My Soprano.

Above the organ's highest note
I hear her dear voice ringing,
And I am spellbound to the spot,
Though I don't know what they're singing.
I searched her book to find her name,
Her earthly name 'tis Anna.
The angels must have thought that tame
When they sent down my soprano.

There's no place now like a church for me,
They whisper I've grown pious,
They know not how I wish to be
Beside her skirt cut bias.
What care I though the tenor drop
As on a sly banana?
Barytone, alto, all may stop,
But leave my sweet soprano.

I have no eyes for men or things,
The sermon is but a jargon;
I have no ears for him who sings
When she's not by the organ.
But when she comes the whole thing hums,
Joy swells like showering manna,
And, rather queer, no voice I hear
But hers, my dear soprano.

When she's not there the whole choir's wrong;
'Tis not for me to praise her;
The counter screams all through the song,
And the base becomes still baser.
Ah! when I miss her dear, dear face,
I'd give a straight Havana.
If they were in some other place,
I here with my soprano.

—*Philadelphia Call.*

A DIAMOND WOOING:

A NOVEL

(BY THE AUTHOR OF "GARTH.")

CHAPTER I.

"Superb! I don't know when I have seen finer, Tom, really!"

"Ah!" said Tom complacently handling his left whisker. "And," he added after a moment or two, "and thereby hangs a tale!"

It was after dinner—after one of Tom Gainsborough's snug, inimitable little dinners; only we three—Tom, his wife, and myself, and a couple of negro attendants, as well trained and less overpowering than the best of the native English stock; and that charming dining-room, just big enough, just cool enough, soft-carpeted, clear-walled, and the steady white radiance of the Argand burners descending upon the damask table cloth, crowned with fruits and flowers; and an agreeable shadow over the rest of the room, so that those sable servitors could perform their noiseless evolutions unseen; and a pervading sense of unconscious good breeding and unobtrusive wealth; and—but I will not speak of the china; I will not descant upon Tom's wines; I don't wish to make other people envious. Only it was all inexpressibly good, from fascinating Mrs. Gainsborough and her diamonds down.

I felt a peculiar interest in Mrs. Gainsborough, because, in addition to her other attractions, she was a countrywoman of mine—that is to say, an American. She was brunette, slender, graceful, with a weird expression of the eyes under straight, black eyebrows, an expression which somehow suggested mesmerism—or, perhaps, a liability on her part to be mesmerized; faultless throat and shoulders, and hands and wrists that she could talk with, almost. Where had Tom found her? I never had thought of asking him. She was a Virginian, very likely—an "F. F. V."—and they had doubtless met upon the Continent. This was the first occasion on which I had seen her in her diamonds. Indeed, Tom and she had only been married a year or two, and had been settled in that *bijou* residence of theirs scarcely six months, and this was but my third or fourth dinner there. Well, her diamonds became her, and she them; they somehow matched that weird light in her eyes, and I told Tom as much when, after dinner, she withdrew and left us over our wine.

"And thereby hangs a tale," repeated he thoughtfully, reaching his hand toward the decanter and filling my glass and his own.

Now, it seemed to me entirely in accordance with young Mrs. Gainsborough's "style" that there should have been something odd and romantic in the circumstances of her first acquaintance with Tom, and that diamonds should be mixed up with it. Therefore, I was more than willing to give ear to the strange story which he proceeded to relate to me. Imagine the servants dismissed, a fresh lump of coal in the grate, the decanter between us, and our legs and elbows disposed in the most comfortable manner possible. Then, this is the story.

CHAPTER II.

The diamonds, you must know, have been ever so long in our family. It is said they were brought from India in the time of Marco Polo, by an ancestor of mine. But that is neither here nor there; and, sure enough, they were only put into their present shape quite recently. I can remember when half of them were uncut, or cut in some barbarous, Oriental manner, picturesque enough, but not fashionable. And some were mounted as nose rings, some as clasps, some in the hilts of daggers, and in all sorts of other ways. When I was a child I was sometimes allowed to play with some of the loose ones, as a treat; until, at last, I contrived to lose one of the biggest. You may not believe it, but the governor actually horsed me and gave me a birching, and the diamonds were locked up from that day. It was only a few years ago that my dear mother, now no more, got them out and insisted upon their being made up into a regular set by some skilful jeweller. We were thinking of going to Rome at the time to spend six or eight months, and the first idea was to give the job to Castellani. But then it appeared my mother had got her eye fixed upon a certain man in Paris, who she had been told was the finest lapidary in Europe. He, and none but he, should set our diamonds. You know my mother generally had her way, and she had it in this case. The fellow certainly did understand his business; his work was well done, as you may have noticed this evening. A queer, pale, nervous little chap he was; not a Frenchman at all, but a Saxon born in Dresden, I believe, or some village in that neighborhood. His name was Rudolph—Heinrich Rudolph. He lived and worked in a little dark shop in the Latin Quarter.

