope and devotion, and I argued my side with earnest eloquence. But when I lost her and another fellow got possession I flopped over to the other side.—*Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.*

A Stern Disciplinarian.

A regiment quartered at a certain town in Scotland had among them an expert gymnast, who taught his brother subalterns how to walk across the barrack-room on their hands. While thus engaged the door opened and the colonel, a stern old disciplinarian, entered the room and looked attentively at the inverted company, shook his head gravely, and departed without uttering a word. An order to be on parade next morning was the least punishment expected for this breach of discipline. Some days passed, however, and no notice being taken it was thought an apology and an explanation should be offered by the prime instigator of these unsoldier-like movements. A reference being made to the memorable night the colonel amazed the intending apologist by exclaiming, "Hush, lieutenant. I would not have anybody know it for the world. The fact is, I had been dining out with an old brother officer who had served with me in India, and upon my life I had no idea that wine could have had such an effect upon me; but when I came to see if you were all right in your quarters I could have sworn that I saw you all upside down." The old colonel was as ready as a diplomatist, and kindness was the consideration which caused him to attribute to himself the "upside down."

Justifiable Suicide.

A Vandalia trainman relates the circumstance of the killing of a brakeman named Black, at Crawfordsville, Ind., on Thursday, in a thrilling manner. Black was braking on the Indiana, Bloomington & Western. While coupling cars the Vandalia man saw him trip and fall under the wheels, the grinding monsters cutting off both his limbs at once. The poor unfortunate shrieked in agony and exclaimed: "My God, I will never be any good on earth again." Then with a superhuman effort he cast himself under the still moving train, the wheels passing over his body and killing him instantly.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher will henceforth editorially conduct the "Home Interests" department of the "Brooklyn Magazine."

Lady Hillyar, who died a short time ago in England, was the widow of an admiral and the mother of two admirals of the British navy. She was 96 years old, and the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh had promised to dine with her on her hundredth birthday—if she reached it.

An old lady has lately died at Benares who was in many respects one of the most remarkable personages in northern India. She was the wife of a general in the Bengal Cavalry, and was in her 97th year. She was married at 15, had eighteen children, eighty grandchildren, seventy-three great-grandchildren, and five great-great-grandchildren. She had never been out of India for a single day.

Vermont, which had almost 100,000 children in her common schools in 1840, has now less than 73,000 children in them, though the number of those of the population under 20 years of age is only 5 per cent. less now than in 1840.

It is not an unusual thing to gather sufficient grapes from an acre of vines in the Santa Ana valley, California, to make 200 boxes of raisins. The net profit from a raisin-grape vineyard, in good bearing order, seldom falls below $200 per acre.

DUTCH WOMEN

Fond of Displaying Ornaments—Methods for Attracting Beaux.

Every one has, of course, heard of the clean, white caps of the women, in some cases extending back and upwards in an oblique direction high above the crown of the head, says the Atlantic *Monthly*. Others wear them close fitting with a neat frill in the front. It is seldom that you meet a woman with a dirty cap, and their gowns being generally of blue or gray cotton, and of a strong and durable washing material, their whole aspect is bright and cleanly, and strongly in contrast with the sorry spectacles of dirty female finery so frequently to be met with in the streets of London or New York. The poor class of women, and more especially the peasantry, are certainly fond of displaying some degree of ornament with their head-dresses. Even this, however, it would be incorrect to describe as finery, for it is not of the brummagem description of which in England and America we see so much. The ornaments which these Dutch women wear, of bright burnished plates made to lie across the top of their forehead, or the twisted spiral ornaments at each side of their heads, are frequently of solid silver, or even gold, and are purchased with the results of several years' saving, and from the bulk of their marriage portion. In this way the weakness of vanity is made necessary to the virtue of thrift. Whilst on the subject of marriage portions I must not omit to mention that in the month of September in each year there is a fete held here called the Kirmes, which lasts about three weeks, when it is customary for the unmarried women of the poorer classes to attend this fair, and it is permissible for every female that is not blessed with a beau to exercise extra blandishments to attract a member of the opposite sex to show her round the fair, he religiously calling each day to take her to some fresh sight, the fair being quite a large and varied gathering to entertainments, which it takes several days to exhaust. Equal license is allowed to the disconsolate young man in search of a belle, as it is permissible for him during fair time to call at the houses of residents to whom he may be a comparative stranger, and request to be allowed the privilege of escorting some pretty little miss round the mysteries of the fair. It may easily be supposed that under such circumstances flirtations and plightings are very fruitful, and many an acquaintance begun at fair time has resulted in the two who went fairing for three weeks enjoying many years of happiness in a closer union.

Personal Paragraphs.

M. Pasteur is going to Rio Janeiro to study yellow fever.

Mark Twain is said to be one of the most nervous men in the world.

George W. Cable is said to be making $50,000 a year out of his literary labors.

The Rothschilds will not employ a man who has a reputation for ill-luck.

Ben Butler is said to have paid $250,000 for the fun of running for President. It could have been done for less money.

Secretary Folger's son, Charles W., has been brought home to Geneva from Virginia. There is little hope of his recovery.

M. Pessard, the incisive editor of the Paris *National*, began his leading article one day recently with these words: "When the cholera ends the Deputies begin. It is a series of scourges."

Sergeant Bates, who was fond of carrying the banner into former hostile territory, is in destitute circumstances, and his sabre, being unattached to his patriotic hips, has been seized for debt.

"I never allow business of any kind to enter my chamber door," said Mr. Gladstone recently. "In all my political life I have never been kept awake five minutes by any debate in Parliament."

Roscoe Conkling dotes on sweet cider, and enlivens his evening meditations with roasted Irish potatoes. These are new dissipations to which he was all a stranger in the old days when he ran the world at Washington.

By the Queen's command a large and handsome chair of polished granite has been placed by the side of a private road at Balmoral as a memorial of the late Duke of Albany. That road was one of his favorite walks.

Gerald Massey has not fared well on the Australian stage. A critic in the *Australian* declares that "he reads his own poems in a style that would do little credit to a fourth-form school-boy, and with scarcely a perceptible appreciation of the meaning of his own lines."

It is said that the late Lord Mayor of London was the most popular chief magistrate of recent times. It is calculated that as many as 6,500 guests were entertained at dinner at the Mansion House last year, and 9,000 more at balls and other entertainments.

Levi P. Morton, Minister to France, when head of a New York dry goods firm, ordered all his clerks to shave off their moustaches, as there was an objection among the ladies of New York at that time to being waited upon by young men with incipient moustaches.

"You are very late sending your evening mail out," said an editor to his daughter, when he came home at 2 in the morning, and met a timid, shrinking young man between the front door and the gate. "Not at all," answered the thoughtful girl, "Charles Henry is now a morning edition."

Rev. I. C. Wilder is the oldest college student in the United States, and probably heads the educational roll of honor the world over. He entered the University of Vermont with the class of '32, but was unable to complete the course. Now, though in his 83rd year, he is jogging along with the class of '85, and hopes to take his degree next June.

Did Alexander the Great die from drink? Dr. Alfred Carpenter says that he did, but a recent essayist reminds the doctor that there is no trustworthy evidence on the subject, and, from the nature of the case, cannot be. "I have heard," he continues, "that Lord Eldon, who died at the age of 87, and who certainly suffered neither 'downfall' nor 'ruin,' was accustomed to drink a bottle of port wine after his dinner every day, except on Sundays, when his brother, Lord Stowell, dined with him, and they drank two."