He and I became quite intimate. You see, I had been commissioned to attend to this diamond business and to remain in Paris until it was done. I was to watch it through all its stages and be sure that my mother's directions regarding the style of the setting were accurately followed. When all was finished I was to pay the bill and bring the diamonds on to Rome, where the family would by that time be established. Well, I was a young fellow just feeling my oats, and probably I was not much cast down at the prospect of spending a month or two alone in Paris, as you might suppose. But I doubt whether I should have attended to my ostensible business so faithfully as I actually did, had I not been so greatly taken with my little friend Rudolph. He and I twigged one another, as boys say, from the first. I used to sit and watch him work for hours at a time, and as he worked he would talk, and very queer, captivating talk a good deal of it was. He was a thorough artist and enthusiast, and seemed to care for nothing outside of his profession. He did not appear to me to be in the way of making much money, and it occurred to me that it might be acceptable, were I, in an unobtrusive way, to introduce him to some wealthy customers. I knew few people in Paris; but there was a Mr. Birchmore, an American gentleman, staying at my hotel, with whom I had foregathered over a cup of coffee and a cigar once or twice; he was a handsome, middle-aged man, with an atmosphere of refined affluence about him such as would have befitted a duke. Not a bit like your traditional Yankee; in fact I'm not sure that I should have suspected him, if I hadn't seen his address—"Fifth Avenue, New York City, U. S. A."—in the hotel-register about a week after my arrival. He was an agreeable man enough, though not at all the sort to take liberties with; however, I made up my mind that I would get him to Rudolph's on the first pretext that offered.

Well, I had an excellent pretext before long. Mr. Birchmore came into the *cafe* one afternoon, with rather an annoyed look, and made some inquiries of the waiter. Francois raised his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders; there was some further conference, and then he and Mr. Birchmore began searching about the floor of the room. It presently transpired that he had lost a diamond out of his ring, which had contained three matched brilliants. It was nowhere to be found.

"I don't mind the loss of the stone itself," said Mr. Birchmore, at last, sitting down near my table; "but it's one of a set, matched with great difficulty, and I'm afraid I may never replace it."

Here was my opportunity. I set forth the wisdom, skill and resources of my little Saxon friend in glowing colors; mentioned the work he was doing for me, and declared that, if any man in Europe could help Mr. Birchmore to repair his loss, Rudolph was he. Mr. Birchmore at first paid little heed to my representations; but finally I induced him to accompany me to the Latin Quarter, and at least make the attempt. The next morning, accordingly, we set forth; and, as we sauntered along the wide pleasant boulevards, our conversation became more free and affable than it had been hitherto. I found my companion could be exceedingly entertaining when he chose it, and had a vast fund of experience and adventure to draw upon. He had been almost everywhere; he had made himself familiar with all varieties of civilized and uncivilized men; as a matter of course, too, he was a versatile linguist. The only direction in which he gave any evidence of comparative deficiency was in that of literature and the fine arts. His life had been essentially an active one. He cared little for Tennyson and Swinburne, for Matthew Arnold and Carlyle. He had, however, read and appreciated "Macbeth," and some other of Shakspeare's plays, and he was well acquainted with several of the romances of "Unabashed Defoe." I did not discover all this in the course of that one stroll over to the Latin Quarter, but it leaked out during our subsequent acquaintance, which was destined to become more intimate and prolonged than I had any idea of then. As I have intimated, Mr. Birchmore was quite frank and open in his talk except upon one topic—himself. Of his inner life and circumstances I could learn nothing. Though he never was obtrusively reticent, yet he contrived never to refer to his own private affairs. I could not satisfy myself whether he were married or single, whether he were a Catholic or atheist—hardly whether he were rich or poor. Some shadow of grief, some incubus of fear or calamity seemed to overwhelm him and impose silence. The most I could do was to draw inferences; and my inference was that he was a bachelor, a millionaire, a skeptic and a man who, at some period of his life, had committed, either deliberately or by force of circumstances, a terrible crime. You will see presently how far my estimate was from the truth, or how near to it.

However, I am anticipating, as it is. We arrived in due time at Rudolph's little shop and I introduced him to Birchmore. I had previously told the latter about my diamonds and now I made Rudolph produce them. The man of the world examined the gems with evident interest and with a knowledge of their value and qualities which surprised me and caused the little jeweller to eye my friend with a keenness that I took to indicate jealousy.

"These are all Indian stones," was Birchmore's first remark. "There is not an American among them—or, stay! What is this? Neither an American nor an Indian! An African, I declare, and one of the finest I have seen!"

"Der Herr hat recht!" muttered Rudolph with a glance at me. "Er versteht ja alles."

"You know German? He says what you don't know about diamonds isn't worth knowing," I put in. Birchmore nodded with a half smile.

"I ought to know something about precious stones," he said. "I spent three years in a diamond mine, for one thing." He seemed on the point of saying more but checked himself and went on scrutinizing the stones, most of which were already in their new setting. "A costly *parure* that," he remarked at length. "It wouldn't sell for a penny under thirty thousand pounds."

"Five hundred and eighty-five thousand francs, with the setting," replied Rudolph, to whom the words had been addressed. "Monsieur's estimate would have been correct, but that this stone here is a little off color and this one has a slight flaw which is now in part concealed by the setting."

"You travel under proper precautions, I trust," said Birchmore after a pause, turning gravely to me. "I know the confidence you young fellows have in your courage and cleverness; but a dozen or a score of thieves might conspire together for such a prize as this, and against their skill and address no single man would stand a chance. Ah! I know something of it. I was robbed once."

"Do tell me about it!" I exclaimed with an impulsive betrayal of interest that made me smile the next moment.

"Another time," said he shaking his head, and presently he added, "You will pardon me for presuming to counsel you?"

"My dear sir, I am much obliged to you. My idea is that the simplest precautions are the best. I shall carry the stones in an inner pocket and I shall go armed. No one will suspect me; and if I am attacked I shall make a good defence, at all events."

Mr. Birchmore said nothing more, and, indeed, seemed scarcely to listen to my remarks. I now suggested to him that he might show Rudolph his ring. He put his hand to his waistcoat pocket and gave a half-suppressed ejaculation of disappointment and annoyance. He had left the ring at home.

"No matter; I will call to-morrow, Herr Rudolph," he observed. "I've no doubt I shall find what I want here, if anywhere. Good-morning—that is, if you are ready, Mr. Gainsborough? By-the-way, Rudolph, I suppose you put your treasures in a safe at night?"

"Oh, by all means, Herr," replied the little Saxon. "And I have a watchman, also, who guards all night long."

"A prudent fellow. Yes, that will do," murmured Mr. Birchmore in an undertone to himself. Then, with a parting nod and smile, to which the jeweller did not respond, he sauntered out, I following him. We walked back to the hotel. I did not see him again until after dinner, when he offered me a cigar; and when we had smoked together awhile in silence, he said abruptly:

"I've found that stone."

I looked at him inquiringly.

"The diamond out of my ring. In my trouser pocket, of all places in the world! Fell out while I was groping for my keys, I suppose. Sorry to have raised false hopes in your friend Rudolph. By-the-way, he'll have finished that job of yours before very long?"

"In about a week, I fancy. I shall be sorry to leave Paris."

"Yes? Well, it is a nice place, but one gets tired of the nicest places in time. I do. I like to be moving."

"I shall have a month to spend on my way to Rome. This is almost my first experience of the Continent. I wish I had some travelling companion who knew the ropes." This hint I let fall in the hope that he might propose to join me; but, as he made no rejoinder, I at length ventured to put it more plainly. I gave a rough sketch of the route I proposed to follow, asked his opinion upon it, and finally said that, should his inclination lead him also in that direction, I should be very glad of his company.

"Well, sir, I'm obliged to you," replied Mr. Birchmore after a pause of some moments. "You couldn't pay a man a better compliment than to ask him to travel with you, and I would accept your offer as frankly and fearlessly as you make it, only—well, the fact is, I'm not so entirely at my own disposal as I may appear to you to be. I have been through a good many experiences in life, and some of the consequences are upon me still. When you have reached my age—if you ever do reach it—you will understand me better. I suppose I may be fifteen years your senior; well, fifteen years means a good deal—a good deal." He puffed a meditative cloud or two and then added: "You're not hurt? You see how it is? I would really like to accompany you—but I can't."

Of course, I warmly disavowed all resentment and felt inwardly ashamed of having forced him, by the freedom of my advances, into making this explanation. Meanwhile, I could not help liking him better than ever and feeling more than ever interested, not to say curious, about him. It was now certain that some mystery or other attached to him. I cast covert glances at him in the vain attempt to read something of his secret through his outward aspect. But he was inscrutible, or, rather, there was nothing especially noticeable in him. His face, as I have said, was handsome in its contours, he wore a heavy moustache and a short, pointed beard on his chin. His forehead was wide across the temples, but very low; and dark-brown hair, rather stiff and streaked here and there with gray, grew thickly over his head. His hands were large and hairy up to the second joints of the fingers, but they were finely and powerfully formed and the fingers tapered beautifully, with nails smoothly cut and polished. In figure he was above the medium size and appeared strongly built, though he had complained to me more than once of rheumatism or some other bodily failing. In walking, he took rather short steps for a tall man, and without any swaying of the shoulders, his hands being generally thrust in the side pockets of his coat and his face inclined toward the ground. But his eyes, large, bright and restless, were his most remarkable feature. They appeared to take note of everything; they were seldom fixed and never introspective. Compared with the general immobility of the rest of his countenance, those eyes of Mr. Birchmore seemed to have a life of their own—and a very intense and watchful one. Whenever they met mine fully (which was but seldom, and then only for a moment at a time) I was conscious of a kind of start or thrill, as if a fine spray of icy water had swept my face. What had those eyes looked upon, or what was it that lurked behind them?

"We may run across each other again—hope we may," says Mr. Birchmore when I shook hands with him at parting a few days later. "Glad to have met you, Mr. Gainsborough—very glad, sir."

"Thanks. I am glad to have met you. Your acquaintance has profited me not a little."

"Oh, as to that," says Mr. Birchmore with a smile and one of those startling, straightforward glances into my eyes, "as to that, the profit will have been mutual, to say the least of it. Good-bye!"

CHAPTER III.

My route to Italy was rather a roundabout one. Instead of running down to Marseilles, and so on *via* Civita Vecchia to Rome, I set off eastward and crossed Germany, passing through Cologne, Frankfort-on-the Main and Nuremberg; thence I proceeded to Leipsic and at length brought up in Dresden. It was my intention to go from there southward through Switzerland to Venice, and thus to make my approach to the Eternal City.

Dresden, however, detained me longer than I had expected. It was in August that I reached it. There were not many people in town, but I was delighted with the Gallery, with the picturesque sweep of the river and with the green shade and good music of the Grosser Garten. There were several charming drives, too, in the neighborhood; and as for beer, it was really a revelation to a man who had never known anything less heavy and solid than Allsopp's pale ale.

I had put up at the Hotel de Saxe, a broad-sided old building on one side of a large, irregular "platz," called, I believe, the Neumarkt. My landlord, who was a young gentleman of great personal attractions, interested himself a good deal about my amusements, and one day he happened to ask me whether I had visited a region known as Saxon Switzerland. This, it appeared, was a mountainous district some twenty miles up the Elbe, in which was solved the problem of putting the greatest amount of romantic picturesqueness into the smallest possible compass. It was a land of savage rocks, wild precipices and profound gorges, conveniently grouped within the limits of a good day's tramp. It comprised all the sublime and startling features of your Yosemite Valley in California, with an area about equal to the summit of one of the table bluffs in that region.

I packed my valise for a sojourn of two or three days among these pocket Alps, put my diamonds in that secure inner pocket, and took a droshy for the railway station. The trip to Schandau (the principal village of Saxon Switzerland) can also be made by steamer, but, after discussing the *pros* and *cons* of rival routes with my host of the hotel the evening previous, I had decided to go by rail, which provides nearly half as much pretty scenery as the river road and takes up less than a fourth as much time. I alighted at the station door somewhat late, and, having given my trunk in charge of a porter, was hurrying to get my ticket, when my attention was caught by a young lady who was standing on the platform in an attitude that bespoke suspense and anxiety. Her veil was down, but, from the slender elegance of her figure and the harmonious perfection of her costume, I could not doubt that her face was beautiful. Evidently she was not a German; she was not an English girl; as it was, she might be either an Austrian or an American. Even then, I rather inclined to the latter hypothesis.

She appeared to be entirely alone; but she was scanning with ill-concealed eagerness the crowd that was entering the station, as if in search of a familiar face. When her glance fell upon me, I fancied that she took an impulsive step in my direction, but she checked herself immediately and looked away. While I was hastily debating within myself whether or not it would be "the thing" for me to go up and ask her if she needed any assistance, I saw a *Dienstmann* or carrier come up the steps, and, taking off his cap, deliver her a note. She tore it nervously open, threw back her veil impatiently and ran her eyes over the contents. Beautiful she was, indeed! My anticipations had been behind the truth on that score. Such strange, mystical dark eyes underneath level black eyebrows I had never seen. But just then there was an expression of dismay and distress in them that made me half forget to remember their fascination.

She now addressed the carrier, seemingly in broken German, for he evidently did not well understand her and the answer he made appeared to increase her embarrassment. Her slender foot tapped the stone pavement; she read the note once more, crushed it up in her hand and then her arms fell listlessly at her sides with an air almost of despair. She looked this way and that helplessly.

By this time several persons besides myself had observed her bewilderment, and I thought I perceived that a certain fat old Bavarian, wearing a number of glittering rings and a very massive watch-chain, was inclined to take advantage of it. This decided me on my course of action. I came quickly forward, as if I had just caught sight of her, and, lifting my hat with an air of respectful acquaintanceship, I said in French:

"If mademoiselle will permit me, I may, perhaps, be of some use."

Her veil, either accidentally or of design, dropped again over her face as she turned it toward me. I knew that she was scrutinizing me with a woman's intuitive sight and I tried to look as guileless and respectful as I am sure I felt. In a moment she asked:

"Monsieur est-il Francais?"

"I'm an Englishman," I answered blushing a little, I dare say, at her implied criticism of my imperfect accent.

"Oh, I am glad! I, too, am almost English—I am American. But I don't know how I can be helped, really."

"Some friend has missed an appointment?"

"Yes, indeed! Oh, dear, it's worse than that! It's my father."

"You were going by the train?"

"There has been some stupid mistake. I'm sure I don't know what I shall do. We had arranged to start at ten o'clock this morning, and I started first because I wanted to do some shopping on the way down. I understood that we were to rendezvous here. But he did not come at ten, and I sent a *Dienstmann* to the hotel; and now he has brought word from the hotel-keeper that papa started by the ten o'clock steamboat. I had not understood that it was to be the steamboat, you see, and I'm left here all alone."

"But if you took the next train you would still arrive two or three hours before him; that is—may I ask where you are going?"

"Oh, I think Schandau is the name of the place."

"Schandau? Oh, then, it's all right. There is a train starts immediately."

"Yes—but—no; I'm afraid I can't do that."

I was puzzled.

"Perhaps you would like to telegraph him to come back here for you?"

"I don't know where to telegraph so that he would get it; besides—— But, excuse me, sir—you are very kind, but I won't trouble you with my affairs. I dare say I shall get on very well."

She turned away with a slight bow, but she was so evidently nonplussed that I determined to make another effort to gain her confidence. There was not much time to lose; the first bell was already ringing.

"I am going on to Schandau," I said. "If you like, I will send you back to your hotel in a droshy, and when I get to Schandau I will hunt up your father and tell him the mistake he has made. Here is my card."

She looked at it and her manner at once changed. A half-repressed smile glimmered on her face. I felt that we were on a right footing at last, though I could not at the time understand how it had happened.

"I will confess to you, Mr. Gainsborough," she said glancing up at me with a charming trustfulness in her manner. "My papa is so forgetful. We were not coming back to Dresden. After Schandau we were going on to Prague and he has gone off with all our luggage, and—and he has left me without even any money to buy my ticket. At least, I did have enough, but I spent it all in my shopping."

This cleared up matters at once.

"How stupid of me not to have seen it all before!" I exclaimed. "Now we have just time to get the train."

I hurried her on with me as I spoke, bought our tickets in the twinkling of an eye, and, without waiting for the change, conveyed her rapidly across the platform, and, with the assistance of a guard, we found ourselves safely ensconced in a first-class carriage just as the train moved off. My beautiful companion, breathless, smiling and yet seemingly a little frightened, sank back on the cushions and felt for the fan at her girdle. I wished to give her plenty of time to recover her composure and to feel assured that I had no intention of taking undue advantage of our position; so, having arranged the windows to suit her convenience, I betook myself to the other end of the carriage and diligently stared at the prospect for fully five minutes. Nature could endure no more, and at the end of that time I was fain to change my posture. I stole a glance at my fair American. She, too, was absorbed in the prospect on her side, which consisted at the moment of a perpendicular cutting about ten feet distant from her window. Her attitude as she sat there was the perfection of feminine grace. Her left hand, loosely holding the fan, drooped on her lap; her sleeve, slightly pushed up, revealed the lovely curve of her arm and wrist. I am a particular admirer of beautiful wrists and hands, and here I saw my ideal. How exquisitely the glove fitted, and how artistically the color harmonized with the rest of her costume! The other little hand supported her chin. I could just see the rounded outline of her small cheek and the movement of the dark eyelash projecting beyond it. Beneath her hat the black hair turned in a careless coil and charming little downy curls nestled in the nape of her neck. She was a thorough brunette, pale, and yet pervaded with warm color. Beneath the skirt of her crisp dress peeped the pointed toe of an ineffable little boot, which occasionally lifted itself and tapped the floor softly. Suddenly, in the midst of my admiring inspection, she turned round upon me and our eyes met. There was an instant's constraint and then we both laughed, and the constraint passed away, not to return.

(To be continued)

A Jam of Fish.

In Alaska the salmon jam the estuaries and inlets so that the fish cannot move at all. A recent visitor "says the outlet at Lake Loring, which is a rivulet two miles long and two rods wide, connecting the salt water with the fresh, is so chocked with living salmon that if a plank were laid across their protruding backs a man could walk across dry shod. One can lift them out with his hands until he is tired. It is almost impossible to thrust a spear or a boat-hook into the mass, and of course, a fish must come out whenever it was withdrawn. Bears take their opportunity to scoop them out with their great paws, and when they have regaled themselves to satiety they retire to the adjacent thicket for a dessert of berries, which grows in great abundance and variety. Of course, a great many salmon get into the lakes at every tide, but after each recession multitudes are stranded, of which the lustiest flop back to the ocean, while the maimed and hapless remain dead and stranded on the denuded rocks.—*Chicago Herald.*

Frightened Elephants.

"It's a well-known fact that elephants are afraid of small objects," said Head-keeper Byrne yesterday at the Zoological Garden, "and I have seen them scared almost into a fit at the sight of a mouse. These warm days we have been giving them a warm bath at 4 o'clock, and to amuse them and the spectators we have thrown half a dozen inflated bladders into the pond when they went into swim. At first they almost scared them to death. Then Empress struck at one with her trunk, and when it flew into the air both trumpeted and scrambled out of the pond. To-day Empress, who has the curiosity of her sex and a mind of her own, gently fished one of the bladders out of the water and then kicked it with her hind feet. No serious results following, she continued her investigations, which ended by her putting her front foot on the bladder. It exploded with a loud report, and the two elephants scampered home."—*Philadelphia Times.*

Wife: "Oh, dear, James, here you are in a miserable condition again. Why don't you stop drinking?" Husband: "My dear, I'sh not drinkin'. I has'h shtopped."

CURRENT TOPICS.

DICKENS' Old Curiosity Shop, where Little Nell immortalized herself, is now supposed to be the structure at No. 14 Portsmouth street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, occupied by a dealer in waste paper. The neighborhood is one that Dickens often visited. Another of its attractions is Quilp's Wharf, which exists under the name of Butler's Wharf. Quilp himself is well remembered by a few of the oldest inhabitants, and the latest investigations increase the evidence that Dickens liked to chronicle what his own eyes had seen.

AFTER the advance of the British troops into Burmah, it is said, a company of Chinese soldiers were fed for a month on soup, bread and beef, the idea being to ascertain if the new diet would increase the avoirdupois of the Orientals and bring to them the more ponderous and martial port of the English men-at-arms. At the end of the month it was found (so the report runs) that the average loss of weight among the Chinesmen was seven pounds, and that they were quite broken down in spirits; whereupon the usual rice diet was immediately restored.

THE Montreal *Post* says that among the electors of Chambly who cast their votes against the Tory candidate was an old veteran of 1812 and 1837, who shouldered his musket in the first instance to defend Canadian territory and in the second to fight for the rights and liberties of the people. The age of this patriarchal patriot is 96 years, and his name is Pierre Vincelette, a resident of Longueuil parish. The old patriarch went to the poll with two of his sons, almost as venerable looking as himself, and voted solid for Mr. Prefontaine, M. P. Mrs. Vincelette, 90 years of age, is also alive.

THERE are evidences that that remarkable book, "English as She is Spoke," has found its way into Egypt. This is the English part of a placard printed in several languages in a *cafe chantant* at Alexandria: "Every of the consummations of the coldess, one piastre besides. Every of the claim to be addressed directly of the direction. During of the repetitions the price of consummations to be the same that in every the other's coffee." The translation of this English is: "All iced drinks one piastre extra. All complaints should be made at the office. Notwithstanding the performance, the prices will be the same as those of other cafés."

SHAM-SHO, according to an East Indian temperance journal, is a powerful liquor, capable of dissolving a Martini-Henry bullet in the space of thirty minutes. In Burmah, which is the place of its manufacture, it is a popular beverage, and is used as a drink solely. It is said to be made of rice and lime. The English masters of Burmah, it is understood, will endeavor either to prevent the manufacture of shamsho or to have its strength diminished. It was not found in the course of the late occupation that a Burmese soldier dissolved the bullets which were fired into him, but the liquor is dreaded for other reasons. Its effect upon the stomachs and nerves of consumers is frightful, and it is feared that it will work havoc among the British troops.

FROM Glasgow, the *Shipping World* says, "comes evidence of an unmistakable character that oil has been tried and found wanting. The managers of the Laird line after a long trial of oil on board one of their steamers, have decided, on purely economic grounds, to abandon altogether the use of oil as a fuel, having ascertained from practical tests extending over a considerable period that coal is the cheaper fuel of the two. Accordingly, they have had the oil tanks taken out of their vessel, and have returned to the use of coal, notwithstanding the fact that the oil tanks and the apparatus for accomplishing complete combustion of the oil cost a considerable sum of money. Although considerable ingenuity has been displayed and several difficulties have been overcome, there is nothing in the latest apparatus and arrangements which have been adopted in Southeastern Russia, where petroleum has been extensively used as fuel, which appears likely to expedite the adoption of liquid fuel in our mercantile marine. There is little probability of petroleum being sold in this country at a price which will enable it to take the place of coal."

ACCORDING to the London *Lancet*, darkness, damp and dust are potent agencies of disease. Every one recognizes this; but how many fail to adopt its precepts! If there be sermons in stones, surely the summer dust and its dangers would prove a fruitful subject for medical discourse. There is as great a difference between London and country dust as there is between the corresponding muds. Pulverized matter would be harmless enough if it were deprived of its physical property of ready diffusion. The atmosphere is laden and swarms with particulate matter of highly complex nature. Its chief peril to living beings resides in the organic constituents; largely, this organic material consists of minute forms of life in a state of latency, only waiting for a spell of heat and moisture and a favorable amount of light, or it may be darkness, to awaken it into activity. The habits of individuals in every class of society, including the "masses," are not calculated to diminish but rather to augment the amount of organic matter in our atmosphere. Mucus, saliva and humor popularly known as "matter," must be discharged from the mouth and nostrils to the extent of many gallons daily, and not a little of this comes from infective sources; whilst we venture to think that the bulk of it mingles with the dust of our streets and courts. If, as seems not unlikely, consumption is largely caused by "germs," then a very ready theory may be advocated concerning the mode in which the contagium is caught. Who can estimate the amount of mischief that the shaking of mats may have caused? How many young girls early in the morning on their way to business have, so to speak, received their death-blow whilst inspiring, all unconscious of harm, some of the clouds of dust that every morning greet them? Who can tell? The abatement of this danger and nuisance is a difficulty that almost seems insurmountable. Much may be done by personal habits of prevention.

Business Side Issues.

Friend to saloon-keeper)—How's the whiskey business, old man?

Saloon-keeper (enthusiastically)—First-rate; couldn't be better. I've just got in the finest lot of tripe and pigs' feet you ever tasted, and two oil paintings that cost me $10,000 apiece. Give the boys a plenty of art and pigs' feet and you can catch 'em every time.—*Boston Record.*

Ought to Know Him.

"Good morning, Mr. Blank."

"Good morning; but I believe you have the advantage of me in the matter of acquaintance. I don't know you, sir."

"Don't know me? You ought to! Why, my brother worked two weeks for you last summer."

L. Bowman, near Akron, Ind., while setting a fence post, was surprised to see the post disappear. He enlarged the hole and found a cave or underground room about twenty feet square and nine feet high, in which were the petrified bodies of thirteen men.

Probably the youngest preacher in the world is J. E. Bill, Baptist, only 12 years of age, who preached a sermon on the 27th ult. at St. Martin's, N. B., to a large congregation. He was born to the profession, his father being a clergyman.

SAVING THE COMPLEXION.

Valuable Hints to Young Ladies Going Out of Town.

"It is well enough to go into the country and play tennis and croquet, go on fishing excursions and picnics, and sit in the hot sun half of the day, but what shall one do with their complexion?" lamented a fashionable young lady the other day.

Some one suggested that it was fashionable to return home as brown as an Indian.

"I do not get brown," she exclaimed; "I turn a horrid red, and my skin begins to come off, and my face gets rough and does not look at all pretty."

For the benefit of such young ladies the fellowing items are given by an old lady of 60, who is still considered a beauty, and who retains a complexion noted for its delicacy of coloring:

Wear a large white sun hat when outdoors in the day time, even if sitting in the shade.

The neck should never be permitted to be sun burned, and to avoid this wear thin flannel underwear, with a lawn or muslin dress, and tie a silk handkerchief about the throat when out boating.

A cheap toilet water is made out of a half pint of water, a small cup of cider vinegar and the same amount of milk. Put into a jar or bottle and apply to the face with a soft sponge. Let it remain over night or until perfectly dry, and then wash it off with warm water. It will remove tan.

A shining face may be avoided by ladies who do not use powder if it is bathed over night with warm water, and the eyes only sponged in the morning.

A pomade for the face, to remove tan and whiten the skin, is made out of an ounce of almond paste, the juice of two lemons and a little eau de cologne. It is to be applied at bed-time and left on the face until morning.

Gloves should be worn constantly to prevent the hands from tanning. The most serviceable are large ones of dogskin of a dull tan shade, and these are suitable for most country pleasures.

Rain water is best for toilet purposes and keeps the skin soft and smooth. Boiled rain water is considered as effective as a Turkish bath in removing tan.

Masks of white cloth dampened with warm water are worn at night by ladies who have the courage to stand their unpleasantness, and are considered most effective for beautifying the complexion.

Dark colored veils of a heavy gauze are a protection against the sun when driving or riding.

Trying to Shoot a Rebel.

"Men got hardened in war to a point of immorality that seems incredible even to themselves in after peaceful years."

Col. Goodnow was indulging in recollections of the rebellion and went on thus:

"I wouldn't try to shoot a man now for all the money in the earth, and yet I remember once in Vicksburg shooting at a rebel for the pure sake of seeing if I could hit him; putting in a double charge and doing all sorts of tricks, and thinking no more of it, such was the influence of the surroundings, than if he had been a brute instead of a brother.

"The campaign in the spring before we captured Atlanta," he continued, "was a very hard one, our boys fighting 87 out of the 120 days, and so many of them were killed that every man came to have the feeling each morning that that might be his last day, and so grew reckless and almost abandoned. Why, over at Decatur in July our troops had a big fight with the Johnnies over a blackberry patch, and a good many were killed on both sides over the foolishness. We got the patch, though, and our boys ate the berries with as much gusto as if they hadn't been bought with blood. Such things bring out the heroism in a man sometimes when more important matters would not touch it."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

The Cost of a Great Name.

A great name is the condensed essence of years of toil. It represents hard work in a garret—days of hunger perhaps and hours of utter despair. All through years of unrecognition the artist has toiled on. At some period there comes the turning point. Perhaps the exhausted frame gives way and the unknown toiler sinks into a nameless grave, perhaps he strikes an idea, works it out, and the picture commands the attention of the world. When the change comes it is like the wave of a magician's wand. Pictures that the artist could not get a dinner on are eagerly sought for by the dealers. Wealthy sitters offer anything for a portrait, and his brother artists, still at the bottom of the ladder, gaze up and say, "Look at that fellow. He can't paint, yet everybody is running after him;" the public thinks what a lucky dog he is, and our abused friend, the millionaire, buys his paintings. "One hundred dollars for a single operation like that," cried the patient. "Oh, no," answered the surgeon, "$10 for the single operation and $90 for the years I have spent in learning how to make it a simple and successful operation rather than a complex and uncertain one."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A New German Sewing Machine.

A remarkable step in advance in simplifying the sewing machine has been made by a German gentleman, and the practical nature of the invention was recently demonstrated. The new machine has not a wheel in it, and may be described as the working parts of a good sewing machine deprived of all extraneous details, and condensed within the smallest possible compass. It measures only eight inches high, by about two inches wide and one inch deep. It is fitted at the foot with a screw clamp, by which it can be fixed to the edge of a table, and fairly worked by a child. The working motion consists of a vertical plunger pressed downward by the finger from the top, the plunger being returned into position for the next push by a spring. It makes a perfect lock-stitch, and will sew all kinds of fabrics, fine or coarse, within certain reasonable limits. Beyond its efficiency, it possesses an advantage which appeals to all, namely, that of economy in price. So small is its cost that it can be purchased for about $5.

Origin of the Deadhead.

"Just mark that D. H.," said General Manager J.W. Schrage, of the Erie Express, the other day, as I brought in a package to be sent to New York. "You see you're a deadhead as a newspaper man and it won't cost you anything."

"That doesn't approximate to deadbeat, hope?"

"No, not at all. A deadhead is another kind of an individual. You know how the term originated. No? You've heard of Mr. D. H. Coville, of Chicago?"

"Yes; he was Mayor of the town once."

"That is the man. He was at one time agent of the United States Express Co., and he used to receive a great number of personal packages, which, of course, were free. Well, he got so many that the clerks got tired of writing on them, 'D. H. Coville, free,' and they would just chalk down 'D. H.' Everybody around the office knew that that meant it was for Mr. D. H. Coville, and that nothing was to be charged. Finally all free packages came to be marked 'D. H.,' and at last some smart chap translated the letters as standing for 'deadhead.' It is a very expressive term, too, isn't it?"—*Cincinnati Times-Star.*

Corn Sewing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn reaping is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore producing substitutes.

SCARLET BOWS ON STAVES.

Fashion's Freaks—What Young Ladies Wear to Make Them Look Charming.

Mountain staves are ornamented with a great bow of scarlet, orange or blue ribbon.

Gold and pale-blue is a combination favored in the small bonnets worn for afternoon driving.

Clusters of ferns are among the corsage bouquets worn in the mountains. A fresh bunch is put in every hour.

Yellow satin gowns with white embroidery studded with seed pearls are among the handsome dresses seen at Newport.

Gauze veils, when worn to protect the face from tan, are tied over the hat only and fasten in a small knot at the back.

Bangle bracelets no longer deck fair arms, but are utilized as dog collars for small black-and-tans, or as bangles for black poodles.

Young ladies at the resorts who are not engaged are careful to wear a handsome ring on the engagement finger. This, they say, brings them more attention than if they wore no ring, and they must have attention at all hazards.

Dresses of the palest blue mull are worn over slips of rose-pink satin and caught up with clusters of pink rosebuds. Blue slippers with pink bows, long blue silk mitts and hair slightly powdered adds to the pretty and quaint effect.

It is considered vulgar to wear diamonds at breakfast, and the style is obsolete at Newport, but flourishes at Saratoga and Long Branch, where people use their diamonds as they do their back hair, on every and all occasions. Turquoise and a few pearls are admissible.

About one-half of the dresses for house and street wear are now made with plain skirts, and very graceful they are. Some of them have three pleats going from the waist to the edge of the skirt and others are pleated all around, but the majority are made with plain gores and a profusion of plain drapery.

ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE, ST. THOMAS, enrolled last year 180 students. Its courses are thorough and practical, its faculty composed of graduates and certificated teachers and its record unsurpassed. Rates low. For 60 pp. announcement, address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B. D.

"Ona-Ma-Dul-Ha-Na, a Mojave Indian medicine man, was clubbed to death, beheaded and cremated recently for allowing too many of his patients to die." It is now in order for some party, brimfull of wit, to rise up and ask, What would become of the white doctors if this usage were applied to them? Nearly a month has passed without a contribution of the kind to the press. Are wit and humor, at the expense of the fraternity, things of the past?—*Montreal Herald.*

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic disease, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvellous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculi